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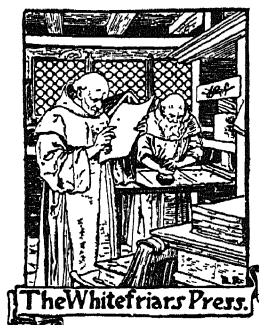
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London Illustrated News. No. 3000

Train up a Child, &c.

[On the occasion of the promotion of the Prince of WALES to the rank of Vice-Admiral the *Daily Telegraph* remarked, "It is thirty-six years since the Prince of WALES entered the Navy as a cadet." Seeing that H.R.H. kept his thirty-eighth birthday only last month, he must have been just two at the time.]

WELL may we call him Prince of Whales—
He is no mere land-lubber :
At two he faced the briny gales,
Being inclined to blubber.

Chasing their own Tales.

A NEW book has been announced by the title *Conrad in Quest of his Youth*. As Mr. CONRAD is the author of a remarkable book called *Youth*, we shall shortly expect, if this kind of autobiographical title becomes at all popular, to see the following announcements:—*Jacobs in search of his Cargo*; *Caine on the road to the Eternal City*; *James on the Wings of the Dove*; *When Parker came to Pontiac*.

"A 'SOREW' PROPELLER."—A cabman's whip.

THE PASSIVE LIFE.

[Thoughts on a distant view of a distress-auction under the Education Act.]

FAR from the City's storm and strain,
Where omnibuses never cease,
I wandered down a country lane,
The haunt of pigs and ancient peace.

Fair Nature's face from ear to ear
Was spread in one expansive smile:
I even told my heart that here
Man's self could not be very vile.

Anon a roar like fiends in hell
Caused in my mind a nasty jar,
And by me flew with noisome smell
A ninety h.-p. motor-car.

Its flanks were flecked with blood and gall,
Relics, no doubt, of dog or cow,
That made me painfully recall
The juicier points of *Snarleyow*.

But soon I had a thought revealed
That gave my heated passions pause;
"This grave abuse," I said, "will yield
To better-regulated laws.

"Minorities have heretofore
Submitted with a decent grace;
We boast to be, if nothing more,
At least a law-abiding race."

I thought of England's "old renown,"
And how her life is largely spent
In watching Freedom "broaden down
From precedent to precedent."

A purer peace possessed my heart,
My temporary spleen was gone,
When I approached a village mart,
And found an auction going on.

I heard a voice cry "Seven-and-six!"
Then suddenly—it seemed severe—
The air was dark with flying bricks
Intended for the auctioneer.

A dozen constables or so
Fenced him against the maddened throng,
He being in the ratio
Of one to, say, a thousand strong.

Two men I marked, above the rest,
Who swayed the crowd by vocal force;
One stood upon a linen-chest,
The other on a towel-horse.

Remaining cautiously aloof
I thus addressed a local wight:—
"Kindly explain for my behoof
"This antiquated village rite.

"I am a stranger in the land;
What is the battle all about?
And who are yonder twain that stand
On bedroom-furniture and shout?"

"Fightin' agin the Tory curs,
Fightin'," said he, "for conscience' sake
And them is Christian Ministers
Bravin' the martyr's bloody stake."

"I never knew the martyr's cause
Achieve complete success," I cried,

"By breaking helpless people's jaws!"
"Passive Resistance!" he replied.

"Conscience," I said, "my soul reveres,
But must, O must its path be dyed
With human blood of auctioneers?"
"Passive Resistance!" he replied.

I gazed upon the stolid clown,
Then turned away and, as I went,
Still mused on Freedom broadening down
By way of legal precedent.

If this is "passive" work, I thought,
Well may her sanguine friends rejoice
To think what deeds will soon be wrought
When they employ the active voice! O. S.

MR. PUNCH'S SPECIAL ARTICLES.

(With acknowledgments to the "Daily Mail.")

NO. V.—THE HOME-MADE MOTOR-CAR.

IGNORANCE of the first principles of practical machinery is probably at the bottom of most of the misery in English homes to-day. At the present moment we know of at least twelve families in quite a limited area whose unhappiness is due to the fact that they do not contain a son or daughter with sufficient mechanical gift to perform so simple a feat as the transformation of a perambulator into a motor-car. Every day babies are growing up and rendering the perambulator useless: how fitting would it be if the vehicle could by a few deft touches be rendered valuable as a means of rapid transit for the older members of the household!

Yet no, such is the low ebb to which mechanical capacity has fallen in this country that instead of being converted to an efficient and rapid instrument of transit the old perambulator is consigned to the yard or the lumber room, and the father and mother still expend annually large sums on trains, hansoms, and omnibuses.

Let us look at the matter fairly and squarely. Assuming that baby's legs are now strong enough to carry him, let us see what is needed to make the pram. (as it is affectionately called in the house) into at least the equal of a Serpollet or Mercédès. The first thing necessary is to decide upon the enlargements to which the body of the vehicle shall be subjected. Say four feet. A few minutes with hammer, nails, and planks should effect this. The rest is simple. An old apricot tin will make an admirable cylinder, and there is no adapted carburetter more serviceable than a Paysandu ox-tongue tin. For a sparking plug a hundred articles will at once suggest themselves. The ribs of an old umbrella are invaluable in many departments of motor-car building, and there are few contingencies that will not be met by a hair-pin. These things cannot be too carefully remembered. The brake may require rather more ingenuity, but here we should recommend a return to the serviceable yet old-fashioned skid, easily prepared from a worn-out coal-scoop.

We do not go so far as to say that the motor-car thus constructed would have had a first-class chance in the Gordon-Bennett race in Ireland, but we guarantee that on an ordinary English road it would attract at least as much attention as a Mors or a Panhard, and probably be far less likely to get its owner into trouble with the police on the score of excessive speed.

Hooping the Hoop has followed successfully on *Looping the Loop*, and as it is now the chief attraction advertised by Manager Moss the name of the circus might appropriately be changed to the *London Hoop-odrome*.



WASTING HIS SWEETNESS.

“JOE,” THE NEGRO SERENADER (*singing a popular “Dahomey” ditty*)—

“I’M A GOOD SUBSTANTIAL, FULL FLEDGED REAL, FIRST CLASS JO-NAH MAN!”

THE THREE HOUSE-BOATERS. “GO AWAY, MY GOOD FELLOW, DO!”

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Letters of a Diplomat's Wife (SMITH, ELDER) is a selection from the correspondence written to her sisters by Madame WADDINGTON during the official career of her husband, commencing as Ambassador Extraordinary representing France at the Coronation of the Emperor ALEXANDER, ending with his long, distinguished career as French Minister at the Court of St. James's. The writer is a lady whose bright eyes see everything in a room or street. Gifted with shrewd common sense, a quiet taste for humour, she has moreover the faculty of thoroughly enjoying herself, and the art of communicating her pleasure to others. Not the least charming passages in the book are the little asides in which, for the edification of her sisters, to whom the letters are addressed, she describes her own frocks and the dresses of others. The cynic will probably marvel when assured that in a bundle of letters extending over four hundred pages, written by one woman to another, there is not a single spiteful remark—even about a third woman. The picture of the Coronation at Moscow, with its undernote of terror at the possibility of Nihilistic outrage breaking in on the ceremony, is told with a graphic power an accomplished special correspondent might envy. In the larger portion of the letters, dated from the French Embassy at Albert Gate, my Baronite finds a fascinating, for all time valuable, picture of London Society sketched from the inner circle.

In *Sir Julian the Apostate* (HEINEMANN), Mrs. CLEMENT PARSONS gives us a clever story with a rather repellant title; but "what's in a name?" Something, certainly, otherwise the objection would not be worth mentioning. It is well written, interesting and pathetic. A Junior Baronite adds, "it is well worth reading."

Juicy Joe, a Romance of the Norfolk Marshlands, by JAMES BLYTH (GRANT RICHARDS), is not, says the Baron's Assistant, to be recommended either to "the young person" or to those who insist that their novels shall move in conventional grooves to a happy ending. It is, however, a remarkably strong and uncompromising piece of work, gloomy and depressing, no doubt, in its relentless narration of the meanness and wickedness of those who inhabit a marshland village, but bearing in every line the stamp of sincerity and truth. There can be no mistake as to the grip and power shown by Mr. BLYTH throughout the book, especially in the terrible tragedy of its culmination.



DANGEROUS EXAMPLES.

Mrs. Long (who recommended a servant). "YES, SHE WAS AN EXCELLENT GIRL IN EVERY WAY, EXCEPT SHE WOULD IMITATE ME IN DRESS, AND THINGS LIKE THAT."

Miss Short. "AH, YES. I NOTICED SHE BEGAN DOING IT WHEN SHE CAME TO ME; BUT SHE'S GIVEN IT UP NOW."

Mrs. Long. "I'M GLAD TO HEAR IT. I EXPECT SHE SAW SHE WAS MAKING HERSELF RIDICULOUS."

FLORENCE WARDEN furnishes a house, No. 3, *The Square*, with horrors. That the excitement is well kept up through two-thirds of the story is perhaps sufficient inducement for sensation-lovers to seize upon it with most pleasurable anticipations. But the conversations become tedious and the threads of mystery somewhat too entangled. In spite of this tendency on the part of the author, if the reader will only keep cool and read on calmly, just resting a second or two on the prize-giving principle of "a suck at the lemon and at him again," then he will be rewarded, and so will the house-agent for No. 3, *The Square*, yclept JOHN LONG, publisher.

In the *Magazine of Art* for July the continuation of the article by the Editor, Mr. M. H. SPIELMANN, F.S.A., on Art Forgeries and Counterfeits, is not only interesting but, as it is written with a keen sense of humour and a light touch, most amusing. The cleverness of the recorded imitations and the admirable work—quite a "craft" in its way, indeed the very artfullest and craftiest of "crafts" of the far too "cunningartificer,"—must command the admiration even of the very elect themselves who have suffered by the frauds. The illustrations are admirable, and that the *Magazine* sustains its unique character as in itself a work of art on Art is the opinion of THE B. DE B.-W.

OPERA NOTES.

MISS E. M. SMYTH's opera, *Der Wald*, seems to improve on repetition. "I like your conversation much," said Mr. Sam Weller to the footman in a light blue suit with leaden buttons, "I think it's wery pretty." And that's my opinion concerning *Der Wald*. Frau LOHSE as *Röschen* sang and acted well, and with Herr BLASS, as a pedlar with a pantomimic bear, the audience, not an overflowing one, was much amused.

Monday, June 29.—Old Friend *Faust* with (gay dog!) a new *Marguerite*. Not so very new, of course, but "fresh as a Daisy" this season comes Mme. CALVÉ, who, admirable artist as she is in all she attempts, is not the ideal *Marguerite* of the operatic stage. GOETHE's ideal was a very matter-of-fact, commonplace, chubby, hard-handed maid-of-all-work, which no *prima donna* nor actress in the drama off the lyric stage has ever dared to be, as the audience must see *Gretchen* through the eyes of the enamoured *Faust* befooled by *Mephistopheles*. But if CALVÉ, from neither point of view of the real or the ideal, is not *Miss Margaret*, she has the voice, and she has that bright electric spark of genius, style, that conquers all her hearers. It is a small matter, but she dares to be unconventional in the matter of dark hair. Her prison scene was grand: it doesn't matter what you look like when mad, and as *Marguerite* has not in this final tableau to keep up appearances Mme. CALVÉ's brief lunacy is for us perfect, vocally, musically, and histrionically. Audience, remaining to the last, applauds with all its might and main. As lively *Dame Martha*, Mlle. BAUERMEISTER found she could have as much fun with M. JOURNET playing *Mephistopheles*, as ever she had with M. PLANÇON when he used to play the *bon diable* with her. M. SALIGNAC a fair *Faust*, but Mlle. HELIAN a rather feeble *Siebel*. M. RENAUD an excellent *Valentine*, MANCINELLI meritorious, *et voilà tout*.

Wednesday.—Lucky those who came to hear the ever delightful *Barbiere*. Mlle. BARRIENTOS acquitted herself well, better even dramatically than musically, as the new *Rosina*. She goes up to the top of a very high register—rather a hard affair—and comes safely down again, much to our relief and great contentment. She sang the fireworks song—that is our own registered title for it—from *Il Flauto Magico*. They are just such notes as a magic flute might be expected to give. "Wonderful—but—ahem," the remainder of Dr. JOHNSON's observation you will remember. Also a new *Figaro*, not very different from old *Figaros*, is Signor TITTA RUFFO. In the laughter-loving la-la-la barber a "Signor TITTIER," says WAGSTAFFE, "is suggestive." Signor BONCI, as the Count Four-in-a-bar at the piano, when accompanying *Rosina*, excellent. GILBERT, the usual funny old Italian low comic, and all the rest, including Mlle. BAUERMEISTER, as good as Signor MANCINELLI conducting could possibly wish.

Thursday.—A most enthusiastic audience to welcome the MARY GARDEN, of Covent Garden, as *Manon*. Like the Waterman's lady-love, "She looked so neat and she smiled so sweet," acting her very best, and singing her *à-peu-près* best, that no wonder the thoroughly appreciative house rose every time the curtain fell. Monsieur ALVAREZ made a decided success as *Des Grieux*, and with his rendering of "Ah! fuyez, douce image!" he played Samson among the Philistines with the crowded Temple of Music, or, in other words, he brought down the house. M. RENAUD, singing admirably, was gay and gallant as the scoundrel *Lescart*. M. JOURNET's *Le Comte*, the one "serious count in the indictment," was excellent; as also was M. GILBERT as the foolish *Guillot*.

The gay and giddy girls, *Pousette* and *Rosette*, Mlles. HELIAN and CARLA, led by that artful chit Mlle. BAUERMEISTER

as *Javotte*, were "quite the ladies" to the life, and there was neither a dull person nor a dull moment (except the heavy waits between the acts) in the entire opera and Opera House. M. PH. PH. F-FLOON (excuse stammering) was as happy as the conductor of such a successful show should be; M. MESSENGER embraces Mr. NEIL-and-rise-up-again FORSYTH, and the smiling Syndics, of the G. O. Syndicate, shake hands all round and heartily drink the health of MASSENET's *Miss Manon*.

PASHLEY'S OPINIONS.

No. XV.

WELL, this picture I was telling you about always had the queerest effect on me. It made me feel as if I'd been singing "Rule, Britannia!" after a good supper where I'd had plenty of pop—the kind of feeling that first gives you a lift up, making your head seem light, and then goes creeping up and down your back and into your legs, and then you shout louder than ever, and get so fierce you'd be ready to take on a whole army to your own cheek. I suppose it's patriotism—at any rate that's how I reckoned it out. PLUMLEY said he got the feeling even when he was looking on at Lord Mayors' Shows, but they never took me in that way. The men in armour and the queer women on the emblematic cars always made me laugh too much for that.

Anyhow, the upshot was that I began to think I must be a soldier or die. Ironmongering seemed such a poor spiritless sort of job compared to wearing a uniform and carrying a rifle. A poker isn't in it with a bayonet, not even with one of those funny little cheese-carvers that they stick on the top of their rifles nowadays. I told them at home how I felt, and you'd have been surprised if you'd seen the result. I think I told you mother had very strict notions, and she'd got relations who were Quakers and wouldn't have any truck with military people. When I told her my ideas about soldiering she looked as black as thunder, and at first she said nothing. Then she turned her eyes on me from under her cap and, says she,

"Oh that I should have lived to hear my own flesh and blood not only extol the butcher's trade, but also declare his wish to take a part in it."

Then she kept gazing at me, and I felt it was my turn to put in a stinger, but I couldn't find my stingers handy at that particular moment. So I muttered something about the Volunteers not being much given to butchering anyone, and wanting to defend my hearth and home if ever the invader set his audacious foot on these inviolate shores. (I got that out of "The Good Grey Regiment.") Father came in just at that moment and said, "What's the use of worrying the boy, Mother? He's only meaning to play at soldiers." And I had to leave it at that.

However, I carried it on a bit later, and argued and persuaded until at last I got mother tuned up to rights, and then I joined the 10th Mile End Volunteers. They were a good regiment, and they wore scarlet tunics, which seemed to put them a cut above those that wore grey. We hadn't invented khaki and slouch hats in those days, but I daresay we were every bit as good at the game and just as brave. The day my uniform came home was glorious. I tried it on pretty quick, you bet, and then down I came into the parlour. EMILY COLLINS happened to be there with her mother (it was a bit before I lost my heart to the girl) and I thought I'd try a bit of a game with them. I burst in at the door and said in a loud voice, "Ha, ha! two females in distress! Be not afraid of these blood-stained habiliments. 'Tis the gore of the foe. Tush, I will escort you from this scene of carnage"—(this was out of a play at the Surrey Theatre). I'm sorry to say it all fell as flat as a



IRISH MEASURE.

Boatman (telling a fishing story). "TROTH, SORR, AND HE WAS A PURTY FISH, AND JUST WHEN I WOULD BE AFTHER BRINGIN' HIM TO THE NET, IF THE OWLD ROD DIDN'T GO AND BREAK IN THREE HALVES!"

floor. They knew me all the time, and EMILY said, "Oh, Mr. PASHLEY, how can you be so dashing?" Mrs. COLLINS only sat and sniggered. I heard afterwards she'd had an uncle in the Artillery, which accounts for her being so cool.

I got through my drills in good style, and the next thing to look forward to was our Easter outing to the Portsmouth review. We always turned out very strong for these shows, for the credit of the regiment depended on it, and we used to get no end of recruits, they told me, by being smart and soldier-like and showing everybody that civilians can do just as well as the regulars. They get less drill, but of course they've got better brains. I must tell you about the review another time.

TUR-BINE OR NOT TUR-BINE?

"If progress to and from a place by sea can be made without motion on board any vessel, then," says the ideal sailor ashore, "that's the ship for my money." Is the *tremoloso* reduced to a minimum on the new turbine boat, *The Queen*—Tur-bine or not Tur-bine?—that's the question. "Whether 'tis better in the mind (let us say mind as meaning the 'interior man') to suffer," or to be absolutely at ease in "a sea of troubles"—well, about *this*, there can be no question.

To go to sea, to be "all at sea," and exclaim "Farewell the tranquil mind," is not worth the *trajet* wherever it

may be. But to take your ease as if you were in your inn, to see the waves frisking about "like kidlings blithe and merry," to see other boats and ships playing pitch and toss all over the ocean, while you are calmly and steadily walking the "quarter-deck" (so called from the sailors assembling there to be paid off every quarter-day by the quarter-master), and enjoying Turbinial Trans-marine Tranquillity, this indeed is the sailor's joy, this is the nautical tourist's entire holiday!

And here is a pretty picture drawn by an expert in the *Times*:—"In manœuvring or coming alongside a quay, the central turbine revolves idly in a vacuum." Just like a turtle in a tank. What an easy-going picture! Little Tommy Turbine revolving idly in a vacuum! This is a text for consideration. *Tur-bine Tur-bineque beate!* Success attend the future Turbine Fleet under the command of Admiral COSMO-politan BONSOR, aboard the S. E. & C. R. C. (what a lot of seas!) Chairman-Ship.

AU REVOIR!—The Gaiety of the Strand is temporarily eclipsed. Saturday night last saw the closing of GEORGE EDWARDES'S temple of Thespian merriment, to which, and to all its supporters, a vast crowd bade an affectionate farewell. May success, following the theatre's ancient prestige, attend the new venture. It was, under JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD, the first theatre to start the "No Fee" system; may it rise "like a *Phœnix* from its ashes!" *Prosit.*

FLODDEN FIELD-DAY.

A TRAGEDY IN BLANK PROSE; BY MR. PUNCH'S PRIVATE LAUREATE.

ACT III.

SCENE—*The same as in Acts I. and II.* Sir WILLIAM, alone, *pacing the gallery.*

Sir William (to himself, suspiciously). Was Lady HERON telling me the truth? Or taradiddles? or—say, half-and-half? There's a strange something that doth hedge a King Which seems to turn the average woman's head. I'll know before I doubt! (*Enter MARGERY, who sees Sir WILLIAM and attempts to escape.*) Stay, MARGERY. (*Aside, craftily*) Now for some subtle cross-examining! (*Aloud*) Say, hath the KING a—fancy for my wife—Or is't the Monarch that my lady fancies?

Marg. O, Sir, I am a simple maid; unskilled At all conundrums, so I give it up.

Sir Wm. If she detests him, why endure his calls?

Marg. (innocently). Can commoners be "Not at home" to kings? I did not know—but I'm so ignorant!

Sir Wm. Tell me, then,—has your mistress not indulged A fancy for some other gentleman?

Marg. You ask too much. I love her ladyship With all my heart, and soul, and everything! Ask me no more—or else my artless tongue May liberate some compromising cat Out of the bag in which it is bestowed!

Seneschal (enters). Fare you not, good my lord, to Flodden Field? Your fighting men have started, long ago.

Sir Wm. To fight upon the *English* side, I trust?

Sen. (cautiously). They said so—but we canny Border-folk Are apt to hunt with hare, and run with hounds.

Sir Wm. (with spirit). Bring me the armour, battle-axe, and sword, Worn by my ancestor at Bannockburn!

Sen. (doubtfully). 'Tis nigh two hundred years since that event—The suit, though rare, is somewhat obsolete.

Sir Wm. The fitter for old fossils like myself. So kindly hook it down from off the wall.

[*Sir WILLIAM dons this historic panoply with considerable difficulty, assisted by Seneschal and MARGERY, and exit, accompanied by both.*

As the door closes, enter Lady HERON.

Lady Heron (with relief). All gone, at last! gone to the battlefield! If SURREY wins, he'll be the conqueror. If he's defeated, JAMES will come off best . . . Now—let me think! . . . I can't! I only feel! (*Sees the diamond spray brought by JAMES, and compares it carefully with SURREY's simple sprig of white heather.*) How mean looks JAMES's spray by SURREY's sprig! Yet, as a pledge, the sprig would be disdained By any pawn—

[*Enter Seneschal with MARGERY.*

Sen. Excuse me, noble lady; I came to say the battle is begun. Allow me to conduct you to the Tower?

[*Offers arm.*

Lady H. (hesitates). If we go there, how will they know in front That any battle's going on at all?

Sen. (with a senile chuckle). Right shrewdly put! And, now I think of it, There's a far finer view from this embrasure.

Lady H. (with pardonable irritation). Then why on earth did you suggest the Tower? (*They mount the embrasure, whence a magnificent view of the engagement is afforded to all but the audience, who have to take it on trust.*) How plain I can descry the whole concern! Note the least incident—see every face!

Sen. Nay, 'tis but natural—there can't be more Than sixty thousand souls or so engaged. Can you see SURREY?

Lady H. I should think I could! He dazzles me, though distant half a mile, Popping up here, and there, and everywhere, Like some brisk weasel in the City Road!

Marg. But look! His fellows eastward, led by DONALD, Are hanging back and wobbling to the rear!

* *Lady H.* 'Tis but a feint to draw the enemy! . . . What say you, Seneschal?

Sen. That was the term, In the old days when I was wont to fight, I usually applied to the manœuvre. What else do MARGERY's sharp eyes detect?

Marg. Mine are not eyes—but patent double million Gas-magnifying extra-microscopes! I can make out a general confusion, Where quite hard knocks are given and received, And there is like to be some loss of life!

Sen. To die for Mother—or for Father—land Is sweet, and not deficient in decorum!

Lady H. How plain one hears their casual remarks! Almost too plain, indeed! (*To Seneschal*) Say, to which side Do your affections lean?

Sen. Troth, noble lady, My Border blood sits tightly on the fence, To light, for safety, on the winning side.

Lady H. Oddly enough, I cannot see King JAMES. Look where I will.

Marg. I see him, bonnetless And bare, as one arriving all behindhand. . . . They're handing him his helmet, axe, and sword. . . . And now he's really going to begin!

Lady H. He will be finished when he faces SURREY! Can you see more of what is going on?

Marg. No, only flashing blades, and spears, and things!

Sen. (accounting for it). The melly's grown so thick—but you descry The Scottish Standard, looking rather small?

Lady H. (with enthusiasm). Shrinking before the three-piled crosses of Old England's banner, red, and white, and blue, The breeze-and-battle-braving Union Jack, 'Neath which my brilliant SURREY gives them beans!

[NOTE.—Mr. Punch's P. L. is quite aware that the introduction of the Union Jack here is, strictly speaking, a slight anachronism. But it is sure to get a round of applause.]

Marg. Lady, take care—you'll give yourself away!

Lady H. What do I care? Though Flodden's trumpets shrill, Like to the brazen gossips that they are, All o'er the field that SURREY is my love!

Sen. (regretfully). This brief affray is o'er—and Scotland's lost! Her sons have fled—to fight some other day.

Marg. (hiding her eyes). O, I can look no more! DONALD is there! Either amongst pursuers or pursued!

Sen. No matter which—since fugitives and victors Are making a bee-line for this abode.

Marg. Why, by our lakin! so they are indeed! Shall we have room to put both armies up?

Lady H. (hospitably). Let them all come! (*To Seneschal*) Go, roll Ford's gate ajar, And, when ajar, 'twill cease to be a gate.

Don. (rushes in out of breath). Madam! The Earl of SURREY, triumph-red!

Enter SURREY.

Lady H. SURREY! Great SURREY!

Surrey (modestly). Rather say "Great Scot!" (*Magnanimously*) My word! These stubborn Scottish hearts can sprint! They've broken the record for the quarter-mile! (*As MARGERY seeks to retire with DONALD*) Nay, go not, little maid. (*To Lady H.*) She looks so fresh—After the brawny fellows I've been whopping!

Lady H. Truce to such courtly compliments, or else You'll cause our sock-lamb's curly head to swell!

[*She undoes his belt, and MARGERY takes his casque.*

Surrey (with genuine admiration). How they did run! I never chivied yet So stout, so brave, so masculine a foe! Unvanquished they held out full fifteen minutes! If by the Act of Union we were linked, Come the three corners of the world in arms, And we would lick them—nought should give us shocks!

Lady H. (changing the subject). Saw you my husband anywhere about?

Surrey. I ne'er have met him, so I can't be sure. There *was* an ancient buffer wavering Upon my right, in rather rummy armour, On which I thought I noticed Ford's device.

Lady H. (with conviction). 'Twas WILLIAM! What about the Scottish King?

Surrey. Death took him prisoner—and don't exchange. Somehow, for reasons which I can't explain, JAMES reached the battlefield a trifle late. (*Movement of Lady H.*) Or goodness knows what he might not have done!

Lady H. Who put that golden eagle in the bag?

Surrey. To me he fell—though by the merest fluke; He towered to strike—I only meant to *pink* him, But his fierce rush put me in such a flurry, That on the Bisley target of his breast I scored a bull, though aiming for an outer. O (as *Othello* once observed) the pity of it! And now, dear lady, can you put me up, Just for the night?

Lady H. Of course I shall be charmed. I'll bid them have the Lavender Room well aired. You've no objection to a feather bed?

Surrey. A welcome couch to warriors like myself. Now let us sit upon the floor and talk, Of shoes, and sealing-wax, and deaths of kings, Of cabbages, and why the sea is warm, And whether pork conceals potential pinions. But first I'll drop a line to Bluff King HAL, To tell him how I won my victory.

Lady H. Do not omit to mention it was I To whom you owe it!

Surrey. You! what do you mean? Why, what the deuce had you to do with it?

Lady H. (proudly). I, for your sake, decoyed the kingly duck To stay philandering alone with me, Until too late for battle's hurricane!

Surrey (annoyed). O, you abominable woman, you! To do such things and call yourself a lady! Like CRICHTON, I have always played the game—And now you've gone and crabbed my victory! Away, I care not where, so you away!

Lady H. (feeling the unreasonableness of this). But this is my own house—and you're my guest!

Surrey (coldly). Not I—I sleep at the "Heron Arms" to-night, And since you won't away, I will myself. Hide on, more loathly than the hags of—well, You know the place I mean! I've done with you! [*Takes his casque, and exit.*]

Lady H. Gone! Now I've lost them both! Did SURREY go? Or was it someone else? O captious world! No one has ever understood me yet!

Marg. (with tact). Do let me fetch Sir WILLIAM!

Lady H. What? My husband! Don't



AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

Boy (who has spent sixpence upon a knife for his father's birthday present). "LOOK, FATHER, HERE IS A KNIFE I HAVE BOUGHT YOU, ALL WITH MY OWN MONEY!"

Father. "THANKS, MY BOY. IT'S VERY GOOD OF YOU."

Boy. "BUT, YOU KNOW, YOU OUGHT TO GIVE ME SOMETHING FOR IT. ELSE IT'S UNLUCKY."

Father. "HOW MUCH?"

Boy. "OH, ABOUT THREE-AN'-SIXPENCE!"

be a fool! Oh, *why* is SURREY cross? What have I done to put his back up so?

An English Gentleman-at-Arms (enters). A gift, my lady; with the compliments Of the Commander of the English camp.

Lady H. (relieved). A gift! That shows that SURREY's coming round!

Enter four Soldiers, carrying on their shoulders a burden covered by a military cloak; they set it down, and stand at attention.

Lady H. What can it be? (*Takes off cloak; disappointed*) How tiresome! . . . Only JAMES! Where are his tedious recitations now? Take him away—I have no use for him!

Gent.-at-Arms (disgusted by her heartlessness). 'Twas sent by way rather of loan than gift, For I must take him up to Edinburgh, Where a most handsome funeral awaits him.

[*Exit, with Soldiers bearing away the body.*]

Lady H. (distractedly). Where's

SURREY's sword? I want to die on it! . . . He must have taken it away with him! This is a Tragedy, so there should be A dagger lying handy hereabouts. . . . (*Sees one lying on table and unsheathes it.*) O, most convenient weapon! (*Screams*) Help! help! help! (*Seneschal, DONALD and Servitors rush in.*) If I am not disarmed immediately, I shall do something rash, I know I shall!

Sen. Pardon, my lady, but 'tis not our place To interfere in purely private matters.

[*They stand by with well-bred composure.*]

Lady H. Then, since you will not save me from myself, (*stabs herself*) Thus do I baffle help. . . . My love to SURREY! [*Dies.*]

Marg. (moved). This sad catastrophe will cast a gloom O'er all the county!

Don. (lapsing into the vernacular). Still, I canna thenk Sir WEELLIAM will be inconsolable!

Finis.

F. A.



"O WOMAN, IN OUR HOURS OF EASE!"

"POOR SOUL, 'E DO LOOK LONELY ALL BY 'ISSELF! AIN'T YOU GLAD YOU'VE GOT US WITH YOU, 'ENRY?"

CHARIVARIA.

A SATISFACTORY way out of the ROOSEVELT and Russia imbroglio has been found. Arrangements have been made for Russia to have her massacres of Jews if America may continue her lynchings.

It is rumoured from Belgrade that a measure is to be introduced into the next Skuptshina making murder illegal.

Meanwhile Serbia continues to protest against the ill-favoured Nation treatment meted out to her by Great Britain.

The report that the German EMPEROR is about to become Honorary President of the Pilgrims' Club, an institution for

the cultivation of friendly feelings between England and America, is an exaggeration.

It is hoped that the visit of President LOUBET may lead more Englishmen to study French. An Englishman in Paris who wanted his hair singed, and went into a barber's shop and said "Sing!" to the barber, is still going about complaining of his reception.

An American millionaire has lately married a manicurist. The rumour that she misinterpreted the offer of his hand, made in a purely business way, is without foundation.

It was scarcely to be expected that the hatred of the Irishman for the

Englishman would die out at once. In the Parliamentary lobby, Mr. WM. REDMOND and Mr. FLAVIN have been distributing cigars made from Irish tobacco.

The number of stowaways who secrete themselves in big vessels is becoming a growing evil. A Norwegian barquentine reached Plymouth on Friday with an entire cargo of hides.

A Kilburn gentleman has been sentenced to one month's hard labour for being drunk "while in charge of a motor-car." As a result of his condition he ran into a bank, and was found lying in a ditch, with the car overturned on top of him. Seeing that this was during the recent hot spell, a petition is being prepared in his favour, on the ground that he has already been sufficiently punished.

There must, after all, be something in a name. Some of the missing "Homer" pigeons are said to have made their way to Greece.

The Passive Resisters have been busy during the past week, proving that the system under which they were educated is deplorable.

They declare that they are making history. There is little doubt that they are right, and that Hooliganism as a feature of our times will be treated of by future chroniclers.

HOP DEFERRED.

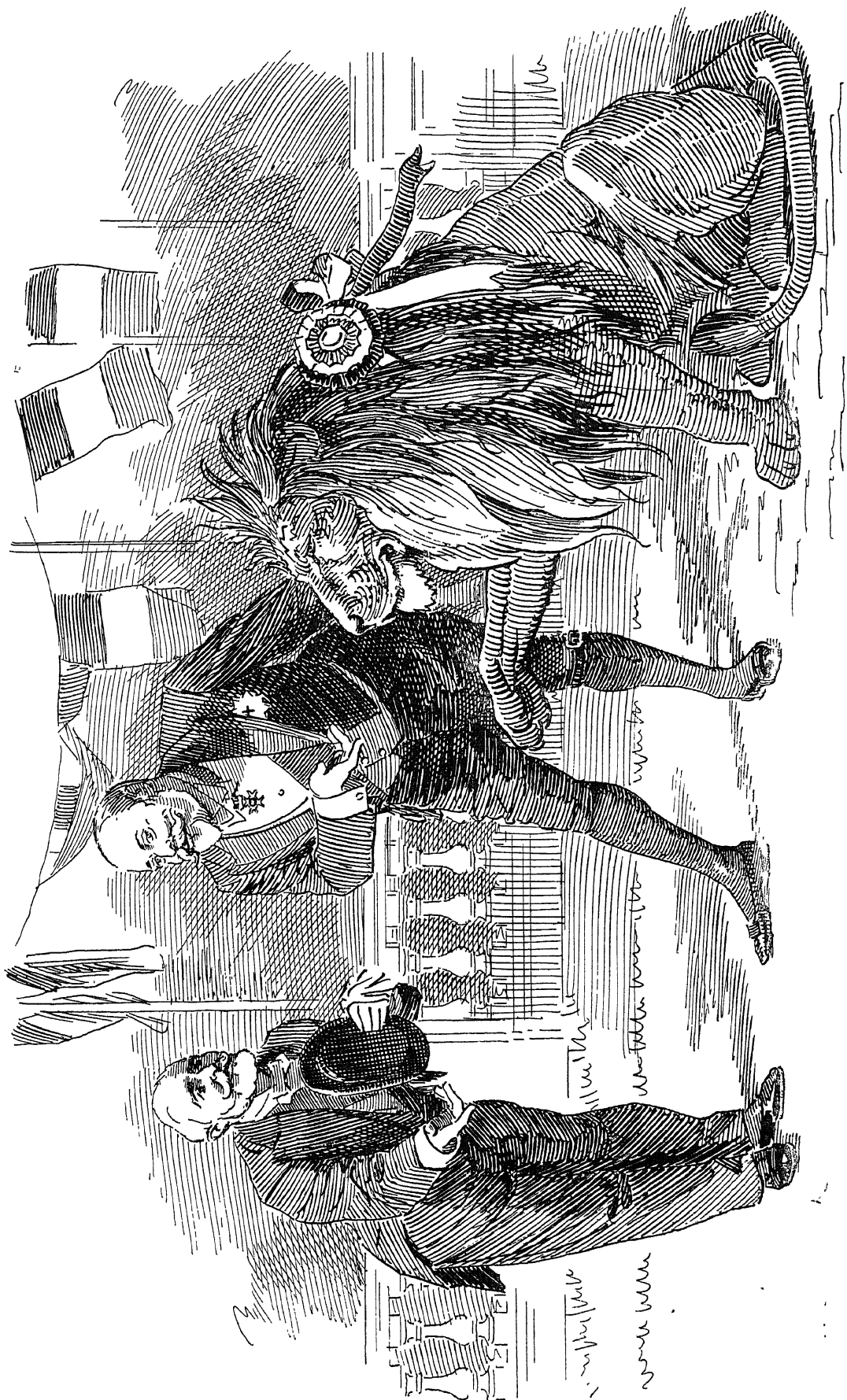
GAZING upon the Kentish crops

I learnt this obvious thing—

You should not look for forward hops
After a backward spring.

OUT, OUT, BRIEF SCANDAL!—From the *Devon and Exeter Gazette* we learn that a resident of Exeter has recently come into possession of a model of the Church of St. Michael's, East Teignmouth, made, according to an inscription on the model, by Mr. LINTER, "who was organist from 1804 to 1822, and whose ancestor, Miss C. E. LINTER, is still the organist." We assume that the descent is collateral.

A CONTEMPORARY, speaking of this year's seventh Wrangler, says, "She has a pleasant smile, which no one would associate with Euclid." But this very association was remarked by HORACE long ago when he spoke of "Gratus puellæ risus ab angulo."



Sidney S. Newman.

FRIENDS !

HIS MAJESTY THE KING. "SEE, M. LOUBET, HE OFFERS YOU HIS PAW !"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, June 29.—Throughout a long patriotic life COUNTY GUY has been accustomed to sacrifice his personal inclinations on the altar of public service. He hates many things. He suffers some of them, not exactly gladly, but with uncomplaining patience. There are, however, limits even to his long suffering. They are reached, when, as he put it, an enquiry by Lord PORTSMOUTH was "made occasion for adjourned debate on a question formally raised last week," by JOKIM, and then debated at length. Anguish is deepened when the subject matter is this pesky Fair Trade controversy into which DON JOSÉ's masterful hand has drawn doubting colleagues. Bad enough on hot summer night, when one might be much more agreeably engaged, to be answering volley of awkward questions, answers being framed with intent: (1) not to commit himself to approval of DON JOSÉ's new departure; (2) not to delight noble Lords opposite by throwing over a colleague.

For two hours by Westminster clock COUNTY GUY stubbornly fought against assumed necessity of Leader of the House taking part in debate. Seemed for a moment after LANSDOWNE replied that subject would drop. Up to this point debate dolefully dull. Lord HARRIS contributed to it some eloquent pauses. Don't remember when I heard a man say so little with such extreme deliberation. Idea that prompted him to take an innings certainly original. According to him, thing is, when you want to arrive at judgment upon any particular political question, leave the country for five years, if possible securing a Governor's salary and residence; come back suddenly, post yourself on a hillock and take observations.

"You'll be quite surprised," HARRIS said, looking round knowingly at the listening Peers, "to find how things have altered."

As a rule, of course, things stand still through the course of five years, that is, if you stay at home. But go abroad; come back, secretly, circuitously, if possible; suddenly reappear, and hey, presto! you shall see what you shall see. Lord HARRIS so delighted with this discovery that, with abstracted air, slow intonation, and frequent pauses to enable the minds of noble lords to become saturated with appreciation of the phenomenon, he full five times said the same thing over in slightly varied phrase, his countenance at the conclusion of each statement never failing to assume look of almost reverent marvel that such things should be.

"Talk about bowling slows," said



"COUNTY GUY."

"Trying not to commit himself to approval of Don José's new departure."
(The Duke of D-v-nsh-re.)

the MEMBER FOR SARK, repressing a yawn as he looked on COUNTY GUY, "there's no one in it with HARRIS."

ROSEBERY's interposition as usual changed the scene. Spoke on spur of moment, he apologetically said. Application of spur made the galled jade wince. LANSDOWNE, with solemn air signifying nothing, had talked porten-



"Talk about bowling slows."
(Lord H-rr-s.)

tously about the Inquiry. Added nothing to information. ROSEBERY with sharp interrogation attempted to prick the bladder of mystery that surrounds the phantom. What was the Inquiry? Who were the Inquirers? When was the public to be taken into their confidence?

"Or is it," he asked, his glance happening to fall upon Lord HARRIS, and obscure distorted reminiscence of there being "no such person" flashing across his mind—"is it a mechanism for keeping the Cabinet together?"

An awkward suggestion put in dangerously apt phrase. COUNTY GUY moved restlessly on the bench. Took up sheet of paper and fiercely scrawled a note. Supposed he would have to speak after all. Why couldn't ROSEBERY go off to his lonely furrow and let an awkward business flicker out, as this was on point of doing? Made one last effort to escape doom. As circumspect parent on Russian steppe, pursued by wolves, throws out an occasional child, hoping to escape whilst the wolves make a meal, so COUNTY GUY tossed SELBORNE to the hungry Opposition. First Lord made a clever speech, inventing new phrase for what we are all tired of calling the Inquiry. It is to be "an inquest by the nation."

"Inquest; very good," said JOKIM. "But where's the body? In post-mortems, you know, the jury always bound to view the body. What is it like, and where shall we find it?"

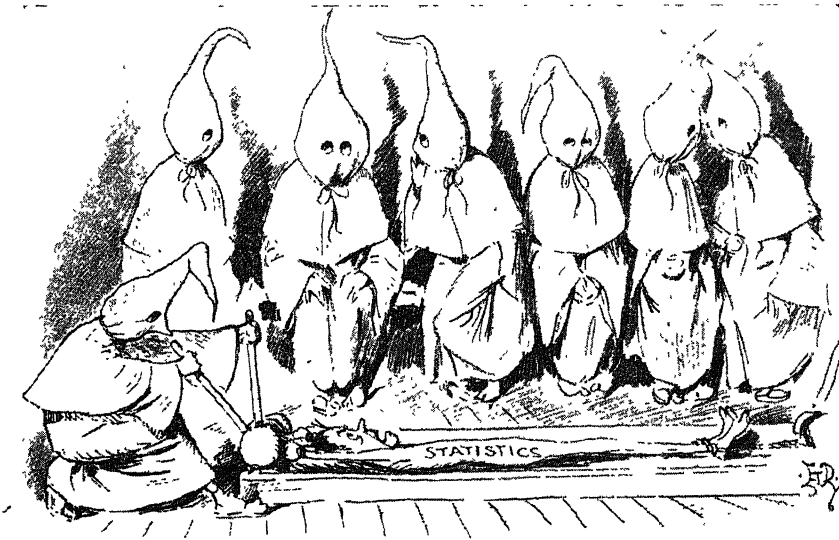
In absence of Earl SPENCER, for reason all the world deploras, RIPON, as Leader of Opposition, had his say. That settled the matter. Proceedings formulated as question and answer had, thanks to ROSEBERY, grown into first-class debate. COUNTY GUY, with look of ineffable boredom, delivered short speech in rasping voice.

"I don't think the noble Duke quite appreciated my meaning," JOKIM timidly said, at a point where COUNTY GUY, having got his head in chancery, was almost viciously pummeling him.

"No, I didn't," growled COUNTY GUY.

House laughed. But after all no laughing matter. If COUNTY GUY were playing his own game it would be bad enough to have forced upon him this "adjourned debate." In peculiar circumstances of case the incident sufficient to upset serenest temper.

Business done.—Renewed attempts in both Houses to abstract from Ministers secret of meaning, method, scope of their Inquiry. "Don't wish to say anything disagreeable," SARK remarked as we left the House of Lords; "but isn't the thing beginning to remind you of the Humbert case and its mythical millions? Supposing we were to go to Downing Street, armed



THE GRAND INQUISITORS.

(Secret Conclave of the Cabinet.)

"What was the Inquiry? Who were the Inquirers?"—Lord R-s-b-ry's speech in the Lords.

with full power of search; and find there is no more Inquiry than there were millions in Madame HUMBERT's strong box. *Hein?*"

House of Commons, Tuesday.—Some affecting scenes in House to-day. Irish Land Bill in Committee. GEORGE WYNDHAM in charge. With him the ATTORNEY-GENERAL FOR IRELAND. CARSON holds a watching brief for unnamed client. Full attendance of Irish Members; elsewhere benches practically empty. Below Gangway COLOMB lifts his tall head and occasionally makes a speech. BUTCHER busy; T. W. RUSSELL and his "party" steering difficult course.

Doesn't suit his purpose to agree fully with anyone. If he supports either Nationalists or CHIEF SECRETARY on particular amendment, stops short of the altogether. A little more of this, a little less of that, and 'twould be well. But who can expect to reach the lofty standard of the impeccable Member for South Tyrone? Least of all the Ulster landlord. Looking down just now on front bench below Gangway, where COLOMB and BUTCHER hold the fort, T. W., *à propos de bottes*, remarked, "I observe the plotting going on in that corner."

Instantly Sir JOHN COLOMB rose, for the express purpose of declaring that he "would take no notice of anything that came from that corner." This with a vicious dig of thumb over shoulder towards upper bench, where T. W. buttressed his "party."

In contrast with this deplorable feud amongst compatriots is the amity that reigns in Irish Nationalist camp, a

loving-kindness that stretches forth generous arms to enclose the Chief Secretary. Never since the Union has Statesman filling the post been approached, addressed, alluded to, as is GEORGE WYNDHAM. "The Smiling Assassin" of last year has become in this the fair-minded, courteous-mannered, lovable Minister. Chief anxiety of Nationalists is to spare him trouble, guard his health and get his Bill through.

It is true this feeling does not run the length of inducing a Member who has placed an Amendment on the Paper either to refrain from moving it, or to shorten his speech in recommending it for acceptance. But when he has taken his turn he is foremost in joining the rest who attempt to dissuade another Irish Member from occupying time with a further Amendment. This particularly the case when it is Mr. TULLY who is to the fore.

"Mr. LOWTHER," he wailed just now in sympathetic ear of Chairman of Committees, "I have been jumped on all evening by hon. Members near me for talking about compulsory sale, though they themselves have been discussing it all the time."

That's the situation in a sentence, and it helps the Bill to trot along. 'Tis money makes a Land Bill go.

Business done.—Committee on Irish Land Bill.

Friday.—One of the two most popular of the Birthday Honours was that which made Major RASCH a B.B.K., as the Claimant put it, explaining that the letters signified Baronet of the British Kingdom. For years the Major has

been to the Conservative Party as salt to the earth. State of agriculture in Essex habitually depresses him. From time to time out of the depths of depression flashes a burst of rugged common sense illumined by genuine humour. A loyal Party man, the Major is not averse from pointing out to his pastors and masters the occasional error of their ways. Doesn't speak often; in intervals has time to accumulate something to say. In a sense is the WILFRID LAWSON of the Conservative camp. Only his speeches are shorter, his humour more spontaneous.

When someone outside the very select circle asked permission to drive through the Horse Guards' gate, a former MAJESTY, stickler for etiquette, said, "No, we can't do that, but we'll make him an Irish Peer." So PRINCE ARTHUR, besought by RASCH to amend Standing Orders in direction of limiting speeches, says, "No, I can't do that, but I'll make you a Baronet."

Well said; admirably done. Hope it will encourage RASCH to pursue his crusade. If he persists he may, through varied stages, reach a dukedom. Anyhow during his progress he will not only be enforcing a useful moral but will be agreeably illustrating it. A terse and witty speaker, if he cannot be



THE RED HAND OF ULSTER.

Major Sir Fr-d-r-ck R-sch, Bart.—"a terse and witty speaker"—comes red-handed from the Birthday Honours List.

the cause of short speaking in others, he, in pursuit of his object, adds to the gaiety of Parliament.

Business done.—Miscellaneous.

So popular has the air of "*Under the Deodah*" become that there is scarcely an orchestra in town or country that has not been "Deodahrised."



QUITE OF HER OPINION.

Gushing Young Woman (to famous Actor). "OH, DO YOU KNOW, MR. STARLEIGH, I'M SIMPLY MAD TO GO ON THE STAGE!"
Famous Actor. "YES, I SHOULD THINK YOU WOULD BE, MY DEAR YOUNG LADY!"



"HIS HONOUR AT STEAK."

"INQUEST" NOTES.

SIR NORMAN LOCKYER has, so we learn from the current number of *Nature*, gone into retreat with Sir OLIVER LODGE, Professor LARMOR and Lord KELVIN in order to conduct a secret inquiry into the merits of the Ptolemaic system, the reintroduction of which has been recently advocated by Mr. CHARLES BERTRAM, the famous *prestidigitateur*. It is expected that the results of the inquiry will be published about Christmas. Mr. BERTRAM, on being interviewed by a representative of the *Church Times*, is stated to have remarked that they were in for a big scrap, but he had no doubt that in the long run the British workman would plump for PTOLEMY.

We are informed that, as a result of a postcard *plébiscite* amongst all the fourth form boys in the kingdom, it has been decided to hold a grand national inquest into the utility of the Latin grammar. The inquest will be held in private, and premature discussion by Headmasters is urgently deprecated; but it is hoped that the results will be laid before the parents before the middle of September. The head boy of Harrow has meantime expressed his opinion that the public school system is irrevocably doomed, unless this obsolete fetish is immediately dethroned.

During the inquiry season Mr. BALFOUR has resolved to give up playing singles owing to the strain upon his convictions, and will only indulge in foursomes. Mr. BALFOUR is expected at North Berwick about the middle of August, and a beehive cell for meditation is being erected for him on the summit of the Bass Rock.

The *British Weekly* announces that Dr. LUNN has arranged for a special tour to the Solomon Islands for anxious

inquirers during the months of August and September. Special lectures will be given *en route* by Sir ROBERT GIFFEN, Mr. BENJAMIN KIDD, Canon MACCOLL, and LORD GEORGE SANGER.

We regret to learn that the Right Hon. HENRY CHAPLIN, M.P., is suffering from inflammation of the cornea, or tarifitis as it is now called, as the result of his prolonged microscopic investigation of the constituent elements of the cheap loaf.

A concentration seaside camp for inquirers into the relative merits of the *Ency. Brit.* and *Old Moore's Almanack* has been established on the Isle of Dogs. Boarders are admitted on payment either of a lump sum of £12 or 60 monthly instalments of 4s. 11½d. A liberal diet will be provided with New Zealand claret (very ferruginous) at discretion. All particulars can be obtained from the Commandant, Mr. MARTIN HEWITT.

THE LATE PANAMANIA.

(By a Gallio.)

[The New York correspondents of the *Daily Telegraph* and *Daily Mail* simultaneously cabled a few days ago that Panama hats, for which there was a magical demand last year, the price ranging from 30 to 150 dollars, are no longer fashionable and are being replaced by ordinary stiff straw hats. The principal market has been transferred to England. The downfall of the Panama is attributed to cheap imitations, and the prejudice of many against the rakish and peculiar methods of wearing it.]

Like a stalwart last year I resisted
The impulse to purchase the thing;
Chief reason—the price that they listed
Was high—I'd no money to fling;
Then, under an outline so twisted
My profile I shuddered to bring!

It was smart, it was vulgar and shoppy—
And rakish before and behind;
It was up, it was down, it was floppy,
In fact, didn't know its own mind;
In the rain it was horribly sloppy,
And beastly to wear in a wind.

This year you may buy it at leisure
By shilling instalments each week,
"Worth a guinea," they say, and to measure,
No cheap imitation or freak,
In fact, as a bargain, the treasure
Had been, but last season, unique!

For now comes, *by cable*, the fiat—
'Tis suddenly gone out of date!
Instead with a round or a high hat
Or straw you must cover your pate,
As New York, where it comes from, is
shy at
The idol it worshipped of late.

Though the "Hat-wave" has crossed
the Atlantic,

There follows a slump in its train;
And if hatters are said to be frantic,
The public are now and then sane—
While, surviving each whimsical antic,
My *old tile's* in fashion again!

THE MOTOR PROBLEM SOLVED.

It was announced in the *Times* of the 2nd that rapid progress is being made with the new automobile road, 310 miles long, in the Congo Free State. Here is the solution of all our difficulties. Let every scorcher be banished from every civilised country to the Congo Free State, and there let him do just as he likes, in the manner of the white men, the pioneers of civilisation, in that happy land. Let him rush along this new road, from Songolado to Popokabada, at a hundred miles an hour, or two hundred if he can. Nothing matters there, and we shall be rid of him and his infernal machine and the infernal smell and the infernal dust. It is expected that the authorities will rise to the occasion, and issue a scale of charges for damage to life or limb. If no expense were involved, the average motorist would feel that he was being treated as a poor man, which would be an intolerable insult. Besides, the payments would keep the road in repair, and the balance would swell the revenue of the State. There is reason to believe that the following notice will shortly be issued to the whole world:—

ÉTAT INDÉPENDANT DU CONGO.

Piste d'Automobiles.

La meilleure du monde. Superbe installation. Secours aux blessés et médicaments tout le long de la route. Hôpitaux tous les dix kilomètres. Médecins parlant toutes les langues. Entrepreneurs des pompes funèbres à la mode de Bruxelles. Enterrements très élégants. Vastes cimetières. Grand choix de tombeaux.

TARIF DES ÉCRASEMENTS.

	FR.	C.
Chevaux, chiens et bestiaux,		
chacun, blessé ...	25	
Id. tué ...	50	
(Les animaux en gros à prix réduits.)		
Nègre qui travaille, blessé ...	5	
Id. tué ...	10	
(Nègres sauvages à discrétion.)		
Blanc, blessé ...	2	50
Id. tué ...	7	50
Belge, blessé ...	100	0
Id. tué ...	5,000	0

Les Belges paient le quart du tarif.



GOLFING AMENITIES.

(Overheard on a Course within 100 miles of Edinburgh.)

Hopeless Duffer (who continually asks his Caddy the same question, with much grumbling at the non-success of his clubs). "AND WHAT SHALL I TAKE NOW?"
His Unfortunate Partner (whose match has been lost and game spoilt, at last breaking out). "WHAT'LL YE TAK NOO! THE BEST THING YE CAN TAK IS THE FOWER FIFTEEN FOR EDINBURGH!"

THE POET'S PRICE.

[“The payment of the fee of not exceeding 2s. for attending as a jurymen is only to be allowed when the juror makes personal application for the fee, and the coroner is satisfied the juror has suffered pecuniary loss in attending the inquest”—*Coroner's Writ.*]

THE poet's eye in frenzy rolled
 As eagerly he scanned
 The pages—he was seen to hold
 A *Walker* in his hand;
 He was, in short, about to use
 His arts upon the modest Muse.

A policeman knocked him on the door
 And served him with a writ;
 And he must woo the Muse no more—
 No human help for it:
 Must lay aside the poet's pen
 To sit among the jurymen.

And he with twelve good men and true
 Has held the blind one's scales,
 And listened all the long day through
 To oft-repeated tales,
 Yea, heard the Coroner orate
 Until the night was growing late.

And when at length the Court rose up,
 Its weary business done,

Since even poets needs must sup
 When dinner they have none,
 He sought the Coroner to see
 If he could get his florin fee.

The other eyed the poet's locks,
 A smile upon his face:
 “I'm sorry you were in the box
 On such a tedious case,
 But have you suffered from this cross
 The least pecuniary loss?”

“I have!” The poet smote his brow.
 “When I received the writ
 I had an inspiration—now
 I have forgotten it.
 I was, in short, upon the road
 To write a great immortal ode.”

The other laughed. “Your claim, I fear,
 Is scarcely strong enough.
 Immortal odes are not, I hear,
 A marketable stuff.
 The more immortal yours might be,
 The less would you deserve your fee.

“Now had you been in some good trade,
 A driver of a bus,
 Or scavenger, I would have paid
 Your fee without a fuss;
 But as it is, I can but think
 I've saved you paper, pens and ink.”

A PRELIMINARY CANTER.

[“To Poets.—A Prize of One Guinea is offered for a set of verses . . . Competitors are to take for subject any advertisement appearing in the issues of *Hearth and Home* for July 2, 9, 16, or 23”—*Hearth and Home.*]

A POET myself, I'm perfectly willing
 To put in my purse a pound and a shilling,

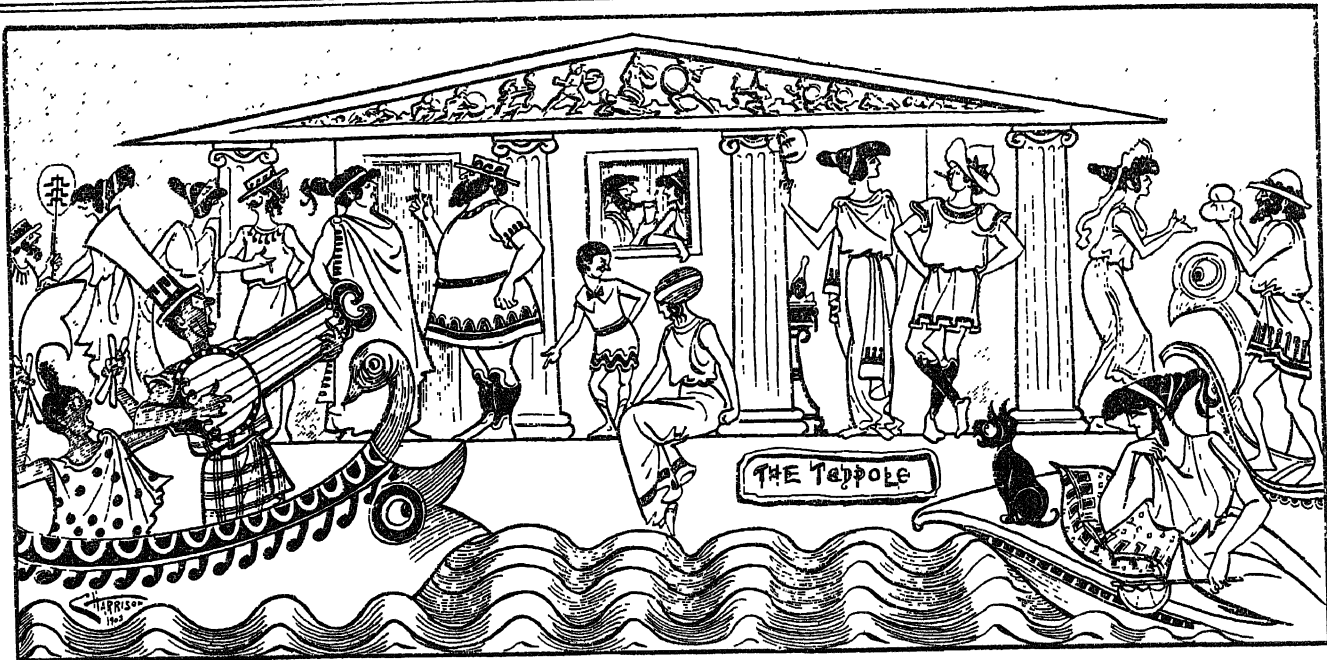
But anyone who in the fray engages
 Is bound to read the advertisement pages,
 A task which the lyrical spirit crushes,
 And leaves me a welter of crimson blushes!

As a rule, whatever my subjects are,
 My Muse is seldom particular,
 Indeed, pecuniary circumstances
 Sternly forbid mere idle fancies.

But—but—well, look at them, if you please:
 How can I sing about things like these?

A cynical smile o'er the poet flickers,
 As he dreams of a *chanson* of “Patent Kn-ckers,”

He gazes aghast at the illustrations
 Of “Our Unshrinkable C-mb-n-tions,”



HOUSE-BOAT AT THE ANCIENT HENLEIAN GAMES.

He doubts if the populace would
endorse it,
Supposing he hymned the "Alamode
C-rset,"

Or even would read with the right
emotion

A Ballade of Anti-corpulence Lotion!

The very thought of "Complexion
Washes,"

Viewed as a subject for song, abashes;

While panaceas for indigestion
Must be reckoned as out of question!

So your poet, in this case, seems
Painfully handicapped by his themes.

Others may mock at, as mere pretence,
This unfortunate diffidence;

Somebody else must write the pome,
Earning the guinea from *Hearth and
Home!*

P.I.P.

(*Perfectly Impossible Pulp.*)

A CHAT ABOUT FRANCE.

IN view of the visit of M. LOUBET (President of the French Republic) to England, the following random notes may prove not uninteresting to the ignorant reader.

It is not generally known that, but for the English Channel, England would probably form part of the Continent, and a sea passage would not only be unnecessary but impossible.

The presence of M. LOUBET in our midst will no doubt recall the interesting fact that at one time his countrymen had determined to invade and conquer

England, and had even gone so far as to re-name our principal towns according to their own taste: thus London was called "Londres," Dover became "Douvres," Edinburgh was transformed into "Edimbourg," &c.

The French are a vivacious and excitable people, and some years ago, as it was found that their kings and queens were always losing their heads, the Monarchy was abolished and a Republic substituted. The present Republic still exists up to the time of going to press.

Paris is the capital of France, and is situated some miles from the coast. It contains several excellent hotels, a good museum, and a fair opera-house. (It will be remembered that King EDWARD THE SEVENTH visited Paris not very long ago.)

The river Seine runs through the town. Small steamboats (*mouches*, as they are called in the quaint language of the country) are constantly plying for hire, and are well patronised. How strange this almost mediæval form of transport would appear upon the Thames!

It will be noticed that most Frenchmen wear a small rosette in their coats. This is not a sign that the wearer belongs to a "No drinks between meals" society; it is the badge of the "Legion of Honour" (hence the expression "Their name is Legion," when we wish to signify a very large number).

The chief exports of France are motor-cars, picture post-cards, wine and liqueurs, including the now far-famed Entente Cordiale, which last is very much in evidence, and long may it be so.

THE SONG-SPOTTER.

[Every summer a "song-spotter" is sent to the seaside by the music-publishing firms. His duties are to listen to all the songs sung by the nigger minstrels, and to note which succeed.]

He stood on the beach with a haggard
air,

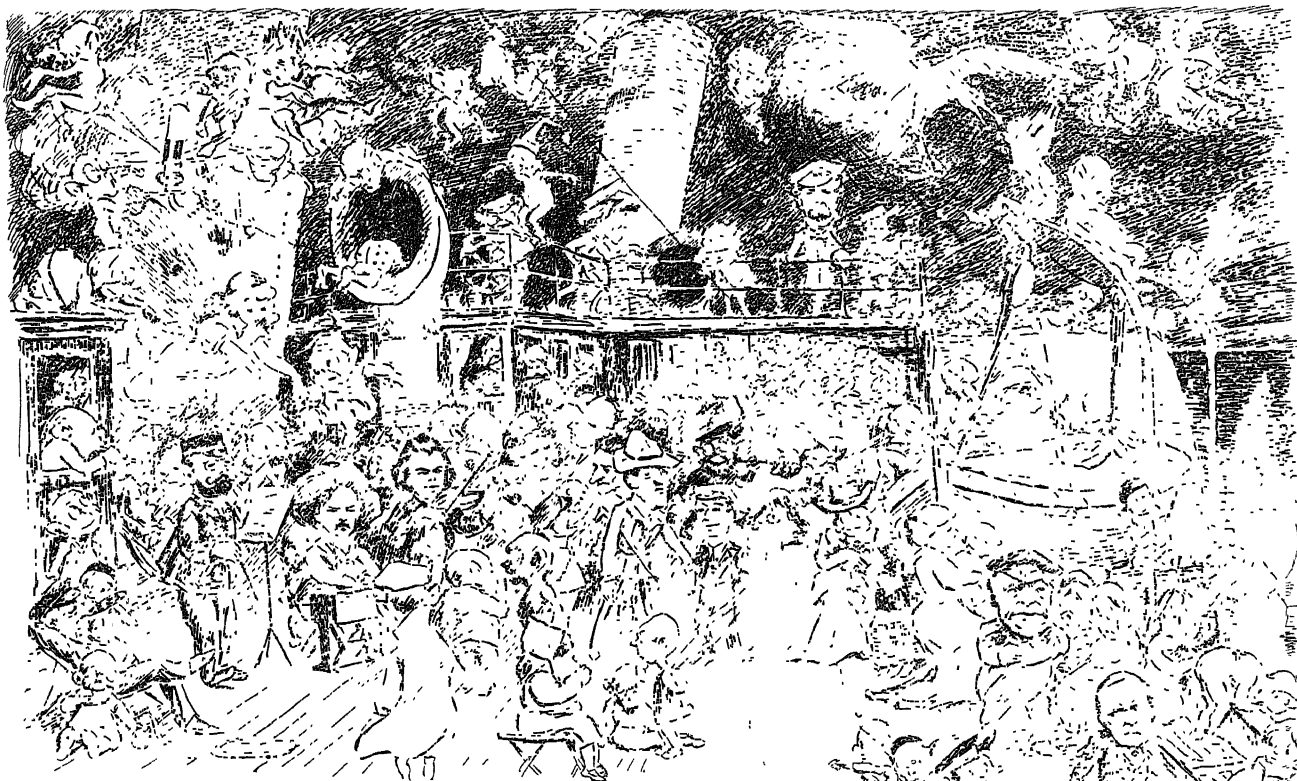
As the niggers sang their lays;
And I asked him the cause of his look
of care

(I had marked it on previous days).
"Cheer up," I said. "Oh, never despair;
Perchance I may heal your wrongs."
"Alas," said he, "but it cannot be,
For—shudder!—I'm spotting songs."

"Or ever the earliest shrimp is snared
In the earliest shrimp's net,
Or ever the primal bather's bared,
Or the first toy yacht upset,
Or ever the lodgers start up, scared
At the roar of their breakfast gongs,
Here on the strand I take my stand
For the purpose of spotting songs."

"Others may 'scape to the gay hotel,
To the desolate cliffs may flee,
May, if they fear not wave nor swell,
Sail on the songless sea,
Stroll inland with a chosen belle,
Far from the vocal throngs—
I must stay through the livelong day,
My mission is spotting songs."

"That is the reason why I'm depressed,
Silent and grim and sad;
Ne'er may I fly from the noisome pest
(It's driving me nearly mad).
Never on earth shall I find that rest
For which my whole soul longs;
Evermore must I haunt this shore
For the purpose of spotting songs."



DREAMS BEFORE DAWN.—AN EXCURSION STEAMER.

CHARIVARIA.

NAPOLEON HAYARD, the King of the Camelots, reports that he paid a successful visit to England last week, accompanied by President LOUBET.

As a proof that quieter times are expected in Ireland, Mr. HEALY has ventured on a new hat.

The Royal Military College cadets are now encamped on Salisbury Plain. We are told by the *Daily Mail*, which has a positive genius for getting hold of news, that while there they will clean their arms.

"Anti-Motor" writes to point out that one advantage of holding motor races like those that have just taken place in Ireland is that after each race there are fewer motors.

A doctor at Henley, who was charged with driving his motor-cycle at an excessive speed, pleaded that he was hurrying to an urgent case. The Bench agreed that he was likely to pick up a patient that way, and fined him £2.

It has been reported that the MULLAH is in danger. Wake up, Little Englanders!

Lord ROSEBERY, according to a recent

speech, has been taking a census of the leaders of the Liberal Party.

The report that M. LOUBET could not understand Lord LANSDOWNE's French, and requested him to speak in English, is entirely untrue, and has been set on foot by certain unprincipled rivals for political purposes.

A Continental paper informs its readers that King EDWARD has gone in for tattooing. The mistake no doubt arose from the fact that His MAJESTY recently decorated a number of workmen.

No one will now have the right to say that Russia is uncivilised. By a reform in the Russian Penal Code no prisoner is in future to be permanently attached to a wheelbarrow or other vehicle by a chain welded to an iron waist-ring.

It turns out that, after all, the design of the new Infantry cap, of which the War Office is so proud, is not original. A similar cap has been worn for some time past by the City of Westminster scavengers.

"We are in a minority, but we can passively resist," cried 1,000 persons as they flung missiles at an unoffending auctioneer.



THOMAS MAYBANK

THE GREAT HEART OF THE PEOPLE.

[“Yesterday, despite the visit of M. LOUBET, despite fiscal inquiries and everything else, the one topic of conversation upon the lips of men and women was the great achievement—unique in the history of journalism—of the *Sun* in obtaining and publishing a full statement in facsimile handwriting of DOUGAL.”—*Sun*, July 8.]

YE that are haply fain to plumb
The silent depth of British passions,
Who want to probe with curious thumb
The people's average mental rations ;

YE who would learn what sort of thrill
Their sentient frame from top to toe stirs—
Go, read the crucial facts that fill
Our Halfpenny Press's urgent posters.

Be not deceived by surface signs,
But seek the truths profound, eternal,
That figure in the heady lines
Of yon vermilion evening journal ;

There you shall find that all this show
Of Francophil enthusiasm
But represents, for those who know,
A relatively trifling spasm.

Not good old LOUBET's homely smile,
By steady boredom unabated ;
Not Gallic banners, mile on mile,
With mottoes readily translated ;

Not these, nor Dover's booming guns,
The City's soup, the street's ovation,
Can quite account for Tuesday's *Sun's*
Unprecedented circulation.

What really hit the people's heart,
And made a much more deep impression,
Was (thanks to journalistic art)
A murderer's autograph “confession !”

How well for those who lead the blind,
And have an eye for English annals,
Thus to divert the public mind
Down permanently useful channels !

To-day (July the ninth) I read
Fresh proof of these ennobling labours ;
We've wished the PRESIDENT God-speed,
And called ourselves the best of neighbours ;

And wonder, while we turn to hail
Our Sailor kin with hearty greeting,
What placard-phrase will strike the *Mail*
As fit to stamp this merry meeting ?

Not since when in a sanguine hour
I touched my native shores, long parted,
And looked to find if England's power
Stood where it did before I started,

And saw an evening sheet that showed
These words that left me dumb and haggard :
“CAB OVERTURNED IN GRAY'S INN ROAD”—
Have I been similarly staggered.

For just as if the nations' ties
And all things else were immaterial,
One single phrase arrests my eyes,
It is : THE “DAILY MAIL'S” NEW SERIAL ! O. S.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Henry Acland (SMITH, ELDER) is the memoir of a quiet but strenuous life, chiefly occupied in doing good. Dr. ACLAND was the son of a house well known in Devonshire, that has in various walks of public life done the State service. The fourth son of Sir THOMAS DYKE ACLAND, whose face and figure were familiar to my Baronite in the House of Commons through twenty years, HENRY took to medicine as his profession, and in time reached its loftiest heights. He was among the choicest models of a noble calling, perhaps the most unselfish and self-sacrificing of professions. He never spared himself, his health, or his income, if he saw a chance of helping someone. His patients ranged from the Prince of WALES, whom forty years ago he accompanied on his trip to America, down to his poorest neighbour. When Oxford was stricken with cholera, ACLAND literally took up his post and, un-fee'd, devoted himself to battling with the plague. His heart and purse were open to the homeless foreigner. “Honourable Sir and Doctor,” wrote one, “I feel myself so much benefited and improved by the excellent and almost new waistcoat, of which I really stood in great need, that I cannot omit to acknowledge hereby most gratefully your generous benevolence, kindness, and philanthropy. If you should be in possession of a pair of old trousers, they would highly suit me, and it would be no matter if they should be an inch too long, or might be an inch too narrow, and I could easily mend this myself.” Be sure the plump-legged Baboo got the trousers.

To their Dainty Library of Bibelots, being a series of reprints for the book lover, GAY AND BIRD have added *A Dante Treasury* (being flowers culled from the *Divine Comedy*) and *An Old English Miscellany*. This last, comprising prose and verse, presents a selection from English literature extending from the seventh to nearly the close of the nineteenth century. This limit, my Baronite notes with regret, excludes our Poet Laureate. But the owner of the little treasure will find consolation in the company of CHAUCER, BACON, DRYDEN, LAMB, SHELLEY, RUSKIN and CARLYLE.

The Norfolk Broads are as attractive to the writer and illustrator as they are to the holiday boatman. We have many books upon them. My Baronite knows none better than Mr. DUTT's work, published by METHUEN. The Editor has been assisted by numerous contributors, including Mr. FRANK SOUTHGATE, who supplies nearly half a hundred coloured and many uncoloured illustrations of the beautiful waters. Anyone contemplating a cruise on the Broads cannot do better than ship this beautiful volume.

Does some jaded reader need a stimulant? Does he want something more than a pin-prick to rouse him from his lethargy in this hot weather? If so, we will do more, we will stir him with a BODKIN! Aye, as *Hamlet* says, “With a bare Bodkin!” Let him, the wishful reader—not *Hamlet*—take up *In the Days of Goldsmith*, writ by M. McD. BODKIN (JOHN LONG), and he will find a rare good novel, with natural dialogue, full of dramatic action and interesting characters. Don't expect too much. The Baron is of opinion that BOSWELL, JOHNSON and Co. become a bit wearisome, and the Doctor is a heavy piece of goods to handle. The accomplished “skipper,” however, can “over” the Doctor and Bozzy too, which acrobatic feat accomplished he will be rewarded by a good dramatic climax. That it is interesting and amusing is the opinion of the judicious

BARON DE B.-W.

PROTECTIONIST MOTTO FOR THE MOTHERLAND.—“*Maxima debetur pueris preferentia.*”

WE understand that the author of *Strauberry Leaves* (just announced) will shortly publish *Asparagographs*.



A MOTOROLOGICAL FORECAST.

(What might happen under the proposed Motor Car Act.)

JOE CHAMBERLAIN (looking in on ARTHUR BALFOUR "doing his three months"). "HALLO, ARTHUR! GOT A 'SETTLED CONVICTION' AT LAST?"

[The PREMIER's chauffeur has been twice convicted of exceeding the legal speed-limit for Motor Cars.]



Little Girl "OH, FATHER, DO LOOK AT THIS POOR OLD TRAMP! DON'T YOU FEEL SORRY FOR HIM?"
Her Father. "AH, MY DEAR, THOSE PEOPLE ARE NOT ALWAYS TO BE PITIED AS MUCH AS YOU WOULD THINK. VERY OFTEN THEY MIGHT WORK, BUT WON'T."
Little Girl (thoughtfully, after a pause). "WON'T THEY EVEN BE ARTISTS, FATHER?"

VERSES VEGETARIAN.

(By a Disillusioned Bachelor.)

WHEN I was young—as everyone agreed—
 And when my gladsome heart no burden carried,
 I had a very near escape indeed
 Of getting married.

My income was diminutive, it's true,
 Yet that was but a small consideration.
 I met my love and fell a victim to
 Her fascination.

The day arrived when I resolved to try
 If my persuasive eloquence could win her,
 For to her father's house, one evening, I
 Was asked to dinner.

Although I took some other female down,
 I did not mind at all, for I was able
 To watch my fair adored one smile or frown
 Across the table.

Now half-way through the dinner we had got,
 And pit-a-pat my frenzied heart was beating,
 When suddenly I chanced to notice what
 My love was eating.

Asparagus, that coy, elusive thing,
 She swallowed with an energy most frantic
 (Although it may be very nourishing,
 It's not romantic).

The nodding heads, when lifted from her plate,
 Towards her ruby lips she started thrusting.
 The scene that followed, I don't hesitate
 To call disgusting.

I felt that I must gaze at her, perforce;
 Ah! how the recollection of it lingers!
 The melted butter ran its wayward course
 Along her fingers.

She even smacked her lips, devoid of shame;
 But, as the pile of heads before her dwindled,
 Within my heart there flickered out the flame
 That love had kindled.

The mad, delicious moments of the past
 For once and all were absolutely ended.
 I left the house much sooner, at the last,
 Than I intended.

* * * * *
 Young men, if any maidens you adore,
 Be guided by a sensible suggestion,
 And watch them eat asparagus before
 You put the question!

A MARVELLOUS ESCAPE.—The *Daily Telegraph*, reporting the Motor Speed Trials at Dublin, speaks of "a couple of sporting events, in which racing cars ran against each other instead of against the clock." "Happily," it adds, "the day passed without casualty."

ENTERTAINMENT INSURANCE.

ACCORDING to the *Express* of July 9 it is becoming customary to insure garden parties against the vagaries of the British climate. There are some other and kindred possibilities of failure which should induce the enterprising London or suburban hostess to transact business with Lloyd's. Let us name a few, with their suggested percentages:—

Roadway up, rendering approach to front gate inaccessible	Ten guineas.
Steam-roller in operation outside, causing conversation to be inappropriate and music inopportune	Five gs.
Bonfire at next-door neighbour's, producing partial or complete suffocation of guests	Three gs.
Shortage of claret-cup	Forty gs.
Excessive thirst of male visitors	Eighty gs.
Neuralgia of hostess	Twenty gs.
Failure of dressmaker to come up to the scratch	Ninety gs.
Inability of host to identify those of his wife's friends whom he sees for the first time	Ninety-five gs.
<i>Vice-versâ</i>	Ninety-six gs.
<i>Casus belli</i> on part of cook	Ninety-seven gs.
<i>Lapsus linguæ</i> on part of funny man	Ninety-eight gs.
Ditto by <i>enfant terrible</i>	Ninety-nine gs.
Non-arrival of expected big-wig	Fifty gs.
Unexpected arrival of bore or broker's man	Fifty-five gs.
Disregard of R.S.V.P. on part of invited, thereby dislocating catering department	Sixty gs.
Appearance of too many acquaintances	Two gs.
Ditto of too few	Forty-five gs.
Counter-attractions, such as Henley, visit of French President, Punch and Judy Show, Summer Sales, &c.	One hundred gs.
Collapse of rout-seats	Eight gs.
Collapse of domestics	Eighteen gs.
Lack of notice in the <i>Morning Post</i> or the ladies' newspapers	Twenty-three gs.

Many other contingencies will doubtless suggest themselves, but the above, it is hoped, will be some guide to mutually profitable negotiations, for entertainers and underwriters alike.

PASHLEY'S OPINIONS.

No. XVI.

EASTER came round not so very long after I'd joined the Volunteers, and as our regiment was bound to make a good show in the sham fight and the march past we were all kept very busy doing our drills and getting ready. Our Colonel, old BUTTERWORTH—he was Butterworth's Meat Extract for the Million, with a picture of a whole family, from the grandfather and grandmother down to the last new twins, all wolfing the Extract out of tins and all looking as red as tomatoes and as fat as fifty—he used to come down pretty well every night to keep us going, and he used to make speeches to the recruits, asking them to remember the high reputation of the 10th Mile-End, and to get smart at the work and keep on making a good impression. He couldn't speak any more than he could fly, for he had a two-minutes' stammer that broke him all to pieces whenever he wanted to get his words out particularly slick, and it used to make me shuffle my feet and pinch myself to hear him trying to get over the fence and falling back every time with a bang. However, we all knew what he was driving at, and as he was liberal with the cash and spent no end on the regiment we rather liked him than not.

On the evening before Good Friday we all turned up at Waterloo. Mother had got very keen on the job at the last,

and she'd filled up my haversack with all kinds of things. I remember there was a tin of sardines and a Bologna sausage, and a thick cut of plum cake and a bottle of cold tea. She said she'd read somewhere that when you were on a campaign provisions sometimes ran short, and she wasn't going to let me starve whatever happened. ROGERSON and PLUMLEY brought nothing at all. They said Government had taken on the job of looking after them, and they were going to leave it to Government. If they starved they'd find out a way of taking it out of Government, and anyhow they knew there was always plenty of pigs and hens in the country districts where you went foraging, and they didn't think they'd run short. If they did, they'd help me by sharing my sausage and cake.

Well, the first night they took the regiment and a lot of others off by train, and landed us at some small station I forget the name of. We slept in barns and outhouses and the village school, and I own I didn't get a wink. Which-ever way I lay down I seemed to have some very hard and painful bones I'd never found out before, and the longer I lay the worse I got. Besides that the bandmaster snored like a trumpet, and the place was so dark it was no use throwing boots at him, because you always hit the wrong fellow. It wasn't a cheerful beginning to what the Colonel called the stern realities of the military life.

However, next morning we were up bright and early, and after a sluice of cold water we did what we could with some eggs and bread and butter and coffee. Then they served out the blank cartridges and we started.

We hadn't been going many minutes before the enemy started blazing at us, and we lay down and blazed back. The enemy was on a line of low hills about half a mile off, and we'd got to push him out of that before we could get on. I never saw any man get so excited as our Colonel. He began prancing up and down, shouting to us to keep cool and sight for 800 yards, and if he didn't knock the brutes sideways his name wasn't BUTTERWORTH, and they might cashier him.

This kind of work went on for a long time, but at last old BUTTERWORTH got quite beyond himself. He said he was left without any supports, and they wouldn't send him any reinforcements. Of course he'd hang on as long as he could, but if he had to retire it wouldn't be his fault. He thought he must have lost half his men killed and wounded already.

After a lot more shouting he got an idea. He told our Captain to send ten men and a Corporal to make a flank attack on the hills. They were to consider themselves a Division, and when they got up there they were to tumble the enemy back in double quick time, and if they didn't go they were to make prisoners of them. The Captain picked PLUMLEY as the Corporal, and PLUMLEY picked out me and ROGERSON and eight others, and off we went.

Well, we marched off, and away we went to give the other lot beans. It took us about three quarters of an hour to get within reach, and then PLUMLEY sent me and ROGERSON off to reconnoitre while he and the other eight spread out and blazed. We hadn't gone a hundred yards when we came slap into the thick of them. I said to ROGERSON "Now's the time," and he said, "Who's afraid?" and we made a dash for 'em, shouting out, "Surrender! surrender!"

There was a big officer there all over plumes and lace, and he galloped at us.

"Who are these fools?" he called out.

This made me fairly mad, and I let him have a point-blanker.

"You're down, anyhow," I said.

The next moment they'd got us. It wasn't any use telling them we were one-fifth of a Division. They didn't

believe it, but just took our rifles away and put us behind a haystack. A minute or two afterwards they brought PLUMLEY and the rest in. That was the last I saw of the fighting.

There was some talk of court-martialing us, but it didn't come to anything. We had the laugh against us, and old BUTTERWORTH never heard the last of it. After that I thought I'd had enough of volunteering, and I left.

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF CLAUDIUS DREAR.

Letters to British Weaklings.

No. 189.

ON THE THINGS WE DO NOT KNOW.

Stokè Pogis.

DEAR SIR,—A great essayist, writing on the Evils of Popular Ignorance, has this pregnant observation:—"The tragedy of life is that we do not know the things we do know so completely as we do not know the things we do not know." How often the lack of knowledge of some trifling fact warps our judgment of our fellows! A case in point occurs to me. A clever writer lived for many years in a secluded Berkshire cottage, and resisted all the entreaties of his friends to come to town. His publishers urged him to enter literary society, but he resolutely refused. As a consequence, he could exercise no personal influence on critics. To use phrases I detest—he was neither log-rolled nor boomed. His friends, whose names were in all the literary columns, and whose novels were in their fiftieth thousand, said, "Poor X. is mad." A rash and hasty judgment—for when X. died there was found in an upper room of his cottage the mummified body of his uncle. At some past period it had become necessary for X. to slay his relative. He had hidden the body in his cottage home, and naturally did not wish to give anyone a chance of hunting out the skeleton in his cupboard. Since I heard this pathetic story I have never judged a man. Some little thing I do not know of—a trifling forgery or an act of bigamy—may have warped his life. A great editor the other day was speaking to me of one of his contributors. He said, "Y. is useless to me—he can only turn out a bare fifteen thousand words a day." But I knew well that Y., under a *nom-de-plume*, was contributing thirty thousand words a day to another paper, and instead of being the shiftless, idle person the editor supposed, was really a fairly hard-working man.

In discussing lack of knowledge, I might point to the comparative ignorance of many critics. Whenever I meet a man with pretensions to literary



"THE HAT TRICK."

WHY SHOULD HORSES HAVE A MONOPOLY? A SUGGESTION FOR THE HUMANE AGRICULTURIST.

knowledge I put to him this question:—"Who is JANE BROWN?" Neither Mr. ANDREW LANG nor Sir M. E. GRANT-DUFF could answer this. I question if the monumental erudition of the late Lord ACTON could have solved the problem. Yet the answer is a simple one—when you know. JANE BROWN is my upper housemaid.

There is no excuse for ignorance in a journalist. The reviewer in *Pickwick* who read up for China under the letter C, and Metaphysics under the letter M, had the root of the matter in him, though his methods were a little crude. It has often seemed to me that the great saying of *Hamlet*, "The world is

my parish," should be the journalist's motto. If I might introduce a personal note into these pages, I would say that I trace my entire journalistic success to the fact that I know everything about everything accurately. Yet the possession of such unique knowledge is a drawback. I often lie awake through the dreary watches of the night, appalled and overcome by the contemplation of my own erudition. No, if I were to advise a young man about to begin life I should say, "If you wish to be successful, know everything—but if you wish to be happy, let there be some things you do not know."

Yours truly, CLAUDIUS DREAR.

WHAT ABOUT BRUM?

["I learn from a most interesting and admirable letter by Lord ROSEBURY, which recently appeared in the papers, that in the metropolis they are thinking of establishing a Technical College with similar objects to those with which we have extended this University. Lord ROSEBURY seems to be under the impression that he is inaugurating a new experiment. (Laughter) He seems to have heard and to know the facts connected with the great German College of Charlottenburg; but he has not apparently cast his eyes upon the provinces of his own country."—*Mr. Chamberlain.*]

Mr LORD, it seems you have conceived

Within your noble pate

A University relieved

Of all that's out of date,

Where studious youth may only learn

The practically good

Which shall enable it to earn

An honest livelihood.

With me, at length you realise

'Tis fatuous to cram

The worse than useless lore they prize

By Isis and by Cam,

The lore which burrows like a mole

Amid the dead, dead past,

With wasted time, whereat the soul

Of Commerce stands aghast.

Instead of this, you'd see our youths

At College study Trade,

And learn to summon all the truths

Of Science to her aid.

This I would be the last to call

In question, for, in fine,

The views you advocate were all

Originally mine.

So far, then, I am one with you;

But this I must resent,

That you propose it as a new

Untried experiment.

Where are your eyes, my Lord, and ears?

Already, while you dream,

Your visionary College rears

Its head in clouds of steam:

Here men may learn to brew and bake,

Here men may take degrees

In dyeing, cleaning, cooking cake,

Or making Cheddar cheese;

Here under our commercial rules

Our senior wranglers stand

With first-class honours in the schools

Of typing and shorthand;

Book-keeping fellowships here fan

The bright commercial fire—

Then tell me, O my Lord, could man

Of business more desire?

Charlottenburg—upon that word

Charlottenburg you drum;

Apparently you have not heard

About a place called Brum!

DOMESTIC DRAMA.

DIVIDED COUNSELS.

Lady Oriflamme. Mornin', HARRY. Where's ADELA?

Lord Greymere (her son). ADELA? Oh, she's P.N.E.U.-ing—the Proper Nursery-Education Union, y' know. It's all the rage with the New Mothers, *alias* the Pneu-Mas. I say, Mater, don't tell ADELA I called 'em that. She's tremendously in earnest about it, so far.

Lady O. But—but she knows no more about education than—than—

Lord G. Than you do. Precisely. That's just the idea. It's because you didn't educate us that we have to—

Lady O. Didn't *educate* you! Fiddlesticks! Didn't I pack you off to Eton as soon as they'd have you?

Lord G. Oh, Eton! Yes, Eton—if you call that education. They *don't*, you see, though they still send their sons there. There isn't anywhere else.

Lady O. What *do* they call education then?

Lord G. Oh—sort of thing, making 'em do what they're told, and not tell lies, and—

Lady O. Fudge! What's new in that, I'd like to know? I'm sure I've smacked you often enough for tellin' lies.

Lord G. Hah! That dear old slipper! I told 'em all about it—the Pneumatics, y' know. ADELA took me to one of their meetings. Five hundred Pneu-Mas and me. I was the only man.

Lady O. You must have looked a fool!

Lord G. I did—at first. They shoved me on the platform, and asked me for a speech, by gad. So I gave 'em you and your slipper, because they don't believe in punishment, and they all said "Shame," and looked as pleased as Punch. I had to say something, y' know.

Lady O. H'm. I'd like to slipper the lot of them. Was ADELA there?

Lord G. ADELA? You bet. She was in the chair, educating the rest of 'em.

Lady O. Pooh! Why don't she begin at home? She can no more manage TOMMY than you can.

Lord G. Oh, I can manage TOMMY all right.

Lady O. You manage TOMMY! My dear boy!

Lord G. As well as you can, anyhow, my dear Mother. ADELA says you spoil him.

Lady O. Oh, does she! Well, all I can say is—

Tommy (aged eight, enters swinging dead cat by tail). Oh, Daddy! Look, Daddy! Look what I've found on the dust-heap! Quite a good cat!

Lord G. What the—Look here, chuck

that beastly thing away. And don't you see your Granny? Say Good-morning to her.

Tommy. Oh, Daddy! BOWEN says if I hang it up in the sun it will get all maggots, and—

Lord G. Did you hear what I said? Chuck the beastly thing away. At once!

Tommy. BOWEN says—

Lady O. Do you like chocolates, darlin'?

Tommy. Chocolate creams I do. You may hold my cat if you like, and if you come fishing with me you can put the maggots on. BOWEN says they're more tastier than—

Lord G. Now look here. I've had enough of this. You *shall* obey me, d' you hear, you little—

Tommy. Oh, oh! I hate you—I hate you. Let me go. Oh!

Lady O. Stop, HARRY, stop! For Heaven's sake don't let us have a scene. Why can't you leave the child alone? Here, my pet! Come and talk to your old Granny. And stop cryin', darlin'.

Tommy. Shan't! And I'm n-not crying. Mum-ummy says he m-mustn't box my ears. And BUB-BOWEN says it's very—

Lord G. Oh, d—, BOWEN.

Lady O. HARRY, how *can* you? Here, darlin', Granny's got lots more chocolates. And now say you're sorry, pet.

Tommy. I'm n-not sorry. And Mummy says I mustn't tell lies. And BOWEN says people who swear will go to—

Lady Greymere (enters hurriedly). Oh, good-morning, Granny, I mustn't stop a minute, good-morning, we had such *splendid* papers—you ought to have been there, HARRY—about Thought-Turning, and never losing your temper, at least not letting them see when you do, because of *course* men all do sometimes, and nothing can be worse for children except giving them sweets, Granny, and Dr. Somebody said the right thing to do is to turn their thoughts to something *else* instead of punishing them, which is what some people always do, and it's just a sign of weakness. And now I must swallow some lunch—and oh, HARRY, will you tell BOWEN he *must* send in some asparagus, he lets it *all* run to seed, and you really *ought* to stop his wages or something, it's the only way with those people.

Tommy. BOWEN says what's the use when it's all ate up in the kitchen. He says if some people was half as clever as they thought they was—

Lady G. Oh, TOMMY, what *have* you got in your arms?—why, it's a cat; and he's been crying, HARRY, and your mouth is all smudgy with chocolate—oh, Granny, how could you?—you

oughtn't to have brought it in here, TOMMY, but as you have you may run and get your paint-box, and throw it away and paint it from memory.

Tommy. Don't want to paint. Want to get maggots.

Lady G. Oh, and what do you think, TOMMY, I saw just now?—a funeral with black plumes and horses, and people inside, and you can ask BOWEN for a spade, and have a nice little funeral of your own and bury the cat, and Daddy and Granny will go to it—I can't myself, I must get back to town—and will you see that he does it? Good-bye. [Exit.]

Lady O. H'm! Is that the new system? That what they call Thought-Turning?

Lord G. Oh, it's not the system. The system's all right. It's—it's ADELA.

Lady O. It's just a pack of nonsense. Here, darlin', you may have all the chocolates. And now run along, there's a good boy.

Lord G. And if you don't bury that blessed old cat in double quick time, I'll give you the best hiding you ever had in your life. D' you hear?

“MONS.”

FAITHFUL to the traditions of the past, the “Court Circular,” as it appears in the *Times*, still clings to the incorrect abbreviation of *Monsieur*. To a Frenchman “Mons.” can have but one meaning; it is a town in Belgium. Why the name of this Belgian town should precede the name of the President, or Foreign Minister, of France, no Frenchman could understand. But the “Court Circular” knows better, and writes Mons. LOUBET and Mons. DELCASSÉ, which are more absurd than Manchester BALFOUR or Dover WYNDHAM would be, for the French President and Foreign Minister have no connection whatever with Mons. In fact, even when abbreviated, “Man. BALFOUR” and “Dove. WYNDHAM” would still appear to have some meaning.

A few years ago the “Court Circular” attempted a bolder flight, and called some Frenchmen “Monsr.” After that paralysing triumph of inaccuracy the “C. C.” returned to its old friend the town in Belgium, without trying any other abbreviations. If our good old “C. C.” cannot be persuaded to use “M.” it might try “Mr.” It is to be found in LITTRÉ'S Dictionary, if nowhere else in France. Should “C. C.” dislike that, we commend to its attention “M'sieu,” which a Frenchman certainly could understand.

It is to be hoped that the French journalists may not flatter us by imitating Mons. Court Circular. They might



Aunt Jubisca (pointing to earnest Golfer endeavouring to play out of quarry). “DEAR ME, MAUD, WHAT A RESPECTABLY DRESSED MAN THAT IS BREAKING STONES!”

argue logically that, if half of “Monsieur” is the correct abbreviation in England, half of “Mister” should be used in France. If the French Prime Minister is “Mons. COMBES,” then the English one is certainly “Mis. BALFOUR.”

HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS.

WE learn that Mr. TREE has made arrangements to join Mr. H. J. WOOD in the forest of Birnam in the month of August. It is rumoured in this connection that there is a possibility of a musical version of *Macbeth* being brought before the public in the autumn, in which Mr. and Mrs. TREE will sustain the leading rôles. No fear, therefore, need be entertained that the public will not be able to see Mr. WOOD for the TREES.

It is stated that, after fulfilling an engagement in the Netherlands with his *Dante* company, Sir HENRY IRVING will proceed to Los Angeles, as he has been recommended complete change of air and scene.

Acting upon the advice of his physicians, Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL has decided to forego his Parliamentary duties for the rest of the session, and will undergo a rest-cure in a self-contained flat at Chatteris.

Encouraged by his reception as *Jan Ridd* in the stage version of *Lorna Doone*, Mr. HAYDEN COFFIN, we understand, will devote his summer holidays to studying the rôle of the hero in SAINT-SAËNS' opera, *Samson et Delilah*.

Mr. J. M. BARRIE, who has decided not to appear in first-class cricket after this season, has taken a villa in the neighbourhood of St. Jean de Luz, with a view to mastering the intricacies of the Basque game of Pelota, of which he has the highest opinion.

At the close of the season M. PADE-REWSKI will return to his estate in Poland to carry out some important researches into the operation of the law of capillary attraction, in company with Professor TRUEFIT.

Mr. HALL CAINE, who is shortly proceeding to Macedonia to accumulate local colour for his next romance, has issued a manifesto to the Bulgarian Committee to the effect that, if he is captured by the insurgents, the British Government are not prepared to offer more than ten minor poets in exchange.

The Duke of DEVONSHIRE, who has been troubled with insomnia since Lord ROSEBURY'S recent attack upon him in the House of Lords, has engaged a suite of rooms at Dormy House, Brancaster, for the latter half of August.



OUR VILLAGE.

Local Genius (endeavouring to obtain historical photo of gathering at village fête) "Now! JUST A SECOND MORE! EVERYONE QUITE STILL! ALL LOOK AT THE CAMERA! Now, QUITE STILL, PLE—OH, LOR, I'VE FORGOTTEN THE PLATES!"

MY RELATIONS WITH SOCRATES.

[The following fragment has been found among some parchments, evidently private memoranda of XENOPHON. He, as it will be remembered, was intimately acquainted with the SOCRATES household. A translation of these brief notes is given to the world with the greatest possible reluctance. We scorn the bare idea of making a literary sensation, and our repugnance for scandal cannot be expressed in words. Only a strong sense of duty, and the need of vindicating at any cost the memory of an unjustly-treated woman, have induced us to issue this fragment—and to pocket the publisher's fees.]

... "It was, indeed, no long time before matters in the home of SOCRATES appeared to me to be going not well, but, on the contrary, badly. Wherefore, the knowledge of truth being especially dear to me, I made a march of some parasangs in order to question XANTHIPPE herself. SOCRATES, as it chanced, was not in the house. For, as his custom was, he had taken his stand in the market-place, waylaying guileless strangers, and plying them with questions hard to be answered. In this manner he would pass the day, returning only when there was none to listen to him. Not least on this account,

as I understood, was XANTHIPPE grieved as to her heart. Moreover, as she told me, on his return SOCRATES would call loudly for wine, and, the cup being many times emptied, would sing aloud such words as that he would not return to his dwelling until rosy-fingered morn appeared. In this he was manifestly demented, being within the walls even as he sang these words.

Oftentimes it chanced that XANTHIPPE would ask a favour of him, as that he would buy meat for her in the market, or would rebuke the fig-seller, the figs sent by him being most especially worthless. But, putting aside her words, SOCRATES would ply her with needless questions, begging her to tell him what was justice, and if a man doing right by accident would receive a reward of the gods. Such words, then, repeated not once only but many times, pained her as to the head, and even injured her spirit.

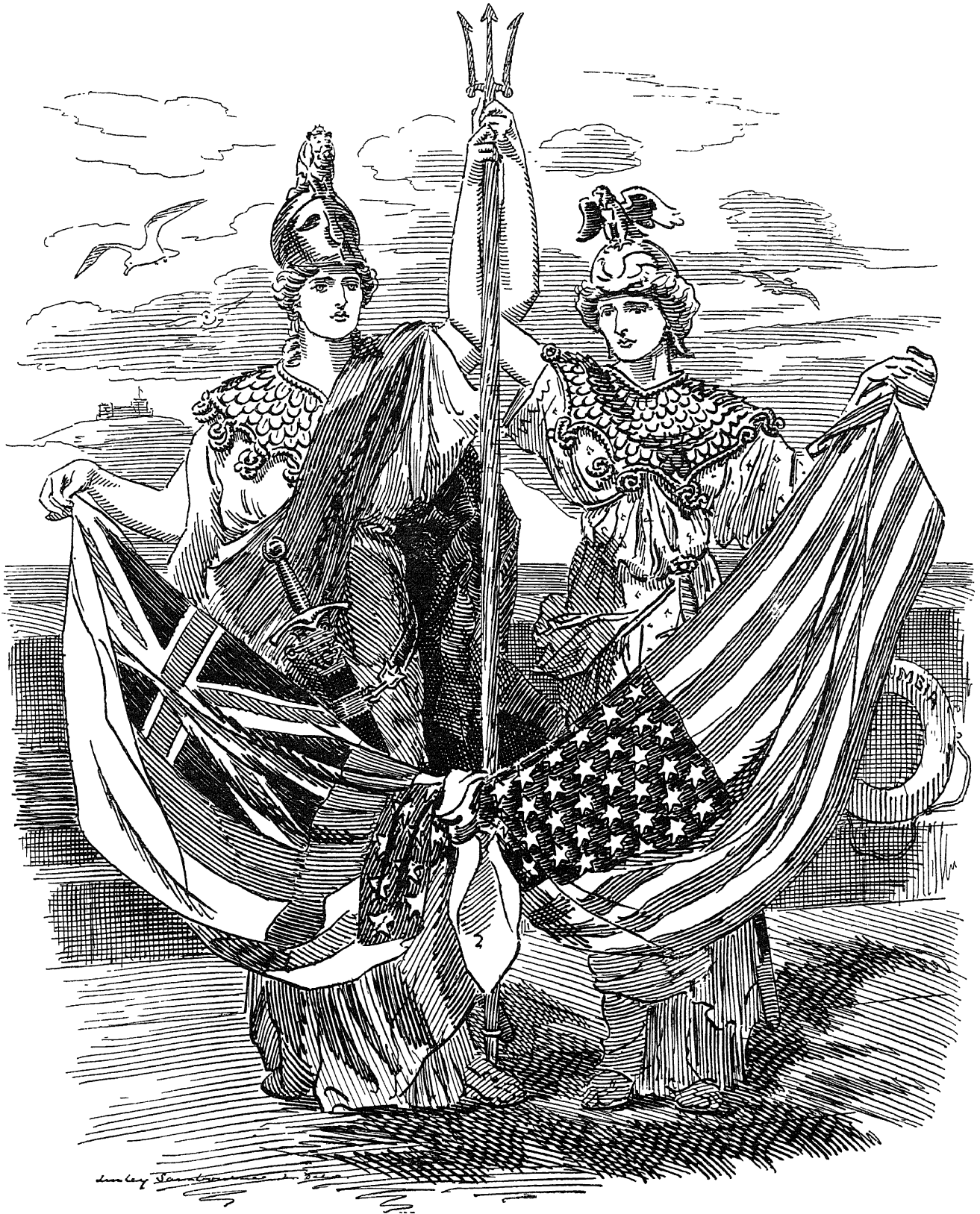
Not even when XANTHIPPE attempted to perform for SOCRATES the offices of friendship did he show himself grateful. It chanced, as XANTHIPPE told me, that on a summer's day he had come to the house heated and covered with dust. She then, showing her kindness, cast

on him water from a pail, whereby he might be cooled.

But, being full of foolish rage and ingratitude, he did not, on the one hand, praise her, but, on the other, spake loud and angry words which it is not fitting for me to write. There can be no doubt but that the story is true. For XANTHIPPE, knowing that slanderers abound, took pains to show me the pail itself from which the water had been thrown. Whence it appears plainly that SOCRATES was to her a tyrant, a man of wicked and violent temper. But of the drachmai paid to PLATO in order to publish a false story I will not speak particularly.

Being scrupulously careful to speak the truth with moderation, I will say no more than that SOCRATES was the most base, intemperate, and brutal of mankind. Wherefore, he being now dead, and having been while alive my closest friend, I set down in writing this concerning him. And of its truth the pail, still preserved in the household of XANTHIPPE, gives evidence not to be refuted.

Now concerning the sums which this SOCRATES obtained by false oaths"
(Cetera desunt.)



“QUIS SEPARABIT?”

[The United States Squadron arrived at Spithead July 8, and, after having been fêted in London and at Portsmouth, will leave on Thursday, July 16.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 6.

—The House has frequent occasion to be grateful for the firmness, readiness,

course not speeches made since the allotment of the twelve millions sterling to be shared between landlord and tenant. Any earlier date will serve.

However that be, BUTCHER's offence was gross, palpable. On clause 55 of

His knees shook as there flashed across his mind a picture of Tower Hill, a wooden structure gloomily draped, a masked figure motionless beside it, an axe gleaming in the rare sunlight of July, and a vacancy in the representation of the City of York. Pressed by the Chairman of Committees, he feebly admitted that he had not seen the Crown on the matter. In his despair he meanly endeavoured to drag the Chief Secretary into the dilemma. "I hope," he said, "the right hon. gentleman will undertake to obtain the consent of the Crown."

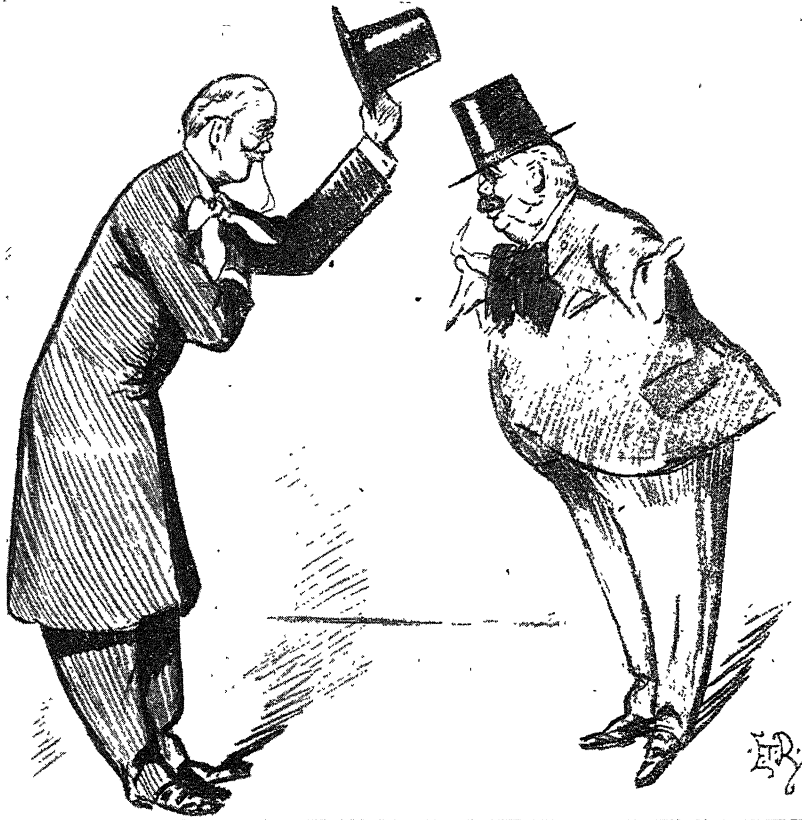
But GEORGE WYNDHAM wasn't born yesterday. Hasn't been fighting the beasts at Ephesus through a long Session without learning habits of readiness for emergency. "I do not," he said, "think there is any question before the House, Mr. LOWTHER."

That bowled over BUTCHER. Happily the hour for the dinner adjournment struck, and he was able to withdraw in company with his head.

What added to the painfulness of the situation was the coincidence that the very day on which this attempted outrage on the privileges of the Crown took place London had awakened to fresh access of loyalty, had turned out in the streets *en masse* to cheer the KING and his guest, the PRESIDENT of the French Republic. It is to be hoped that amid the multiplicity and pressure of his engagements the incident would be overlooked by M. LOUBET.

Business done.—Land Bill in Committee. BUTCHER, K.C., greatly distinguishes himself.

Wednesday night.—Irish Land Bill



THE EFFECT OF M. LOUBET'S VISIT; OR, QUELQUEFOIS LA POLITESSE.

Lord Henri Campbell-Bannerman. "Une Vote of Censure on ze Tarif! Ah, non, milord Sir Arthur! I wait ze tribunal of ze contry—ze what you call Général Election!"

and, withal, courtesy with which the Chairman of Committees conducts its business. Signal instance forthcoming to-day. In Committee on Irish Land Bill, BUTCHER, K.C. made attack on interests of Crown not the less dangerous because it was insidious. The personality of the assailant made the attempted outrage the more striking and deplorable. Respectably brought up, son of a Bishop, born at Killarney, Fellow of Trinity, author of that popular treatise on Parliamentary oratory, *Quaternion Forms of General Propositions in Fluid Motion*, the Member for York City is perhaps last man in the world suspected of such offence.

Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if ATTICUS were he?

SARK says it is all the result of evil communications. Since this Land Bill was brought in, BUTCHER has been daily seen in company with Irish landlords. What they are like, *vide* speeches of WILLIAM O'BRIEN and REDMOND *ainé*. Of

the Land Bill, which deals with Crown rents, he moved an amendment designed to ensure that Crown Reversions should be valued and dealt with in precisely the same way as properties held by the common or garden landlord. Not much on surface of this. If anyone can make it out at all, it seems a reasonable proposition. But that is the way with treason. GUY FAWKES, sauntering on his way down to Westminster on a certain November afternoon, conveyed to the passing policeman no indication of fell purpose. The Member for York, getting up just now to move his amendment, had that look of almost boyish innocence which is sometimes worth to him a verdict.

But nothing escapes the eye of Chairman of Ways and Means.

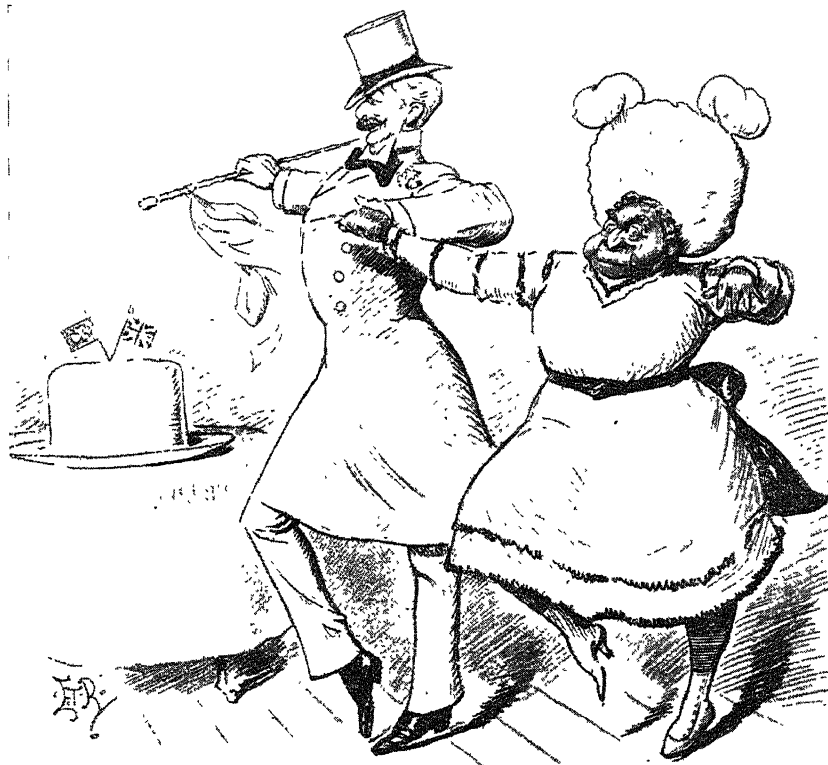
"Has the honourable Member," he asked, fixing BUTCHER with glittering eye, "obtained the consent of the Crown to this proposal?"

The smile faded from BUTCHER's lips; a deathly pallor mounted to his brow.



THE TUMULTUOUS ONE.

"The process of trampling on Tully must be carried out in a roundabout fashion."



THE IRISH "CAKE WALK."

Messrs. Wyndham and John Redmond take the political cake.

through Committee, safe from rocks and shoals. Marvellous achievement; most momentous Bill Parliament has seen since days of storm and stress and abortive Home Rule efforts. Peculiarity of situation has been that whilst British tax-payer's pocket freely tapped in final effort to create real union between Great Britain and Ireland, discussion of Bill has been nightly carried on with almost empty benches in British quarter. This apparent unconcern reflected in attitude of public outside. Explanation obvious. Taxpayer has undertaken to pay twelve millions down and go bail for another hundred and fifty. That done, doesn't want to be bothered with details of the bargain. "Moreover than which," as the heron said to the hawk, the Preferential Tariff scheme, sprung on the nation by DON JOSÉ, commands and controls attention. The English are a great nation. But they can think of only one thing at a time, whether it be a murder, a society scandal, or a proposal to flaunt Free Trade.

Finally, after his masterly speech on introducing the Bill, there was established with increasing strength confidence in GEORGE WYNDHAM. It was felt that the interests, both of Great Britain and Ireland, were safe in his hands. Confidence justified up to this final night's sitting of the lingering Committee. Ere this Irish Land Bills have proved the grave of many reputations.

Standing between two fires, the Nationalists peppering at him in front, the landlords blazing away behind, with the regular Opposition on the pounce, and the fate of the Ministry at stake, the lot of a Minister in charge of such a measure is not a happy one. By rare combination of gifts and graces—these latter not least effectual—GEORGE WYNDHAM has accomplished the apparently impossible. Firm at the right moment, yielding in the proper place, playing off landlord against tenant and tenant against landlord, he has won the fight. His the guerdon of knowing that, though still young as statesmen count years, his name will be imperishably associated with an honestly designed, soundly constructed measure, that surely promises to fulfil TIM HEALY's aspiration by bringing the light of gladness into the eyes of dark ROSALEEN.

Business done.—Irish Land Purchase Bill through Committee.

Friday night.—"Did you ever," the MEMBER FOR SARK asks, "watch a hen that has had the misfortune to incur the resentment of her friends and relations? You may any day in the Park see the same thing in the case of a particular sparrow. Whilst others peck in common, sharing worms and crumbs in amity, the Uitlander is treated with unflagging severity. If it attempts to approach a toothsome bit, the others promptly set upon it and

peck it off. Thus it is with the Tumultuous TULLY. The precise nature of his offence I do not know. One cannot keep pace with the eruptions in the united Irish Party, and be ready at a moment's notice to explain who is friends with whom, or to what particular section an individual belongs.

"Generally a Member, if cut adrift from the Redmondites, the Dillonites, the O'Brienites, the Healyites, or the Hittites, has a comrade or two who will cheer him when he rises, and make offensive commentary in response to observations to his disadvantage offered by a compatriot ranged under one of these several banners. TULLY, as far as I can make out, is absolutely alone. His uprising to move an amendment or offer a few remarks is signal for the sudden, for the moment complete, union of the rest of the Irish Members, who "hesitate dislike" in groans or rude personal remarks.

"The other night Member for South Leitrim had three questions on the Paper. When he had put two, up gat Mr. FLAVIN, and in his most ministerial manner inquired, 'Can the Chief Secretary state what constituency is represented by the hon. Member who has just put Question 40?' Perhaps since BEAU BRUMMEL asked the companion of the Prince Regent, 'Who is your fat friend?' never has scorn, molten with hatred and contempt, been more sharply expressed.

"What they fight each other for I never can make out. If they were Members of an Irish Parliament located in College Green, they would go forth into a back yard and have it out in gentlemanly manner. Hampered by Saxon custom and the stern discipline of the Chair, the process of trampling on TULLY must needs be carried out in the roundabout fashion indicated by this question. Mr. TULLY has the advantage of being proprietor and editor of a newspaper. What he says in its columns of his compatriots must make cheerful reading."

Business done.—Naval Works Loans Bill.

It is rumoured that the inclusion of Mr. O. M. SAMSON in the Oxford eleven was largely due to the wise foresight of JOHN MILTON, who told the world some two hundred odd years ago that—

"SAMSON should be brought forth, to show the people
Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games."

BLACKS AND BLUES.—A temporary cure for a "fit of the blues" is to visit the Shaftesbury, and try a couple of hours of Dahomey-opathic treatment at the hands of Doctors WILLIAMS and Cake-WALKER's Company.



SCENE—A Garden Party in Kensington.

Enthusiastic American Girl. "Oh, just look! Here is a real wild wood pigeon in the heart of this great city of yours. 'Rus in urbe,' is it not?"
 He. "Is it? I never could remember the names of these things. As a boy, I always went in for white mice."

A VERY GRAND OPERA NIGHT.

TUESDAY, July 7, the Great Gala Night at Covent Garden. Roses everywhere, and not a thorn. Maréchal Neil (Forsyth) Roses *en évidence*. The KING, much delighted with magnificent show and display of perfect taste evidenced in the entire arrangements, sent for Mr. NEIL FORSYTH and complimented him on the striking effect. In future N. F. will be "House Decorator" by appointment.

Royal party in box, which is the centre of attraction, radiant. Guest of the evening, President LOUBET, is seated between their Majesties; the QUEEN on his left, and the KING on his right. Do they "manage these things better in France?" It is permitted to doubt it. They can't: to begin with, they haven't got a King and Queen.

What a rare assembly! Damsels dainty, duchesses dashing, diamonds dazzling! Uniforms with remarkable persons fitted into them. Diplomatic bodies, encased in gorgeous costumes, covered with medals, ribands, stars and stripes brilliant to behold! And in the centre the PRESIDENT of the French Republic—*un petit bonhomme tout petit que ça*—looking prim, spry, and as pleased as is proverbially Mr. Punch; which is the supreme expression of perfect contentment.

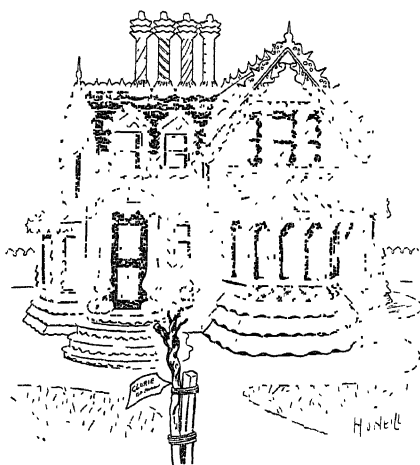
Fanfares. Cheers heard without. The brilliant assembly rises *en masse* and faces the Royal Box. 'Ten of the clock! Enter their MAJESTIES, with French PRESIDENT. First is played *La Marseillaise*, "Aux armes! citoyens!"—no matter, *La République c'est la Paix*. Then our National Anthem, and the whole audience seems to be "a-swellin' wisely" as "with one heart" ("and voice" were it permitted, but the *vox humana* is silent, such an expression of loyalty being repressed "wi' deefeculty") they join silently in the strain, and await the KING's permission to be seated, which His MAJESTY gives by an inclination of the head, indicating his wish that all and sundry should face about and enjoy the opera. LOUBET among the Roses and the Royalties. Then, lights just a trifle lowered, curtain rises, and Signor BONOI, as the *Dook* in *Rigoletto*, discourses sweet familiar melody; M. RENAUD gives us a small taste of his qualities as actor and singer; Mlle. BAUERMEISTER is dramatic as *Giovanna*, and Mme. MELBA as *Gilda* gives us notes, including Mary-Jane's-top-note, in her very best style. Curtain.

Respectful applause: all the Rigoletti reappear and bow. Signor MANCINELLI has conducted this, and will also conduct the last of the selections.

Then, after a somewhat shorter interval than usual, when getting in and out of the stalls is difficult in consequence of warriors' swords getting between warriors' legs, and military spurs tearing frounces, and is not rendered easier by the ropes (which no one knows), closely guarded by steel-clad sentinels armed to the teeth, who prevent the egress of the would-be wanderer, and send him to "promenade himself" all round the house, until, after this gentle exercise, he contrives to wriggle-letto himself back again—amid blessings not loud but deep—into the stall which, in a moment of rash curiosity, he had quitted—

Up curtain, and CALVÉ is before us as *Carmen*, under safe-conduct of PH. PH. FLON. Splendid.

PLANÇON, as *Escamillo*, seems a trifle awed by the eye of President LOUBET, and with his "*toréador contento*" we are not so perfectly *contento* as we might have been in less distinguished company. Messrs. GILBERT and REISS



DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE.

THE FRILLING AND FROUNCING STYLE.

are the best *Dancaire* and *Remendad*—"blackguards the pair of them"—they've had for many a day. But the performances to-night are "no great shakes."

Curtain. Mildly respectful applause. All on again: all off. Another interval. Royal and Presidential refreshments: then happy returns to seats, and "on we goes again!"

Roméo ALVAREZ, and Juliette MELBA, with Gertrude BAUERMEISTER, and the Gregorian chorus led by M. L. REA—a rea-listic performance.

The show is over: the birds no longer sing—the pretty dish that has been set before the KING and PRESIDENT is emptied. There is "no more"—and about 11.30 "the house rises," and, like WHITTINGTON, "turns again," facing the Royal and Presidential party, while the merry men under Monarchical MANCINELLI

repeat *La Marseillaise*. Then, after an intermezzo of a roll of drums, the orchestra gives us "*God save the King!*" in fine style. The KING bows, so does the PRESIDENT; in order they pass out, and *exceunt omnes* as best they may.

But oh, the crush!—inside and out! Outside, the motors, and carriages, and "cabs, and soldiers, and police!"—the jamming, and cramming, and another word beginning with the fourth letter of the alphabet, and rhyming to the foregoing present participles, "not mentionable to ears polite"—well—we were resigning ourselves to the prospect of spending several more hours there, pleasantly imprisoned, when the *genius loci* appeared, as did the *Genie* to *Aladdin*, and, in less time than it takes to tell, the walls opened, and we were spirited out into a side lane, where an inferior sprite showed us a magic hansom driven by one of the *Afridi*. Then before we had any idea of invoking "Jack Robinson" we were *chez nous*, with the satin programme as memento of the evening and of our *sat-in* stall.

So, *Vive LOUBET!* In return for the decorations the PRESIDENT decorated Mr. NEIL FORSYTH. We hope M. LOUBET thoroughly enjoyed his brief visit. *Vivat Rex Britanniarum!*

Thursday.—The afterglow. "What shall he do that cometh after the King?" Evidently he will *not* take down the decorations. The Roses refuse to return to their beds. They are still up and effective. But—it is the day after the fair. *Aida* is given, and Mlle. PACQUOT is good in singing and acting; so also Mme. KIRKBY LUNN as *Amneris*. ALVAREZ as *Radames* is himself again, as large as life, unoppressed by the brilliancy of a Gala night. PLANÇON powerful as *Reverendissimus Ramfis*. The "trumps" scored, as usual, in the Grand March. House not very full. *Aida* is a trifle heavy, and the "waits" make it still heavier.

"BLACK SPIRITS AND WHITE!"

The Woodbury Gallery in Bond Street has a fine selection of pictures from Mr. Punch's portfolio. Here is food for the eye, and food for the mind, all ready for the million, on nearly a couple of hundred plates! Mr. Punch's young and youngest men are here represented by their works, "pick 'em where you like." It is not for Mr. Punch to appraise. Let all London come and see the show. As Our Own Private and Peculiar Laureate has finely said,

"Those who go not when they may
Will regret they stayed away."

And to this brilliant couplet not a word can be added. Time flies apace: *il fait chaud*—Punch "Show"—at the Woodbury Gallery up to the end of July.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

XXII.—A QUESTION OF MOTION.

I REMEMBER reading in the pages of some almanac or other, in that part of it which is devoted to useful information, a brief synopsis of "The March of Civilisation," in which a glorious epoch was marked by the year 1801, when "the first tramway was constructed from Wandsworth to Croydon." Civilisation has not been stationary since then, and I cannot help picturing to myself to-night what would be the emotions of, let us say, an ancient Assyrian, if he could stand beside me here in the electric-lit High Road, beneath a network of wires, watching the electric cars whiz in every few minutes from the outlying districts, empty themselves of their victims, and then stand still in all the splendour of their yellow-plush appointments ready to receive another human cargo as it is disgorged in batches by the lifts of the electric railway opposite. Oh, poor stationary un-electric-enlightened Antiquity! Civilisation now is moving fast—

"Git orf the car!"

Clatter, clatter—thud-d!

Rudely disturbed from my reveries I have looked up just in time to avoid the impact of the figure of a young man, which, leaving the step of a stationary electric car backwards and with velocity, has sat down violently in the road at my feet. The conductor standing upon the step, his red hair bristling fiercely, regards the recumbent figure with menace.

"Git orf the car!" he shouts, which seems to me to be rather a superfluous suggestion.

The young man, after groping up my trouser-leg for his silk hat, which has rolled under a coffee-stall, rises unsteadily, and, abandoning his hat, approaches the car again. He is a narrow young man, wearing long patent-leather boots, a light overcoat with a velvet collar, and a tie rather like a mustard poultice. There has been a rush of people to the spot, who open out as he makes his way through them and plants one foot on the step of the car.

"Come on, you git orf," observes the conductor, sourly, with a glance at the crowd.

The young man succeeds in getting his other foot on to the step, and links an arm round the rail.

"I wish to travel by the electric car," he observes with dignity. "You're a cad; you're not a gentleman."

"Wot's the matter with 'im?" inquires a voice in the crowd; "wot 'arm's 'e done?"

"Wot 'arm?" declaims the conductor.

"Tryin' ter shut the doors every time I open 'em ter let the people get in. 'E ain't sober, yer can see that, can't yer?"

The young man taps the conductor confidentially on the arm.

"You're a cad," he remarks. "No gentleman."

A little red-faced man has pushed his way to the front of the crowd.

"Woddyer wanter go knockin' of 'im orf for when the caw's in motion?" he demands of the conductor.

"He's a cad," explains the young man, indulgently.

"Wot car's in motion?" demands the conductor, with indignation. "Car ain't in motion."

"Caw was in motion," states Red Face.

"Go orn, you're in motion, I shud think," returns the conductor.

The young man turns to Red Face.

"You're going to stand by me, Sir? He's a cad."

"You ain't got no call," states Red Face to the conductor, "ter go knockin' passengers abaht with the caw'r in motion."

"'Oo sez the car was in motion?" demands the conductor.

("A cad," interpolates the young man, tapping the conductor's arm.)

"I sye the caw was in motion," declares Red Face. "I sor it."

"I sye it wasn't in motion," returns the conductor. "Wot's 'e wanter go interfeerin' with me for an' shuttin' the doors?"

"I don't know nothin' abaht thet," says Red Face. "I sye you ain't got no call ter knock passengers abaht with the caw'r in motion."

"Go orn, you're motion-balmy, I shud think," observes the conductor, then turns to the crowd. "'E goes an' shuts the doors ter prevent people gettin' in."

Here the young man firmly states his intention of shutting as many things as he likes, since the conductor is a cad. And no gentleman.

At this a sloppy lady next to me in a travesty of a velvet waistband, who has for some time past been muttering an inarticulate indignation about something or other, suddenly breaks into speech.

"'E's more of a gentleman than what you are!"

This rouses into action a portly matron in a black straw hat.

"Why ain't 'e a gentleman?" she demands.

"'Im a gentleman!" exclaims Velvet Waistband scathingly. "What, standin' about on trem-cars without no 'at? Gen-terl-man!"

"Why, 'e's a nice-lookin' young feller," observes Straw Hat. "Look at 'is boots too!"

"Boots!" repeats Waistband with a

positive avalanche of scorn. "What's boots!"

Straw Hat does not seem disposed to commit herself to an argument on this point of Social Philosophy. Waistband proceeds to indulge in a series of triumphant and ironical titters.

"Boots!" she cries. "Oh do look at the gentleman ridin' on 'lectric trem without no 'at. Oh there's a proper gentleman for yer! It don't 'arf matter 'is not 'avin' no 'at—'e's got boots. Boots! Oh there's a gentleman!"

Meanwhile the "motion" discussion has been continuing on very much the same lines as before. Suddenly Red Face has recourse to logic.

"I sye the caw was in motion," he urges, "an' I'll tell yer why I sye so. If it 'adn't bin it'd be in the same place nar as wot it was before."

"Before wot?" demands the conductor.

("No gentleman," says the young man parenthetically. "A cad.")

"Before it was in motion," says Red Face.

"It ain't never bin in motion, I tell yer," cries the conductor.

"The caw'r ain't never bin in motion?" repeats Red Face deliberately.

"No, it ain't."

"Then 'ow," demands Red Face, "did yer get 'ere from Ealin'?"

There is a sense in the crowd that a point has been scored. The conductor looks round him wildly.

"Wot's that got ter do with it?" he demands.

"'Ow could yer get 'ere from Ealin'," argues Red Face, warning to his work, "withaht the caw was in motion?"

Enthusiasm in the crowd.

"O' course it was in motion then," says the conductor. "'Oo said it wasn't?"

"You did," states Red Face.

The crowd are by this time ready to follow Red Face anywhere. The young man is drumming a positive tattoo on the conductor's arm.

"You're a cad. Try to be a gentleman.—You're going to stand by me, Sir?"

Red Face is visibly anxious for fresh worlds to conquer.

"Wot's more," he continues forensically, "if the caw'r 'adn't bin in motion when you knocked 'im orf, it'd be wheer it was *before* you knocked 'im orf."

"Where was it then?" demands the conductor.

"I dunno wheer it was," retorts Red Face, "but it must 'a bin somewheer else."

"Oh, must it—why?" demands the conductor.

"Becos it was in motion when you knocked 'im orf," returns Red Face.

This second victory strengthens the crowd doubly in its allegiance. With the exception of my velvet-waisted neighbour.

"You corl yerself a gentleman, I s'pose," she cries, "gittin' on 'lectric cars without no 'at. Oh, yer mangy clurk!"

"You leave 'is 'at alone," puts in Straw Hat valiantly; "why shouldn't 'e wear no 'at if 'e don't want to? What about them Bluecut boys?"

"Bluecut boys!" exclaims Waistband. "'E's a nice Bluecut boy! Where's 'is stockins?"

Straw Hat avoids the question.

"'E's a nice-lookin' young feller," she says.

Waistband is immediately shaken by satirical laughter.

"Oh, boots!" she gasps. "Boots!—An' no 'at. Oh, what a gentleman!"

The young man is meanwhile engaged in trying to edge his way inside the car. The conductor, alone amidst overwhelming odds, nevertheless resists him resolutely.

"You keep orf," he says, barring the doorway with his body.

The young man resumes his tattoo.

"You're a cad," he declares cheerfully.—"You're going to stand by me, Sir?"

Suddenly the conductor's eye gleams.

"Yes, you stand by 'im, cocky," he advises. "'Ere comes the coppers. You stand by 'im now if yer want to, an' give yer name an' address. Go orn—stand by 'im."

Red Face hesitates.

"I don't know nothin' abaht standin' by nobody," he observes. "I only said the caw was in motion. Thet's orl I said."

"That's all right, stand by 'im," urges the conductor with enjoyment, as Red Face backs unobtrusively from the step of the car. "I won't stop yer—stand by 'im."

Two policemen have arrived and pushed their way up to the car.

"Interferin' with the passengers gettin' in," explains the conductor. "Shuttin' the doors ev'ry time I open 'em."

One of the policemen steps on to the car and takes the young man by the arm.

"Lock 'im up, orf'cer," cries Velvet Waistband, with elation,—"'goin' about without no 'at."

"What d'you want?" inquires the young man, with dignity. "Leave gove my arm."

"Is 'e sober, constable?" demands the conductor, loudly.

The second policeman motions the other back.

"Come on—get off the car," he says.

The young man regards him with hauteur.

"I wish to travel by the 'lectric car," he observes. "Anthecon ductorsacad."

Without further hesitation the two policemen seize him, one by each arm, haul him off the car, then march him away, protesting violently, through the crowd.

Velvet Waistband is dancing with delight.

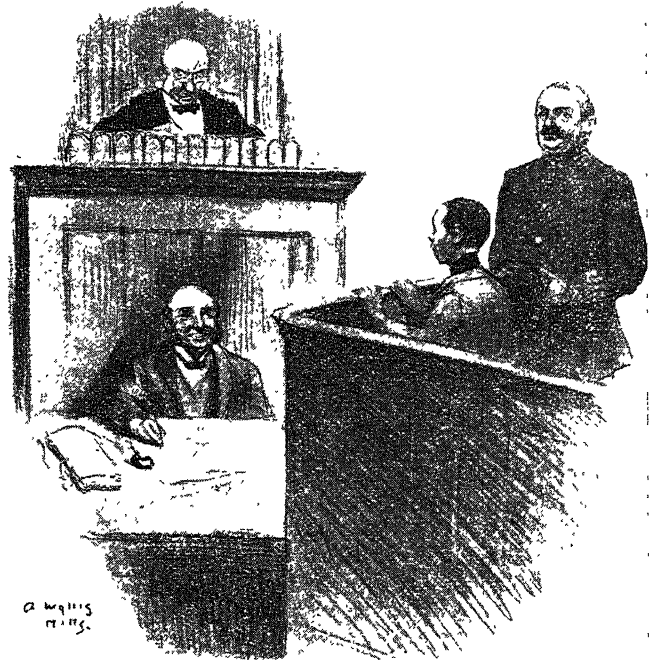
"Lock 'im up, orf'cer!" she screams after the trio as it proceeds on a zig-zag march down the road. "There goes the gentleman with boots an' no 'at!"

A large section of the crowd has followed, one of them bearing a damaged silk hat. The murmurs of the rest grow louder as the group recedes further.

"It's a shame!" cries Straw Hat. "First 'e gets knocked about by the conductor an' then he gets locked up for it, pore feller. Nice-lookin' young feller, too!"

Ting!—Grrrrh!

The electric car has embarked its cargo and whirs off, a blaze of white light, down the road, striking sparks at intervals from the wire above. Velvet Waistband slovens off, incoherently exultant, in the direction of the public-



SCENE—Country Police Court.

Magistrate. "MY BOY, DO YOU FULLY REALISE THE NATURE OF AN OATH?"

Boy. "WELL, I OUGHTER, CONSIDERIN' THE TIMES I'VE CADDIED FOR YER!"

house. Straw Hat is relieving her mind to two vacant-looking strangers; a larger group is gathered round the coffee-stall, where Red Face is laying down astonishing rules about matter in motion.

I for my part turn to ascertaining the views of my Assyrian on (let us say) the Extension of the Franchise.

"RAPHAEL'S GLORY."

(After Browning's "One Word More.")

[J. E. RAPHAEL made 130 for Oxford in the University Cricket Match.]

I.

RAPHAEL made a century and thirty,
Seen by us and all the world in circle;
Never smote before with such aggression,
Made them, scoring more than half the total,
Made them with the coolness of a TRUMPER—
RAPHAEL'S cheek was noble and sublime, Sir.
Not a bad performance for a batsman,
Who of all the team was last elected.

II.

You and I would rather make a hundred,
Be the later and the greater RAPHAEL,
Hitting hard against the men of Cambridge,
Would we not? than draw the best Madonnas
And, perhaps, become Academicians.

In a recent number of a medical weekly a learned foreign Professor is credited with giving the following advice to patients suffering from "sprue":—

"I recommend my patients to eat the tables with their meat, and to be careful not to swallow their food too quickly."

There is a Virgilian ring about this.



"DON'T YER NEVER TAKE THE BABY IN 'YDE PARK?"

"NO, HIGNORANT, IT AIN'T THE SEASON!"

THE MOTOR INDUSTRY.

THOSE who demand unrestricted freedom for motor traffic cry continually, "The motor has come to stay." That is about the last thing it ever does. If it were never to move it might not be such a nuisance. Least of all does it "stay" after running other people down; it usually goes off then as fast as possible. These enthusiasts have another parrot cry. When the inoffensive ratepayers plead that they should not be prevented from using the roads which belong to them, the motor makers and motor sellers reply, "You must not hamper an industry." Continual repetition has convinced some interested persons that this is not only true but just. In fact they feel so strongly upon the matter that they held a public meeting the other day in a motor garage in the West End.

Mr. SLAUGHTER, representative of the firms of MORRET VITA, PANIQUE, and the "Massacreur" Gesellschaft, took the chair. He said the motor-car had come to stay. (*Hear, hear!*) The industry gave employment to a vast number of French, German and American workmen, and even some English ones.

What right had selfish people, who walked, or rode, or went by train in this country, to injure the profits of these deserving men? (*Hear, hear!*) The industry must not be hampered. (*Loud cheers.*)

Mr. GUNN said no industry ought to be hampered. (*Cheers.*) Look at firearms! Could anything be more tyrannical than the licences required, and the monstrous restrictions on the use of these articles, especially in public places? But revolvers had come to stay. (*Hear, hear!*) Their use must not be interfered with by ignorant class legislation and obsolete prejudices. The industry must not be hampered. (*Loud cheers.*)

Signor ORRIBILE RUMORE was understood to agree with the previous speakers, and to say that ze vairy bayootifool piano-organ è venuto per rimanere. Ecco! Ze police (*groans*) can to mak 'im to move on. Perché? Dio buono, che ingiustizia! Ze indoostry not vant to be in a 'amper. (*Cheers.*)

Herr BLASEN, who carried an ophicleide, said it is furchtbar. Er ist um zu bleiben gekommen, kom to stay.

Das Blaseinstrumentgewerbe shall not hamper to bekom. (*Cheers.*)

SERGIUS ALEXIS IVANOVITCH, speaking in fluent English, said no one could dislike police in general (*groans*) more than he did. Yet he preferred the English police (*murmurs*) to the Russian. But why should any police hamper any industry? (*Hear, hear!*) Personally he was interested in the bomb industry. (*Oh, oh!*) Now the bomb had come to stay. (*Faint cheers.*) In fact he had brought one or two in his pocket. (*Here the Chairman crawled under a large motor-car as far as possible from the speaker.*) These bombs had the most beautiful mechanism, which tyrannical Governments endeavoured to abolish. It was all a matter of ignorance and prejudice. What is now the recreation of a few may become later on the pastime of the whole world. Should we wish the bomb industry to be entirely in the hands of foreigners? (*Faint cries of "Yes" from the Chairman and others who had joined him.*) The industry must not be hampered. With their permission he would now show them the beautiful mechanism. (*At this point everyone fled, and the meeting broke up in disorder.*)

A NEW OPENING FOR OLD WOUNDS.

[“We print to-day a letter written by General LOUIS BOTHA to a friend in England, which Mr. LEONARD COURTNEY has sent to us for publication. We doubt whether, in the interests which the writer professes to have at heart, he has been well-advised in desiring publicity for it, or Mr. COURTNEY in furthering his desire. . . . If we are to believe General BOTHA . . . the reports sent home by Lord MILNER and his subordinates, describing in detail the progress of repatriation and resettlement, are nothing but a gigantic fraud.”—*Times Leader*, July 15]

LEONARD, of little England fame,
Oft has it thrilled your Cornish blood
When you have seen your country's name
A common mark for alien mud;
But never yet a joy so bland
Made all your being swell and bristle,
As when you laid a loving hand
On BOTHA's ultimate epistle.
Rumour had run this many a day
Of byres restocked with steer and kine,
Of happy burghers making hay,
Of stoeeps that reeked of oil and wine;
But now the better news revives
Your spirits, late inclined to languish,
For here you read of ruined lives
And hearts that heave with inward anguish.

You read how Doppers draw the line
(As slaves may turn beneath the lash)
At being asked, ye gods! to sign
Receipts for gifts in kind or cash;
Here is a plain unvarnished tale
(Not lies by MILNER fabricated),
A book of words to suit the wail
For millions misappropriated.

It strikes with no uncertain sound
Echoes of half-forgotten years,
When British tyranny was found
A steady source of blood and tears;
It tells of freedom doomed to die,
Of hopes addressed to dull perdition,
And simple faith confounded by
The sorry farce of JOSEPH's mission.

It speaks about the Council (shame!)—
Mongrels with souls as hard as nuts—
And how a seat upon the same
Was properly declined by SMUTS;
How infants, too, by all report
(Though Government concealed the total)
Not only had their taal cut short,
But grew distinctly sacerdotal.

So to the *Times* you sent the thing
For half a continent to see
And set its gutter-press to sling
More slime at British perfidy;
What matter though an ancient strife
Renewed itself by such recitals,
So long as you could get your knife
Into your country's wriggling vitals?

But oh! why *did* your fighting friend
Permit his stolid wits to stray
Through inadvertence towards the end
And give the show, and you, away?
For had his pen but matched his sword,
He scarce had finished by allowing
That his deluded race had scored
This year a record feat in ploughing!

O. S.

MR. PUNCH'S SPECIAL ARTICLES.

(With acknowledgments to the “Daily Mail”)

No. VI.—METROPOLITAN BEE-KEEPING.

[“The pleasures of life in London seem destined to be augmented, judging by the number of inquiries respecting the cost of keeping bees within the metropolitan area.”—*Daily Paper*]

THE fashion of keeping a bee and thus having one's honey fresh every morning is rapidly spreading, and it will soon be difficult to find a house in London in which one or more of these ingenious and industrious little creatures is not a favourite.

The ordinary place to keep them is, of course, a bonnet, but they have been known to affect even a new silk hat. Agriculture, like everything else, has to be learned, and we would impress upon our readers the unwisdom of thinking that a bee may be left entirely to its own devices. A collar and chain are not necessary, but it must have food. Where one's house is near a flower garden the bee can be trusted to forage for itself, but if one lives, say, in Cheapside or the Minorities, one's little pet must be artificially nourished. Messrs. BUSZARD fortunately make an excellent bee biscuit of compressed sugar, and Messrs. BURROUGHS AND WELCH's Saccharine and Heather Mixture Molassoid Tabloids (Lord AVEBURY's Brand) are already a boon to millions of the humming classes now happily domiciled in our midst.

The bee's toilet, again, must be carefully attended to, for with a bee cleanliness emphatically comes next to godliness. It is enough to state that celluloid combs are *de rigueur*, and that season tickets for admission to the Hummums can be procured at very moderate prices.

To regard the bee, however, merely as a producer, argues a singularly limited outlook. In its leisure moments it can be made to contribute appreciably to the amenities of home life. To teach a bee tricks the first requisite is patience. The accomplishments of the insect are not extensive in range, but peculiarly engaging in quality. It is useless to expect a bee to fetch and carry volumes of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, to shut the door, or to die for the KING; but with a little persuasion and an occasional sip of Golden Syrup, it will hum a lullaby, supply an *obligato* accompaniment to a coon song, or hasten the departure of an unwelcome guest.

We may conclude this article with a few observations of a miscellaneous character for the benefit of the lay reader. As Lord AVEBURY has beautifully remarked, there is no Salic Law among bees, a fact which must signally endear them to the inhabitants of these isles. They only sting under the greatest provocation, but, as M. MAETERLINCK, the eminent Belgian *littérateur*, remarks, their sting is worse than their buzz. Finally, though they seldom, if ever, attain the age of a parrot or an elephant, they are undoubtedly more long lived than the dragon-fly or the blue-bottle.

To “FRIENDS IN FRONT.”—It is not a case of “any port in a storm,” but of Al-port, yclept Mr. SYDNEY ALPORT, who, well and worthily known in the theatrical world, is now overwhelmed by a sea of troubles, and disabled from active service. For his benefit—specially well-deserved, otherwise it would not be mentioned here—there is to be given a *matinée* at Wyndham's Theatre on July 28, arranged by a strong professional committee, headed by Sir HENRY IRVING and Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM. If all “friends in front” who have “benefited” by Mr. ALPORT's tact and aptitude for business would join with those on the stage, the result should be a “bumper” at parting.



DISTURBING THE SOIL.

[See General Louis Borne's letter to a correspondent, published in the *Times*, July 15, 1903.]



A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

Farmer. "WHERE 'AVE YE BEEN ALL THIS TIME? AND WHERE'S THE OLD MARE—DIDN'T YE HAVE HER SHOD AS I TOLD YE?"
Jarge. "SHOD! LAW, NO, MARSTER. I BIN A BURYIN' SHE! DIDN'T I THINK THEE SAID 'SHOT'!"

THE TEA INTERVAL.

[Being a chapter omitted from the *Country Life* volume on *Cricket*, edited by Mr. H. G. HUTCHINSON.]

ON this most important feature of first-class cricket much can be said. In the old benighted days, when the most noteworthy figures selected for hero-worship were the GRACES, A. G. STEEL, C. T. STUDD, A. N. HORNBY (to name these only), luncheon was the only meal partaken of during a match. Bearing this fact in mind, it is of course no matter for surprise that cricket was what it was—a pastime almost wholly neglected by the newspapers, creating no popular interest in the County Championship, offering little employment to photographers or statisticians, and with hardly a single first-class player criticising in print the matches in which he took part.

Fortunately we have changed all this, and the game has now taken its right place in the affairs of the country. On inquiring into the cause of this salutary alteration, by which the cricketer has become a public character, second in fame only to a music-hall artist, we find

that it synchronises with the introduction, so long and dangerously delayed, of the tea-interval.

In the advance of the cricketer from the monophagous to the biphagous stage, the scientific historian of the game will not fail to note the advent of the crowning phase of its evolution. What was once a monotonous display of animal endurance, lasting from a quarter to three to half-past six, is now pleasantly broken at half-past four by an adjournment to the pavilion for a cup or cups of the refreshing beverage of China, Assam or Ceylon. Tastes differ in this matter, as in everything else. Mr. C. B. FRY finds Orange Pekoe with a dash of Oolong the most stimulating variety, not only for the game but for the many literary labours connected with his innings. Mr. P. F. WARNER prefers a syrupy Souchong. Mr. JESSOP is a pronounced adherent of Gunpowder. Prince RANJITSINGH favours a blend of Indian leaves. Mr. MACLAREN swears by pure China with a slice of lemon in it. Mr. H. K. FOSTER will not look at cream. ALBERT TROTT, curious to relate, prefers brown to lump sugar.

It is pleasant for the historian to be

able to record that cricketers are reviving some of the graces and amenities with which tea was taken in the days of POPE. Now and then, it is true, one is distressed to see a professional pouring the steaming liquid into his saucer; but for the most part the exponents of the game of games (as it has been called) empty their cups with charming delicacy and *espièglerie*. And this reminds us that some very dainty porcelain services are now to be seen in the County pavilions, which vie with each other in a friendly contest of ceramic taste. Sussex is famed for its Sèvres, and the Wedgwood set at Old Trafford has not its equal in the kingdom. On the other hand it is an open secret that the inadequate tea-table equipment of one of the Midland Counties nearly led to the discontinuance of several of their most attractive fixtures. The difficulty, however, has been happily surmounted by the princely munificence of a local magnate, who recently presented the County Club with a superb service of Crown Derby, a set of apostle spoons, and twelve exquisitely embroidered hem-stitched table-cloths.

A LAY OF MODERN LONDON.

YE hostesses of Mayfair, Belgravia's stately dames,
To me your pretty faces are little more than names,
Yet make a circle round me, and I will tell to you
A tale of what has once been done—of what you yet may do.
This is no Grecian fable which I propose to sing,
Of Midas with the ass's ears, of Gyges and his ring.
Here, in this very London, under the midnight moon,
In sight of all Society, the deed was done in June.

Old men still creep among us who tell that in their day
It was the thing for all young men to own the valse's sway.
But now in vain the fiddles call, in vain the maidens
glance—
The Guards have gone to Aldershot, and no one else can
dance.

The Marchioness of BLUESTONE
By all the Guards she swore,
That the great house of Sapphire
Should fill its festive floor.
By all the Guards she swore it—
Nor did she swear in vain,
But sent a messenger by bus
To the South-Western terminus,
To book a special train.

From the South-Western terminus
The winged order flew,
And Aldershot, from tent and hut,
Is bound for Waterloo.
Shame on the lazy Guardsman
Who says he cannot come,
When the Marchioness of BLUESTONE
Beats on the rallying drum.

Ho! flower of England's chivalry, be nice as you are strong;
Ho! face the music gallantly; Ho! thread the giddy throng.
The times are changed, and Waterloo precedes the merry
dance;

The girls of England call you—not the gentlemen of France.
All London's fairest daughters are waiting here for you;
Up, Guardsmen, up and at them! Up, Guards, to Waterloo!

Hurrah! The Guards are coming. Hark to the quickening
pace
Of violin and 'cello and roaring double-bass.
Hurrah! for that smart hostess, who hired the special train
To fetch the Guards from Aldershot and take them back
again.

* * * * *

East and west and south and north, where children come
and go,
From Camberwell and Islington, from Hammersmith and
Bow,
From Brixton and from Hoxton, from dark Whitechapel
slums,

To you, ye Mayfair hostesses, a sound of crying comes.
Ladies, before you shake the dust of London from your feet,
And let the winds of all the world correct the season's heat,
Hark to the cry of these who die a living street-bound death;
In pity give, that they may live to breathe the country's
breath,

May hear the uncaged thrushes sing, and see the flowers
grow,
And paddle in the rippling waves—for, oh! they long to go
To Sussex meads and Surrey lanes, and sunny, smiling
Kent,
Far from the reeking pavements where their squalid lives
are spent;

To Ramsgate with its nigger troupes, to Margate's happy
sands,
To Yarmouth (where the bloaters grow), to Brighton with its
bands.
You brought the Guards to London once; the children cry
to you—
“Please send us out of London in a special train or two!”

N.B.—*Mr. Punch* begs to remind those who have long
purses but short memories that the name and address of
the Treasurer of the Children's Country Holidays Fund is
the Hon. ALFRED LYTTELTON, K.C., M.P., 18, Buckingham
Street, Strand, W.C.

PASHLEY'S OPINIONS.

No. XVII.

It was ROGERSON started me on the dog-keeping business.
He'd got a dog, a kind of rough-haired mongrel, that he
set great store by. There was a lot of talk always about his
pedigree. Sometimes ROGERSON said he was a pure champion-
bred Irish terrier, and then again he'd make inquiries and
find out he was an Airedale, and last of all he'd say that
the dog belonged to a special new breed that they hadn't
got a right name for yet, but they were making a Club for
that particular kind of dog, and his animal was going to
be jolly high up in the stud-book. Anyhow, it was an
ugly dog, and I never saw much use in it, but it gave ROGER-
SON no end of reputation, and, what's more, when he was in
ladies' society he was never at a loss for something to talk
about. He'd just call the beast up and put a bit of biscuit
on his nose and say “Paid for,” and the dog would make a
silly kind of snap and miss the biscuit every time, and then
there was a lot of screeching and pulling up of skirts by
the girls, while the dog rushed about chivying the biscuit
all over the floor. He had another trick, too. He was
supposed to be a genuine Conservative dog, and if you
offered him a biscuit from GLADSTONE he was to turn his
head away and look sulky, but if you said “It's from
Dizzy,” he was to smile all over and snap up the biscuit.
More often than not *Touzer* would go for the biscuit at the
first go, whether you said GLADSTONE or not; but, if he did,
ROGERSON of course wouldn't let him have it, so it all came
right in the end. The consequence was ROGERSON got to be
very highly thought of in politics, and they made him a
Vice-President of the Conservative Club, entirely owing to
Touzer.

When I saw ROGERSON going ahead like that I thought it
was time for me to chip in with a dog of my own. I'd
always been taken with the pictures of bull-dogs in the
illustrated papers. PLUMLEY used to say you couldn't
mistake a dog like that: he was British to the backbone,
and no foreigners could match him. You'd only got to
glance at his jaws and his chest, PLUMLEY said, to know he
was bred in England. There was an engraving, too, that
attracted me. It showed a bull-dog tugging at one end of
a cord, and at the other end there were three foreign dogs,
poodles and that sort of beast, and the bull-dog was pulling
them all over the place. So, thinks I to myself, “that's the
dog for me. If ever I keep a dog it shall be a bull.”

Well, I had a bit of a job to find what I wanted, but at
last I saw something in a shop near the Seven Dials that
seemed the very thing. It was a great thick beast, with
bandy legs and a double kink in his tail, and its face was
the ugliest thing I ever set eyes on. The nose was set
right in, and the teeth stuck out in the funniest way. They
seemed to have grown backwards and sideways—every way,
in fact, but the right way—and when you spoke to the dog
he did nothing but jump at you and snuffle like a locomotive
trying to get up steam, and not doing it very well

either. I told the man in the shop I wanted a bull-dog, but it must be a fierce one, for I didn't care to have any truck with your namby-pamby, molly-coddle lap-dog sort.

The man gave me a look, and said, "If that's what you want it's lucky you came to me. This 'ere dawg's name is 'Ercules—'Erc for short—and he's called so because he's stronger and fiercer than any other dawg that ever was bred. I'm selling him for a gent who wants to get rid of him because he's so fierce. He tried to eat two brewer's men a fortnight ago, but luckily he got hold o' one o' their leather aprons and he swallered that instead. But he's as kind as a lamb with them as he knows, only he's got to know 'em first. You feed him for a day or two and he'll know you all right."

That was the dog for me all over, so I paid £5 and got him. I was a bit troubled how to get him home, but the man said he could see by the dog's eye that he'd taken a fancy to me, so I bought a chain with him, and called a four-wheeled cab, and set off for home.

SERVING A DUEL PURPOSE.

[A harmless bullet, consisting of wax and suet, has been invented and used in several French duels.—*Daily Paper*.]

O LAY aside the cruel lead,
Give me the fat of beeves,
This hand, preparing blood to shed,
Its innocence retrieves.

My honour, firing at a touch,
Still hesitates at gore;
I should not love it half so much,
Loved I not safety more.

Time was I felt my passion wane
Beneath the pistol's spell;
Now let it wax, for once again
Le jeu vaut la chandelle.

So may the man who loves his life
Wax wroth and never rue it,
May counterfeit a mimic strife,
Yet seeking peace ensue it.

P.I.P.

(*Perfectly Impossible Pulp*.)

THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND.

No doubt some of our readers have been, at one time or another, in Ireland. especially those who were born there. It is hoped, however, that the following notes may be of some value to those whose attention has now for the first time been attracted to this country by the KING's visit.

Many, however, will remember that not very long ago Ireland was the scene



AN ORIGINAL IDEA.

She. "OH, FRED, CAN'T WE DO SOMETHING QUITE NEW TO-NIGHT?—SOMETHING ABSOLUTELY FRESH?"
He. "WHY NOT DINE AT HOME?"

of perhaps the most bloodless and humane motor-car encounters of modern times.

The inhabitants of the island (who consist of men, women, and children of both sexes) are full of native character. They are generally fond of animals, especially pigs and "bulls." These latter wear what is known as a Celtic fringe on the forehead.

The principal exports are emigrants, M.P.s, shamrock, Dublin Fusiliers, Field Marshals, real lace, and cigars.

A full list of "Previous Royal Visits to Ireland and other Countries" will be found in another column of some other paper.

Dublin is the capital of the country, and is pronounced very much like the English word "doubling," with the final "g" omitted.

The tourist will find the language difficulty comparatively easy, as English is now spoken in most of the large shops.

A few phrases, such as "Erin go bragh," "Begorra ye spalpeen," "Acushla mavourneen," &c., are easily learnt, and the trouble involved is amply repaid in the simple joy of the natives on hearing a foreigner speak their own language.

English gold is accepted in Ireland, and the rate of exchange works out at twenty shillings to the sovereign. Two sixpences will always be accepted in lieu of a shilling.

N.B.—To avoid disappointment to naturalists and others we think it right to mention that since the late raid of St. Patrick there are no snakes of first-rate quality in Ireland.

CHARIVARIA.

THE following interesting particulars of M LOUBET's visit to England are published by a contemporary:—

Miles travelled in England . . .	304
Deputations and addresses received . . .	16
Speeches made	7
Decorations conferred	31
Carriage drives	31
Banquets	4
Total	393

At last the German EMPEROR is becoming seriously alarmed at the spread of Social Democracy. He is even preparing against the eventuality of losing his situation. His daughter is being trained as a cook.

It is notorious how some people resent having their names abbreviated. Thus, the Japanese hate to be called Japs, and now the Germans are objecting to being called Germs.

Captain WELLS has entered upon his new duties as Conservative Agent. It is announced, however, that until a new chief is found for the Fire Brigade he will continue to transact a *certain amount* of business connected with the Brigade. This is taken to mean that a fire, say, at the National Liberal Club would now be outside the Captain's scope.

The ways of the War Office are difficult to understand. Captain WILLIAMS, who was one of the officers concerned in the Cape Ragging Case, has been promoted; but Lieutenant PRIOR, who was not only concerned in the Cape Ragging Case but has since been fined £5 for an assault, has received absolutely no mark of approval.

Serious defects have been discovered in the design of the new Army rifle. This is usual enough, but it is not so usual to make these discoveries before the implement is issued.

A "Free Food League" has been formed. Fascinated by the title, a number of schoolboys are applying for membership.

The pioneer Passive Resister is Mr. THOMAS CHARLES SMITH, of Wirksworth, Derbyshire, and he believes the day is not far distant when the name of SMITH will be well-known in England.

One often hears of the power of the Press. We have had a wonderful example of it recently, when the *Express* got an injunction causing the *Sun* to stop.



First Workman. "Wot's it say, BILL, ON THAT OLD SUN-DIAL?"

Second Workman (reading deliberately). "It says, 'DO—TO—DAY'S—WORK—TO—DAY.'"

First W. "'Do TWO DAYS' WORK TO-DAY!' WOT O! NOT ME!"

How to dispose of the corpse is a problem which has baffled many of our cleverest murderers. It has remained for the natives of New Guinea to discover a way out of the difficulty. Some of them clubbed four visitors the other day, and then lunched on the result.

The Bishop of BARKING has been bitten by a mosquito. We are requested to state that the mosquito had no idea who he was.

Dressed in a little brief's authority.

["In a motion before Mr. Justice KEKEWICH counsel who appeared in support of it was wearing a light suit.

His Lordship. I cannot hear you in that costume."—*Evening Paper*]

Your coat is light! Not light is your misdeed!

The witness-box and not the bar should "swear;"

If you persist you'll find the suit you plead Drowned in the loudness of the suit you wear.



Lindley Sambrook del.

SUNRISE.

"AN ARGOSY OF MAGIC SAILS."

[State Visit of King Edward and Queen Alexandra to Ireland this week.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 13.

—The MEMBER FOR SARK having resolutely kept clear of the Shakspeare-Bacon controversy has fallen a victim to another of equal interest. Surrender is the more complete since he is sole dis-



"BUNSBY" BALFOUR.

coverer of the evidence, "onlie begetter" of the theory. It points to the commanding influence, the subtle personal predominance, of *Captain Bunsby* in His Majesty's Government. All the world knows *Captain Jack Bunsby*, master of the *Cautious Clara*, bosom friend, counsellor, oracle, of *Cap'en Cuttle*. He long ago disappeared in the shades where he was born. But his mental habit, his verbal peculiarities, his very manner of replying to an ordinary question, at this hour linger over the Treasury Bench.

To-night, as happens every night, the Inquiring Mind on the Opposition Bench makes inquiry about the Inquiry. SOAMES sits up night after night with wet towel wound tightly round his massive brow, drafting questions designed to draw PRINCE ARTHUR. JOHN ELLIS turns his trained and massive mind in the same direction. BLACK broods day and night over the problem. PRINCE ARTHUR, instant from his study of *Captain Bunsby*, comes out scatheless. When *Cap'en Cuttle* took the master of the *Cautious Clara* in tow and brought him to *Sol Gill's* parlour to join in conference on the fate of *Walter*, sent to sea in the missing *Son and Heir*, the

oracle was, after prolonged pressure, induced to speak. And what did he say?

"Whereby. Why not? If so, what odds? Can any man say otherwise? No. Awast then. The bearings of this observation lays in the application on it. That ain't no part of my duty."

Transforming this luminous reply into Parliamentary language, Members will recognise the method and manner in PRINCE ARTHUR's answers to pertinacious questions with respect to what is delicately known as The Inquiry. Consider, for instance, the answer vouchsafed just now in response to ELLIS's supplementary question, "Have instructions already been given?"

"Some instructions have been given," PRINCE ARTHUR slowly answered; "doubtless some instructions still remain to be given."

This is phrased in the severe propriety of language proper to House of Commons. But embellish it with *Jack Bunsby's* superfluous remarks, and see how close we get to the original.

"Whereby. Why not? Some instructions have been given. If so, what odds? Doubtless some instructions remain to be given. Can any man say otherwise? No. Awast then."

SARK does not rest his theory solely on PRINCE ARTHUR's answers, though, as will be seen, the evidence on that score is overpowering. There is another, even more striking, proof furnished by a principal colleague. When DON JOSÉ was taken to task for unconventional boldness of retort to observation unfriendly to this country made by German Minister, he, instead of apologising or attempting to explain things away, quietly answered, "What I have said I have said."

Phrase instantly took on. Has become historic. It was timeously uttered. But it was not new. The master of the *Cautious Clara* was in the field with it fifty-six years ago. At this very conference in the parlour of *Sol Gills*, *Cap'en Cuttle's* friend opens the conversation with this remark, "My name's JACK BUNSBY, and what I says I stands to."

Bunsby's influence may be unseen, unfelt. Coincidence may be accidental. But we must admit that there is at least as much in SARK's theory as underlies the SHAKSPEARE and BACON assumption.

Business done.—A night of Scotch, hot. Licensing Bill occupied sitting from afternoon till midnight, with brief interval for soda-water purposes. Conversation quite genial. C.B. talks pleasantly about oatmeal and milk, and the making of girdles, "not," he blushing explains, "the article of dress worn by ladies, but the surface of iron on which oat-cakes are toasted on the fire." Girdle reminds Lord Advocate

of WALLER and his verse thereon. Is heard murmuring

Give me but what this riband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round

Attorney-General, himself a Scotchman, raises eyebrows and gazes on his enamoured colleague with pained surprise. Mr. CALDWELL grows dreamily remi-



A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

"Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Bart.," as he appeared when signing the Visitors' Book of a Glasgow public-house.

niscent of days when, in far-off Milton of Campsie, he wove fairy shreds of calico. Offers to repeat one of his lectures on law delivered in the College of Science and Arts, Glasgow. SPEAKER says this will be out of order, its bearing upon the subject before the House—the Licensing Acts (Scotland) Consolidation Amendment Bill as amended by the Standing Committee—not instantly apparent. DALZIEL tells pretty story about looking in one Sabbath day in character of a *bonâ fide* traveller at public-house near Glasgow. Finds, according to Visitors' Book, that the most regular Sabbath caller is WILFRID LAWSON, Bart. Sir WILFRID explains he was never there in his life. Has heard that the same book contains signatures purporting to be those of Right Rev. Bishops.

And some there are who deny humour to the Scottish race!

House of Lords, Tuesday night.—Mere Commoners visiting this gilded Chamber and contemplating its method of doing business, are struck by reminiscences of "Through the Looking-Glass." There is a Speaker, but he has no control; can't call on Members to succeed



THE "LIGHTNING CONDUCTOR" OF THE GOVERNMENT.

Br-dr-ck. "I say, Arthur, doesn't he keep it off us beautifully?! I feel so nice and safe, don't you?!"

directed against details suitable for discussion in Committee. All the same, succession of prodigiously dull speeches wasted two hours and a-half of a summer night.

House of Commons, Friday night.—The rift in the lute of Unionism, opened on the Free Trade question, slowly broadens. Some see in it promise of presently making the music mute. When Englishmen wish to do one an honour they give him a public dinner. When in politics they mean business they form a League, engage a secretary, and take an office. Thus the Free Food League, composed of pick of the Unionist Party. Uneasiness in some Ministerial circles as to possible result. Only Don José serene, resolute, confident of victory.

As to-night he sat on Treasury Bench with folded arms, there came upon him recollection of an earlier epoch in this very question of Free Trade, described in memorable passage in Dizzy's *Life of George Bentinck*. It was the division on the Coercion Bill, which took place fifty-seven years ago come Saturday next week. PEEL had abolished Protection. Taking their revenge the Protectionists made common cause with the Opposition, and on a side issue drove their old Leader from power.

Don José, musing on the Treasury Bench, sees a vision of history repeating itself. It is not merely the number of the Dissident Unionists mustered under the banner of GOSCHEN and HICKS-BEACH. "They are the flower of that great party which had been so proud to follow one who had been so proud to lead them. They had extended to him an unlimited confidence, and an admiration without stint. They stood by him in his darkest hour, and had borne him from the depths of political despair to the proudest of living positions. Right or wrong, they were men of honour, breeding, and refinement, high and generous character, of great weight and station in the country, which they had ever placed at his disposal. If his heart was hardened to WINSTON CHURCHILL and CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES, he must surely have had a pang when his eye rested on Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, his choice and pattern country gentleman. In the League he recognised Lord HUGH CECIL, the Parliamentary name of more than two centuries; and ERNEST BECKETT, from that broad Yorkshire which Protection had created. And the LAMBTONS and the KEMPS were there, and the RENSHAWs, the YERBURGHs were there, and WILLIE PEEL, and East Somerset had sent the stout heart of HENRY HOBHOUSE, and Kilmarnock Burghs the pleasant presence of Colonel DENNY. GEORGE GOSCHEN was there, son of the

each other in debate; has no power to check disorderly conduct; so far from strictly observing judicial attitude may, often does, contribute to debate speeches of exceptionally partisan character. In Commons we commence with Questions, go on with Orders of Day. Here they begin with Orders of Day, go on to Questions. In Commons question on Paper is not even read. Alluded to by number, replied to by Minister in briefest terms. Here a Peer, placing on Paper innocent-looking inquiry, may use it as text for long speech, probably opening up important debate. In Commons debate on second reading of a Bill is strictly confined to general principles and policy. Consideration of clauses peremptorily confined to Committee stage. To-night Lord MAYO, joining debate on second reading of Motor Car Bill, unrebuked went through measure clause by clause, criticising commas, suggesting semicolons, parleying with prepositions.

Will all be done over again when

Committee stage reached; seems tiresome waste of time. In ordinary case no matter. Time no object with House of Lords. Haven't much to do on any day, except perhaps Friday. That being the night when, under New Rules, the House of Commons, having given up its Wednesday, adjourns at 5.30, noble Lords usually arrange for some business that shall keep them exceptionally late. Have the satisfaction of knowing that thereby they deprive the pressmen, the police, and others of hardly-earned privilege of one evening off duty.

What made MAYO's performance and other prosy pranks exceptionally vexatious was that by indulgence therein they, after wearisome waiting, drove into the dinner-hour JOKIM and COUNTRY GUY, who between them had something to say on absorbing question of the modern Delicate Investigation.

Business done.—Motor Car Bill read a second time. No one pretended to object to it. No amendment before House. Such criticisms as were offered

Chancellor of the Exchequer with whom DON JOSÉ had collied under two Administrations. And there was SEYMOUR KING and CAMERON CORBETT, and FENBERTON and SEELY, and HAYES-FISHER and EDGAR VINCENT, wise as the storied Sphinx; and W. F. D. SMITH, son of OLD MORALITY. But the list is too long, or good names hang behind."

Thus DIZZY after many years. Not *autres mœurs*, only *autre temps* and *autres noms*.

Business done.—Report of Irish Land Bill.

FROM THE FENCE-TOP.

(A speech to be delivered by many Unionist M.P.s within the next month or so.)

LADIES and gentlemen! I give
You, my supporters, hearty greeting!
Gladly your representative
Anticipates this annual meeting.

My only difficulty seems
What to omit and what to mention
Of all the multifarious schemes
Engaging popular attention.

Shall we consider—for thereby
The farmer sees his hope of gain
fall—
That fascinating mystery,
The odd behaviour of the rain-fall?

The cause of barometric curves
Would form a topic not unpleasant—
But, as our Chairman now observes,
Not wholly relevant at present.

Home Rule, then . . . What? "Home
Rule is dead?"
Possibly; yet we must prepare if
The future—eh? You want instead
My views on Preferential Tariff?

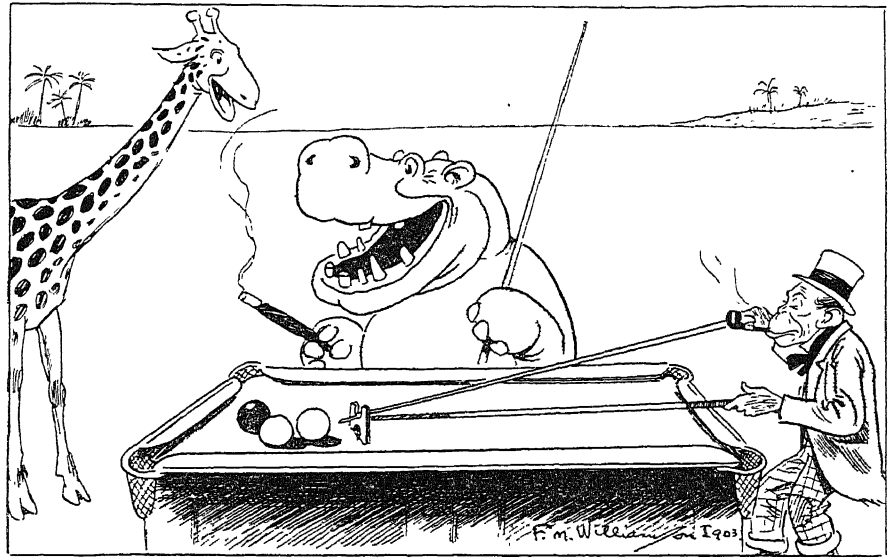
You ask me clearly to define
My own intended course of action?
Should I regard a Zollverein
With enmity or satisfaction?

Well, frankly, then, I entertain
(As every lover of the nation
Is bound to do) for CHAMBERLAIN
Great, though judicious, admiration;

Although for COBDEN and for BRIGHT
(Names, in their way, no less aus-
picious)
I have an admiration quite
As great, and equally judicious.

If we can aid by such device
Our Colonies, the gain belittles
So insignificant a price
As putting up the cost of victuals.

But, if the dream of lasting good
From such a course be merely idle,
Why, then, to put a tax on food
Would be, I take it, suicidal.



A SOUTH AFRICAN QUESTION.

The Giraffe. "CAN I JOIN YOU?"

Mr. Hippo. "No, you can't, OLD CHAPPIE. THIS IS A SPOT-BARRED GAME!"

I reckon our Colonial kin
As more—or less—to us than brothers,
But should some policies begin
They're nearly sure to end in others.

Fair Trade or Free? The matter turns
Upon a multitude of questions,
Involving, so one daily learns,
A host of nebulous suggestions. . . .

Others may deem me overbold,
Mock my decisiveness or flout it;
But you, my followers, have been told
Exactly how I feel about it.

I've nailed my colours to the mast,
Whether it be as Free or Fair man. . .
Let us adjourn, then, having passed
A vote to thank our worthy Chairman.

NERVES AND NEEDLEWORK.

[“The latest remedy for overstrained nerves, according to a famous brain specialist, is fancy work. The effect is all the better if the occupation have an altruistic tendency, and the work done be given away. In America parties are now held to which the guests are invited to ‘bring their knitting.’”—*Daily Paper.*]

In commending this simple remedy to our overstrained generation we venture to anticipate a few of the paragraphs that will shortly appear in our daily papers.

“The Speaker held the first Working Party of the Session last night, when he received nearly one hundred guests. One of the first to arrive was the Prime Minister, who is making good progress with the pretty afternoon-teacloth which he began after the first reading of the New Education Bill, and which will be presented to Dr. CLIFFORD on its completion. The Secretary of State for

War, who looked very peaceful and happy, was busily engaged in knitting a pair of mittens for Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL. It is an open secret that Mr. WINDHAM intends presenting the patchwork quilt on which he has been engaged for so long to Mr. TIM HEALY.”

“In conversation with a correspondent, the Speaker remarked that since the rule allowing Members to bring their work-baskets into the House his office had been a sinecure. The Colonial Secretary's kettleholders are in great demand as prizes in the Government Schools in South Africa.”

“We understand that Colonel SMITH, of the — Guards, holds a working party for subalterns at his house every Saturday afternoon. It is said that the Commander-in-Chief much admires the rag carpets which these skilful young soldiers turn out.”

“The Bishop of LONDON has left town for a few days' needlework at St. Andrews. During his brief holiday no letters will be forwarded to his Lordship, who has only taken his work-basket with him.”

“The Editor of the *Times* has kindly consented to open a Bazaar at the Athenæum next week, when the work done by the Members during the last six months will be exhibited. We have been privileged to see some of the articles which will be offered for sale, and cannot refrain from expressing our admiration of the beautiful shawl knitted by Mr. LECKY. The Bazaar, which is in aid of the Society for the Prevention of the Taking Up of the London Streets, should be a great success.”

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Mr. BODLEY's account of the *Coronation of Edward VII.* (METHUEN) suffers under the disadvantage of appearing not a day but nearly a year after the fact. My Baronite recognises in this a penalty inevitable in connection with the character of the book. The KING's gracious command being imposed on the author, it was necessary for him to bestow upon his task a measure of labour and research that precluded hasty publication. Whilst giving a graphic account of the ceremonial and of the congregation in the Abbey, Mr. BODLEY has contributed to European and Imperial history a chapter of permanent value. Every page is luminous with historical knowledge and deep thought, the chronicler's impressions being conveyed to the reader in his own charming style.

One of the Baron's Assistants writes recommending *The Garden Colony* (DENT), by ROBERT RUSSELL, to all who desire a succinct account of Natal from the days of VASCO DA GAMA to the present time. Mr. RUSSELL was formerly Superintendent of Education in Natal, and what he does not know about its physical conformation and its history is not worth knowing. To the Englishman the story of our earlier relations with South Africa must always be rather painful reading. Our mistakes in that regard have been many and glaring. Let us hope that we have now entered on a more satisfactory period when, with greater knowledge of the continent and its conditions, we may show a more intelligent interest in its administration.

The Marquess of Dufferin and Ava (HUTCHINSON) is not a memoir in the sense pertaining, say, to LOCKHART's *Life of Walter Scott*, or TREVELYAN's masterpiece on LORD MACAULAY. It is, rather, an industrious compilation of newspaper extracts and other public records of a long life spent in the public service. Not least of the benefits he conferred upon mankind was LORD DUFFERIN's recommendation to Mr. BLACK to reduce his work from the projected proportions of two volumes to one. The story of the life of the wit and diplomatist worthy the ancestry of BRINSLEY SHERIDAN will be told only when his private correspondence is edited and given to the world. Meanwhile, let us be thankful for Mr. BLACK's book, which, without adding anything from private and personal knowledge, reminds us of much. LORD DUFFERIN was such a fascinating personage that, in common with others, my Baronite reads with pleasure extracts from his books, snatches from his published letters, and reminders of his public career from Canada to Egypt, from India to Paris *viâ* Rome.

The Typhoon (HEINEMANN) is the first of a set of stories in one volume by JOSEPH CONRAD. The characters are all sharply drawn, that of the principal agent in it, *Captain MacWhirr*, being absolutely irritating in its life-like embodiment of unemotional stolidity. The description of the vessel under his command weathering the typhoon is a magnificent piece of writing that has scarcely been surpassed in intense vividness by any author within our recollection, except VICTOR HUGO in *L'Homme qui rit*. What the point of the story may be is a puzzle to the Baron. Perhaps the author wishes to show that a heavy, straight-forward, ignorant, unimpressible person is the best commander of a ship in trouble, provided always that he has rather a trifle over his fair share of luck, and is not anywhere near to being "a first-class, substantial, regular right-down Jonah man." *Amy Foster* is the title of the second tale, in which there is some good writing, but the interest drags.

BARON DE B.-W.



SYMPATHETIC.

Young Wife (rather nervously). "OH, COOK, I MUST REALLY SPEAK TO YOU. YOUR MASTER IS ALWAYS COMPLAINING. ONE DAY IT IS THE SOUP, THE SECOND DAY IT IS THE FISH, THE THIRD DAY IT IS THE JOINT—IN FACT, IT'S ALWAYS SOMETHING OR OTHER."

Cook (with feeling). "WELL, MUM, I'M TRULY SORRY FOR YOU. IT MUST BE QUITE HAWFUL TO LIVE WITH A GENTLEMAN OF THAT SORT"

OPERA NOTES.

Thursday, July 16.—MOZART's *Don Giovanni*. M. RENAUD is the gay *Don*, gallant enough in all conscience, showing nobility of style without that fine quality of voice that should make the gay deceiver so irresistible to the fair sex, and without which qualification he cannot succeed, operatically, as a "chartered libertine" whose immorality is condoned by a hypnotised public. M. RENAUD was heartily encored for his rendering of the serenade.

M. JOURNET is a good *Leporello*, *faute de mieux*. But why is the old-fashioned "business" of the opera retained? It is too childish. That SUZANNE ADAMS, charming in acting and singing as *Donna Elvira*, could ever, when face to face with *Leporello*, mistake him for *Don Giovanni*, merely because he is wearing her deceitful lover's hat and cloak, is too great a tax on the imagination of any audience, nay, 'tis an insult to their intelligence.

That ZÉLIE DE LUSSAN, delightful as the coquettish *Zerlina*, should go about with a lantern, as did, memorably, Mr. *Pickwick*, on a not particularly dark night examining every one except the right person, *Masetto*, very much *en évidence*, is "business" that makes utter nonsense of the "situation." Here the lights and the stage management are both at fault. GILBERT is humorous as the lout *Masetto*, whose old-fashioned tomfoolery with *Leporello* requires revision.

Fresh paint has been bestowed on this opera by Mr. HARRY BROOKE, whose scenery is most picturesque, and, as long since, the two Acts, which was the old form of the opera, have been made into four, 'tis a pity that new busi-

ness, as fresh as the paint, has not been devised for it. Tradition, where evidently absurd, should be ruthlessly discarded.

Herr BLASS is a powerful *Commendatore*, and Signor BONCI's rendering of the sweet "*Il mio tessore*" was perfect.

Signor MANCINELLI conducted in his best style, and to him it surely must have occurred that the piano accompaniments are strangely out of place in so big a rendering of MOZART's work. It is not an improvement on the old "strings" (limited) which replaced the still more ancient harpsichord. Surely to modernise this part of the performance is allowable nowadays? And then the interminable waits between the Acts! The most popular persons in the audience have ample time to make a round of "Society" calls, and yet will have a surplus of minutes hanging heavily on their hands. May this be rectified next season, otherwise it must be dealt with by Act of Parliament. Signor NEIL FORSYTH. "*amico mio*," as the Don says, "*che ti par?*"

DEFERRED INTEREST.

[It will be remembered that a cablegram was recently sent by the Governor of New South Wales expressing Colonial satisfaction at the "declaration by the British Government" that the Colonies would be protected against retaliation for giving preference to the Mother Country. Mr. BALFOUR at the time suggested that Sir HARRY RAWSON might be referring to a passage in a despatch written by Lord SALISBURY in 1897.]

WE understand that the Colonial Secretary has received a further cablegram congratulating him upon an addition of territory to the British Crown. He has intimated to Mr. LL-YD-G-RGE that this, in all probability, is an allusion to the acquisition of our West Indian possessions.

The Lord Mayor has received a courteous communication, in which inquiry is made after the welfare of his cat. Sir MARCUS SAMUEL thinks that possibly his unknown correspondent has only lately become cognisant of the career of his eminent predecessor, Sir RICHARD WHITTINGTON.

Two Frenchmen being charged before Mr. HORACE SMITH with allowing their performing bear to cause an obstruction, the magistrate remarked, "Unfortunately the bear is outside my jurisdiction." It is only fair to the animal (who stood between the prisoners in the dock) to say that he showed no symptom of hilarity over this alleged meal: thus differing from the attitude of the other beast in the well-known case of the young lady of Riga.



COMFORTING.

Terrified Traveller (from London). "HERE, LET ME GET OUT!"

Irish Car-boy. "BE AISY NOW. BE AISY, SORR! SURE HE'S THE NEATEST LEAPER IN COUNTY CORK!"

PUSSY AND JOE.

[An edition of "Just-So Songs," set to music, is announced for the autumn. We append a revised version of one of the best known of the series.]

Pussy can make a splendid speech,
Pussy can write on PITT;
Or play with a brand-new spade, or preach
On the national need of grit.
But I like JOEY, my dog, because,
Though he barks much more than is meet,
He knows when to use his finest strong jaws,
And I am the Man-in-the-Street.

Pussy is great at cleaning a slate;
Pussy can use a sponge;
Pussy is active, early and late,
Till it's time to take a plunge.

Then off she skips on the ocean blue
Like a gay Neapolitan gal;
But JOEY he sticks to his job right
So he is my primest pal. [through,

Pussy, on patriotic grounds,
Will engineer a scare;
But when the call to action sounds,
Curled up in a snug arm-chair,
Or founds a League, or plays at "Nap"
(Last phase), and won't attend;
But JOEY is always on for a "scrap,"
So he is my first true friend.

THE general impression current a few months ago that a Durbar was held at Delhi on January 1, 1903, turns out to be correct after all. An official endorsement of this fact has lately been issued in the form of a Parliamentary Paper.

**SHAKSPEARE ILLUSTRATED.**

"TEDIOUS AS A TWICE-TOLD TALE,
VEXING THE DULL EAR OF A DROWSY MAN."

King John, Act III., Sc. 4.



IN MEMORIAM.

Pope Leo the Thirteenth.

BORN, 1810. DIED, JULY 20, 1903.

THERE in the hushed Cathedral's holy calm,
 Dim lights about him, and the dome above,
 He sleeps—immortal by the spirit-balm
 Of universal love.

Still over lips and brow where life has passed
 Lingers the smile of faith serenely fair;
 The hands that blessed the world are folded fast
 As in the act of prayer.

The long day closes and the strife is dumb.
 Thither he goes where temporal loss is gain,
 Where he that asks to enter must become
 A little child again.

And, since in perfect humbleness of heart
 He sought his Church's honour, not his own,
 All faiths are one to share the mourner's part
 Beside the empty throne.

High Guardian of the mysteries of God,
 His circling love enwrapped the human race;
 For every creed the Pontiff's lifted rod
 Blossomed with flowers of grace.

The nations' peace he had for dearest cause;
 Kings from his counsel caught a starry sign;
 Christlike he fostered loyalty to laws,
 These earthly, those divine.

So shall the heart of grief not soon be cold,
 There least, where loyal tributes crown the way
 Of Ireland's King whose hand, as friends may hold,
 He held but yesterday. O. S.

CHARIVARIA.

THERE turns out, after all, to be nothing in the concession that Russia has made to the United States with regard to the Treaty Ports. Her offer is to open them *after the evacuation of Manchuria*.

A negro mob has lynched a negro in Florida. This is what is known as "Aping one's betters."

The rates due from several Passive Resisters have been paid by anonymous friends during the past week, and the Passive Resisters are justly furious. They declare that England is not so rich in heroes that she can afford to lose any in this way.

A number of children in Geneva who partook in one hour of meat pies, jam tarts, ham, cherries, green apples, coffee, iced beer, iced water, red wine, raspberries, fruit ices, and chocolates, were suddenly overtaken by a mysterious illness, which the doctors are inclined to think must have been due to something they had eaten or drunk.

Recent statistics as to new recruits seem to show that the Englishman's motto nowadays is, "Throw physique to the dogs."

An admirable improvement in motor-cars is about to be introduced by one of our leading firms. Cars are frequently overturned, and the occupants buried underneath. In future, on the bottom of every car made by the firm in question there will be engraved the words, "Here lies—," followed by a blank space, which can be filled up by the purchaser.

In order to provide counter-attractions to public-houses on Bank Holiday it has been decided to open on that day, from 3 to 10 P.M., the four public libraries of Mile End, Whitechapel, Limehouse, and St. George's in the Borough. Up to the hour of going to press, local publicans have shown no sign of serious alarm.

The Hon. CHARLES ROTHSCHILD'S Flea-collection now comprises many thousands of these scourges, and it is surely time that a question were asked in Parliament as to whether the museum that holds them is under adequate police supervision.

SUGGESTED PET-NAMES FOR A GREEDY LITTLE BOY.—The Hold-all, The Little Stowaway.

A BALLADE OF MODIFIED AMBITIONS.

AH! wherefore, at the season's wane—
In sultry London in July—
Seek routes, by steamer or by train,
To distant pleasure-haunts to fly;
Till each one's merits you deny,
For Spas grow stale and mountains
pall;
Though something fresh one fain
would try,
It ends in Margate after all.

The busy twelvemonth's stress and
strain,
Its eager strife to sell and buy,
Its balancings of loss with gain,
The sordid daily tasks we ply—
Have gone at last; for rest we sigh,
And leisure comes with urgent call;
Anxious to make the best reply,
It ends in Margate after all.

There, nothing goes against the grain;
White cliffs set off the deep blue sky,
Brisk breezes renovate the brain—
Give appetites to satisfy.
And thus the lazy hours go by—
Day after day they idly crawl,
Till, spent with holiday, we cry:
It ends, in Margate, after all.

Envoy.

We grasp at gaudy joys—ah, why?
Since over-weening pride shall fall;
The aspiration may be high,
It ends in—Margate, after all.

FROM WINE CELLAR TO BOOK SELLER.

MESSRS. PORPHYRY, PATCH & Co., having the hospitality of *Mr. Punch's* columns offered to them, beg to announce that, as the result of long and exhaustive researches into the organic chemistry of the artistic temperament, they are now in a position to supply novelists, authors, politicians, and publicists of all schools, shades and parties, with the necessary stimulants for evoking the desired atmosphere, imparting the needed tinge of actuality (*in vino veritas*), and so effectually counteracting that tired feeling in the reader or auditor which so seriously impairs the force of the writer's or speaker's appeal. To authors commencing they would especially recommend the following brands, which can be supplied in barrels, bottles, half-bottles, and "nips":—

Château Gaillard (fine old crusted). This luscious and full-bodied vintage, including guaranteed cobwebs and Renaissance beeswing, is offered at the sacrificial price of . . . 18s. a dozen.

Château Blondel, a velvety wine with an astonishing bouquet, recalling the

delicious Gladstone clarets of thirty years ago. In flagons with screw stoppers . . . 12s. a dozen.

CALEDONIAN CHAMPAGNE.

No. 1. Dry (Kirriemuir Brand) . . 36s.
" 2. Sweet (Veuve Crockett) . . 24s.
" 3. Light (Briar Bush Brand) 18s.

Rev. CLAUDIUS DREAR writes:—"I drink them all with impunity at all hours of the day and night. There isn't a headache in a hogshead of the Briar Bush Champagne."

BROWNE SHERRY (Crichton Brand).—A fiery Browne sherry, rich in stimulating qualities, and invaluable in sustaining the temperature during controversial crises. . . . 30s. per dozen.

The Editor of the *Contemporary Review* writes:—"I take it in my bath night and morning."

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P., writes:—"I find it the best possible preparation for ragging BRODDER."

DRY MARCELLA.—A singularly pure and well-matured wine, supplied direct from the growers. . . 28s. per dozen.

Miss ANNIE S. SWAN writes:—"Please send me another puncheon of Marcella. The effect on the circulation of the *Woman at Home* is wonderful."

CALIFORNIAN BURGUNDY.—An opulent and exhilarating vintage wine, reminiscent of the florid festivities of the Dons in the roaring "forties."

LIQUEURS.

Crème de Manx. (As supplied to Mr. HALL CAINE.)

Marieschino. (As supplied to Mr. SIDNEY LEE.)

Helpful Hints to Housewives.

To prevent flannel from shrinking, put it away in a drawer. Do not keep on going to look at it, as the shrinking habit is often due to nervousness.

As soon as a skirt shows signs of wear round the pocket, remove the pocket. You will, in time, get used to the change, and be brighter without it. Another good plan is to remove the skirt.

To try if eggs are fresh, drop them into a deep bucket of pure water. If fresh, they will at once sink to the bottom and break.

Warts may be cured by rubbing them for seven or eight hours a day with a piece of pumice-stone. As often as the pumice-stone is worn away, begin again with a fresh piece.

MOTTO FOR FISCAL INQUIRERS (FAIR SEX).—*Mens sana in corpore sano*; or, An open mind in an open-work bodice.



“THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE.”

POSTAL REFORM.

MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN is considering the reform of various branches of the postal service. It is rumoured that the following schemes have been submitted for his consideration:—

(1) *Agricultural Parcel Post*.—Owing to agricultural depression our farmers cannot afford to hire men to drive their beasts to market. It is suggested that the lightly-worked rural postman be employed for this work. A graduated scale of charges would be necessary:—bulls, 2s. 6d., cows, 1s., pigs, 3s. 6d., and goats, 5s. Stamps would be purchased and affixed to the beasts by the senders. Any beast dying in transit, or licking or otherwise destroying its stamps, would be charged for at the ordinary rate of 1d. for every four ounces. In the case of ferocious beasts a registration fee of 4d., payable in advance, would be required.

(2) *Blacklisters' Post*.—Any lady or gentleman who has spent the evening in genial society and finds her- (or him-) self unable to return home may call at a post office, and on filling up a form stating name, age, weight, and quantity of alcoholic refreshment consumed during the last twelve hours, and affixing to the said form a sixpenny stamp, will be conducted home by a telegraph messenger. All persons assaulting messengers will be charged double postage. If the postee should become incapable of walking, the messenger will be authorised to convey him home by cab, but in such a case, the ordinary letter fee of 1d. for four ounces will be charged. It is believed that this post will not only be a public convenience, but that the alcoholic statistics gathered by its means will prove of immense value.

(3) *Authors' Post*.—In consideration of the impecuniosity of this important class the Postmaster-General is about to order that all manuscripts rejected by editors pass through the post free. Mr. HENNIKER HEATON calculates that this will cause a deficiency in the postal revenue of about a million per annum, from which interesting fact we may gather that each man, woman and child in the United Kingdom has on the average six manuscripts rejected yearly.

(4) *Algernon Ashton Post*.—On account of Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON'S great services in the noble cause of tomb renovation it is suggested that all letters addressed by him to editors and endorsed on the envelope "Tomb" should pass through the post free. This will merely cost the nation the bagatelle of £100 a year.

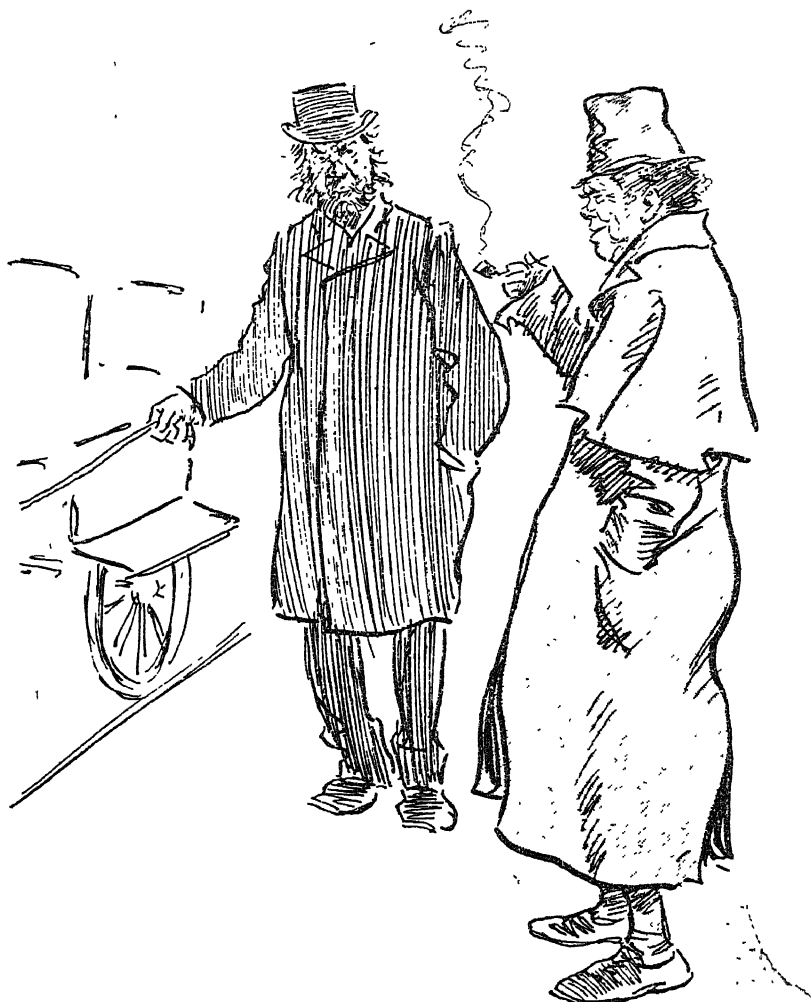
(5) *Organ-Grinder's Pillar Box*.—The Postmaster-General has under consideration a scheme by which all organ-

grinders will be compelled to carry a letter-box affixed to their instrument. By this means an instrument of torture will be converted into one of public utility. It is believed that with a little training the monkeys could be taught to make a house-to-house collection. If successful the scheme may be extended to ice-cream barrows.

(6) *Anonymous Letter Post*.—As the Postmaster-General understands that the writers of anonymous letters suffer because they are unable to see the agony of the recipient, he has formulated a scheme which will obviate this difficulty. On payment of an extra fee of 6d. the postman will be instructed to deliver the letter only into the hands of the addressee and to wait till he opens it. He will then note on an official form any contortions of counten-

ance, profane expressions or other interesting circumstances. This form will in due course be forwarded to the sender of the letter.

(7) *Suppression Department*.—The most important reform will, however, involve the creation of a new department. Certain members of the community have laid before the Postmaster-General a considerable grievance. Their correspondence consists entirely of bills, solicitors' letters, county-court summonses, admonitory letters from relatives, and other objectionable matter. The new department will solve this difficulty. On payment of a fee of 5s. at any post office, any person may be placed on the Postal Black List. All postal communications received for him will be destroyed at the Post Office unopened.



It is necessary in some parts of Ireland for carmen to have their names legibly written on the tailboard of the car.

Inspector. "WHAT'S THE MEANIN' OF THIS, PAT? YOUR NAME'S O-BLITERATED."

Pat. "YE LIE—IT'S O'BRIEN!"

ACTOR JAMES.

(A Ballad)

[Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM stated that, as regards a West-End theatre, once an actor was engaged for a piece, the engagement was for the run of the piece.

The Judge. It is perfectly clear that the only way to get rid of an actor if you do not like him is to shoot him.—*Extract from Theatrical Case.*]

THE deeds of Hist'ion Pym
(JAMES was his Christian name)
The bard proceeds to hymn.
Draw profit from the same.

JAMES did as well as an actor can
In the arduous rôle of a "first young man."
His form was graceful, his step was light,
His hair was auburn, his eye was bright,
His voice expressive, his laughter free :
He played in musical comedy.

He persevered with his song and jest,
Year after year without a rest,
Now with a fond or facetious glance,
Or an epigram or a lively dance,
Till he happened to set the town awhirl
With his *Captain Smythe* in *The Chorus Girl*.

Years rolled by : he was thirty-one
On the opening night of the piece's run ;
Older every year he grew
(As, alas ! we mortals so often do) ;
Stout and gouty, he lost his charm.
The Manager marked it with much alarm.

" 'Tis long," quoth he, "since the run began ;
We must look for another 'first young man.'
Captain Smythe should be tall and slim,
Tender and slender—well, look at *him* !
Months have flitted and years have flown :
He's two-and-sixty—and eighteen stone !"

"Nay, good Sir," replied Actor JAMES,
"These be illegal little games.
Engaged at the start of the piece's run,
I must play the part till the piece is done :
That (I quote my lawyer's advice) is
The rule that guides in this pattern of crisis."

Dark as night grew the Manager's brow :
"Foiled !" he hissed. "You may triumph now,
But mark me, minion, a time will come,
And then——" he departed, looking glum,
Till a great idea through his mind there flames :
"Happy thought ! I'll assassinate JAMES."

He called to him ruffians, black of soul,
Fit to be cast for so dark a rôle :
"Murder me Actor JAMES," said he,
"And a thumping tip shall your guerdon be :
Drop me a line when his course is run."
And the black-souled ruffians muttered, "Done !"

"Prompt despatch is our aim and boast :
We'll send him poison by every post :
We'll speedily fill him with well-aimed lead,
And daily with sand-bags ply his head.
And if by chance we should fail with these,
We'll drive at his ribs with our snickersnees."

"Good," said the Manager. "Ah, but stay,
There may, perhaps, be another way :
I'm loth except as a last resource
To use (if only by proxy) force.

Kindly postpone your fell design
Till I've sought advice from a friend of mine."

Off he hurried without delay,
Called on his friend that very day.
"Well," said the friend, "from what I see,
The case is simple, it seems to me.
At the end of the run his claim will cease ;
What I suggest is—withdraw the piece."

"Withdraw the piece !" he cried (in tears) ;
"Why, it's only been running some thirty years.
And the life of a musical comedee
(At least of those produced by me)
Is half a century, if a day."
"Withdraw," said the friend ; "it's the only way."

So another and fresher piece began,
With another and fresher "first young man."
And JAMES retired to private life,
Safe from the sand-bag, gun, and knife,
And lives with his spouse (perhaps you've met 'em ?)
At Sandringham, Frogmore Crescent, Streatham.

OPERA NOTES.

Monday, July 20.—"CALVÉ first and the rest nowhere"—or rather, to be accurate, M. SEVEILHAC "a good second." Such is our summary of M. MISSA's new opera in one act produced on Monday night, within measurable distance of the end of the season. It is over—"Ite Missa est."

The libretto of the opera to which M. MISSA has composed the music is by M. MICHEL CARRÉ, who would no doubt have preferred writing a more important and more remunerative work, but that difficulty, if existent, has been overcome, and CARRÉ has been successfully "squared."

The opera, both as to plot and music, is reminiscent ; we are inclined to welcome it on account of its suggesting relationship to some not very old but very familiar friends. *Maguelone* is not unlike *Nedda*, and bears some resemblance to *Carmen*, with a *mélange* of the tragic *Santuzza* ; while, in the dramatically tragic situation, *Cabride* is as the libertine *Scarpia* to *Maguelone's La Tosca*. It seems to have been an attempt, on the part of the librettist, to give us in the space of one hour the quintessence of a BERNHARDT-CALVÉ mixture. Pity that the librettist had not taken a leaf out of the immortal *Box and Cox* and introduced a third character, who might have been "heard off" with a serenade, to whom the heroine might have been ultimately united, as was *Penelope Anne* to *Mr. Knox*, thus leaving *Box (Cabride)* and *Cox (Castelan)* to live happily ever afterwards, free to marry whomsoever each, individually, pleased.

Miss Maguelone takes upon herself the stabbing of *Cabride*, and so saves her lover, who is really the assassin, from immediate arrest. But is *Castelan* really dead ? Badly wounded he may be, but, in the absence of medical evidence, not fatally. Over the married future of *Maggie* and *Cabbie* must hang a heavy cloud. Let librettist and composer withdraw this opera as it is, and set to work to complete it in three Acts. More hints will not be here given, unless the generous donor of them be included in the beneficial results. CALVÉ was all that we have ever seen her, with three clear and much appreciated repetitions of "Sister-Mary-Jane's-top-note." SALIGNAC showed that he could act up to a strong situation.

M. SEVEILHAC was excellent as *Scarpia-Cabride*, and there were some light passages in the music worth more than the heavier ones, which it is not improbable that not a few experienced hands at dramatic "*mélodrames*" would have invented and scored with facility, and with equal effect. As the whole story has for its heroine *Maguelone*, a village

blanchisseuse and getter-up of fine linen, it might perhaps have had a second title and been styled, *Maguelone*; or, *the Irony of Fate*.

But by the time this appears the opera season will be over. If not a brilliant one, illuminated by newly-discovered stars, it must surely have been eminently satisfactory, including, as it did, the gala night given in honour of President LOUBET, and having been started with Royal and popular support. The energetic Syndicate, as also M. ANDRÉ MESSENGER, and the Secretary and first-rate Business Manager, *décoré* and Royally complimented, Mr. NEIL FORSYTH, must all be satisfied with the result of the season, and will determine, as did Mr. Sam Weller when complimented upon his little joke, "to try a better one next time." Let them go into training to reduce the "waits"; and, granting always the necessary WAGNER, let us see some old friends with new faces.

COBDEN HALL.

(An Adaptation by the Right Hon. J-s-ph Ch-mb-r-l-n.)

COMRADES, stand aside a little, groups are somewhat overworn, Stand aside; from quite a distance you may hear me blow my horn.

'Tis the spot, and all around it once again the people brawl, Shouting economic catchwords suitable to Cobden Hall.

Cobden Hall, whose banner blazoned with its motto "All for each"

Flutters on a gale of grievance raised by speculative speech. Many a time beneath its roof-tree in my unregenerate days Have I cheered the People's Tribune mouthing some sonorous phrase.

Many a time before its Lares I myself have humbly knelt, Ere I learned the wider worship, on the illimitable veldt.

In an Empire we who travel cannot always think the same; In an Empire old Protection gets itself another name;

In an Empire facts are even more factitious than they seem, Sentiment and science mingling in a grand ecstatic dream.

Then I saw its Trade restricted to the limits of the Free, And the eyes of all men dumbly fixed on statesmen, chiefly me.

And I said, "My brother Britons, hear the message of the South,

Trust me with your future wholly, tight shut eyes and open mouth."

O my country, chicken-hearted, can it be you fear to leap, Clinging with a dull persistence to the miserably cheap?

Probe (or beg) with me the question of the blessings sure to spring

From the principle of paying rather more for everything.

Grasp a new idea of barter, miracles of magic sales, Sprats of preferential tariffs catching economic whales:

Till the greater cost of living bring to labour higher wage, Clearly cheapening production somewhere in the golden age.

Hark! my puzzled comrades, poring o'er their lately garnered hoard

Of appropriate statistics, call me to the Council board.

What to me are dull RICARDO, STUART MILL, or ADAM SMITH? Good enough for PEEL, but wasted on a man of any pith.

Yet, athwart the note triumphant of my loudest clarion call, Shrilly, from an Upper Chamber builded over Cobden Hall,

Comes a sound of banshee wailing, notifying present death—Is it to the brand-new gospel, or the mouldy shibboleth?

Let it be to what it will, and let who fears it shirk the brunt, For a gorgeous fight is coming, and I'm in the very front.



Wife (in her latest dress from Paris). "HARRY, WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A 'GOWN' AND A 'CREATION'?"

Harry. "I CAN'T GIVE THE EXACT FIGURES, BUT IT'S A SMALL FORTUNE!"

THE QUEST OF THE GOLDEN FLEA-CE.

ACCORDING to the *Express* of July 23, the Hon. CHARLES ROTHSCILD has offered a reward of £1,000 for a specimen of the Arctic fox flea to add to his collection. He has also fitted out a full-sized expedition in the whaler *Forget-me-not*, and a gallant flea-hunting party is now well on the way to Polar regions.

This piece of news has caused the liveliest interest in Flea Society. The fact that so high a value has been set upon the person of one of the fraternity has induced an upward tendency all round. A really appreciative admirer has at last come forward, and the head of every *pulex irritans* in London has been turned—in the direction of the North Pole. There is not a common or household flea in the county which is not ready to burst with extravasated importance. They are all putting on frills and cultivating an Arctic demeanour of frigidity and *hauteur*. They no longer jump at the ordinary collector, but will only look at a millionaire or a furrier—in fact, the establishments of the latter have become so popular in Flea circles that the term "furore" has received a new application.

Meanwhile the Arctic fox flea *pur sang* bides his time, and laughs at the frantic efforts of his *parvenu* congeners. Each year he grows more valuable than the Great Auk's egg, and he accordingly makes himself scarce. He is already worth considerably more than his weight in radium, and the discovery of a mere North Pole would rank as nothing beside his triumphant capture. Let us then wish all success to the dauntless crew of the *Forget-me-not*. We hope they will not give up or scratch ere the search attain its object. All England is itching for news of this new Polar Argosy.

MUSIC BY MACHINERY.

THE mechanical piano-player is merely the forerunner of the automatic violinist and the automobile orchestra. The engineer critic will follow as a matter of necessity, when we may expect something like the following to represent the future form of musical commentary:—

On Monday last the new Tompkins Turbine Autorchestra made a trial run at the Albert Musical Garage, BEETHOVEN'S *Pastoral Symphony* being scheduled. We certainly should say that the Tompkins Works has turned out a good thing; well put together, and generally ship-shape in appearance. Tested for volume on the autometer she came out several Sousa units above the Binks Motor Band, using the same coal, electric and water supply. The new resinless V. bands to all the string fittings are likely to prove a boon. It is also an excellent idea to couple the electro-flutes in parallel instead of in series, and if the system could only be adapted to all drum-and-fife bands an immense saving in playing "*The British Grenadiers*" might be effected.

If we may say so, the drums of the Autorchestra seemed on Monday to get a little out of hand. This, naturally, resulted in overheating, which was transmitted to the adjacent trombones, causing them to run something like 3/16ths of an inch sharp. They consequently made speed, and ran rather badly into the *piano* violin passage in the second movement, the impact being distinctly felt. The emergency brakes were immediately tried, but the lubrication was evidently defective, and a series of shrill sounds (at a pressure of about 200 lbs. to the square inch) were emitted. It may be mentioned that at the time an impression prevailed in the house that these sounds represented some interpolated porcine effects; but we need not say that the high respectability of the Tompkins Works places any idea of tampering with the specification of the *Pastoral Symphony* out of the question.

In the rendering of the final movement one or two points called for remark: the throttles of the trombones had evidently become fouled in addition to their running sharp, and the need of a larger exhaust for the euphonium was clearly demonstrated in the front row of the fauteuils, where six ladies and a child fainted. We also consider that a more effective escape for the bassoons should be fitted. Upon the whole, however, the Tompkins Turbine Autorchestra worked well, and at the close of the run the chief engineer was cheered, and the stokers were called with loud cries of "Speech!" The works manager, who came forward, said

that the stokers were not in the house, but that he would gladly convey to them the news of the success of their endeavours.

SHATTERED DREAMS.

[The *British Medical Journal* says that men of genius are never happy in their married lives.]

I THOUGHT, dear DORIS, we should be
Extremely happy if we married;
I deemed that you were made for me,
But oh! I'm thankful now we tarried.
Had we been wedded last July
(I caught the measles, so we waited)
We'd now be wretched, you and I;
A genius always is ill-fated.

We might have lived without a hitch
Till one or both of us were "taken,"
And even won the Dunmow flitch
Of appetising breakfast bacon;
We might have passed our married life
In quite a Joan and Darby fashion,
Free from the slightest taint of strife,—
Had I not written "Songs of Passion."

Ah me, that book! The truth will out;
Genius is rampant in each sonnet;
Consult, if you're inclined to doubt,
The verdict of the Press upon it.
The *Pigbury Patriot* calls them "staves
Which we feel justified in praising;"
The *Mudford Daily Argus* raves;
The *Sloshly Clarion* says "Amazing!"

So, DORIS, it can never be:
I trust the tidings won't upset you;
Reluctantly I set you free,
Though ne'er, I vow, will I forget
you.
Some other man your hand may win;
I'll strive to bear it with composure;
Your letters you will find within;
Yours truly,

EDWIN JONES. (Enclosure.)

THE BART'S PROGRESS;

OR, LIPTON DAY BY DAY.

July 1.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON arrives in New York to superintend preliminaries to the Yacht Race. Torchlight procession of Baconians, headed by Mrs. GALLUP. Battle of flowers. Sir THOMAS injured by a tea-rose.

July 2.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON wins walking race from Wall Street to Washington. Dines and sleeps at the White House, which he paints red.

July 3.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON, wearied by the race, does not rise till 6.45 A.M. On returning to New York he receives deputations of Welsh well-wishers at the Waldorf Astoria. *Shamrock III.* springs a leak.

July 4.—A full day. Sir THOMAS LIPTON adjudicates as umpire in the

walking race of waitresses in the American Tea Table Company. In the afternoon he kicks off in a baseball match, and in the evening saves a valuable life.

July 5.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON drives the cowcatcher to Chicago, where he lays the foundation stone of a library presented by Mr. CARNEGIE for the use of the widows of improvident pigstickers. Returning home he encounters a Sow-wester.

July 6.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON saves the life of a Tammany Boss, and stands godfather to the triplets of a bargee's wife. *Shamrock III.* rammed by a Canadian canoe.

July 7.—A quiet day. Sir THOMAS LIPTON merely saves life.

July 8.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON comes to the rescue of the Shipping Trust, dines with Mr. STUYVESANT FISH, and learns how to pronounce Mr. SCHWARZ's name. *Shamrock III.* gets her bowsprit entangled with the rudder.

July 9.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON resting. *Shamrock III.* sinks.

July 10.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON receives sympathetic cables from the Ancient Order of Buffaloes, Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON, and Madame TUSSAUD. Complimentary dinner at Delmonico's. *Shamrock III.* bobs up.

July 11.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON much distressed by rumour that the Widows' Library foundation stone has been lifted. Wires to Chicago that the lifter must be secured at any cost to be made skipper of *Shamrock III.*

July 12.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON's telegram very popular in America. He is asked to preside at a congress of shop-lifters. *Shamrock III.* develops a bad list to port.

July 13.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON preaches in the Boston City Temple, and is kissed by twenty ladies in the congregation. The Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL sails for England.

July 14.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON pays a visit to the wings of the Broadway Theatre. *Shamrock III.*'s Plimsoll mark submerged.

July 15.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON invents a new skirt for yachswomen, and gives his name to a new March by SOUSA. *Shamrock III.* lifted in the night.

July 16.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON cables for SHERLOCK HOLMES. New York Police drag the Erie Canal. PINKERTON has a clue and starts for Mazawattee.

July 17.—*Shamrock III.* found in dry dock. Sir THOMAS LIPTON gives a champagne lunch on the *Erin*, and receives cable of congratulation from the German EMPEROR. Preliminaries to race concluded.

THE COMING SAGA.

[Mr. HALL CAINE has confessed that his next novel will deal with life and customs in Iceland, and he is going there for six months to study the region and get the local colour.—*Morning Leader*.]

FROM that far land of ice and snow,
The chill wind of the North
Comes freighted with the Call, and lo!
The Boomster fareth forth.
Th' Eternal City, left behind,
Suits not his present plan;
The proper study of mankind
Is now no longer "Man."

He sees the Northern Lights flash out
Along the midnight sky;
For him the giddy geysers spout
Their boiling springs on high;
O'er mountain, berg, and ice-bound
strand
His ardent course he takes,
In quest of local colour and
The fam'd Icelandic snakes.

Though other things he will not miss,
Those mentioned are enough
To suit the purposes of this
Preliminary puff;
Others will follow, for we know
A chance will not be lost
To save this Saga of the Snow
From turning out a "frost."

WHAT WE HAVE LOST.

["Mr. JESSOP at one time had thoughts of entering the Church."—*The Sketch*.]

MR. ALFRED AUSTIN was within an ace of becoming a landscape gardener. It was only in consequence of a round robin signed by all the Fellows of the Horticultural Society that he finally decided to emulate PINDAR.

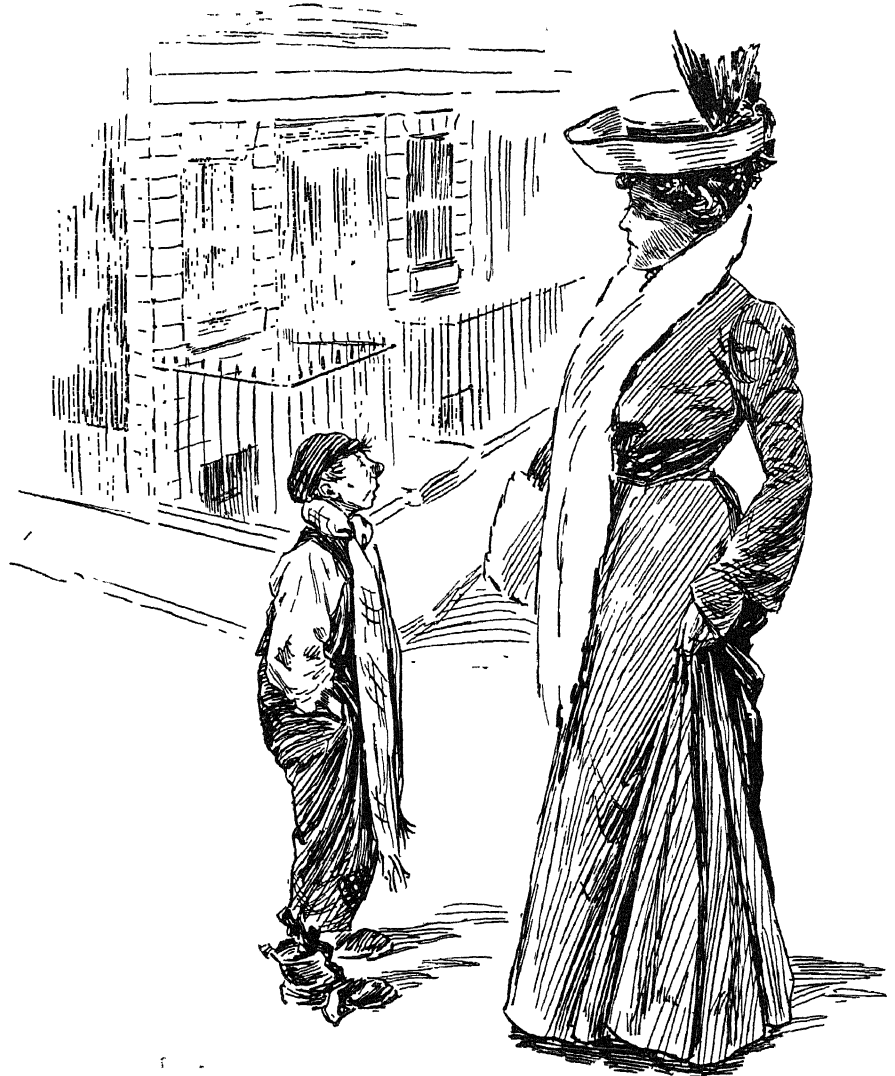
MR. PIERPONT MORGAN was only dissuaded by the advice of Mr. CARNEGIE from adopting the habit of a Franciscan Friar.

MR. J. M. BARRIE for a long time was unable to decide between the rival attractions of literature and the tobacco trade. It is supposed that he solved the question by tossing up.

MR. BRODRICK, on leaving Oxford, was greatly taken with the idea of becoming a missionary in Ashanti, and was with difficulty restrained from repairing alone and unarmed to the Court of King PREMPEH.

LORD ROSSLYN was at one time much impressed by the advantages of a political life. It was only in deference to a unanimous vote of the House of Lords that he resolved to go on the stage.

DR. W. G. GRACE about the year 1870 became so deeply interested in the study of Cuneiform inscriptions that on one occasion he did not touch a bat for forty-eight hours. The open-air treat-



FRED J. NICKSON

GOODWOOD ANTICIPATIONS.

Charitable Lady. "I GAVE YOUR FATHER THE MONEY TO BUY YOU A COAT LAST WEEK. I SEE YOU'RE NOT WEARING IT."

Boy. "No, MUM, 'E PUT IT ON A 'ORSE."

Lady. "ON A HORSE! BUT HE SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF YOUR COMFORT BEFORE THAT OF AN ANIMAL!"

ment, however, proved entirely efficacious, and he has never suffered from a recurrence of the malady.

The Duke of DEVONSHIRE, shortly before attaining his majority, was fired with the ambition to compete in the Hundred Yards race at the Amateur Athletic Championship meeting. A severe attack of insomnia prevented him from carrying out his intention, which still remains unrealised.

It was the burning desire of Mr. JESSE COLLINGS' youth to be a lion-tamer in a circus. A prolonged residence amongst the cow-punchers of Colorado diverted his energies into other chan-

nels, but he still may often be observed wistfully gazing into the cage of the king of beasts at the Zoo on a Sunday afternoon.

It is commonly reported in Folkestone that Mr. H. G. WELLS, as a mere boy, enlisted in the Guards, but was bought out shortly afterwards by the Council of the Aeronautical Society.

A DRAMATIC version of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* has been prepared for early production at a West-End theatre. It is to be entitled *The Bell of Printing-House Square*.



A CRISIS.

His Better and Stouter Half. "Oh, CHARLEY, IF WE'RE UPSET, YOU MEAN TO SAY YOU EXPECT ME TO GET INTO THIS?"
[Horror-stricken husband has no answer ready.]

LAUS PECUNIÆ.

Is it by chance, I wonder, or design
 (In either case the thing's extremely funny)
 That though they rave of Woman and of Wine,
 Poets but seldom speak a word for Money?
 To CHLOE's praise old HORACE tuned his lyre,¹
 Yet somehow never managed with the same ease
 To hymn the object of that pure desire
 Libelled by VIRGIL "*auri sacra fames.*"
 Now poets are no theme for saucy japes,
 And should be scanned with scrupulously fair eye:
 Yet oft I marvel why they sneer at grapes
 That look so free from "*aliquid amari.*"
 Woman's a mutable and various thing,
 And Frailty's of the feminine declension,
 And claret goes, whatever poets sing,
 Despite the most assiduous attention;
 But Money cannot wither or decay:
 It knows no ravages of phylloxera,
 Nor changes its affections day by day
 Like fickle LAIAGE or coy NEERA.

Though "Man's ingratitude" your ardour damps,
 And DAPHNE frowns on you with glances chilling,
 The usual amount of penny stamps
 Will always be forthcoming for a shilling.
 Ah! who can contemplate without a sigh
 The Fiver, with its pattern chastely dædal?
 Can Tempe or the vales of Hæmus vie
 With thy romantic street, superb Threadneedle?
 Can they, like money, make me blithe and gay
 As ARISTOPHANES, or Mr. LENO,
 And keep my cellar stocked for many a day
 With '20 port and choicest maraschino?
 Could they afford me what I covet most
 ('Tis gold that wins the fair, too well I know it)—
 To put this wedding in the *Morning Post*—
 "To CLARA VERE DE VERE, J. JUGGINS, Poet"?

"RUBBER CONCESSIONS IN UGANDA" were recently publicly announced. A new and revised edition of *Hoyle's Whist* may shortly be expected.

"I HATE blacks on my face," as the lady said to the Parsee student who attempted to kiss her.



A NEW TRICK.

(Rough on the Tiger.)

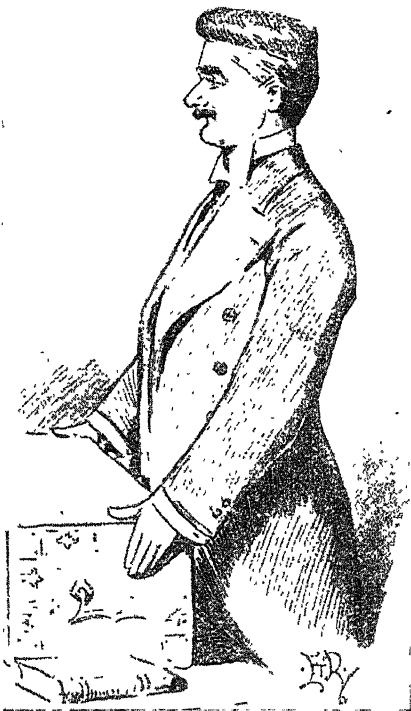
RIGHT HON. TRAINER B-L-F-R (*rehearsing his Money-raising Act*). "NOW THEN! COME UP, STRIPES!"
(*Aside*) "DAREN'T ASK THE KANGAROO!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 20.

—PRETYMAN never so disappointed in



THE AJAX OF THE ADMIRALTY DEFYING THE LIGHTNING

—under the "Ten Minutes' Rule."

(Captain Pr-t-m-n.)

his life. As Civil Lord of the Admiralty introduction of a Government Bill not much in his way. Opportunity to-night provided by one designed to reorganise administration of Patriotic Fund. New Civil Lord, determined to justify choice of PRIME MINISTER, would rise to full height of occasion. Bill introduced under what is known as Ten Minutes' Rule, so-called because it does not mention ten minutes. Understanding is that "after brief explanatory statement" by the Minister, followed by equally curt criticism by private Member, leave to introduce Bill shall be given. What is brief explanatory statement?

PRETYMAN proceeded to explain: Patriotic Fund naturally affords scope for interesting historic remarks. Established nearly fifty years ago, coincidental with Crimean War, a slight sketch of that memorable campaign sure to interest the House. Then there was a committee appointed under the chairmanship of Lord Justice HENN COLLINS with instructions to inquire into the whole subject. Lord Justice HENN

COLLINS, Mr. PRETYMAN permitted himself to observe, is now Master of the Rolls. The Mastership of the Rolls is a judicial position of great antiquity and some emolument. A brief epitome of its functions as bearing on the administration of the Patriotic Fund would perhaps be interesting to the House.

But before approaching it Mr. PRETYMAN would like to say a few words on the valuable property at Clapham owned by the trustees of the Fund. Clapham is a suburb of London, at one time favoured as a residence by a body of fellow-worshippers who, to put the matter briefly, were known by the topographical designation of the locality where the property of the Patriotic Fund already alluded to—which includes some desirable residential sites—is situated. The House would probably remember that among the Clapham sect Lord MACAULAY's father—he was at the time plain Mr. MACAULAY, his merits literary and oratorical not yet rewarded with a peerage—Lord MACAULAY's father—

Here the SPEAKER, who had been moving uneasily in the Chair, rose with dangerously bland inquiry, "Is the hon. gentleman introducing this Bill under the Ten Minutes' Rule?"

The Lord of the Admiralty Civilly replied that he was not aware of any rule of Ten Minutes. Starting off again he embarked upon what promised to be an informing contrast and comparison between the Admiralty and the War Office. CAPTEN TOMMY BOWLES, bringing out of his fob a huge chronometer, rapping it smartly on the back of the Treasury Bench, and ostentatiously examining its face, murmured "Awast." The injunction, urged in more parliamentary language, was taken up from



WALKING INTO JOE.

An impression of Sir Edward Grey talking down at Mr. Chamberlain.

the opposite benches, and, amid a murmur that might have been applause but wasn't, PRETYMAN sat down, having got no further than Clapham in explanation of his Bill.

SARK remembers an analogous case



"MARLBROOK S'EN VA-T-EN GUERRE."

(Or at any rate he joins the Ministry.)

(The Duke of Marlborough.)

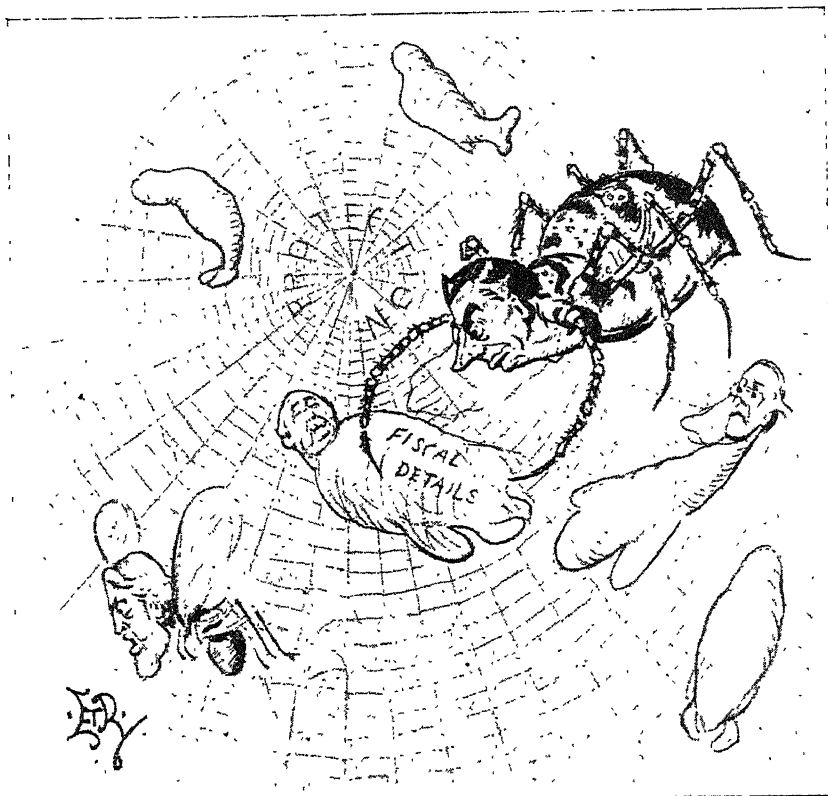
when CHAPLIN still helped to administer the affairs of an Empire on parts of which the sun does not always visibly rise. Also introducing a Bill under this mystical Ten Minutes' Rule he had not got further than his fourthly when murmurs filled the House, and a friendly colleague literally pulled him back on to the Treasury Bench by the recalcitrant coat-tail.

Business done.—Mr. PRETYMAN rises to explain. Sits down without having done so.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—Motor Bill in Committee. Young WEMYSS retired in disgust. For three-quarters of a century convinced country going to the dogs; now perceives pace accelerated by incursion of motor cars. Though at the time even younger than he is at this day, never forgets what Queen ANNE (now deceased) said in his hearing:

"For any respectable woman a sedan chair meets every requirement of convenience and speed."

In our time, as the Young Fellow says, women get themselves up in goggles, veils, and mannish cloaks, and go forth at the rate of thirty miles an hour to run over fellow-women and



THE TARIFF-SPIDER AT WORK IN HIS WEB.

"The mouth of the Spider is a tremendous piece of machinery When the Spider bites, a venomous fluid of great potency is instilled into the wound inflicted One peculiar characteristic of the Spider is the possession of a spinning apparatus whereby the threads composing its web are manufactured; the apparatus employed for this purpose is situated at (Birmingham?) In the Spider we find one great central brain whence nerves radiate to all parts of the body Spiders change their skins several times, there is no change of form When any large insect is caught the Spider quickly gives it a revolving movement and envelopes its prey in a case resembling the cocoon."

children, stray dogs and the unwary product of the dairy farm.

Some interesting personal testimony borne to excitement, more or less agreeable, of the motor-car travelling. Only this morning, Lord SPENCER's footman appalled by eccentric conduct on part of one of the vehicles. Without ringing a bell or saying "by your leave," it backed up three steps and bombarded the front door. A few days earlier, the noble Earl, returning home in his humble brougham, discovered the road blocked by a motor-car that had backed against the kerbstone and there remained obstinately stationary. On advancing to see if he could afford any assistance to the belated traveller, he discovered in him a distinguished Member of His Majesty's Government. Pursuing inquiry into our fiscal system he had got no further than the kerbstone, and it would be absolutely impossible for the PREMIER to answer questions addressed him on the subject of "the Inquiry" at the evening sitting of the Commons.

Lord ONSLOW's continental experience

even more thrilling. Desiring to make himself personally acquainted with the working of the agricultural system in France, the President of the Board of Agriculture, shortly after his appointment, visited the country, hired a motor-car driven by paragon of *chauffeur*. Hadn't gone more than a mile before the Paragon, passing a vehicle on the wrong side, dashed into a loaded wagon. President of Board of Agriculture, escaping with his life, had to forfeit fortnight's salary in payment of compensation.

Next day Paragon up bright and early, set off at nice pace; no vehicles in sight, but Paragon not to be balked.

"Hallo, here's a church," said Mr. Wemmick, walking out one morning with Miss Skiffins. "Let's go in and get married."

"Hallo! here's a ditch" (*Tiens! voilà un fossé*), said Paragon. "Let's dash into it."

And he did.

Earl escaped with a few bruises and some mud. But bang went another

fortnight's salary; so President of Board of Agriculture returned to Richmond Terrace by boat and train.

Business done.—Motor Bill passed through Committee.

House of Commons, Friday night.—Curious condition of affairs reigns at Westminster just now. One topic engrosses attention to exclusion of all others: Oddly enough it is the one subject tabooed. At Question time ingenuity of Members opposite Treasury Bench exercised in effort to evade prohibition. PRINCE ARTHUR will have none of it. Has, in curious fashion, made the matter a personal one. In good society the rule is strictly observed never to mention hemp in the hearing of a gentleman whose father was hung. Less courtly in manner, the Opposition daily, in presence of PRINCE ARTHUR, allude to the Inquiry, well knowing the mere mention of it drives the blood to his head.

All very well for DON JOSÉ to have pointedly, publicly invited "eager discussion" of the matter. Well, too, for COUNTY GUY in another place, questioned on the subject, to give matter-of-fact answer. Early in the course of events PRINCE ARTHUR, placed in awkward position through no fault of his own, hit upon the strange device of declining to give any information. To this he sticks with irritable punctiliousness. The moment the subject is mentioned his whole attitude and manner suffer sea change. One moment smiling, *debonair*, the next he is sour-tempered, his very voice taking on unwonted accent of acerbity.

Haughty with C.-B., frowning on Mr. BLACK, almost malignant with Mr. MANSFIELD, he finds his temper uncontrollable when poor Mr. WEIR blunders on to the scene. Member for Ross and Cromarty, momentarily turning his attention aside from the needs of the crofters, asked if thought had been taken of the sad lot of persons employed by the Government. DON JOSÉ has generously promised a rise of wages all round to compensate for increased expenditure on food resulting from Preferential Tariffs. Mr. WEIR wants to know how this will affect the hundreds of thousands who labour in the many vineyards of the State. Will postmen, dock labourers, clerks in Government offices, get higher wages?

"I admire the thirst of the hon. gentleman for information," said PRINCE ARTHUR, glaring on the hapless WEIR. "He really wishes to have every subject in which he is interested hitched on to the Inquiry. I do not think that would be an expedient course."

Here PRINCE ARTHUR sat down. Had he concluded by the observation, "Off



SOLAR STUDIES IN THE HONEYMOON.

She (reading a scientific work). "Isn't it wonderful, CHARLEY DEAR, THAT THE SUN IS SUPPOSED TO BE MILLIONS OF MILES AWAY!"
Charley Dear (suffering from the heat). "MILLIONS OF MILES, DARLING? GOOD THING FOR ALL OF US THAT IT ISN'T ANY NEARER."

with his head!" it would have been regarded as appropriate to the tone of his reply.

It partly pains, altogether terrifies me. Sad to see a naturally sweet temper thus grown rusty.

"What an innocent babe you are!" SARK exclaimed, regarding me with admiring affection. "You don't do justice to PRINCE ARTHUR'S cleverness. Look again at the question and answer. The former, though WEIR put it, is really a nasty one. Goes awkwardly to root of question. Hard to answer even by master of fence. PRINCE ARTHUR doesn't attempt to answer it at all. He sweeps WEIR aside with angry gesture. Same in varied degree with other awkward points raised by eager questioners. PRINCE ARTHUR'S neither so angry as he looks, nor so foolish as some critics are accustomed to regard his new Ministerial manner."

Business done.—Military Works Bill read a second time.

A BALLAD OF BUTTONRY.

Clothes and the Man I sing. Reformers, note
This of the Subaltern who owned a Coat.
He was what veterans miscall, for short,
By that objectionable term, a wart: *
The Coat an item of the "sealed" attire
Wrung from his helpless but reluctant sire;
Also the tails were long; and, for the pride
Thereof, great buttons on the after-side
Illumed the wake: majestic orbs, which bore
The bossy symbol of his future corps.
The youth, ere sailing for a distant land,
Did, in the interval, receive command
To "undergo" a Course, and there imbibe
Knowledge of pith and moment to his tribe.
Thither he sped, and on the opening day
Rose, and empanoplied in brave array
Of martial-flowing skirt, and with great craft
And pomp of blazoned buttonry abaft,
Won to the mess, and preened his fledgling plumes
Both in the breakfast- and the ante-rooms.
Awhile he moved in rapture, and awhile
Thrilled in the old, inevitable style
To that stern joy which youthful warriors feel
In wearing garments worthy of their zeal;
Then came the seneschal upon the scenes,
And knocked his infant pride to smithereens.
For out, alack! the Fathers of the mess
Most strictly banned that article of dress,
Being by sad experience led to find
Disaster in the buttonry behind,
Which tore and scratched the leather-cushioned chairs,
And cost a perfect fortune in repairs!
It was a crushing blow. That Subaltern
Discovered that he had a lot to learn;
Removed his Coat, and, weeping, laid it in
Its long sarcophagus of beaten tin:
Buried it deep, and drew it thence no more;
Finished his Course, and sought an alien shore.

* * * * *

So runs the tale. I have it from the youth
Himself, and I suppose he tells the truth.
(The words alone are mine; I need but hint
That his were too emotional for print.)
And as in India, though the chairs are hard,
His Coat—delicious irony—is barred;
Being designed for cooler zones, and not
For one inadequately known as "hot;"

* A last-joined young officer.—*Military definitions.*



"FOR THIS RELIEF MUCH THANKS"—*Hamlet.*

And, furthermore, as bold Sir Fashion brings
Changes, yea, even to the soldier's things:
He questions if the Coat were worth the price,
Seeing that he will hardly wear it twice.

DUM-DUM.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Episodes of Marge (GRANT RICHARDS) is a remarkable book. It is no new thing for a novelist to conceive a female character wholly devoid of moral sense. THACKERAY did it in the case of *Becky Sharp*. Where Mr. RIPLEY CROMARSH adds novelty to the exercise is in the particular direction in which he illustrates his thesis. His heroine, the daughter of a drunken wife-beating labourer, is a sprightly, good-natured, attractive girl, ready at all times to do anything for anybody—especially to relieve them of any valuable property they may possess. She is, in short, an instinctive habitual thief, with leaning towards the pleasing art of burgling. Undertaking a short railway journey at the outset of a criminal career, she "lifts," as she puts it, a strange gentleman's valise as naturally as, even with keener pleasure than, she handles her own reticule. In various disguises she goes a-burgling, by her skill, address and courage meeting with phenomenal success. The episodes, though strung together so as to make a story, stand by themselves. They suggest to my Baronite a sort of reversal of the adventures of *Sherlock Holmes*. He saw crime from the outside and, with unflinching success, pursued the criminal. *Marge*, from the inside, shows how these things are done. The writer's name is unknown to fame. This is probably his first work. There is some crudeness about the effort, and here and there the mind lingers on the potential beneficence of the editorial blue pencil. But the situations are strong, novel, skilfully conceived, graphically described.

Most of us know some of the verse that helped to make the fame of the prose writer of *The Luck of Roaring Camp*. We are familiar with "Jim," with "Dickens in Camp," and, of course, with "Truthful James." But BRET HARTE wrote much more than that, some nearly as good. CHATTO AND WINDUS issue in companionable volume his *Complete Poetical Works*. My Baronite, reading it through, is confirmed in the impression that we cannot have too much of BRET HARTE.

ASHBY STERRY is the very type of the lazy lounge on the

Thames; or, as he himself, being a master of the gentle art of punning as he is of punting, would say in that true Shakspearian clown style he "so much admires, "Then am I Sterry-o-typed." And, by the way, his incidental imitation of the Shakspearian clown popular in Elizabethan society is really very excellent fooling. His book, *A Tale of the Thames* (SANDS & Co.), is just the sort of thing to take up and put down again, at any time, as you float along "lazily, lazily," or lie under the willows, your boat hauled up, like the 'buses in the City, close in to the bank. To those who go up and down the river in canoes and punts, or who are dwellers temporarily in house-boats, this light sixpenn'orth is commended by the placid

BARON DE B.-W.

EDWARD THE CONQUEROR.

[NOTE.—Mr. Punch has here adopted the spelling which has been long hallowed by poets and the general Saxon public, though he is well aware that for the most part it bears no sort of resemblance to Irish pronunciation.]

OCH, PAT, 'tis Oi can fale the joy
Within me bosom bubblin',
Becos Oi 've sane the KING an' QUANE
(God bliss 'em!) inther Dublin.

The KING was bould in rid an' gould,
The QUANE was loike a fairy,
The cyar av state would aisy bate
The best in Tipperary.

An', PAT, me lad, the KING looked glad
To hear the bhoys a-cheerin',
An' when he smoiled, ses Oi, me choild,
Ye 've won the heart av Erin.

Go wheer ye plaise, thim winnin' ways
Will make ye welcome, very;
That gracious smoile would aven woile
The stony heart av Derry—

Swate Derry who, when Kings would woo,
Still turned a dif auric'lar,
For av the things she hated, Kings
She loathed the most partic'lar.

Although they wept an' prayed, she kept
The stony heart within her,
An' niver yit did she permit
A British King to win her.

Poor JIMMY Two in vain did woo,
He put his arrums round her,
Wid Stuart art besayged her heart,
But 'twas a shrew he found her.

'Twas long he fought wid her an' sought
Be night an' day to bind her;
The more he thried the more she cried,
"Be jabbers, no surrinder!"

But shure 'twas quoite another soight
When IDWARD came from Leinster,



Aunt. "WHY, TOMMY, I 'VE ONLY JUST TAKEN A SPLINTER OUT OF YOUR HAND, AND NOW YOU 'VE LET PUSSY SCRATCH YOU. HOW DID THAT HAPPEN?"

Tommy (who has been tampering with the cat's whiskers). "WELL, I WAS ONLY TRYING TO GET SOME OF THE SPLINTERS OUT OF HER FACE!"

Wid royal grace an' smoilin' face
To coort the chilly spinster.

Wan glance she stowle an' thin her sowl
Was bowed in swate submission,
"Bedad," ses she, "my KING Oi see,"
An' yielded at discretion.

EX LIBRIS.

THE recently-published novel *Pigs in Clover* is described as "a brilliant satire on the foibles of smart society." The engaging frankness of the title is said to have caught on with the public fancy, and we are credibly informed that the following announcements are shortly to appear in the successful publisher's list:—

As Children in these Matters. By A. J. B.—A strong political novel. "The keen insight of the author enables the lay mind to appreciate easily the

wheels within wheels of Cabinet administration."—*The Open Mind.*

Paid to Prevaricate. A sensational story. By O. BAILEY.—*The Morning Mail* says: "Mr. BAILEY displays an intimate acquaintance with the criminal and those who assist him in evading the law."

Ducks in the Fountain. By "Ragsman."—"Reveals a knowledge of the inner life of the Army unsurpassed by the author of *Bootle's Baby*."

A Slump in Morgans. By the author of *The Octobust*.

The Beasts that Perish. By the author of *Through Surrey on a Motor Car*. With a preface by A. CONSTABLE.

"With good capon lined?"

GARDENER (Working). Life experience. All-round man inside and out.—*Advt. in "Times."*

PASHLEY'S OPINIONS.

No. XVIII.

I HAD an awful business with that blessed bull-dog in the cab. Before we'd gone ten yards he was all over me, wanting to lick my face like mad, and doing it too. Then he'd shove his ugly old head out of the window, and most of his body after it, and I'd have to tug him back sharp to prevent him falling out, and then he'd be at me again, not fierce, but just loving and stupid. At last I got quite angry with him and raised my fist at him, and that great wild-looking beast turned right over on his back on the seat of the cab, and put his four paws up into the air, with the silliest expression on his face, just like a boy who drops and says, "I'm down; you can't hit me."

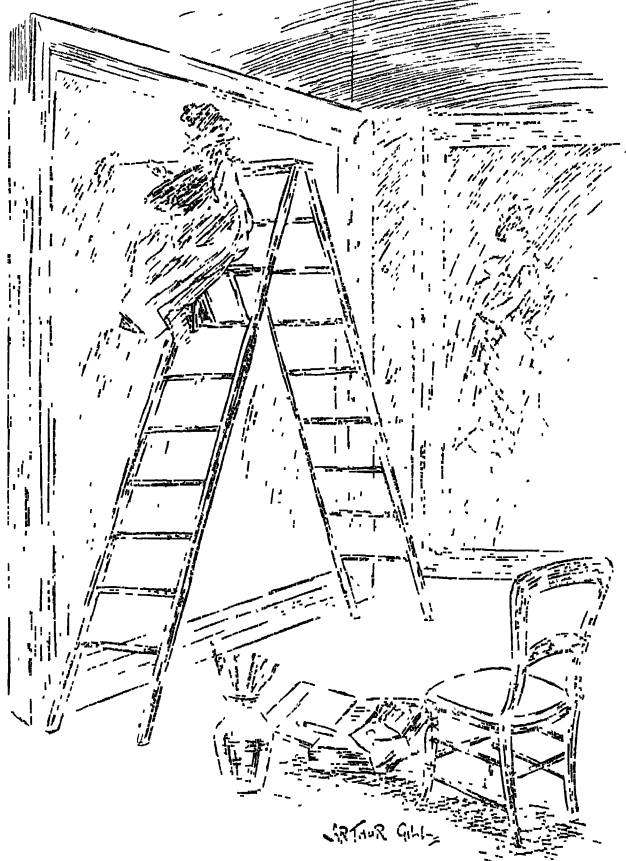
I got covered all over with dirt and dog's hair, and my hat was knocked sideways after falling off and *Hercules* sitting on it in play. I can tell you I was fairly done when I got home at last, and I had to pay three shillings extra for damage to the cab.

Well, I let myself in with my latch-key, and hauled *Hercules* after me, and then I stood a bit in the passage to pull myself together. Then I shouted out, "Hi, everybody! I've brought the dog. Come and look at him."

PLUMLEY happened to be calling, and he came out first, and Mother came after him, but stood on the first landing. I said, "I've got him chained: you needn't be afraid," and at that very moment he gave a tug, and off he went, chain and all. I slipped back against the hat-rack and went over crash. Next the chain got PLUMLEY round the legs and he went over, and *Hercules* rushed upstairs like a cannon ball. He took Mother fair in both legs, and she went over on the landing with a scream you could have heard all the way to Putney. *Hercules* thought it was a game, for he danced over Mother and licked her face, and then he came clattering down the stairs again and had a go at PLUMLEY, who had got mixed up with a table and hadn't been able to find his legs.

Before I caught him he'd done circles round the parlour, and then up again and through the drawing-room. You never saw such a smash-up of glass and china and photograph frames and little tables as he made.

It was a bad beginning: I couldn't help feeling that. However, I seized him at last, after he'd burst through Mother's bedroom door and played the deuce with her bed. The silk quilt was a sight after he'd done with it. PLUMLEY had made tracks out of the house double quick without waiting to take his hat, and Mother was locked up in the parlour sobbing, with the broken furniture all round her. I found her there half an hour afterwards.



CIRCUMVENTED.

Outsiders in 1904, "and after," are only to be allowed to submit two works each for the Royal Academy Exhibition.

Distinguished Lady Amateur. "OH, DEAR ME! I'M AFRAID I SHALL NEVER GET MY TWO PICTURES FINISHED IN TIME!"

two frightful hissing spits and then she went at him. Cuff, cuff, she landed him on each side of his face two regular teasers, and then she stood with her back up, growling low and glaring at him. *Hercules* only gave one little yelp, and rolled over on his back with his paws up. "Lor'," said the cook, "the dog's a coward," and so he was. From that moment he was a regular favourite in the house, for all his ugly looks and rackety ways. He and the cat became the best of friends, and in a day or two she didn't mind him taking turns with the kittens. They used to play with his tail and bite his ears and do hide and seek in and out of his legs, while the old idiot stood there just slobbering with pleasure. All our friends used to come in to see the fun and everybody used to chaff me about my ferocious man-eating bull-dog—that was how ROGERSON put it. I kept the old dog for three years, and then he died of over-eating himself. His snoring during his last six months was something frightful.

A Cordial Understanding.

First Democrat (pointing to a belated banner left over from M. LOUBET's visit, and bearing the motto "*L'Union fait la Force*"). I sy, BILL, whort's the meanin' o' that there lingo?

Second Democrat. Ow, it's another of them blimy advertisements o' Food Stuffs!

[Both satisfied.]

MR. PUNCH'S SAFE INVESTMENTS.

DURING the present insecure and fluctuating state of the money market, when, partly owing to alarming rumours from America, investors are perplexed as to the safe disposition of funds, Mr. Punch has pleasure in drawing public attention to certain excellent projects which, if not precisely Trustee stock, are the next thing to it:—

THE RUN TRUST;

OR, THE LONG INNINGS ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

CAPITAL: 20,000,000 Ruins.

This enterprising Society has been formed by a number of eminent centurions for the purpose of providing uncertain bats with assured scores.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

J. PIERPONT MORGAN (Managing Director), Carlton Hotel, S.W.

C. B. FRY, c/o K. S. RANJITSINHJI, New Century Club.

K. S. RANJITSINHJI, c/o C. B. FRY, *Daily Express* Office.

GAUKRODGER,* The Nets, Worcester.

Offices of the Company: Runnymede Chambers, Old Bailey.

Clerk: Mr. ALL CAINE.

The Run Trust has been established to supply two distinct varieties of demand. It caters both for the cricketer who desires to make runs for himself and it caters also for the cricketer who wishes to be able, with the minimum of personal exertion, to draw the attention of his friends to a maximum score against his name in the daily press.

In order to compass the first of these ends the Directors of the Run Trust have secured a number of important cricket grounds on the most advantageous terms, where, by means of a variety of devices belonging to the Trust, an innings of any length and magnitude can be confidently prophesied for any exponent, however inept.

To take an example: A client who has never before handled a bat wishes for family reasons to make, say, 86. Certain alternatives are before him. By playing on a Trust wicket, against Trust bowling and fielding, this score can be guaranteed. But it must be remembered that for so exceptional a case the premium is necessarily high.

By paying a little extra the same anxious and inexperienced gentleman may be guaranteed to take any number of wickets up to ten in one innings. But he must, of course, perform the feat on a Trust Ground, against Trust batsmen, assisted, if need be, by stumps heightened and broadened to the maximum, bats reduced to the minimum, and Trust umpires with undeviating devotion to their employers, many of whom have been specially imported from France for the coming season.

We come now to those players who merely wish to see their names in print as eminent exponents of this noble game. Here the Trust's task has been simpler, since it has merely been the acquisition of a number of important papers and the establishment of an organ of its own, entitled *The Hundred of Who*, with the motto *No blob oblige*. These journals will scrupulously chronicle whatever scores have been applied for over our counter, together with such comments on the play as cannot fail to give the utmost satisfaction to all concerned.

The Run Trust has already secured Lord's and Denmark Hill, the Oval, Upper Tooting, and the greater portion of Battersea and Raynes Parks.

* Will join the Board after allotment.

**NOTHING LIKE BEING PRACTICAL.**

First Mechanic (paid by the hour). "WELL, MATIE, HOW DO YOU LIKE THESE LONG SUMMER DAYS?"

Second Mechanic. "I DON'T MIND 'EM AS LONG AS WE'RE PAID BY THE HOUR."

A CALL.

COME patch up your feuds, the Inquiry can wait,
A truce for a while to the dreary debate,
On the innocents' massacre callously gloat,
And page after page of the estimates vote.

Come, counsellor, leave the reports on the shelf,
'Tis time now, physician, for healing yourself,
And broker, away! who with gathering gloom
So long have been waiting in vain for the boom.

For London is dingy, and sordid and pale;
Come fly then by motor or steamer or rail,
For hark! from the sea and the mountain and mere
Glad voices that call to you, "August is here."

So Nice and Sympathetic!

A GENTLEMAN, whose one glass eye has served him for years, had the misfortune to drop it. It smashed to atoms. This happened when he was far away in the country. He inquired of a friend where was the nearest place for him to go and get refitted.

"Why don't you call upon the girl you were flirting with all last night?" his friend inquired. "She has a first-class reputation for making eyes."

THE BIG LOAF'S LABOUR LOST.

HE laid his ivory pen aside
With the air of a man of easy pride,
And toyed with the ponderous chain of gold
Hid in the waistcoat's ample fold.
The roseate hues of moral health,
That colour, at times, the haunts of wealth
When the heart is light and the conscience clear,
Pervaded the general atmosphere,
And hovered about the haloed Head
Of SKINNER & PROGMORE, Limited.

Starting as messenger, *ætat.* 9,
At a local store in the grocery line,
Fate had fostered his early hope,
Based on pickle, and crowned with soap;
And now his sovereign hand controls
A couple of hundred score of souls,
At wages that cover their weekly bread
With a bonus for funeral rites when dead.
And at present he calmly awaits the hour
When the People's Party returns to power
With a trifle down on the debit side
For several sinews of war supplied,
In return for which, if they don't forget,
They are bound to make him a Baronet.

And here I should like to give the closing
Words of the speech he was just composing
Against a possible early date:—
"Free and enlightened Electorate!
Myself a son, I may say, of the soil,
My heart goes out to the men that toil!
Burdens enough you have to bear,
But your Bread should be free as the light and air!
Shall we be false to the faith of years,
Bought with our fathers' blood and tears?
Shall we surrender our hard-won gain
For the charlatan bribes of a CHAMBERLAIN?
No! we will baffle his base intrigue,
Under the flag of the Big Loaf League;
Firm to the mast that flag is glued;
Let us fight beneath for the People's Food!"

He had laid his ivory pen aside
With the air of a man well satisfied;
And turned to his favourite print to read
His evening portion of fiscal creed,
Happy to feel he was like to find
Nothing to shake what he called his mind,
Or lead him to think that the spheres had stirred
Since COBDEN uttered the final word;—
He turned, as I said, to his favourite print,
Graceful in tone and green in tint,
And at once emitted an angry snort
(Humour not being his special *forte*)
As his eye discovered the rather droll
Result of the Barnard Castle Poll.

"This Labour fellow that heads the list"
(So mused the heated philanthropist)
"Comes of a class whom men like me,
Promising loaves that are large and free,
Flatter and pamper and stroke and pet,
And here is the kind of thanks we get.
The Led Dog bites a hole in his Leader!
The Fed Babe goes and swallows his Feeder?
Oh, sharper far than a cobra's fang
Is the graceless conduct of such a gang!"

Do they imagine, when all is said,
That the pains we spend on the People's Bread
Are just for their pleasure—to take and use
And drop and be done with when they choose,
With never a care for the sport they spoil?
To h—l, I say, with your Sons of Toil!"

Such were the thoughts (I give their gist)
Of the disillusioned philanthropist!

O. S.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The H. A. C. in South Africa (SMITH, ELDER) is a record of the services rendered in the war by members of the Honourable Artillery Company. Its editors, Mr. BASIL WILLIAMS and Mr. ERSKINE CHILDERS, appropriately dedicate their work to the KING, who is Captain-General and Colonel of this ancient company of men of war. It was a comparatively small band, one hundred and ninety-three all told. But a bare summary of their adventures shows the accomplishment of hard work, valorously performed. Of the less than two hundred, four were killed in action or died of wounds; two died in hospital; thirty were wounded or invalided home; whilst eighteen were mentioned in despatches, this last an exceptionally large numerical proportion. Naturally, keenest interest in the book will be felt by the H. A. C. and their wide circle of personal friends. But my Baronite comes here and there upon points of national interest. In June, 1900, the H. A. C., shivering in coal trucks on a railway siding, where they had spent the night after a long day's travel, were ordered to march on Honingspruit and succour the garrison environed by DE WET. "For two hours," one of the editors writes, "while Honingspruit was fighting for bare life, we were pelted by a rain of conflicting orders, each countermanding its predecessor, each involving some inherent absurdity which killed it and called up another." This sentence, descriptive of personal experience, accounts for much that made the hearts of Englishmen bleed during the slow progress of the war.

In *Sunwich Port* (GEORGE NEWNES), Mr. JACOBS, departing from his custom of an afternoon, essays something in the form of a novel. It is, after all, little out of the way of the *Many Cargoes* and *Light Freights* that made his fame and fortune. A length of yarn literally holds it together. But the episodes instinctively stand apart. My Baronite finds in them all the breeziness and fun that marked the earlier efforts. Mr. Wilks, the faithful steward, is excellent; and *Captain Nugent's* unpremeditated trip in the *Conqueror*, lightly conceived, is told with contagious humour.

BARON DE B.-W.

Horace on Passive Resistance.

THE practice of buying in the goods of Passive Resisters and restoring them to their original owners was evidently anticipated by the bard in the following passage, where, by a permissible figure of speech, he refers to the "hammered rates," meaning the goods hammered for payment of the rates:—

"Mox reficit rates
Quassas, indocilis pauperiem pati."

THE relations of a lady who had died, leaving a legacy to a favourite donkey in order to secure its comfort, recently came into Court and asked for a decision as to who was to enjoy the legacy after the donkey's decease. "The next of kin," was the judge's verdict.



PASSIVE ASSISTANCE.

FRENCH TAR. "YOUR PAL AND MINE LOOK LIKE HAVING A ROW! DON'T SEE WHY WE SHOULD CHIP IN, DO YOU?"

BRITISH TAR. "LOR' BLESS YOU, NO! PASS THE 'CORDIALE'!"



NOT THE FIRST TIME THEY DON'T AGREE TOGETHER.

Wife. "ISN'T IT JOLLY TO THINK WE HAVE THE WHOLE DAY BEFORE US? THE BOATMAN SAYS WE COULDN'T GO HOME, EVEN IF WE WANTED TO, TILL THE TIDE TURNS, AND THAT'S NOT FOR HOURS AND HOURS YET. I'VE GOT ALL SORTS OF LOVELY THINGS FOR LUNCH TOO!"

"ARE WE DEGENERATING?"

OFT have we heard it said that Britain's trade
Is moving swiftly on the downward grade;
That while our statesmen lie supine as logs
Old England's fame is going to the dogs.
We heard it mentioned—not without some heat—
What time Sir MICHAEL put a tax on wheat;
The thing was pointed out to us as plain
When Mr. RITCHIE took it off again.
Some said Protection caused the dreadful hitch,
And some Free Trade, it didn't matter which.

But now a deadlier rumour fills the air,
And lifts the patriot by his utmost hair;
The wan alarmist starts a new refrain:
"The Englishman's physique is on the wane."
Oh, can it be that honest beef and beer
No longer form the Briton's staple cheer;
That owing to the recent slump in trade
England must feed on scones and lemonade?
Oh, can our youth be growing more effete
For want of nice nutritious things to eat?
Have all the patent foods they advertise
Failed to preserve us at our normal size?
Time was when we were famous as a race
For massive strength combined with easy grace;
When (not so long ago) "policemen's twelves"
Were articles peculiar to ourselves;
When every Englishman that you might meet
Measured—without his boots—at least six feet;
When he, of all men, threw a finer chest
And waved a larger biceps than the rest;

He only kept completely cool, and knew
Just how to pull a toughish business through;
Alone he braved the angry tyrant's frown,
And never failed to knock the villain down;
And when the savage, with disgusting glee,
Tied him head downwards from a prickly tree,
And placed tarantulas inside his shirt,
He only smiled as if it didn't hurt.

But now, alas! the times are changed, and we
Are not a bit the men we used to be;
Alarming prospect! What are we to do
To wake Britannia's manlihood anew?
Passive Resistance? 'tis a thing designed
To train the aim and elevate the mind;
Than which no better exercise is known
Both for the muscles and the moral tone.
Indeed, a dozen things one might suggest,
But where's the Master-mind to do the rest?
Oh, where is he, that godlike man of power,
To rescue England in her darkest hour?
Where now that Statesman who can touch the spot,
And stay the progress of the deadly rot?
Where is that man? Methought a voice replied—
A spirit voice—"The remedy must bide;
JOSEPH is just at present occupied!"

SUGGESTED AMENDMENT TO THE MOTOR-CAR BILL.—Every motor-car shall emit a separate and distinct odour which shall be registered with the County Council, and shall be easily recognisable at a distance of not less than half a mile.

THE METHOD—AND THE RESULT.

(RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE M.C.C.)

I.

Very Private and Most Confidential.

DEAR SIR,—My Committee instruct me to ask you whether you will form one of the representative team which will be sent to Patagonia in the course of the autumn. As a large proportion of the 245 players previously invited have declined, you will perceive how great an honour this request implies. Complete secrecy in the matter is, of course, essential. A masked representative of our Committee will await you on the centre of Hampstead Heath at midnight to-morrow, when all details can be discussed. Yours, etc.,

A. BLANK, *Secretary.*

W. YORKER, Esq.

II.

SIR,—I have no wish to meet your footling messenger, and even if I did, a lot of silly jaw about a simple matter which, as anyone can see, should be fixed up in two minutes, would do, except to waste time, no sort of good. The questions which, because I'm not a great hand at letter writing, I want a plain answer to are these. First, what about exes? On £10 a day I might try and work it, but otherwise not. Second, will it be arranged for me always to go in first wicket down, bowl as long as I like, and field cover when I'm not bowling? Kindly drop me a line about these things, and I'll consider the matter. Yours, etc.

W. YORKER.

III.

DEAR SIR,—My Committee desire me to acknowledge your letter and to state in reply to your questions that, while due regard must be had to economy, all reasonable financial demands will be satisfied so far as the income of the Club permits. The answer to your other enquiry is a conditional and strictly hypothetical affirmative. I am to add that the Committee are preparing a cipher code, in which all future correspondence relating to their invitations will be conducted.

Yours, etc., A. BLANK, *Secretary.*

IV.

SIR,—Yours to hand. But here's another thing. We were playing Loamshire the other day, and SNICKSON was among their lot. While he was in the pavilion the bar-keeper's boy distinctly heard him say that he had been invited to join your Patagonian XI., and that he had been promised the place of cover-point in the field for every match. He was tying up the lace of his left boot when he said this. So the sooner

you let me know exactly where we are the better for both of us.

Yours, etc. W. YORKER.

V.

(Telegram.)

SNICKSON states report wholly false.

BLANK.

VI.

SNICKSON is a liar. You are a liar. Decline to join tour.—YORKER.

VII.

DEAR SIR,—*Surely* your decision is a little too hasty? My Committee propose holding another meeting in an underground cellar, the exact locality of which will be communicated to you later. *Please* come and talk the question over. Yours, etc., A. BLANK.

(Interval of three months.)

VIII.

Wire in evening papers.—“Patagonia has won the third test-match by an innings and 327 runs.”

ICHABOD!

(With the accent—or accident—on the second syllable.)

AND so it has come to this at last!

The question of cab dangers was raised by Sir CHARLES CAYZER in the House of Commons on July 28. The honourable Member inquired as to the advisability of compelling drivers to place handles on each side of their cab to prevent anyone (note the *anyone*!) from being thrown out.

The pride and glory of the Metropolis, her unique contribution to civilisation, the gondola of her often flooded streets, *alias* the Hansom Cab, is being blown upon, suspected, sniffed at, and avoided. The fetish of the nineteenth-century Londoner is now a shattered idol, and we can no longer exalt it above the fiacre and the droshky of the Continent.

Will a pair of handles ensure its stability and generally redeem its character? And where will the handles be put? On the shafts, the horse's back, or inside, above your head? Are they for prevention or for cure, for use before, or after, the accident? One would need to be indeed a “handy man” to master these complications in the excitement of a spill.

Meantime the glass that decapitates you, or smashes to pieces in your face, the roof that gibes your hat, and the doors that play the dickens with your knees—these, too, cry out for reform.

The time for Passive Resistance is over!

Let us improve the *entente cordiale* by borrowing the light victorias of Paris (though *not* their drivers), and let the two-wheeler be left for intending

suicides, for loopers of the loop, and other certified lunatics.

The hitherto despised and benighted “Growler” should be taken in hand and generally brushed up. The horses should be repaired, the Jehus smartened and rejuvenated, and new linings, springs, seats, windows, wheels, fronts, backs, tops and bottoms put to the vehicles.

The Ideal Four-wheeler will thus take the place of the present “Safety” Hansom, and the Fare will no longer have a handle to complain. The citizen will then confidently count on arriving at his destination intact, instead of driving to his own inquest.

CHARIVARIA.

SOME recent prison statistics show that criminals are affected by atmospheric changes. The fewest offences take place in cold weather. A proposal to give our convicts ices with their meals is under consideration.

A prisoner, through his solicitor, applied to Mr. FLOWDEN last week for permission to be shaved before appearing in Court. The Magistrate was unable to comply with the request, but thought there might be no difficulty as to hair-cutting after the case had been disposed of.

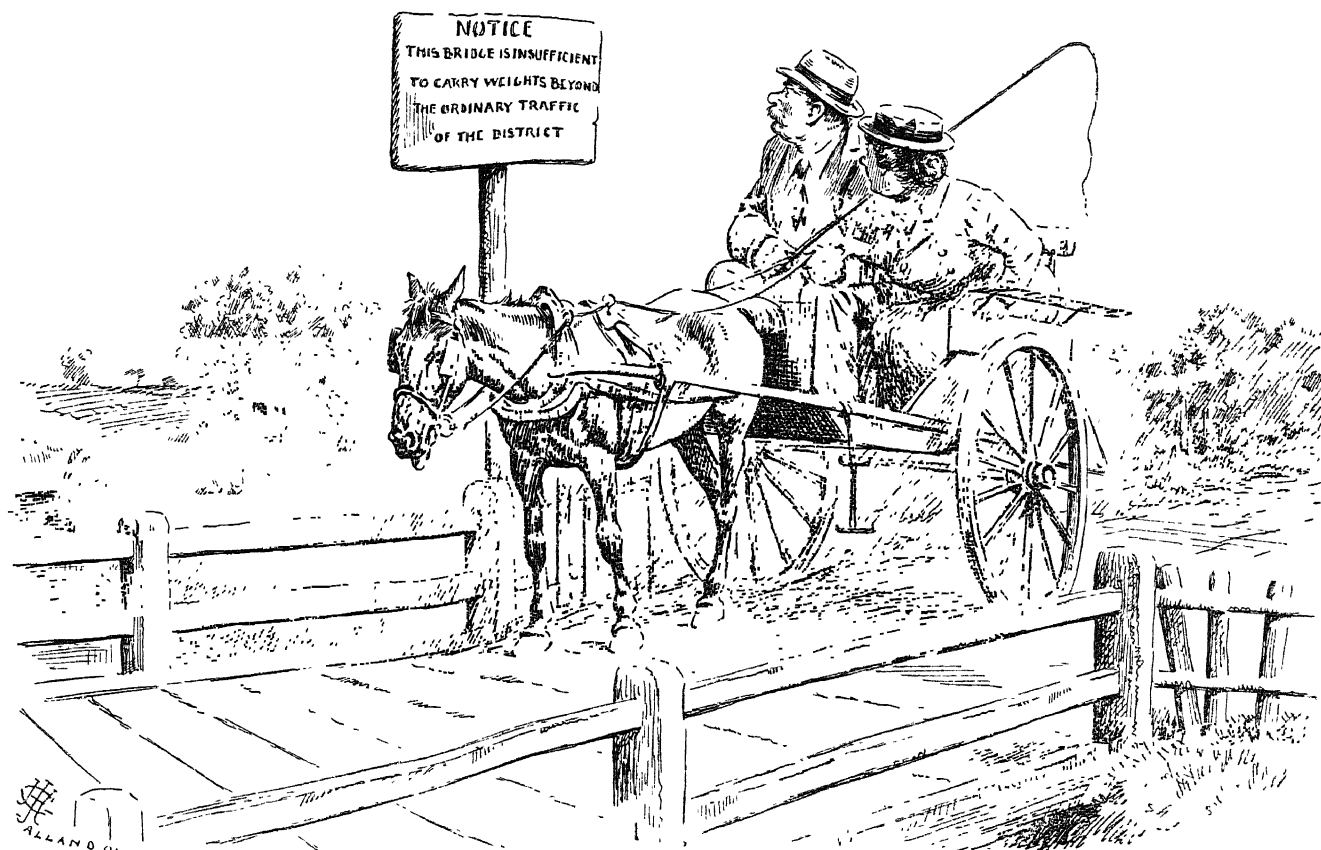
It is worthy of remark that in appointing a new Fire Chief the London County Council refused to go in for a GAMBLE, thus anticipating the objection of other disappointed candidates who alleged that the election was a toss-up.

Mrs. STUYVESANT FISH's guests are much annoyed at the announcement that there were no lions at her recent dinner.

FITZSIMMONS the prize-fighter was married last week. His wife promised to obey him.

A recent case has caused it to be re-affirmed that there can be no copyright in news. This decision, however, is not expected to affect the sanctity of the foreign intelligence of some of our contemporaries.

It is announced that further attempts are to be made to cope with the hat nuisance at *matinées* by providing cloakrooms free of charge. Something also might be done by improving the quality of the plays presented. There is a good deal in the retort of the lady with the picture hat who, on being told that those behind her could not see, said that they were not missing much.



"TURN BACK, PHILIP! DON'T LET'S TAKE ANY RISKS!"

PECULIAR DISLIKES.

MR. BRODRICK, strange to say, objects strongly to being called "BRODDER" by MR. SWIFT MACNEILL.

Captain HANK HAFF, the veteran American racing skipper, is in the habit of drawing a bead on anyone who alludes to him as the Hanky Panky Yankee.

MR. CADBURY becomes seriously annoyed when he is described in French newspapers as the benevolent inventor of Cocoa for the Hair.

The Rev. JOHN PAGE HOPPS is much distressed by correspondents who spell his name with one "p."

MR. JAMES LOWTHER, M.P., holds such uncompromising views on the subject of the Game Laws that he will never touch a poached egg.

When MR. TRUEFITT spends Christmas in Scotland, nothing will induce him to witness a curling match.

LORD ROSEBERY is quite tired of explaining that he is not the President of the Primrose League.

M. POBEDONOSTEFF, the Procurator of the Holy Synod, resents extremely the liberties taken with his name by foreign journalists.

MISS MARIE CORELLI becomes quite indignant when people confuse her with the composer of that name.

MR. ALFRED AUSTIN has never forgiven the critic who said that parts of *England's Darling* might have been written by BYRON.

GYNÆOCENTRICITY.

[MR. LESTER F. WARD in his "Pure Sociology" advocates the "gynæocentric theory," in which he maintains that woman is primary and essential; that originally and normally all things centre about her, and that man is a mere after-thought of Nature.]

HENCE, androcentric theory,
Of ignorance and male perverseness
born,

That doomst me night and morn
To endless labours, masculine and
dreary.

Cribbed in some city den,
Where fog and darkness spread their
sooty wings,

And the typewriter rings,
Thou bidst me toil and slave the long
day long

Amid the madding throng,
With painful care driving a
clerkly pen.

But come thou system, called by me
Sweet Gynæocentricity!
Make me as a cypher, nought
But a trifling after-thought,

While to woman you restore
All the might was hers of yore.
Once again command that she
Man's support and centre be,
Guiding with her wiser powers
All her own affairs and ours.
I would cling to MARY ANN,
I the woman, she the man;
Independence I would drop,
She the pole and I the hop.
Every privilege my sex
Would from MARY ANN's annex
I would yield her up and be
Trampled under foot as she.
I would see her, sun or rain,
Hurry for the early train,
And only leave her desk to crunch-
At 2 P.M. her lightning lunch.
Meantime I with prudent care
To my work-box would repair,
Draw my knitting from the box,
Or proceed to darn the socks.
Or the garden I would seek,
Where soft Zephyrs fan the cheek;
There within the chequered shade
Which the weeping willows made
In my swinging hammock I
With my favourite books would lie,
And read and meditate and moon
Through all the lazy afternoon.

This give and I will live with thee,
Sweet Gynæocentricity.

THE AGE OF LAUGHTER.

[According to Mr W. M. GUTHRIE'S "Theory of the Comic Spirit," as expounded in the *International Quarterly*, youth is a time of gloomy self-possession, and it is not till you enter the ripe fifties that the period of laughter begins.]

SOME tell you that when Age is in
Then Gaiety is out;
That Youth and Laughter are akin
They swear is past a doubt;
When such men prate, I feel I must
Refute the fallacies they thrust
Upon the world, for it is just
The other way about.

My p'rambulator days were dark:
I seldom—never smiled;
When nursemaids wheeled me in the
Park

My infant soul was riled.
I thought it was the poorest sport
When TOMMY ATKINS came to court,
And I was left to weep—in short,
I was a mournful child.

At school I longed for something which
Was not the Fall of Troy;
The painful lessons of the switch
I never could enjoy;
My sense of humour could extract
But little fun from being whacked
Or writing "lines": I was, in fact,
A most unhappy boy.

At college, 'twas my mission high
To re-discover Truth;
The times were out of joint, and I
Must set them right, forsooth.
I poured my scorn on fools (*i.e.*,
All those who did not think like me):
I was, you doubtless will agree,
A morbid sort of youth.

But when some fifty years had passed,
And flecked my hair with grey,
And I at length had learnt to cast
Omniscience away;
When I perceived that others might
Conceivably be sometimes right,
My spirits straightway grew more light,
My soul became less grey.

All was not folly, sin and guilt;
Indeed, I soon began
To think the world might not be built
On such a tragic plan;
I smiled as I remembered how
Young self-importance scored my brow
With lines of care, and I am now
A not uncheerful man.

And when Time brings with rapid
strides
My threescore years and ten,
Will Laughter, holding both his sides,
Be always with me then?
Yes, if, till I give up the ghost,
The joke's increasing still, I'll boast
Myself decidedly the most
Hilarious of men.

MR. PUNCH'S SPECTRAL ANALYSES.

I.

THE GHOST'S POINT OF VIEW.

"PHEW!" gasped the Spectre, collapsing into a chair at my bedside, "you did give me a start."

"If it comes to that," I replied severely—for the first intimation I had had of his presence had been the touch of an icy finger on my forehead while I was asleep—"if it comes to that, you gave me a start; you nearly frightened me into a fit. I wish you would learn to be more careful what you do with your hands."

The Spectre eyed me doubtfully.
"Do you mean to tell me," he said, "that human beings are frightened when they see ghosts?"

"Did you think they were amused?"
"I always imagined that they took a purely scientific interest in the matter. Of course, we are simply terrified when we see you—"

"What! A ghost is frightened when he sees a human being?"

"Out of his wits. Did you not know that? Dear me. Well, well, we live and learn."

"But, surely," I said, interested by this time, "I should have thought that you so constantly saw us—"

"Ah, but that is not the case. We see you as seldom as—apparently—you see us. Why it is, I don't know. There are fellows at the Club who could explain it to you. It is something to do with planes or dimensions or something. I remember that, because we were discussing it only the other evening. JONES—I don't know if you have ever met him: tall, handsome man with a dagger sticking in his chest—maintained that there were no such things as human beings: said they didn't exist, don't you know. He said that the cases cited where ghosts had actually seen them were in reality pure hysteria. A ghost goes into a house which he knows is haunted, and naturally he imagines that every shadow is a human being. JONES is a thorough sceptic—hard-headed man, you know—won't believe a thing till he sees it. SMITH, on the other hand—I think you must have met SMITH, or at any rate heard him. You would know him by his get-up. He is a dandy, is SMITH. Faultless winding-sheet, chains on his legs, and so on: carries his head in his right hand, and groans."

"Ah," I said, "I have heard the groans."

"Yes, I thought you must have done. He's always practising: groans bass in our choir, you know. Well, SMITH maintained that some of the hundreds of cases quoted must be authentic.

How, for instance, did JONES account for the haunted room at Blamis Castle?"

"What was that?" I asked.

"Oh, it was rather a painful affair. The castle was said to be haunted, and a young spectre, who scoffed at the idea, offered to walk the night there. They allowed him to go, stipulating, however, that directly he saw anything supernatural he should ring the bell."

"Oh," I interrupted, "then ghosts can ring bells?"

"My dear Sir," said the Spectre a little testily, "we have many limitations, but we can do a simple thing like that. You might just as well ask if a ghost can wind up a night watch or write a dead letter. Well, at the stroke of midnight a violent peal was heard. They rushed to the room, and there lay the poor young fellow senseless. Some time after he had entered, it seemed, he had suddenly become aware—how, he could not say—that he was not alone, and, looking round, he saw a man standing in the doorway. The apparition advanced slowly, and, to his unspeakable horror, walked straight through him. Then he fainted, and knew no more until he found himself being given spirits in a spoon by his friends. He was never quite himself after that."

"And did that convince JONES?"

"Not a bit. He simply said that owing to the stories connected with the place it had been hypnotically suggested to the young fellow that there was a human being in that particular room, and the rest had followed naturally. But I know what would settle him."

"Yes?"

"If I could bring him here and show you to him. Could you excuse me for one minute?"

"Certainly."

"Then I'll just run and fetch him."

And he disappeared. I think something must have gone wrong with the dimensions, for though I waited long he never returned, and to this day I have not seen him again.

THE MAGAZINE GIRL.

I stood upon the station platform, dressed (in consideration for the artist) in flannels and a picturesque Panama hat, waiting for the train, and for Her. I knew that she would be in it—she always is. I was by no means astonished therefore when it arrived to find her there, seated in a compartment labelled "Smoking," though she was the only passenger, and all the other carriages were open to her. This, however, is only her way—it leads to complications, and thus to Romance and Short Stories. That is why she does it. I entered the compartment, and took

a seat opposite to hers, from which I could observe her in comfort. She was undeniably pretty, this little maiden, with her dark wistful eyes, and the blue-black hair which always comes out so smudgy in the illustrations. All at once, as I gazed at her, she seemed so pitiful and hackneyed that, against my usual practice, I resolved upon an innovation.

"Pardon the seeming abruptness of the course," I ventured softly, "but how would it be if we were to cut all those wearisome preliminaries about the open window and permission to smoke, and all that sort of thing, and come at once to business?"

She gave me a quick look of gratitude.

"That is exactly what I should have asked myself," she answered, "only——" she hesitated, then added shyly, "it looks so unromantic for a heroine to skip."

We both laughed musically. "Then," I said, "perhaps you will have guessed already that I am——"

"A young barrister," she interposed, "with small private means but good prospects, a clear-cut intellectual profile, strong sensitive mouth, and merry blue eyes. Oh yes, I know you, and every one of your double adjectives, *ad nauseam!*"

"For the matter of that," I retorted, piqued a little at her assumption of superior rarity, "you yourself are by no means an unfamiliar figure in the less expensive walks of literature. There is not a sixpenny magazine published but you contrive to sprain your ankle in it, or break your heart, or damage yourself in some silly way. You are almost becoming a nuisance!"

"And you are becoming rude," she said wearily, "which is infringing my special copyright. You had better fall in love with me at once and have it over."

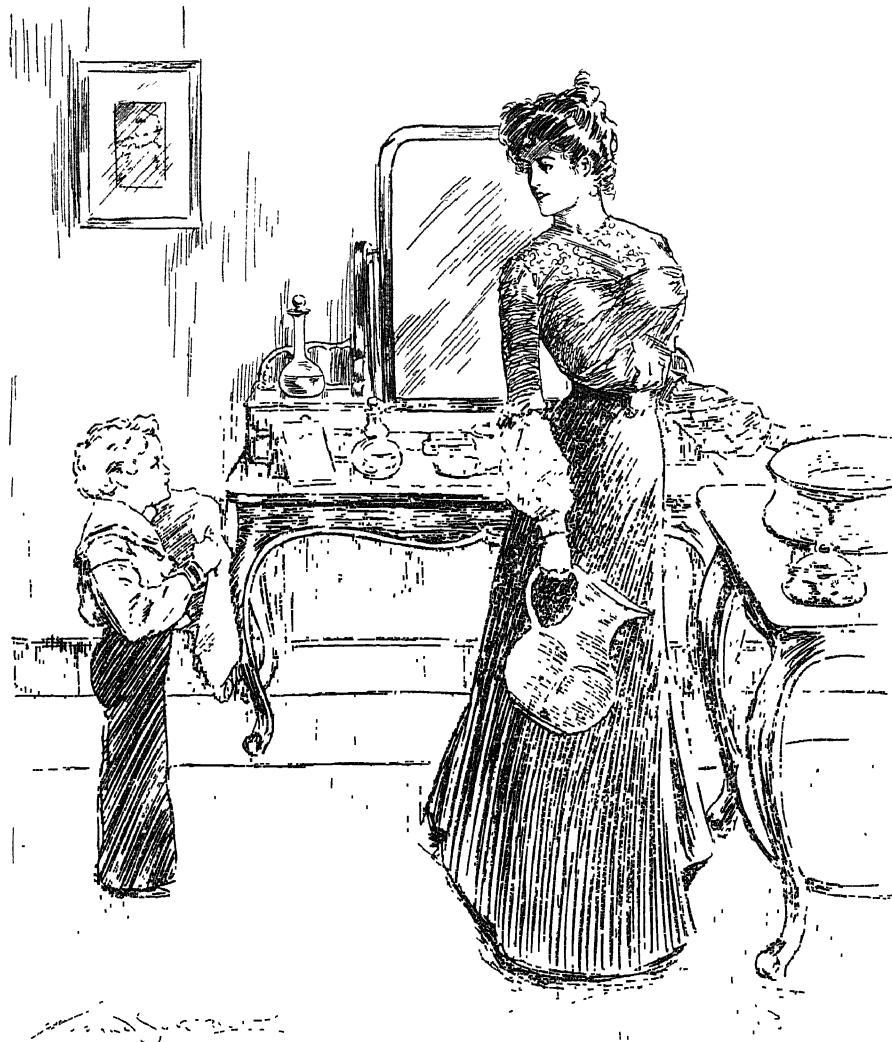
Still I hesitated. "Of course," I said, "there is my uncle's money."

"Left to you," she responded in a bored monotone, "on condition that you marry the unknown girl whom you have never seen, but for whom you have conceived an unreasonable aversion. That invariable uncle!"

"I suppose," I asked weakly, "that you are really she?"

"Please don't be childish!" she answered. "Is it likely that I should be here if I wasn't?"

The logic of this remark was unanswerable, and I was silenced. Suddenly, however, something happened which is without a parallel in the whole course of my long and honourable career; I thought a real thought, one which actually appeared to come from within.



LOGICAL.

Little Bobby (whose Mamma is very particular, and is always telling him to wash his face and hands). "MUMMY DEAR! I DO WISH I WAS A LITTLE BLACK BOY."

Mamma. "MY DEAR BOBBY, YOU GENERALLY ARE."

Little Bobby. "OH, I MEAN REALLY BLACK. THEN YOU WOULDN'T SEE WHEN I WAS DIRTY."

"Listen," I cried excitedly, "I have a scheme which may save us both while there is yet time. If we go on like this we shall inevitably embrace each other before three thousand words are past. Now, I don't know you, and don't particularly want to; I think I am right also in supposing that you yourself are not consumed with anxiety to be my bride?"

She nodded eagerly. "Not in the slightest degree," she said.

"Then," I continued, "this is my plan. Let us make a bold stand before it is too late. Let us *not fall in love!*"

For a moment the audacity of the suggestion seemed to bewilder her. Then she clasped her hands together with a little cry of gratitude and delight.

"Oh, thank you! thank you!" she said warmly, and added, while her

beautiful eyes glowed with admiration, "How wonderful you are! I have never met anyone at all like you before. You must be original!"

I did not contradict her, for I could not but feel that her words were true.

So, during the remainder of the journey, we read our newspapers or dozed in an unwonted but most welcome quiet. Only, as I was preparing to leave the train at a station earlier than that which should have been our mutual destination, I observed that she was laughing softly to herself.

"I was thinking," she said, in answer to my look of inquiry, "that for once we shall be unlike our marriage banns."

"How so?" I asked curiously.

"Because," she answered, giving me her hand with a cordial gesture of farewell, "they will not be published!"



AUXILIARY TRAINING.

Staff-Officer. "WELL, I'VE BEEN DOING NOTHING HERE FOR THE LAST TWO HOURS. I THINK IT'S ABOUT TIME I WENT SOMEWHERE ELSE AND DID IT."

PUBLIC SCHOOL FARE.

THE subeditor-in-chef of the *Daily Meal* sends us the following choice morsels of silly seasoning which have been crowded from the columns of that entertaining journal.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN writes:—"I seldom grumbled at my food when at school; I knew too well on which side my bread was buttered. Nevertheless, the memory of those days is always clouded by the recollection that a rise in the price of tuck was never accompanied by a corresponding rise in pocket-money. I remember, too, that I frequently suffered from Bright's disease. But things have, of course, changed since then."

LORD AVEBURY writes:—"We had very little to eat when I was at school. I remember, once, standing with a circle of my playmates round me, and uttering the striking sentence (as it seems to me now), 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.' That was many years ago, and every one of those boys is still alive. A great classical writer (HORACE)

once said "*Cras*;" which SHAKESPEARE rendered by

"To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow," with what I have thought to be superfluous iteration. That schoolboy incident taught me to leave the future to itself. From that day I have battened only on what was bread in the Bohn."

MR. ALFRED AUSTIN writes:—"The head-master at my school had the most beautiful garden I have ever seen, but though his table was plentifully supplied with its early produce no new potatoes nor spring onions ever found their way to the board at which I sat. To this must be traced any note of sadness that may seem to be struck in my work, *Haunts of Ancient Peas*."

MR. ALGERNON ASHTON writes:—"One of my favourite dishes at school was a confection known as 'doorsteps.' To my liking for these I attribute my present interest in tombstones."

MR. J. PIERPONT MORGAN writes:—"My schoolfellows always found it necessary to supplement the school meals, and I accordingly formed a

corner in clams and candy. Over these I got badly left, but my Great Bun Trust struck oil."

MR. SIDNEY LEE writes:—"I remember heading a deputation to protest against one of the items on our school breakfast menu. It was the most critical moment of my life. I issued a pamphlet entitled *Porka Verba*, urging that the abuse should be remedied. The head-master replied that there was no need to cure it; it was all pure gammon."

MR. G. BERNARD SHAW writes:—"We live in an age of retrogression. When I was at school I ate everything I could get; probably fifty years hence I shall eat nothing. As is well known, *The Devil's Disciple* was written entirely on a diet of flesh, whereas, after the publication of Mrs. Warren's *Profession*, I forswore everything but rabbits, and became a Burrow Councillor. *Cashel Byron* gave me a distinct liking for bruised beans, and I now wear what I happily describe as 'the white flour of a blameless life.' I expect soon to get into my salad days."



THE MOTOR-CAR BILL.

(Abolition of Speed Limit.)

RIGHT HON. WALTER LONG. "CONFOUND HIM! HE REALLY OUGHTN'T TO GO AT THAT SPEED!!"

SQUIRE PUNCH. "THEN WHY DO YOU LET HIM? YOU SHOULD GIVE HIM A MACHINE THAT CAN'T!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 27.
—SQUIRE OF MALWOOD back after long absence, consequent on illness. Entered



A PLUCKY VETERAN.

Sir W-ll-m H-rc-rt reports himself off the Sick List and ready to help in quelling the (Fiscal) Mutiny.

from behind the SPEAKER's chair with slow, stately step, recalling the old three-decker, temporarily laid up for repairs, falling into line of battle. House not very full; those present on both sides joined in hearty cheer of welcome. The SQUIRE a good hard-hitter; doesn't spare friend or foe when his blood is up. But everyone recognises in him almost the last of the old type of House of Commons man. In respect of scrupulous honour, deference to constitutional principles, jealousy for maintenance of the Parliamentary standard, scholarship and courtesy, the type was high. Over many years, through divers circumstances, it has never suffered at the hands of SQUIRE OF MALWOOD.

Apart from pleasure at return of an old favourite, there was current strong feeling of sympathy with veteran in view of special circumstances attendant on his retirement. Bad enough for old Parliamentary Hand suddenly disabled in high tide of Session. Beyond ordinary endurance to have the time of com-

pulsory retirement synchronising with opening of campaign against Free Trade led by none other than DON JOSÉ. What over and above the discomforts of illness SQUIRE OF MALWOOD has suffered, a prisoner in his sick-room, reading DON JOSÉ's speeches on Fair Trade, scanning the more or less ineffective rejoinders of amateurs like LORD ROSEBERY, no tongue can tell. SARK says, if it hadn't been for the *Times*, result might have been fatal. Just as in the days of the SQUIRE's grandfather, Archbishop of YORK, a patient at certain stages of illness was freely bled, so the SQUIRE from time to time had himself propped up in bed and "wrote to the *Times*," demolishing DON JOSÉ and his new heresy.

Returning to-night, almost first man to greet him is Colonial Secretary, who, with evidently genuine feeling, expresses joy at his recovery, welcoming him back "to add lustre to our debates." Thus the House, in one of its best, most familiar side-aspects. Occasionally, in the hands of one of half a dozen Members of exceptional individuality, it is temporarily made to play matters a little low. But it is ever ready to return to highest level, which, after all, is, and through the ages has been, its true one. Politically, the SQUIRE and DON JOSÉ are at daggers drawn. Chronic state of hostility on the public boards does not prevent maintenance in private life of friendly relations established more than a quarter of a century ago, nor momentary predominance of the gentler mood in circumstances like those presenting themselves this afternoon.

It was quite in order that, having said a few genuinely friendly things about the man, DON JOSÉ straightway turned

A FISCAL AMATEUR.
(Lord R-s-b-ry.)

and pommelled the politician who presumed to criticise details in the settlement of South Africa.

Business done.—South African Loan Bill read a second time.

Tuesday night.—Time of Session reached when necessary to review position, take stock of goods in the window,



THE MANDARIN PEH-HAI.

Chief of the Provinces of Hai-peh (Kwí-rí) and Nō-chih-pfūd.

"I shall come to the rt. hon. gentleman's Chinaman directly."—Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n, in South Africa Labour Debate.

If you want a few leaflets *shake his sleeves*.

prepare for clearance sale. PRINCE ARTHUR approached task with most pleasant mien. Is gifted with richly developed natural talent for taking optimistic view of things. It is a family secret that in youth he turned a longing eye upon the sea as a profession. Even in undeveloped state he felt that the toils and dangers of a seafaring life would be compensated for when he reached the post of captain, and, the watch on deck coming to report "Twelve o'clock," he would be privileged to reply, "Make it so." Here were scores of Bills on the Ministerial programme in a more or less backward state. The thing was to add them to the Statute Book. At present they are waiting to be transformed into Acts of Parliament. "Make them so," says PRINCE ARTHUR in effect, looking down the long list.

As he studied it his eye fell on the Molasses Bill; had curious fascination for him. Only vague idea what Molasses is (or are). Rather favours impression

that it is a species of hair-oil. Didn't BYRON write a line something to this effect—

Save thine "incomparable oil," Molasses?

However that be, or whatever it be, a measure introduced by so respectable an authority as the Chancellor of the Exchequer ought to pass without difficulty.

"Yes," he said, turning and nodding assent to a whispered remark from RITCHIE. It destroyed the original theory about hair-oil. Happily he had not yet had opportunity of developing and illustrating it. Now, with habitual quickness, he seized the facts of the case hurriedly communicated, and made them his own.

"As my right hon. friend reminds me," he continued, nodding patronisingly at RITCHIE, as if he were conveying to him some information, "the Bill, designed to abolish the duty on raw molasses, is really a case of freeing raw material from taxation."

Here PRINCE ARTHUR was startled by rousing cheer from Opposition. It lasted so long that he had time to perceive he had accidentally dropped into heresy. Whilst the Blessed Inquiry was still going on, Ministerial hands held over the mouth of the House of Commons, here was the Leader recommending a Measure on the specific ground that it removed taxation from the raw material! Hadn't Don José openly declared that in establishing a system of Preferential Tariffs, "the only system by which this Empire can be kept together, you must put a tax on food?" Molasses turned out to be what the Lord Chancellor would call a sort of food. And here was the First Lord of the Treasury applauding a measure dealing with it on the ground that it freed raw material from taxation.

Time to think of these things as the jubilant cheer rose and fell; no sign of discomfiture on his ingenuous countenance. When cheers dropped away he concluded his sentence with air of satisfaction suggesting it was the very thing he deliberately meant to say. Hurried on to deal with other measures, every one of which he found "non-controversial." Nay, each was so attractive that the House in passing it would only regret that opportunity was not provided for spending a few more hours in its company.

Business done.—Twelve o'clock Rule suspended. May sit till any hour of the night passing Bills. Begin by shutting up at 12.35. HENDERSON took oath and seat on election for Barnard Castle. Introduced by two other Labour Members, SHACKLETON and CROOKS. All three dressed in Sunday clothes of

decent black. Associations connected therewith subtly prevalent. With eyes reverentially downcast they slowly advanced on tiptoe as if afraid of disturbing the congregation.

"Look as if they had come to bury HENDERSON, not to seat him," said the MEMBER FOR SARK.

Friday night.—Good many Members of present House remember when RIGBY was with us, Member for Forfarshire, Solicitor-General in Mr. G.'s last Administration, charged with the Home Rule Bill. Came into House with reputation of being in first flight of Q.C.s at the Chancery Bar. At first



A DEGREE OF LATITUDE FROM GREENWICH.

"Where no great accuracy is required, the altitude of the (eldest) sun is observed, and from this, with certain allowances, the latitude is obtained."—*Century Dictionary*.

(Lord H-g makes things lively for the Chef of the "Hotel Cecil.")

sight impression favourable. Looking on his massive brow, his countenance almost stolid in its expression of wisdom and erudition, frivolous Members felt that they had found their match.

If he had never opened his mouth, RIGBY would have been as great a success at Table of House of Commons as he was at the Chancery Bar. Unfortunately it fell to his lot to explain and defend legal aspect of clauses in Home Rule Bill. A quick-witted, ably-led, avowedly unscrupulous Opposition saw their opportunity. By baiting RIGBY they not only discredited the Ministry; they obstructed business and imperilled

prospects of a hateful measure. Must be admitted that what in brief time became an organised business was at the outset unpremeditated. When Solicitor-General first stood at Table to reply to question of which notice had been given, Members glanced at him with nothing more than the ordinary curiosity to see how a new Minister might bear himself. Forget what the question was about, except that it related to some trivial legal detail.

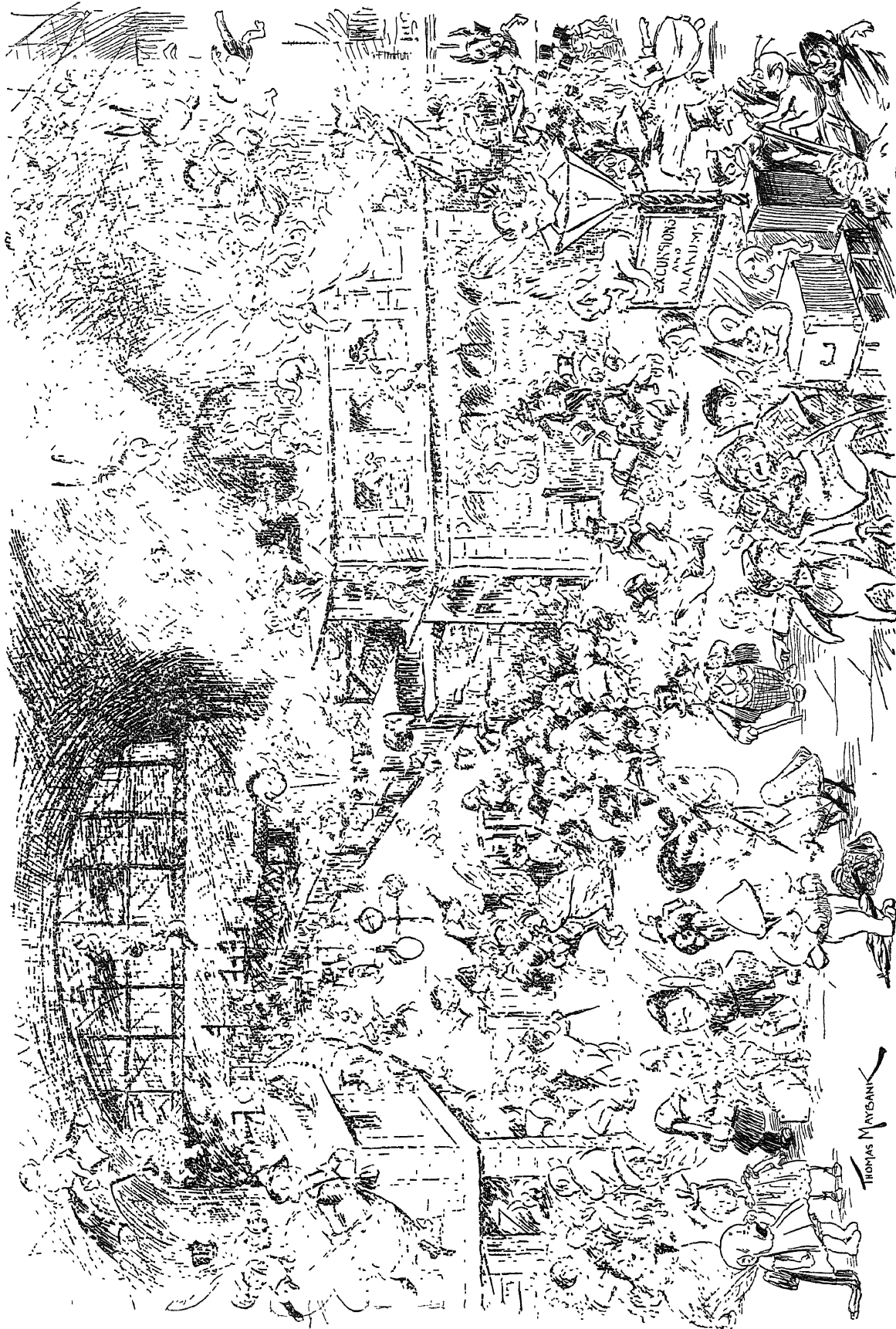
RIGBY, accustomed to being looked up to in the Court of Chancery, felt that House of Commons would remain in breathless state of expectation till he had satisfied it and the country on the question submitted to him. Accordingly he wrote out his answer, which in literary form and number of folios followed the familiar style of an Opinion delivered upon a Case sought through the agency of a solicitor, endorsed with the pleasant remark, Fifty guineas.

As a rule, RIGBY's Opinion, handed to the solicitor's clerk, would lack the advantage of elocutionary art in process of communication. In the House of Commons the thing was different. RIGBY had his opportunity; rose to its fullest height. The solemnity of his appearance and manner, the slow enunciation of his sentences, the excruciating emphasis with which he thundered forth prepositions, the terrific meaning imported into the concluding syllable of any word ending with "ing," instantly attracted attention. Members, crowded for the Question Hour, sat for a few moments open-mouthed. A ripple of laughter responded to a glance of deep meaning flung at audience by Solicitor-General over the top of his manuscript as he voiced a conjunction.

This broke the spell. Burst of laughter followed; ironical cheering assisted RIGBY in emphasising nothing. Bewildered, utterly at loss to understand what it was all about, he sat down amidst storm of cheers and laughter. After this the way was clear for witlings of the Opposition. Came to be nightly habit with them when difficulties arose in Committee on Home Rule Bill to cry "RIGBY! RIGBY!" Solicitor-General said nothing in retort or rebuke. But he felt it deeply. On early opportunity retired from position he had long yearned for, laboriously striven to gain, in late life won—to find himself completely, inexplicably, a failure.

Business done.—Miscellaneous.

A FAR-SIGHTED POLITICIAN.—MR. LONG, who is in charge of the Motor-Car Bill, recently opened a new Infirmary.



DREAMS BEFORE DAWN. WILD TIME AND BANK HOLIDAY FAIRIES.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

XXIII.—THE PHRENOLOGIST.

It is neither religion nor politics as I had first concluded on seeing the centre of interest to be two men in the middle of the crowd. The hatless man with the closely-shaven bullet-head and the expression of stolid idiocy is "having his bumps told" by the squash-hatted individual in the frock-coat and grey flannel trousers.

"Your imagination," the Phrenologist is saying, "is very highly developed. You are a theorist."

The subject nods his head corroboratively at vacancy.

"I fear," continues the Phrenologist, "that you are apt to theorise rather than act. Your imagination is stronger than your will. But your theories are right, I may even say brilliant, if only you had the energy to carry them out."

This, I feel, may account for several points about the bullet-headed man which I cannot help noticing, notably a tendency to confine his ablutions within the natural limit of the chin and eyebrows.

"Your artistic bump," says the Phrenologist, "is remarkably prominent; in any artistic direction you should do very well indeed. An artist to your finger-tips."

I am afraid this is an unfortunate way of putting it, for his subject, as it happens, hasn't got any finger-tips, having lost them, as I learn from the man next to me, in a machine accident. But the Phrenologist continues:

"Highly strung, combative and somewhat deficient in tact. Passionately fond of the beautiful in nature. Colour and form delight you."

The subject nods vacantly again.

"There is great originality here. You are a very daring thinker. In politics, religion, literature and art you think in an entirely new and startling way."

The subject nods his head several times, and I have no doubt that he is right.

"One thing, I'm afraid," adds the Phrenologist, "is the case with you as with all theorists and artists. You are easily taken in. You have been taken in before, and you will be taken in again."

It seems to me the Phrenologist might with some justice have included the present tense also, but no doubt he knows his own business best.

"Affections very highly developed. Generous, good-natured, and musical. Sixpence."

The bullet-headed artist pays his fee and the Phrenologist mounts a small wooden stool.

"That, gentlemen," he observes,

"was a most remarkable head. I have had heads of all sorts and conditions under my hands—heads of every possible sort and condition—and I have seldom seen a more interesting one. Notice the high frontal development above the eye. There's the artist. That gentleman ought to make a lot of money in any artistic business. But the artist and the thinker are distinct. The artist makes his money by seeing, not by thinking. He isn't paid to think. Yet that gentleman's head was the head of a serious thinker as well. May I have the pleasure of giving any other gentleman a reading?"

A grinning youth, with a head that looks about the size of the late subject's fist, grabs off his hat and makes his way forward. The Phrenologist, after carefully measuring the head before him with a tape, which seems to me to border on the personal, pronounces its owner a cynic. The young man's grin increases in imbecility. I am surprised and pleased also to learn that he is a thoroughly practical man, of an analytical turn of mind, who would do well in any field of scientific investigation.

At this moment there is a disturbance at the back of the crowd, and a burly man in corduroys pushes his way forward and interrupts the reading.

"Oo's the Phrenologist?" he inquires.

The Phrenologist pauses, with his hands caressing the head of the potential scientist, and smiles blandly.

"Are you 'im?" demands the burly man. "Or ri—I'll 'aveme bumpstole."

"Certainly, Sir," replies the Phrenologist. "With pleasure. Directly I've finished with this gentleman—"

"Go orn—you girron with 'im an' be lively abaht it," returns the burly man, "I wannebumpstole." And seats himself heavily on the Phrenologist's stool.

He remains silent until the grinning youth has paid his sixpence.

"Now then, Sir," says the Phrenologist, "if you are ready—"

The burly man, still seated on the stool, gazes at him with a blurry eye.

"I wannebumpstole," he observes dreamily.

"Would you rather be seated?" inquires the Phrenologist.

The burly man rises unsteadily and brushes off his cap.

"Tell us my bumps," he says abruptly. "My name's 'ERBERT."

The Phrenologist, with a tolerant smile, proceeds to measure his subject's head.

"There is a great deal of imagination here," he remarks; "your head shows a very fertile fancy. You have a very sensitive nature."

"Sensitive nachur!" breaks in the burly man. "I ain't sensitive. No one ain't ever corled me sensitive before. Where d'yer get sensitive nachur? Show us the place."

The Phrenologist smiles indulgently. "Sensitiveness?—Here," he replies, pressing the subject's skull with his forefinger.

The burly man gives a howl of pain.

"'Ere, mind wot yer doin' of!" he roars. "That there's a bicycle accident!"

There is a shout of laughter from the crowd. The Phrenologist seems confused, though personally I see every reason to admire his accuracy.

"Not so much sensitive," he says, "as nervous."

"Nervous!" exclaims the burly man. "'Oo yer gittin' at? I ain't afride o' no man!"

"When I say nervous—" begins the Phrenologist.

"I ain't afride o' no man, I ain't," repeats the burly man loudly.—"Or woman."

The Phrenologist strives to continue his explanations.

"P'raps yer think I'm afride o' you?" suggests the burly man threateningly.

"No, not at all,—you don't understand me," says the Phrenologist mildly.

"Don't I?" returns the burly man. "Well, I 'ope you understand me. Go orn—girron with it."

"Feelings very keen. Much ability, but little power of mental concentration. You are by temperament a poet."

"A wot!" cries the burly man, going very red in the face. "'Oo are you a-corlin' a poet? You want one in the ear'ole, thet's wot you want. You tike care 'oo you gets corlin' poits. I works fer my livin' I do—honest. Poit yerself."

"No insult intended—" begins the Phrenologist apologetically.

"You tike care wot yer syein'," says the burly man, "comin' 'ere corlin' yerself a phreneronologist. Don't yer get corlin' me no nervous poits. Go orn—you girron with it."

The Phrenologist throws a deprecating look at the crowd and continues:

"Tactful, a good friend and a bad enemy—"

"A bad—?" begins the burly man suspiciously.

"Fond of children," continues the Phrenologist hastily, "affectionate, critical—I may say hypercritical—"

"Wot!" roars the burly man, "syey it agen!"

"What—hypercritical?" begins the astounded Phrenologist.

Without any warning the burly man makes a wild lunge at the Phrenologist, who, jumping back to avoid it, falls backwards over his stool. The burly

man also has overbalanced and falls on top of the other. Several of the foremost in the crowd rush forward and haul the burly man to his feet.

"Leagoerme!" he yells. "I ain't afride o' no man!"

"Go orn, chuck it," says one of his custodians; "woddyer wanten go an' lose yer temper for?"

"Wot's 'e wanten go corlin' me a nippererite for?" demands the burly man.

The Phrenologist also has been helped to his feet, and is standing ruefully rubbing the back of his head. A man pushes his way through from the outskirts of the crowd.

"'Ere, 'ERB," he calls, "come orn. Woddyer doin' of 'ere?"

The burly man turns to his friend.

"Corlin' me a nervous poit an' a nippererite," he cries.

"I never said——" begins the Phrenologist weakly, still rubbing his head.

"Come orn," says the newcomer, taking the burly man's arm, and turns to the Phrenologist. "Don't you tike no notice of 'im," he advises cheerily, "'e don't mean no 'arm. 'E's boozed," and leads the burly man through the crowd.

The Phrenologist continues to rub the back of his head, which has developed a bump of a purely inorganic nature. After a time he puts on the squash hat again very carefully and turns to the crowd.

"May I have the pleasure of giving any other gentleman a reading?"

THE LEGEND OF THE BROWN BOOTS.

It was on one of summer's early days,

When Nature smiled and all the world seemed fair,

That first of all on you I chanced to gaze

Within a shop, O bright and beauteous pair!

Thought I, "The sky above me is so blue,

The sunbeams gaily dance along the street,

Yet I am clothed in garb of sombre hue,

With boots funereal upon my feet.

"A summer suit just now I can't afford,

But other footgear surely I can don!"

I took some money from my little hoard,

Then walked into the shop and tried you on.

You fitted me—I did not mind the price—

And, wearing you, abroad I yearned to roam;

I would not listen to the man's advice

To let him wrap you up and send you home.

I paid the bill and waited for the change,

Then left the shop in all my foolish pride;

But Nature seemed to undergo a change

The very moment that I stepped outside.

The sky, as I remarked before, was blue,

The sun was shining brightly overhead,

Yet everything seemed dull and dark of hue,

Except where I so boldly dared to tread.

The passing errand-boys their baskets dropped

In sheer astonishment, as on I strode;

The horses shied—I think the traffic stopped—

As soon as I began to cross the road.

When my front door I opened with my key,

The children all fled shrieking up the stair;

My wife pulled down the blinds, "Because," said she,

"I feel a bit bewildered by the glare."

I took you off in haste and flung you down,

So that your splendour I might well behold;



SHAKSPEARE ILLUSTRATED!

"THERE IS A KIND OF CONFESSION IN YOUR LOOKS"

Hamlet, Act II, Sc. 2.

It was a base deceit to call you brown,
You shimmered with the radiance of gold.

As weary weeks went on I vainly tried
To dim your blazing, unbecoming hue;
Though many quarts of polish I applied,
It seemed to make no difference to you.

Perchance in years to come you might be worn,
When you assume an ordinary tan;
At present you're not fitted to adorn
The feet of any self-respecting man.

FREEDOM FOR ALL.

Not Licences but Licence.

THE Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders recently presented a memorial to Mr. BALFOUR, Lord BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH and Mr. LONG, urging that, as the power of control over motor vehicles has been demonstrated to be absolute, no speed limit whatever is necessary or desirable, save such as may be imposed by the traffic actually on any road.

There is reason to believe that some other memorials will shortly be presented.

Mr. LONG has stated, with profound regret, that motorists have been "irritated." It is to be hoped that he will save these other memorialists from irritation.

The Great Western Railway Company, stating that Paddington Station is rather far from the City, and in view of the fact that locomotives can be controlled with absolute precision, may ask for authority to run six trains daily in each direction along Oxford Street and Holborn to the Bank, the speed to be determined only by the traffic, if any, actually on the roadway.

The Stock Exchange Pedestrian Society, desirous of training in convenient proximity to Capel Court, will probably ask permission to have go-as-you-please contests at noon daily from the Bank to the Law Courts.

The Association of Metropolitan Riding Masters will point out that restrictions as to speed in Hyde Park are entirely superfluous, and that lessons in galloping and leaping should be allowed on any part of the turf in the Park, the hurdles and iron fences being conveniently arranged for this purpose,



A NIGHTMARE CAKE-WALK.

(After Tommy's Birthday Feast.)

NO WONDER THAT, AFTER SEEING OR HEARING OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE, PROFESSIONALS, AMATEURS, B. T. T. WAITRESSES, BUTCHERS, BAKERS, AND CANDLESTICK-MAKERS' WALKS TO BRIGHTON AND ELSEWHERE, TOMMY SHOULD DREAM OF A GREAT "CAKE-WALK," IN WHICH HIS OWN "PARTICULAR TUMMY CAKE," AFTER STARTING WITH THE FIRST CAKE, AND GOING STRONG THROUGHOUT, WAS THE LAST TO FINISH.

with suitable flower beds to break the falls of beginners.

The Cyclists' Touring Club, in view of the fact that footpaths are usually smoother and more free from dust or mud than roadways, will urge the immediate abolition of the laws and regulations which prevent cyclists from using the more desirable track, and will point out that pedestrians can avoid all inconvenience by going on horseback or in vehicles.

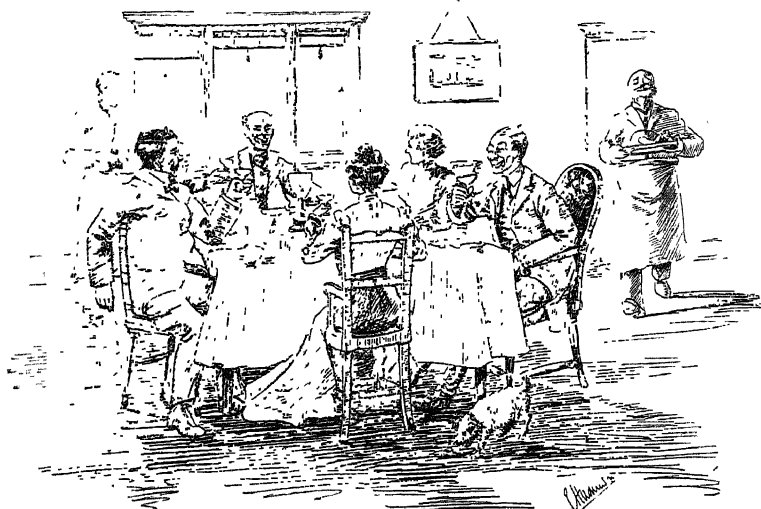
The Society of Golf-Ball Manufacturers, alluding to the interest taken in the game by many Members of Parliament, will point out that several

Members can to a great extent control the direction of a ball, and that it is therefore a gross injustice and a source of irritation to forbid the game in the Green Park and St. James's Park, so conveniently near the House. As some of the Ministers are enthusiastic golfers, the Society has reason to hope that its interests will be most tenderly considered.

The Perambulator Makers' Association, stating that the need for control over perambulators and mail-carts has been demonstrated to be practically non-existent, will request that, in order to encourage the industry, perambulators and their drivers shall be permitted to go as many abreast as they choose on the footways in Regent Street, Oxford Street, Brompton Road, Kensington High Street, and other frequented shopping neighbourhoods.

The Society of Traction-Engine Manufacturers and Traders, pointing out that their engines frequently weigh less than thirty tons, and can be stopped on level ground within a quarter of a mile, will urge that they shall be treated with the same consideration as motor cycles and trailers; all speed limits being abolished.

As it is undoubtedly the case that railway trains, pedestrians, horses, bicycles, golfers, perambulators and traction-engines have "come to stay," and as it is universally stated that an "industry must not be hampered," or harassed, or killed—there are several expressions equally admired—it is perfectly certain that all these memorials will receive the consideration they deserve.



Extract from the Rules of a local Golf Club:—"RULE V.—THE COMMITTEE SHALL HAVE THE POWER AT ANY TIME TO FILL ANY VACANCY IN THEIR BODY."

ENGLAND EXPECTS—.

Proposed "Actual Service Conditions."

[We learn from the *Daily Mail* that "One of the best and newest ships in the French navy, the *Suffren*, is to be fired at by another battleship with one of the most powerful modern guns. The shot will be directed at the *Suffren's* turret, and the object of the trial is to ascertain how the complicated mechanism of the turret and the boilers of the ship will stand the blow. The crew will be on board and steam will be up."]

We suggest for our own Admiralty and War Office:—

Experiments on massed regiments to determine relative stopping power of dum-dum and service bullets, with prizes encouraging agility in taking cover.

Bombardment of Plymouth, and siege of York, in connection with military pension scheme.

All Army exams. to include "nerve drill," every tenth man being shot; medals to be presented for coolness under fire.

Explosions of submarines during manoeuvres. Results would be noted for reference, and ten years' seniority granted to survivors.

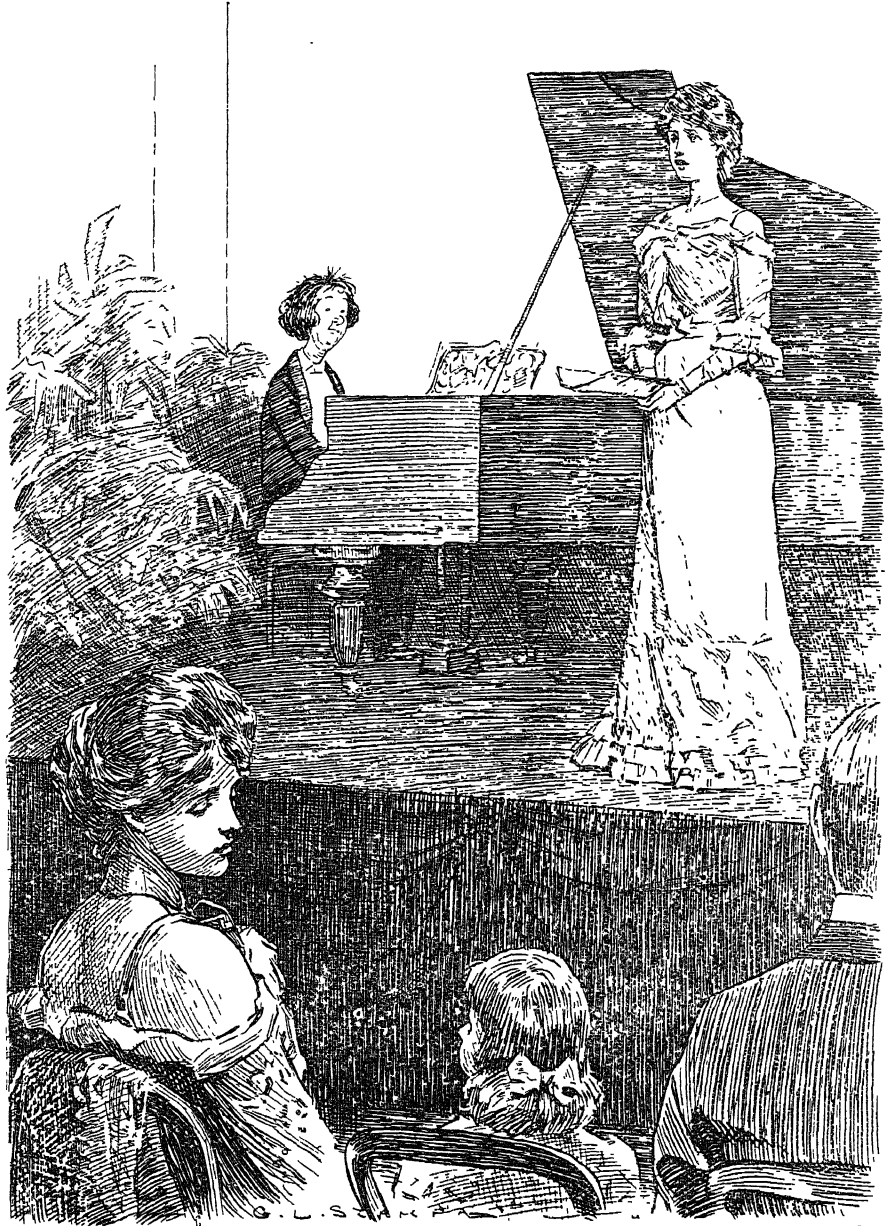
Tentative invasion of Germany under the auspices of the Transport Department.

UNSUSPECTED AMBITIONS.

OUR strenuous contemporary T.A.T. has been giving its readers some interesting information as to the irresistible ambitions of various living celebrities. Most of these, however, harmonise closely enough with the public form and achievements of the notabilities in question. What is not so well known is the interesting fact that many remarkable men, who have already attained distinction in one sphere, are secretly consumed with the desire to shine in a totally different walk of life.

Thus it is the darling desire of M. PADEREWSKI, when he has amassed sufficient means to justify his abandoning the labours of the keyboard, to enter the arena of politics. The post which he ultimately desires to fill is, we understand, that of the Ban of Croatia, or, failing that, he would be content with the rôle of Hereditary Hospodar of Hispaniola.

Conversely Mr. SIDNEY LEE's devouring ambition, since early childhood, has been to embrace the career of a piano-forte virtuoso. Those who have enjoyed the inestimable privilege of hearing him perform in private admit that his masterly interpretations of the compositions of CORELLI augur a brilliant reception for him on his appearance on any public platform.



AT A CONCERT.

Effie. "MUMMY, WHAT'S AN 'ENCORE?'"

Mother. "AN 'ENCORE,' DEAR, IS WHEN YOU ARE ASKED TO GO OVER THE SAME THING AGAIN."

Effie. "O MUMMY, THEN MY GOVERNESS IS ALWAYS ENCOURING ME AT MY LESSONS."

Mr. ALFRED HARMSWORTH's *idée fixe* is the stage. It is, we believe, his rooted resolve on reaching the age of forty to retire from journalism and revive the *Lyons Mail*, with himself in the principal rôle.

Mr. BRODRICK has all through his life paid secret but devoted homage to the Muses. His *vers de société*, printed for private circulation, have been pronounced by competent critics to be at least equal to the most felicitous effusions of Mr. WHITWORTH WYNNE, and he is credibly asserted to be responsible for some of the most diverting speci-

mens of Catesby's Drolleries. There can be little doubt that Mr. BRODRICK will one day prove a most formidable candidate for the Laureateship, should it be found possible for him to combine that post with the Viceroyalty of India.

Sir THOMAS LIPTON, when quite a tiny tot, was devoted to the study of theology. He has never abandoned his study of the Higher Criticism, and will, according to latest advices from Coney Island, probably issue his long-deferred translation of the Code of Hammurabi in the course of the autumn publishing season.

ON THE TRACK OF TRUTH.

(The Prime Minister speeds the parting Questers.)

My Comrades (since at such an hour
I'll not distinguish foe and friend),
Even as fades the fairest flower
Our pleasant intercourse must end ;
Permit me, therefore, on the eve of starting,
To draw attention to our solemn parting.

Some of our bloods, who might have been
The ornament of any House,
Are grassing, in another scene,
The early uninstructed grouse,
And for the keen pursuit of baffling conies
Desert our final conversaziones.

Perhaps they could not bear to trust
Their lips to say the last farewells,
Or mark with what a windy gust
This philosophic bosom swells ;
(You will forgive my slight surexcitation ;
This is no ordinary prorogation).

What is it sets this hour apart
From those of commonplace goodbyes ?
What means this spasm at the heart,
This speculation in the eyes ?
These are the symptoms, as you must have guessed,
Always associated with a Quest.

Some search for gold, and some the font
Of springs that yield eternal youth ;
Our case is other ; what we want
Is just the naked fiscal Truth ;
I hope that each has got it on his mind
At least to seek the same, if not to find.

It is not given to all to go,
Like GILBERT PARKER,* to Berlin,
And, where the germs of Tariff blow,
Stoop down and suck their sweetness in ;
But I am confident that every man
Will try and do the very best he can.

I know of some that mock at doubts ;
To them the Truth's an open book ;
So well they know her whereabouts
They really hardly need to look ;
For me, I gladly grasp at all suggestions,
Being the merest babe in fiscal questions.

I study primers ; sheet by sheet
I grope through Treasury reports ;
I ask policemen on the beat
To tell me, please, where Truth resorts ;
And yet I fancy, when I most despair,
Some day the Thing will strike me unware.

When all my conscious efforts fail,
And I have sought and sought in vain,
Some trifling chance may rend the veil,
And slip the bolt inside my brain ;
Perhaps a sunset, or a line from HERRICK,
Or, say, a fizzle on the links of Berwick.

Dear Berwick, by the Lothian seas !
How oft upon her bunkered greens
Have I resumed the careless ease
Of adolescence in its teens !

There, there, methinks, from worldly strife at rest,
I shall (if anywhere) attain the Quest.

And now farewell ! We go our ways
Each in the hope, not too precise,
On one of these fine questing days
To reach some Earthly Paradise,
Where blooms the Tree of Knowledge, rare and
fruity,
And fiscal Truth is one with fiscal Beauty.

O. S.

OUR BOOKING OFFICE.

THE difficulty my Baronite feels in appreciating *The Love that Overcame* (METHUEN) is that the man on whose behalf the potent influence prevailed was not worth the undertaking. But that, as the poet almost says, may be man's jealousy of man that makes countless women mourn. Certainly there is nothing in *Max Caledon's* character that commands respect or inspires interest. His final retributory act of self-sacrifice in fighting single-handed with the fever-stricken inhabitants of a fortuitous hamlet is a little too obvious. The best character in Miss SERGEANT's story is its heroine, *Winifred*, and she is at her very best in the opening chapter. The picture of *Madame de Quetteville* in her salon, surrounded by friends of the Faubourg St. Germain, chatting with the self-possessed, almost stately-mannered English schoolgirl, is charming. For the rest, *Sir Godfrey Bruce*, his secret marriage and his ineffective attempt at suicide, his bride *Rosamund*, with her habit of Bridge and her passion for Monte Carlo, do not exactly stir the pulses.

In *Thralldom* (JOHN LONG) Mrs. HELEN PROTHERO-LEWIS has given us her next best book after *Hooks of Steel*. It is a good story : it defies no probabilities, it interests from first to last, and all the characters, without exception, are clearly individualised. The amiable Anglican Bishop, with his keen sense of humour, and the somewhat uxoriously inclined rector, are both in their way life-like portraits ; and the madcap heroine, whose faults are those of her position and education, is a fascinating creation. The weaklings of the flock are to be found in the men : but then when a lady novelist writes—well—the Baron is reminded of *Æsop's* inimitable fable of the Man and the Lion going over the picture gallery together. The finishing chapters are somewhat discursive and of the nature of an anti-climax. The authoress allows her characters to linger on the stage, doing nothing in particular. Perhaps she was as sorry to part with them as was the Baron delighted at making their acquaintance.

Persons about to make holiday and feeling the need of a counsellor are recommended to turn to Messrs. METHUEN's collection of *Little Guides*. They are portable, cheap, and, as far as my Baronite has tested them from personal knowledge, accurate. Since they comprise a whole county, as Sussex or Kent, a province like Brittany, many college towns like Oxford and Cambridge, they cannot be expected to be overloaded with details. But they serve. For their avowed purpose they are made more useful by maps, more attractive by charming illustrations.

With *Hugh Brotherton, Curate* (WARD, LOCK & Co.), by FRANCES HOME, the Baron failed to get on good terms. The reverend gentleman begins well ; but, perhaps like one of his own sermons, he becomes a bit tedious when he arrives at thirdly and fourthly. It is illustrated, "which," as the song says, "is a pity" ; and with this opinion agrees the judicious

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

* The latest bulletin represents Sir GILBERT PARKER as on his way to the Prussian capital with an introduction to the highest European authority on fiscal economics.



OFF DUTY.

BRITANNIA (to KING EDWARD). "IF EVER ANYONE DESERVED A HOLIDAY I'M SURE YOU DO, SIR.
YOU'VE DONE SPLENDID WORK."



Edith (with the parasol). "I DO LIKE THIS OUT-OF-THE-WAY SPOT AWFULLY. BUT THERE'S ONE OBJECTION I HAVE TO THE NATIVES—THEY STARE SO!"

Her Companion. "REALLY! DO YOU KNOW, THAT'S ONE THING I'VE NEVER NOTICED—AND I'VE BEEN COMING HERE FOR YEARS!"

HOW THEY DO IT.

Writing in *Cassell's Magazine* for August on clerical playwrights, Mr. R. DE CORDOVA describes the methods of one busy vicar who, besides attending to a large parish, is a member of the School Board, the Board of Guardians, and other public bodies, so that during the hours of the day he is interrupted every few minutes by some one who wants to see him. "Writing under such circumstances would be impossible, so that when he is ready to write an act of a play or a story he sits up all night; but, instead of going to bed in the morning, he has a hot bath with a lot of liquid ammonia in it, and he is 'as fit as a sandboy,' to use his own expression, during the rest of the day. Under these circumstances he has written a play in three days."

As the result of careful inquiries, conducted with the aid of an international detective, *Mr. Punch* is enabled to give further information as to the methods of other public characters.

The Duke of DEVONSHIRE, who is one of the hardest workers in the world, finds it necessary, in order to make time for the composition of the sparkling novelettes which he publishes under the *nom de guerre* of "Gyp van Winkle," to cultivate insomnia by artificial means. These exhilarating comedies, which are the favourite reading of the *élite* of Blackpool, Bootle, Bacup and Chowbent, are generally dashed off in the small hours of the morning. By the aid of a powerful hypodermic injection of dynamite the Duke is enabled to start afresh on his official correspondence at 7 A.M., and comes down to breakfast with a smiling morning face. It is only an occasional tell-tale yawn in the House of Lords that betrays the terrible expenditure of vital energy incurred by the Duke in the effort to keep faith with his publishers.

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P., owing to the multifarious calls upon his time, has to create leisure for writing his articles for the *Quarterly Review*. In

other words, he is driven to apply the maxim of the poet:—

"The best of all ways
To lengthen our days
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear."

Thus, on returning to his self-contained flat after a late sitting of the House, Mr. CHURCHILL drinks a quart of strong coffee, and sits down to his desk, never stirring from his chair till 7.30 A.M. Then, instead of retiring to his well-earned couch, Mr. CHURCHILL, by special arrangement with Professor DEWAR, plunges into a bath of liquid air, and immediately starts on the labours of the day "as bright as a button."

Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL, perhaps the most industrious and versatile journalist living, for upwards of ten months in the year never goes to bed at all. He then sleeps for six weeks on an end, is blown from a 4.7 naval gun, and resumes his Atlantean labours like a giant refreshed with Kentish fire.

IN MEMORIAM.

Phil May.

BORN, 1864. DIED, AUGUST 5, 1903.

If the death of PHIL MAY is a loss that the world of art may not soon retrieve, to his wide circle of friends it is an irreparable hurt. He had a nature made to love; so great a charm of gentleness and unaffected modesty went with his splendid gifts. The hard times of early life, that helped him in his art, as they helped another FILIPPO, to "learn the look of things," left their trace, too, in the almost reckless generosity he showed for the needs of others. Less careful for himself, he suffered as a man must suffer who has a heart too quickly responsive to the claims of good fellowship always to distinguish in others between friendship and mere *camaraderie*. Among his colleagues at the Table he inspired a personal affection not less frank and sincere than their admiration, never even faintly tinged with envy, for the genius from which they caught a reflected pride. Their only jealousy was of the happy possessor of the latest of those delightfully spontaneous sketches which he used to make on the backs of the *Punch* Dinner menus. These gifts are treasured still more dearly now, along with many unrecorded memories that linger about his vacant place.

THE SUN-CHILD.

HE really was a pretty child. Pinks and snow-drops had been mixed to make his face; and the kind sky had given him two tiny patches of beautiful violet blue, deep and shining and quiet, through which he looked at things. You and I would have called them eyes if we had seen them for the first time, but if we had looked at them again we should not have known what to call them, for they had the most beautiful light in them that seemed to come from far, far away, and shine so steadily that nothing could ever put it out. They were like clear pools in a shady place when the day is bright round about them, and the breeze has gently swept the fleecy clouds away to the edge of heaven. His hair was pure gold, not the deep red gold we sometimes see, but a light and airy gold, and it lay in waves over his head and broke into curls over his neck and shoulders. His little body was as straight as a dart, and he had a way of his own of standing with his sturdy legs apart and putting his arms akimbo. This he did when he was puzzled and wanted to think things out for himself. He wore no clothes, because he was a Sun-child, and Sun-children never wear anything except their own satin skin and their radiant hair. The fact is, the Sun-people can't make clothes or boots or hats or gloves. They have other things to do, and nobody ever got up high enough (nobody of our kind, I mean) to teach them the dignity of labour. I doubt if it would be any good talking to them about such things: they wouldn't understand you, but, of course, they would smile at you and ask you to play with them for an hour or two, and then they would let you go, for they are wonderfully polite people.

Well, as I say, this little fellow had no clothes at all, but it didn't much matter anyhow, because nobody could see him. I shouldn't have known anything about him myself unless—but I can't stop to tell you that tale now, I must keep it for another time. However, nobody else saw him, and this had made him rather sad at first, for he hadn't realised he was invisible down here. All his little Sun-brothers and sisters had seen him quite well, and you can't have a notion what splendid romps and

games they all used to have together up and down the stairs, which shone like crystal, but were so soft that any child could roll from the top to the bottom and right back again (which is a thing you couldn't even dream of doing on the stairs we know) without hurting itself a bit. And then, when they had done with the stairs, there were green meadows full of rich grass where they could frisk about all day long, and no one ever bothered them about spoiling the hay-crop, for as soon as they were gone the grass on which they had been romping just lifted itself straight up again of its own accord as if nothing had happened. Besides, nobody made hay, so it wouldn't have mattered anyhow. These were the meadows in which the Sun-horses were put out to grass when they were getting old, for the Sun-people are very kind to animals. You might live in their country for a hundred years and never see a bearing-rein on any horse or hear even the crack of a whip.

As for the Sun-dogs, they simply have a most gorgeous time, for they spend a part of every day in chasing the Sun-rabbits, such funny, frolicsome little balls of fur, and when a dog catches a rabbit (which isn't often) the rules of the game say that he must drop it directly without hurting it a bit and let it scamper away. The consequence is that the rabbits are rather impudent, but the dogs don't mind, for, as they say, they know perfectly well that they could eat up the rabbits if they wanted to, only they don't want to. I heard all this from an old Sun-spaniel, a brown one with curls on his ears and a very stumpy tail, whom I once had the pleasure of meeting.

I must tell you more about the Sun-child next week.

(To be continued.)

LINES ON THE PROSPECT OF GETTING NO HOLIDAY.

THE clerk has left his office stool, to bask on Bognor sands,
Whose air is balmy with the strains of niggers and of bands;
To Felixstowe financiers have winged an early flight,
To sport upon the links all day and play at Bridge all night;
The barrister has gone to fish off Cornwall's rock-bound coast—

Cornwall, whose mighty conger eels are England's chiefest boast;

I only, whom the cruel Fates have failed to stuff with pelf,
I only spend my holidays in London by myself!

Ah, had I but a modest sum, say twenty pounds or so,
I also might have had a jaunt and gone where others go.

I might have gone to Paris, or at least have tried Boulogne;
Ostend has charms, I understand, peculiarly its own;

I might have fared to sweet Lucerne—I've read of it in books—

I might have sampled Venice and Maggiore's lake (with Cook's);

The lovely land of firs and fiords where oft (in dreams) I roam,

I might have spent a fortnight there—but now I stay at home!

Ah, happy days of infancy, when I (at my Papa's Expense) frequented large hotels and fashionable Spas;

I had a nurse in that far time—I think the girl was plain—I know her hand was hard, but oh, I wish her back again!

Avaunt, aerial visions! Fond recollections, hence!

Leave me to brood alone upon my paucity of pence.

I will go stand at eve on thy incipient bridge, Vauxhall,

When darkness drops on Thames's flood and silence over all,
And wait until at Phœbus' touch the veil of night grows thin,

Then quietly remove my boots and gently tumble in;
So quietly that none shall know I've left a world of pain,
And no policeman passing by shall pull me out again!

THE RHINOCEROS IN FLEET STREET.

CONSIDERABLE local and political feeling has been roused of late by the display in the office windows of the *Daily Chronicle* of the bones of certain early British Fauna alleged to have been discovered on the premises. As it is suspected in certain quarters that the aforesaid bones are being exploited for commercial or political purposes, we feel it only right to give publicity to the following facts:—

During some alterations recently effected on the premises of the *St. Pall's Gazette*, the skeleton of a gigantic Mastodon has been discovered. As these monsters subsisted entirely on vegetable food it seems probable that at the period of 1903 B.C. English Agriculture was in a flourishing condition, which would seem to point to the existence of some form of Protective Tariff. A lecturer attends on the premises to explain the significance of the discovery to casual electors who like to call in passing.

Whilst searching for copy in the basement of the offices occupied by the *Friday Review*, the Editor and a party of friends recently unearthed quite a quantity of primitive tomahawks, flint axes, and other implements used for savage warfare in the Stone Age. These interesting remains bore traces of comparatively recent employment, and were in perfect order. Their practical use will be illustrated by competent professors in the next number of the *Review*.

In the course of removing some of the early back numbers of the *Terrestrial Ball* (one of our oldest evening newspapers) a large assortment of geological remains, clearly dating from ante-diluvian periods, are constantly being discovered. The Editor has never considered the occurrence sufficiently remarkable to require public advertisement. Nothing would induce him to refer to such a matter in his own columns like some people he knows.

HINTS FOR SEASIDE VISITORS.

Of Outdoor Opportunities.—Change of air and scene are among the advantages commonly ascribed to a visit to a fashionable watering-place, but the real attraction is the scope it affords for indulgence in mild histrionics. You live and move all day long in the midst of some hundreds of people, visitors like yourself, whose principal means of escape from boredom consists in watching you and one another as closely as good manners will permit. It will be your pleasure, if not your duty, to provide them with abundant material for humorous criticism and ingenious conjecture. They do not know that your name is SMITH, and that you live at Clapham Junction. You do not know that they—some of them—are called JONES, and live where they can. The opportunities are mutual. Choose your part and play it.

Of some Easy Rôles.—The appearance, on the front, of a lady in a green velvet yachting-cap with a white veil, for example, will at once excite speculation as to which of the pleasure-craft in the bay she can have come ashore from. Should you desire rather a reputation for brains than for a sea-going stomach, a writing-pad and a fountain pen, judiciously wielded for a few mornings on the pier, are likely to lead to your being provisionally identified with at least half a dozen popular writers. To be taken for an artist is not quite so easy, as people will come and look over your shoulder. But musical leanings may be indicated by frequent and ostentatious examination of the programme displayed outside the bandstand, or even, if you are daintily shod, by beating time with your feet. Lovers of poetry will hail you as a brother (or sister) if you, inadvertently of course, leave the Laureate face downwards for a few minutes in a deck-chair. A connection with the stage is all



DISCRETION; OR, GOING TO GET HELP.

but demonstrated by the carrying about of the appropriate journals, title-pages outwards, during the whole of the current week of their publication. In fact, almost any calling, accomplishment, or virtue, which you haven't got, may be harmlessly assumed for the fortnight, with equal satisfaction to yourself and the spectators.

Of Pleasant Evenings.—With the object of providing as much further amusement as possible to your contemporaries, you should invariably dine without drawing down the blinds, and have a little music afterwards with all the windows open. A terrace of well-filled lodging-houses where the latter part of this rule is observed will be also an attraction to the untutored natives, who will probably gratify you from the street with endeavours to imitate the concord of sweet sounds. "Of all the wives as ere y'know-o-o-o" rolls, let us suppose, from one open window. "It is not mine," replies a devout lover from over the way. "Have you forgot—ten—love—so soon?" is the immediate feminine reproach from lower down the road. Effects like this are seldom to be enjoyed at home.

Of Domiciliary Matters.—You can give the house in which you temporarily reside an unmistakable holiday appearance by hanging all your brightest bathing dresses and gayest towels from the sills of the upper windows. And when you depart it will be a graceful act of consideration for your successors if you leave them the greater part of the collection of seaweed, boulders, sand, shells and other marine jetsam you have accumulated in the recesses of your bed-room. The fish need not be extracted from the shells.

Something like a High Churchman.

WANTED. Locum Tenens, for ——. Good preacher. 300 feet high. Usual fees.—Advt. in "The Record."

THE ENGLISH TEAM.

(Special from our Correspondent at
Lords—and Commons.)

THE selection of the English team for the next friendly Colonial fixture has given rise to much friction in cricketing circles. Some object to the selection of the well-known Lancashire cricketer, BALFOUR, as Captain, on the ground that he is weak in handling a team, and never takes his bowlers off however severely they are punished. It is hinted that CHAMBERLAIN, the Warwickshire Demon, on account of his previous Colonial experience, would make a better captain. On the other hand, many experienced cricketers allege that the Demon, though a good captain, is never content unless he is in a position to adopt forcing tactics. It is rumoured also that some of the best umpires consider his fast underhand bowling illegitimate. The Demon's detractors say that though Balfour is not so keen in the field yet he always plays for his side and not his average.

Not many of England's crack cricketers have yet sent in acceptances. They are waiting till the questions of captaincy and financial terms are settled. Amongst the certain starters are:—

AUSTEN, the youthful Worcestershire bat. Though still lacking in experience this young cricketer improves with every match, and should be found useful on the fast Colonial wickets.

BRODRICK, the Surrey Terror. Has had an unsuccessful season here, but in the Colonies, where his style is not so well known, might come off. He must, however, cure himself of an irresistible tendency to muff catches.

LANSDOWNE, the Pride of Wiltshire. This batsman, in spite of his pretty style, has a weak defence, as he proved during his recent tour in Asia Minor and Persia. Some cricketers say that he showed a distinct tendency to funk the fast bowling of the German professionals in the Eastern teams.

LONG, the Bristol Pet. Might succeed if he could get rid of his incorrigible habit of muddling between wickets. He has run himself out on many occasions, and his excuse that muddling is all in the game is scouted by expert cricketers.

The three last-mentioned professionals have agreed to join the team on receipt of the usual salary and on condition that the washing of their dirty linen be charged to the general expenses of the team. This in past tours has proved a very expensive item.

DOUBTFUL STARTERS.

DOOK, the Devonshire Stonewaller, prefers to wait till the question of captaincy is settled before deciding. If

he should not go, his stolid defence will be much missed by the team. It is to be hoped that if he accepts he will cure himself of his habit of sleeping at cover point.

RITCHIE, the Surrey wicket-keeper, will not commit himself. He has told a reporter that he would like to play for England, but that the Warwickshire Demon's fast bowling is so damaging to the hands that he fears to run the risk.

DOUGLAS, the Kent Lobster, declines to make any statement of his intentions till he has consulted his Committee.

HAMILTON, the Hindoo Marvel, believes that the Colonial prejudice against his race would make it awkward for him on the field. He objects to being "barracked," and is a doubtful starter.

NON-STARTERS.

BEACH, the Gloucestershire slogger, has no hesitation in saying that he will never take a place in the team, whoever may captain it. He says that the terms by which the Colonials take nine-tenths of the gate-money are absurd, and that he will be no party to the ruin of English cricket.

GORST, the Cambridge swerver, says that while he will not play for England, as he is not a sufficiently incompetent cricketer, he will have no objection to sending down a few of his trickiest balls as practice for any member of the English team. His experience of past tours has been that only the bad bowlers in the side have been given a chance. "A professional like myself," said Mr. GORST indignantly, "never stood a chance with a mere amateur as captain."

WINSTON, the Oldham Skittler, declines to take any place in the team for three reasons. The Captaincy is unsettled, the terms are outrageous, and he has not been asked.

MR. PUNCH'S SPECTRAL ANALYSES.

II.—THE GHOST WITH SOCIAL TASTES.

THE wind whistled in the trees with the tuneless violence of the London street-boy. The moonbeams, like young authors, were thin and struggling. Twelve boomed from the castle clock, and I awoke with a strange feeling that I was not alone. Nor was I. A groan and a weird phosphorescent gleam at the foot of the bed told that the spectre had arrived, right on the scheduled time as usual. I took no notice. I wished to make the ghost speak first. A ghost hates to have to begin a conversation.

"You might speak to a chap," said a plaintive voice, at last.

"Ah, you there?" I said. "The family ghost, I presume?"

"The same," said the Spectre, courteously, seating himself on the bed. "Frightened?"

"Not in the least."

"Hair not turned white, I suppose?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"Then you are the man I have been wanting to meet for the last hundred years. Reasonable; that's what you are. I tell you, Sir, it hurts a fellow when people gibber at him, as most of your human beings do. Rational conversation becomes impossible."

"But you have other ghosts to talk to?"

"Only for four weeks in the year, and on Bank Holidays. You see, these things are managed on a regular system. After a house has been built for a century or two, a ghost is formally appointed to haunt it. He draws a salary for the work, and gets so many weeks' holiday in the year. It's not all beer and skittles, I can assure you. But then there's the honour, of course. It's the career of a gentleman. To be appointed to a house is a sign that a ghost is of good family. None of your parvenus need apply. No, Sir. Such an appointment is a hall mark. It stamps a ghost. 'Where's No. 1058673 Gerard now?' you'll hear a ghost ask. I am No. 1058673 Gerard. We all have telephonic numbers in the spirit world. It saves a deal of confusion. 'Oh,' someone else will say, 'he's been appointed to old SANGAZURE's place in the Shires, spare-bedroom department. Capital billet.' 'Oh, ah, yes,' says the first speaker, 'of course. A very good post. A sort of cousin of mine haunts the Armoury there. I hope they'll meet.' And so, you see, I get a reputation for moving in the best society. But on the other hand," continued the Spectre, crossing his legs, "the life is dull; there are few excitements. Nobody talks to me. Nobody loves me. Oh," he went on with modest fervour, "oh, to be received into the Family Circle, to be the Honoured Guest. Do you know our host's little daughters?" he broke off suddenly. "I met them in the passage yesterday. I believe that in a few minutes we should have been as jolly and sociable as anything. Unfortunately I vanished. That is the worst of being a ghost. You are always liable to vanish without the slightest warning. When I came back they were not there. Now, look here, could you do me a favour? Get old SANGAZURE to let me play with them in the nursery occasionally. It would cheer me up like a tonic. My tastes are simple and domestic, and I love children. Then again——"

He vanished.

I informed Lord SANGAZURE of the ghost's request. I said that he seemed

a perfect gentleman, and had a fine easy flow of conversation. I thought the children would like him.

"Doesn't drop his aitches or anything, eh?"

"Oh, no," I said.

"Then I see no reason—if he wishes it—by all means tell him we shall be delighted if he would look in."

On the following evening No. 1058673 Gerard was the life and soul of the festivities in the nursery. His genial *bonhomie*, and his never-failing anxiety to please, speedily won the hearts of all with whom he came in contact. The only blot on the evening's pleasure, his inability to play hide-and-seek in the dark fairly, owing to the advantage his habit of night-walking gave him, was soon removed by the wholeheartedness with which he flung himself into Puss-in-the-Corner and Hunt-the-Slipper.

And to this day there is not in all the haunted houses in the kingdom a cheerier, happier, more contented spectre than No. 1058673 Gerard. But, being the soul of tact, he effaces himself when strangers are present.

A PESSIMIST'S HOLIDAY SONG.

DAPHNE, since (the papers say)
Everybody goes away,
Since DE VERES and MONTMORENCYS
Hurry (blowing the expenses)
Out of town—for very shame
We must also do the same.

You must strain your weary back
In a wild attempt to pack;
You must spoil your best apparel
While, like herrings in a barrel,
In a stuffy train we ride,
Crammed with people five a side.

Many guineas we shall give
For the cupboards where we'll live;
While the joints we do not finish
Will mysteriously diminish,
As with feigned delight we share
Costly but inferior fare.

Daily by the SMITHS annoyed
(Whom we went there to avoid),
Scared by dangers of infection,
Scorched without the least protection,
We shall watch with weary sigh
Day by day pass slowly by.

Thus when, all our money spent,
We return to whence we went,
Where, while we were rusticated,
Bills have been accumulating,
Let this thought our solace bring—
We have done the proper thing.

Small Boy (inexperienced in golf but expert at football, on seeing golfer take a furious smite at the ball and drive it exactly four yards). Daddy, isn't he allowed to kick it?



Smithers. "DO YOU KNOW ANYONE WHO HAS A HORSE TO SELL?"

She. "YES. I EXPECT OLD BROWN HAS."

Smithers. "WHY?"

She. "WELL, PAPA SOLD HIM ONE YESTERDAY."

THE BART'S PROGRESS;

OR, LIPTON DAY BY DAY.

II.

July 16.—SIR THOMAS LIPTON called in to act Paris in the matter of the beauty of two rival actresses. *Shamrock III.* turns a yellower shade of green.

July 17.—SIR THOMAS LIPTON orders a golden apple at TIFFANY'S, reads BURKE *On the Sublime and Beautiful*, and commits to memory GOLDSMITH'S lines on "Lovely Woman."

July 18.—SIR THOMAS LIPTON, after a careful scrutiny of both claimants, decides that they are equally beautiful, and presents the apple to *Shamrock III.*

July 19.—SIR THOMAS LIPTON visits Polonville, Pa., and is kissed at the station by 3000 ladies, each of whom remarks, "This is a great day for Polonville." *Shamrock III.* resumes yellowish tinge of green.

July 20.—SIR THOMAS LIPTON at Harvard. Is made honorary D.C.L. (Disappointed Cup-Lifter). Returns thanks in an affecting speech, and presents the students with a portrait of himself in oleomargarine.

July 21.—SIR THOMAS LIPTON entertained by Mr. DOOLEY to a clam-chowder supper. Replies to the toast of his health in a rich, syrupy brogue. *Shamrock III.* refuses to go home till morning.

July 22.—SIR THOMAS LIPTON receives the freedom of Newport, and is presented with his statue in gold. Successful motor gymkhana in the afternoon at which nine persons are killed and fourteen injured. Mr. O. P. Q. VANDERBILT reaches a speed of 133 miles an hour.

July 23.—SIR THOMAS LIPTON contributes an article entitled "My Impressions of America," to the *Minneapolis Magazine*. Having used only ninety-nine superlatives he narrowly escapes lynching.

July 24.—SIR THOMAS LIPTON takes refuge on *Shamrock III.* and makes for the high seas. Indignation meetings at Tammany Hall.

July 25.—Tammany issues ultimatum by Marconigraph. Offers to pardon SIR THOMAS LIPTON if he will add another superlative. SIR THOMAS agrees. Led back to the Waldorf Astoria by torch-light procession.



BIRDS OF A DIFFERENT FEATHER. THE UGLY DUCKLING.

SCENE—A School Cricket-Match. Telegraph Board reads 20—1—0.

Music-master (to returning batsman). "ACH, SO YOU HAVE—HOW SAY YOU?—ZWANZIG RUNS GEMACHT."

Batsman (gloomily). "SWAN'S EGG? No. DUCK'S EGG, UNFORTUNATELY."

FOR BRITISH CONSUMPTION.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—This morning I was strolling in the Strand, meditating on the sad fact that I am now three thousand miles from Broadway and can't swim, when I suddenly found myself in front of the American Quick Lunch Restaurant.

Says I to myself, "Here's where I get glad. I shall go get a piece of pie like mother used to make, and listen while the girls use language to the chef."

The outside of the place looked all right, with the chef browning the sinkers in full view of an admiring crowd, but the first step inside gave me a jolt. This was no Nassau Street quick lunch, but a cross between Delmonico's and Dennett's,* that had suffered "a sea change into something rich and strange."

Thinking it might improve on acquaintance, I took a seat in front of a palatial mirror and tried to imagine that I had just stepped around the

corner off Park Row to wrassle some sustaining hash before going to do my afternoon stunt in the famine district of a yellow journal. (The famine district is familiarly known as the literary department.)

"Buckwheat cakes and a cup of black coffee," I said to the waitress, and then perked up my ear expectantly.

"Thank you, Sir," she said as politely as if she had never walked "farther than Finsbury."

What's the use of having an American Quick Lunch without the local colour? If I had given that order in a New York quick lunch bean emporium it would have been translated to the chef's department in this fashion:—

"Three up and draw one on the dark!"

Think how that would have toned up the frayed system of an exile, and what an exhilarating fillip it would have given to a correct islander!

What does it matter to me that the pies, shortcakes, beans, and all American dishes are as advertised, if I can't have the language with it? When I order an omelette in a hurry I want to hear the waitress sing out:—

"A slaughter in the pan, and no waiting."

Poached eggs can never be the same to me unless they come as "White-wings, sunny side up," and I want my veal cutlet as "A slab of a yearlin' for a gummer." Pork and beans should come as "Chicago and Boston," and a small coffee as "One in a shell."

Besides, they served me pie without cheese!

While the new Quick Lunch appears to be thoroughly convincing to the untraveled Englishman, it somehow lacks flavour to a homesick

INVADER.

'ARRY PUTS 'EM RIGHT.—The *Daily Chronicle* recently suggested that the plural of Rhinoceros is a disputed point. 'ARRY writes: "What O, Mr. P., 'disputed?'—not a bit. Any kiddy as 'as 'ad 'arf an eddication knows what the plural of 'oss' is, don't he? No matter as to its bein' spelt 'os' or 'oss.' Plural anyway 'osses.' 'Bus-'os'—'Bus-'osses.' 'Rhinocer-os'—'Rhinocer-osses.' That's as plain as an 'aystack, ain't it? Yours,

'ARRY."

* Delmonico's—the most expensive restaurant in New York.

Dennett's—the regulation cheap restaurant—the original "quick lunch."



RECKLESS.

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE. "IF HE GOES ON SHOOTING LIKE THIS, I SHALL GO HOME!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, August 3.—
“England grants Treaties, it does not ask for them.”

Thus Cousin CRANBORNE—Ajax of the Foreign Office defying the lightning of the world in arms. Early in the Session, trouble threatening in the Far East, he was asked whether we had invited a Treaty with Japan, and rebuked a humble Member with this magnificent reply.

Similarly, though on a lower level, Parliament makes Bank Holidays; it does not enjoy them. Whilst all the world is out in the strangely smokeless streets, Lords and Commons are not only at work, but peg away through exceptionally prolonged sittings. Members are, after all, only human; cannot utterly turn aside their thoughts from what might have been. COUNTY GUY, waiting to move second reading of Irish Land Bill, with pretty effort at the casual, asks LANSDOWNE whether it is true Rosherville is, or is to be, resuscitated? A softened look chastens the countenance of the Foreign Secretary as, making reply, he thinks of olden times when he knew “the place to spend a happy day.”

In the Commons BRODRICK, seated on the Treasury Bench in charge of troublesome War Office Vote, closes his eyes and thinks of Hampstead Heath, its remounts of donkeys, its abundant rations of tinned meat above reproach,



THE COURTEOUS YEOMAN.

(Capt. B-t-l-r, Yeoman Usher of the Black Rod.)



Don José Quixote goes off to Tarifa in the Recess in search of Windmills.

and its canteen beer, warranted as the cask empties to leave a quantity equal to one-fourth to the credit of the management.

Truly, sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things. No use lamenting the inevitable. Thing for brave men to do is to get to work. So COUNTY GUY, pulling himself together, took Irish Land Bill in hand. Only sign of resentment at forfeited Bank Holiday appeared in opening passages of speech. Made flesh of noble Lords creep by hinting at design to review history of Irish Land legislation during past thirty years as preliminary to summary of the forty Land Bills launched during that period. This, he thought, would in the course of the night bring him to the measure actually before their Lordships and preface brief but, he trusted, comprehensive description of each of its hundred and one clauses.

An audible gasp resounded through Chamber. Noble Lords gazed furtively towards the door. Lord Chancellor anxiously looked to see if Chairman of Committees, *locum tenens* on the Wool-sack, was in his place.

“I wonder if it's raining,” observed

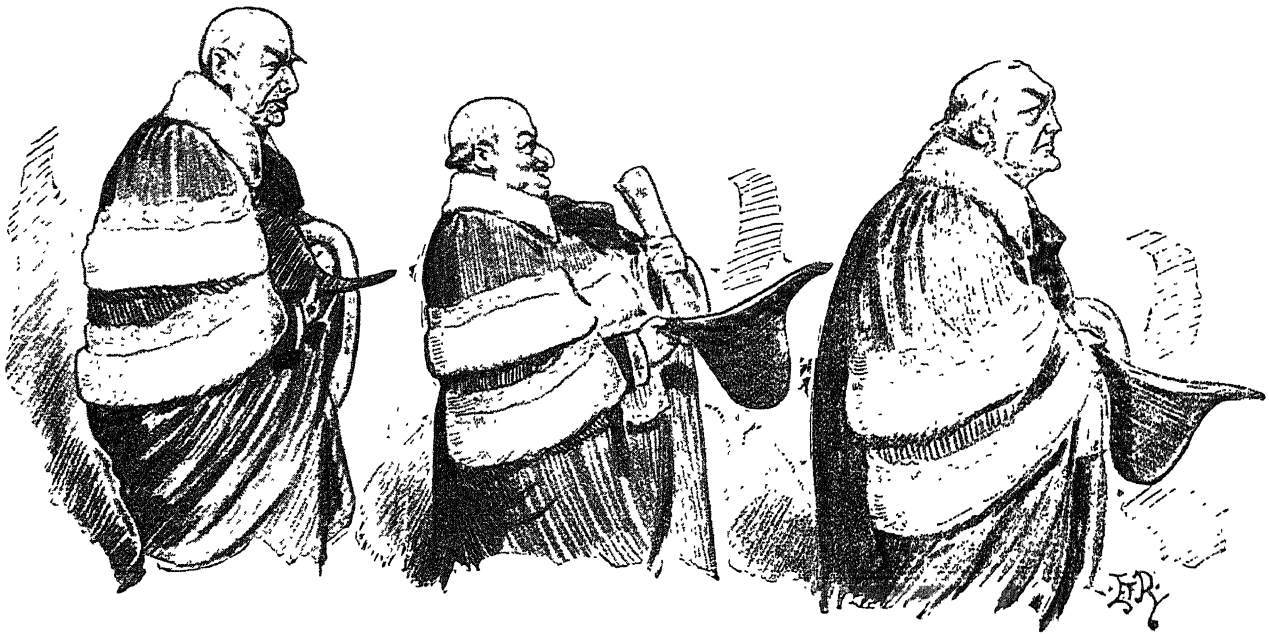
the Minister of Education with studiously absent air.

“It generally is in July,” said the First Lord of the Admiralty; “I'll go and see if you like.”

“Not at all,” said LONDONDERRY hastily, “I'll take a look round myself presently.”

Only the Duke's fun. Having enjoyed it for a few minutes he confessed he didn't mean to do anything of the sort, and was nearly as good as his word.

Pretty incident in debate escaped general attention. The Peers saw GEORGE WYNDHAM sitting radiant on the steps of the Throne, watching his Bill continuing its triumphant course in another place. But they did not see, immediately opposite him, his father, listening with delight to the encomiums showered on his son. The MEMBER FOR SARK, who sat with him in the Commons during the latter half of his quarter of a century's representation of West Cumberland, pointed him out to me. In spite of his nearing the borderland of threescore-years-and-ten, PERCY WYNDHAM is still handsome, alert, even better dressed than his son.



JUDGES AND JOURNALISM.

Lord B-rnh-m of Hall Barn (lately Sir Edw-rd L-vy-L-ws-n) takes his seat in the Lords, introduced by Lords J-mes and Br-mpton.

Thus for a while Youth and Age were "housemates still"—Youth seated within the sacred precincts reserved for Privy Councillors, Age modestly looking on from obscurity of the Strangers' Gallery. SARK fancied he heard PERCY WYNDHAM conning over COLERIDGE'S most musical lines:—

Ere I was old? Ah, woful Ere,
Which tells me Youth's no longer here.
O Youth! for years so many and sweet
'Tis known that thou and I were one;
I'll think it but a fond conceit—
It cannot be that thou art gone!—
Life is but thought: so think I will
That Youth and I are housemates still.

Business done.—Second reading Irish Land Bill passed without division.

In the Commons animated debate on £80,000 worth of rations destroyed at Pretoria. Sent out for nurture of Army in the field; examined by committee appointed by General commanding, were reported unfit for food. That bad enough. Disposition to regard a mere £80,000 as nothing in expenditure of over two hundred millions. Still, Income taxpayer who contributed fifteen pence in the pound to the levy, doesn't like to hear of management resulting in this kind of thing.

To-night's debate threw new, more lurid, light on ghastly story. What and if the rations were not bad, but were wantonly sacrificed in moment of ignorant panic? Admitted that the countryside made fine thing out of the transaction. The natives, making off with arms full of condemned stores, never had such a good time in their life. Whatever may take place in communications from Pall Mall, War Office

never publicly gives up its subordinates when attacked in Commons. Stands by them even when they themselves have not a leg to stand upon. And an excellent principle too. Only it makes more significant STANLEY'S admission to-night that the Commanding Officer would have done well if, before making this costly sacrifice, he had arrived at a decision after closer inquiry and further consideration.

House of Commons, Tuesday night.—As WILLIAM BLACK used occasionally to remark in the course of a novel, "Lo, a strange thing happened." It befell just now, whilst WALTER LONG was moving second reading of Motor-Car Bill. The romance, like some others

of high repute, must have a prologue. Last Wednesday night as ever was, Mr. Punch's young men, gathered under the old mahogany tree beneath whose boughs THACKERAY once sat, after their manner from time immemorial, discussed the subject and treatment of the cartoon for the following week. Appropriateness and up-to-dateness of Mr. Punch's weekly cartoon naturally suggest that it is all done the very night before publication. Well, it isn't. It is not revealing secrets of the prison-house to say that Mr. Punch has to peer through the unknown a week ahead in order to come out on the spot on the Wednesday following his weekly dinner. Pretty usually there; never such startling evidence of second sight as flashes forth to-day.

Anticipating second reading of Motor-Car Bill as likely to be topic of mid-week, and designing beneficially to assist in settling question, Mr. Punch instructed his Head (Pencil) Boy to draw a picture of President of Local Government Board, upset in ditch by motor-car scorchers, impotently protesting against the indignity. Like the remarks of Captain Bunsby, the bearing of the observation lay in the application thereof. Squire Punch, looking over the wall, comforts WALTER LONG with the remark that the only way to stop similar outrage is to limit not the rate of speed, but the car's capacity for speed.

Of course it was a purely fancy picture. This afternoon President of Local Government Board related to sympathetic House thrilling story of personal experience which in every



Toby hauls down his flag for the Recess.



WITH YE DEVONSHIRE STAGHOUNDS IN YE TIME OF YE ROMANS.

From a rare old frieze not in ye British Museum.

Charles G. Smith

essential detail confirmed the pictorial record! The thing had actually happened exactly as, six days earlier, *Mr. Punch* and his young men (certainly having dined) conceived it.

Psychical Society please note.

Business done.—WALTER LONG, none the worse for his accident, by dextrous driving carried without division second reading of Motor-Car Bill.

House of Lords, Thursday night.—EDWARD LAWSON, Baronet, takes his seat to-night as Baron BURNHAM of Hall Barn. Birnam Wood, as we all know, once came to Dunsinane. Burnham Beeches do not accompany the new Peer. Lord JAMES of Hereford and Lord BRAMPTON (né 'AWKINS) did. But to kindling imagination, they form fine background for title of new peerage. The honour conferred by the KING was well won. It has wider than personal range, since it is an honour paid to the profession of journalism. For journalism it is a far cry back to the time when Dr. JOHNSON furtively took notes of debate in Parliament on pain of being sent to gaol if he were discovered. Equally remote in Literature are the days when he sat in the ante-chamber of Lord CHESTERFIELD, long after repaying the Peer's impertinence with a rebuke conveyed in one of the finest passages in the English language. GEORGE THE SECOND would for greater fluency have relapsed into the German tongue had he been asked by PITT to raise a journalist to the peerage.

Throughout a long, arduous, honourable life, the new Peer has been no amateur journalist, no hereditary proprietor, fobbing princely profits to which he has contributed nothing but his signature to the cheque that regularly withdraws them. EDWARD LAWSON began at the very foot of the ladder, and, unaided, won his way to the top. He is not ashamed to tell how under the shrewd direction of his father—whose full reward was withheld since he did not live to see this day—he began his career at the printer's case, learning to set up type before he dabbled in manuscript. Thence, through all grades of journalistic work and managerial vocation, he shouldered his way, shoving his paper before him, till the mustard seed planted nearly half a century ago has grown into the great tree whose branches overshadow the world.

If the motto were not appropriated for another peerage, in similar way won by sheer merit and hard work, *Probitate et labore*

would admirably serve the new peerage.

Business done.—Commons in Committee of Supply.

LIVE AND LET LIVE.

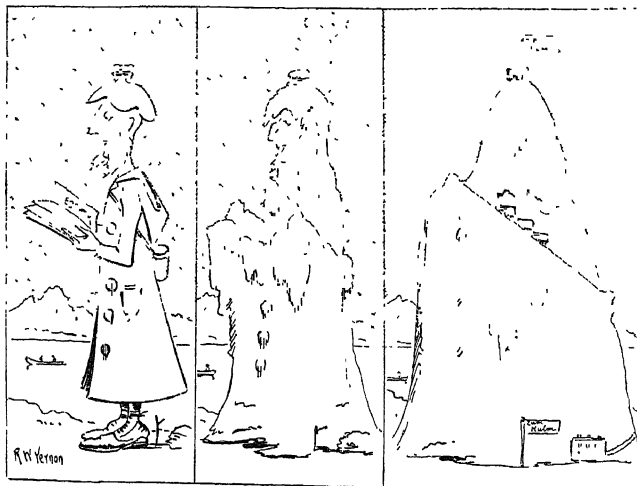
THE attempt which certain interested parties are making by means of the press to strangle in its birth the ennobling pursuit of motoring cannot be too strongly condemned. It is no exaggeration to say that the industry is daily providing an outlet for the fallow energies of incalculable numbers of the wealthy unemployed. But it has even greater claims than this on our gratitude and admiration. To take only one case, we feel sure that even Mr. GEORGE WYNDHAM is too modest to claim as his own the solution of the problem which has defied the efforts of every politician who has honestly tried to grapple with it, from OLIVER CROMWELL to Mr. JOHN MORLEY. Without doubt it was the Gordon-Bennett Cup, and not the Land Purchase Bill, which originated, in the distressful children of our sister isle, their present phase of sanguine hilarity. And yet, day by day, the risk of injury to life and limb which the votaries of the new pursuit are cheerfully prepared to face is enormously aggravated by the crass and selfish folly of their fellow men.

Numberless examples of this want of consideration for others might be quoted. The following is a typical example. A representative of the bigoted old coaching type, now happily almost extinct, was with difficulty tooling a team of fiery young chestnuts along a narrow lane, while clumsily flirting with the lady on the box-seat, when a motor was heard approaching from behind. Being a fussy and irritable old gentleman, instead of driving quietly along he

completely lost his head, and the excitable animals in front of him, naturally affected by his nervousness, began kicking and plunging, in spite of all the efforts of the grooms who were by this time standing at the leaders' heads. The driver of the motor at once grasped the situation, and put on full steam ahead so as to pass the terrified beasts as quickly as possible, contemporaneously sounding his hooter for the first time as a warning of what was to follow. This clever device would no doubt have succeeded to perfection had not one of the wheelers, obviously sharing the panic of his master, swerved violently across the road, thereby causing the motor to run up the bank and come to an abrupt standstill in the ditch. The old maniac on the box had meanwhile jumped down, and rushed to the overturned motor. "Anyone hurt?" he cried. "No? Then, by —, there will be." And forthwith began lashing the owner and chauffeur with his four-in-hand whip. "Why didn't you stop?" he yelled. "Didn't you hear me shout? Do you know I've got young horses here, and ladies? You grimy mechanic, you! You—you filthy oil-rag! Take that, and that!"

One more instance must suffice to call attention to the increasing and criminal carelessness which the public display in the matter. The offending parties on this occasion were some half-dozen children, all below the age of ten, who were picking buttercups in a lane, unaccompanied by anyone of maturer years; they had even neglected the obvious precaution of deputing one of their number to keep a look-out round the corner. Suddenly a well-appointed 50 h.p. Panhard, which was taking the curve beautifully on one wheel, appeared in their midst. All that

the driver could do was to choose the line of least resistance, and with such super-human skill did he steer that only one child paid the penalty of the culpable rashness which they had all displayed. But the child's folly will not be fruitless if its parents and all other non-motoring members of the community take the lesson seriously to heart, and endeavour to control their prevailing habit of selfishness. Let them keep their own eyes open, and their children and animals under proper supervision when they take their walks abroad, and we shall hear less of the terrible risks to which motorists are at present so recklessly exposed.



THE PHLEGMATIC TOURIST;

OR, THE ORIGIN OF THE DON'T-MATTERHORN.

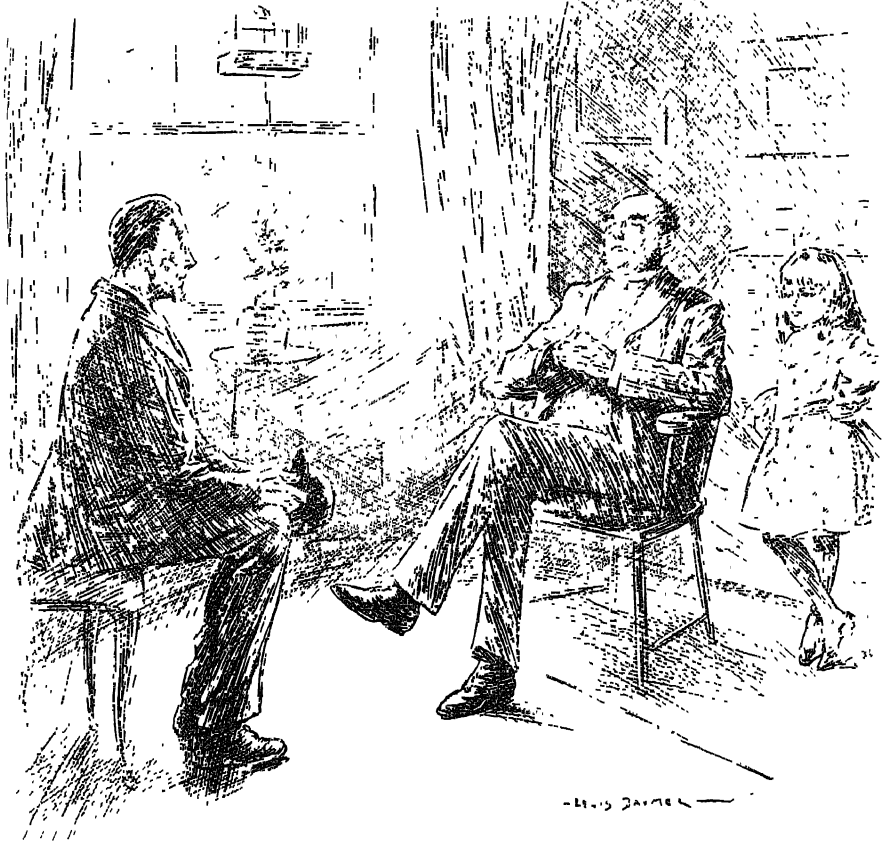
LES ANGLAIS CHEZ EUX.

(Par Emile Bonhomme.)

I.—LE JEU DE "CRIKET."

Voici pour mes compatriotes qui ne voyagent pas, et qui pourtant désirent un aperçu digne de confiance sur nos aimables voisins, vu que l'entente cordiale est de toute actualité. Je viens de passer tout dernièrement quinze jours en Angleterre, de sorte que j'ai eu, pour étudier à fond les gens et les mœurs d'Outre-Manche, une occasion exceptionnelle. Je dois avouer que je ne parle pas l'anglais, ce qui m'a tant soit peu "handicapé," mais j'ai lié connaissance avec un Anglais polyglotte, qui a suppléé à mes propres observations, en fournissant des renseignements précieux. C'est lui qui m'a mené voir un "criket." Tout le monde là-bas se passionne pour ce jeu, si typique du génie anglais. Cela se joue sur une grande pelouse par deux équipes de onze personnes—soit vingt-deux personnes en tout. Mais ce qu'il y a de plus intéressant pour nous autres Français, c'est que le "criket" a un but purement militaire—une petite découverte que j'ai faite à moi tout seul! Tout d'abord j'ai été vivement frappé par une phrase très usitée en Angleterre: "Waterloo was one on the playing-fields of Eton" (Waterloo fut gagnée sur les champs de récréation d'Eton). Eton c'est le St. Cyr de l'Angleterre. Après avoir vu un "criket," j'ai trouvé le fin mot du mystère. On croit chez nos voisins que ce jeu exerce l'œil de ses adeptes, les endureit, et surtout qu'il produit des tireurs, des "marksmans" hors ligne.

Pour donner une petite idée de ce qui se passe. Au beau milieu de la pelouse se dressent deux "wikets," à une distance l'un de l'autre de 20 mètres. Chaque "wiket" se compose de trois bâtons, à peu près de la grandeur de cannes ordinaires. Tous les membres des deux équipes s'acharnent à tour de rôle à lancer d'un "wiket" à l'autre, avec une vitesse et une précision étonnantes, une balle en cuir, d'une solidité à toute épreuve. Un des joueurs se met devant chaque "wiket" pour le garantir de la balle avec son propre corps. Mais, pour adoucir la chose, il est fourni d'une légère armure pour se protéger les jambes, et d'une espèce de massue dont il se sert pour frapper la balle avant qu'elle ne lui enfonce les côtes. L'équipe rivale fait tout son possible pour arrêter la balle ainsi fouettée de toutes les forces du "batsman." De temps en temps les "batsmans" prennent leurs jambes au cou, et s'élancent entre les deux "wikets." En ce cas, il est permis de les estropier, si cela peut se faire, en



Vicar of Country Parish (interviewing new vergier). "NOW, MR. JONES, WITH REGARD TO THE COLLECTIONS. WHEN THERE IS A SERMON, I SHALL WANT YOU TO MAKE THE COLLECTION IMMEDIATELY AFTER; AND WHEN—"

Mr. Jones (anxious to appear intelligent). "YESSIR, I QUITE UNDERSTAND YOU, SIR; AND WHEN THERE IS NOT A SERMON, SIR, THE COLLECTION TAKES PLACE IMMEDIATELY BEFORE!"

leur lançant la balle au corps. Ordinairement ils évitent le coup avec une agilité surprenante, et ça fait autant de points à leur jeu. Si le "batsman" (l'homme à la massue) ne réussit pas à protéger son "wiket," soit avec sa personne soit avec sa machine, et que la balle y touche, il est censé être "out," dehors, pincé, et il se retire sous les huées ou les applaudissements du public. C'est le cas de le dire, il y a des règles qui sont archi-bizarres! Il faut savoir attraper des coups sans sourciller. Si, par exemple, on croit que le "batsman," en arrêtant la balle avec sa jambe, a fait preuve de quelque hésitation, il y a un cri général de "house that?" (maison, cela?) et il doit se retirer pour ne pas s'être montré assez Spartiate. Deux arbitres, tout de blanc vêtus, comme emblème de leur intégrité, émettent leurs opinions, qui sont presque toujours suivies. Ce sont des fonctionnaires de l'Etat, et ils reçoivent un salaire plus que suffisant. Les équipes se composent "d'amateurs" et de "professionnels." Les professionnels sont presque tous d'anciens militaires qui gagnent un argent fou. Partout dans le pays ils sont honorés à l'excès. Quelquefois même, par

extraordinaire, ils gagnent des titres de noblesse.

L'exemple le plus notoire d'un individu qui a reçu une pairie pour le récompenser de son adresse impayable au criket, c'est le lord Hawke. Une chose plus remarquable encore, si ça se peut. Hon. le milord Jackson est devenu duc et pair à cause des prouesses de son fils aîné au jeu de criket! Lorsqu'on a offert la récompense suprême au jeune homme, il s'est écrié: "donnez ça à mon père, il en a plus besoin que moi." Et tout le monde d'applaudir, et de citer ce trait comme digne des anciens Grecs et Romains! Aussi on l'a pris au pied de la lettre.

Il y a aussi quelque chose qui correspond à peu près à nos palmes académiques, un grade où le récipiendaire s'écrit M.C.C. (membre de criket club).

Kilting the Kilt.

THE Glasgow Herald describes Mr. STEWART, the Unionist candidate for Argyllshire, as making his bow before the electorate "attired in partial Highland costume." Surely, a *reductio ad absurdum*.

CHARIVARIA.

It is stated that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN would never have embarked on his Protectionist policy had he known that the *Daily Mail* would side against him.

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL was greatly relieved to hear the Colonial Secretary's repudiation of the idea of taxing raw material. The Member for Oldham did not at all relish the recent occasion when Mr. CHAMBERLAIN taxed him with overweening self-confidence.

Captain HAMILTON, the new Chief Officer of the London Fire Brigade, has attended his first fire. He is said to have found it most interesting, and has signified his intention of attending others.

Mr. CECIL RALEIGH has constructed a "Melo-farce" for Drury Lane. The author declares it has more of the amusing element in it than is the case with plays usually known as melo-dramas. This is a boast indeed.

It is rumoured that a play entitled *The Soothing System* has succeeded in making Mr. BOURCHIER extremely angry.

A valuable and gratifying contribution to the problem, "*Could we defend our country in the event of invasion?*" has been given by some manoeuvres near Salisbury, where an irate farmer, armed only with a pitchfork, drove an entire battery of artillery from his corn-field.



LITTLE EPISODE AT LLANDUDNO.

Aunty. "WELL, SIBYL, HOW DO YOU LIKE BEING HERE, AND HOW DO YOU LIKE WALES?"

Sibyl. "I'VE NEVER TASTED ANY, BUT (with pleasant recollections of some treats at home) I'M AWFULLY FOND OF WHITEBAITS!"

It is untrue that the Military Manœuvres which are to take place on a grand scale in the autumn are to be carried out under active service conditions. The regulations, which have just been issued, prohibit officers from taking pianos with them.

The Colonial Office having conducted the Sokoto Campaign without a hitch, it is rumoured that the Somali War, in which the Foreign Office and War Office have failed, will be handed over to the Colonial Office next instead of to the Board of Trade as originally arranged.

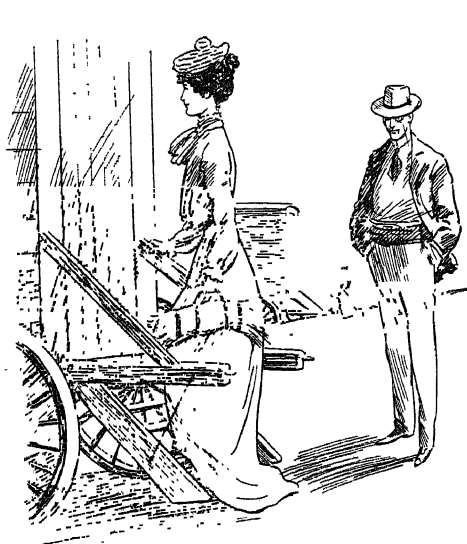
It is not expected that the improved dietary for the Navy will come into force this year. When it does, a new form of Grace will have to be instituted. At present the men offer up thanks when their meals are over.

The Rev. Dr. CLIFFORD predicts the defeat of the Government at the next election on the Education Act. *Old Moore's Almanac*, however, does not endorse this prophecy.

According to the *Cologne Gazette* "the Russian authorities have notified Peking that for the present foreigners are prohibited from staying in Manchuria." It is uncertain whether this prohibition includes the Manchus.

M. JACQUES LEBAUDY has proclaimed himself Emperor of the Sahara, and his followers have become Deserters.

A SUGAR CONVENTIONALITY. — "Dear sugar! How sweet!"



THE DISORDER OF THE BATH.

How BELINDA BROWN appeared with "WAVES ALL OVER HER HAIR" BEFORE TAKING A BATH IN THE SEA—AND

How SHE LOOKED AFTER HAVING SOME MORE "WAVES ALL OVER IT."

THE AUTHOR'S PROGRESS.

[With acknowledgments to the recently published *Vera Historia* of an anonymous writer.]

YOUTHFUL ANANIAS, gifted
As few cheesemongers can be,
Eyes of envy often lifted
To the literary tree;
For when in the glass he squinted,
Very palpably it hinted
Genius on his brow was printed,
Genius with a big, big G.
So he longed to leave the Stiltons
And to soar with souly MILTONS—
MILTONS who were such as he.

ANANIAS, all ambition
From the counter up to rise,
Entered for a competition,
Frenzy rolling in his eyes.
O! the pathos of his story!
It created a *furor*,
For he wrote it *con amore*,
And of course it won the prize;
E'en the judges had to borrow
Handkerchiefs to dry their sorrow,
Handkerchiefs of extra size.

Scarcely had the tale been printed,
Twenty minutes—nothing more—
When a nimble JAGGERS sprinted
Swift to ANANIAS' door.
In his hand a note. What said it?
"Story much admired. Just read it.
Would you be prepared to edit
Times to-morrow?" Off he tore,
And that night you might have found
him
With a dozen subs around him,
Subs that by their chieftain swore.

ANANIAS laboured nightly
For a year and toiled away,
Writing leaders grave and sprightly,
Solemn, witty, wise and gay.
Then he thought: "Enough I've wasted
Of my talents; time I hasted
To Pieria and tasted
Of the fountains there that play.
I will write an epic one day;
Let me see, I'm free next Sunday:
Sunday is a blessed day."

On the day of publication
ANANIAS woke to find
He was hailed with acclamation
As a mighty master-mind.
If the publishers could show him
Fame and fortune in a poem,
Fleet Street should no longer know him,
Nor the weary nightly grind.
He would be a man of letters,
Free from all such cramping fetters:
Fetters kill the soul they bind.

In his busy study seated,
Now he toiled the long day through,
Once a week a play completed,
Once a week a novel too.



A CASE OF 'MOTOR A TAX IS!'

She. "I WANT PAPA TO BUY ME A MOTOR, BUT HE SAYS HE CAN'T AFFORD IT, IT'S TOO EXPENSIVE. YOU'VE HAD A MOTOR FOR SOME TIME, MR. BODGELEY, AND YOU DIDN'T FIND IT RAN INTO MUCH, DID YOU?"

He (who has had several accidents). "WELL, YOU SEE, THE MOTOR COST £1200, AND AS WE MANAGED TO KILL OR MAIM ALL SORTS OF PIGS, COWS, AND CHICKENS, BESIDES KNOCKING DOWN PALINGS AND PLOUGHING UP SOME SIDE-PATHS, AND AS I HAD TO PAY £1800 DAMAGES, YOU SEE, IT DID RUN INTO A LOT BEFORE I HAD DONE WITH IT!"

In his intervals of leisure
Others' merits he would measure,
And for recreative pleasure
Scores of books he would review.
Thus at dinner 'twixt the courses
He'd employ his mental forces—
Forces which were matched by
few.

Daily grew his balance, daily
Grew his list of stock and share,

As the cheques came trooping gaily,
Thick as snow-flakes in the air;
Till, possessed of more than plenty,
He retired at three-and-twenty
To a *dolce far niente*
And a mansion in Mayfair.
This the story told *sans bias*
By the truthful ANANIAS,
ANANIAS, millionaire.

GROUND RENTS.—Earthquakes.

THE SUN-CHILD.

(Continued.)

Now the manner in which the Sun-child had got down here was something of a mystery. He had slid on the opal banisters many and many a time before, and nothing had ever happened to him, or, indeed, to any of his little brothers and sisters. On this particular morning, however, they had all gone out into the meadows and left him alone. He walked up to the top of the stairs (those are the crystal stairs I told you about) and turned on the broad landing and looked down, and he saw most wonderful sights that he could not remember ever having seen before. Glowing balls of fire were rushing and circling through the blue like great birds with outstretched golden wings, and far down he thought he saw a beautiful country of green valleys and silent, magnificent mountains and cool streams sparkling and rippling on their way. These streams were fringed with trees, and no tree was like his brother tree, though they were all leafy and beautiful. And the walls of the palace in which he dwelt had faded away (otherwise, of course, he couldn't have seen all this) and the crystal stairs with their opal banisters seemed to stretch down and down and down, till they were lost in a pale violet haze. And something—he never knew what it was, so he couldn't explain—seemed to be pulling at his heart, pulling ever so gently, but never letting go, and strange sad beautiful music came up in wafts and thrilled right through him, so that he didn't quite know whether he ought to smile or to sigh.

Now the Sun-child was, as I have said, a very brave and sturdy little fellow, and he didn't feel a bit afraid when he saw these sights and heard the music. On the contrary he said to himself, "I'm glad I didn't go into the meadows this morning, for, if I had, I shouldn't have seen all this, and, oh, what fun it'll be to slide right down the banisters into the haze. And then, of course, I'll roll up the stairs again as I always do, and I'll tell the others all about it." So he clambered up and got astride of the banisters, and away he went. He hadn't slid very far—about to the place where the stairs usually ended—when he saw his dear Sun-mother standing a little way off and stretching out her arms towards him. Her white gauzy dress was torn and her diamond belt had fallen off, and her breast was panting, for she had been running fast, and her fair hair had come undone and was streaming to her feet. Her eyes were filled with tears, and as he passed she cried, "My little boy, my darling little boy, you mustn't leave me. I can't bear to part with you. Oh stay with me, stay with me." But he smiled at her—he couldn't wave his hands, for he was holding on with them—and slid on, and he saw her no more. But her cry kept ringing in his ears, and he never forgot it. Afterwards in the quiet nights when the wind had died down and all the leaves were still and the sad moon made pale shadows on the grass, and the stars were blinking warily in the black beyond, he would wake sometimes and hear it again, and he wondered why he had not answered, but only smiled and passed on. It would have been kinder, he thought, to have said something.

Well, he slid for a long time, and the violet haze that he had seen from above never seemed to come to him. If he had slid into it he must have known, for the colour was beautiful. And the music had ceased, and the gentle hand suddenly stopped pulling at his heart, and then, before he realised what had happened, he slid no more, for the banisters came to an end, and he dropped off and lay quite still for a moment where he had fallen. And when he got up and looked about him he was in a strange place, and, though he tilted up his curly little head and gazed as hard as he could, he could see nothing of the opal banisters and

the crystal stairs. They had vanished away, and not even a trail of light was left to show where they had been. And, of course, the palace was gone too, and the Sun meadows with the Sun-horses grazing peacefully in them, and all the things that had made him a happy little boy up there in the kind and shining country that he knew so well.

(To be continued.)

THE HOLIDAY TASK.

[Dedicated, with profound sympathy, to any Member of Parliament with an open mind on fiscal questions]

LET others take their pastime by mountain, stream and moor,
Imbibe from saline waters their swift stomachic cure,
Perambulate the meadows knee-deep in morning dew,
With hearts at peace with Nature—but this is not for you.

In vain you'll sniff the zephyr with wide receptive nose,
Or take on cool verandahs a soporific pose,
In vain with draughts of ozone invite a dreamless rest,
For still the same old incubus will couch upon your chest.

You may repair to Margate and sport with spade and pail,
Erecting sandy castles—but that will not avail;
A prey to Import-problems your brain will itch to know
Whether the ebb, in volume, is equal to the flow.

For one erotic moment you'll smile upon the Muse
Of minstrels emulating the Ethiop's dusky hues,
Then gravely question CHAMBERLAIN'S retaliative tone,
Since here in native output the country holds her own.

And when at wayside hostels your hungry organs ache
Over the foreign article, a 50 h.p. steak,
This fiscal crux will further derange your ravaged jaw:—
Ought we to tax material when obviously raw?

Or should you sweep the ocean aboard a bounding barque
The voice of fiscal bogeys will haunt you after dark:—
*What of our Island commerce? Where would our Free
Trade be*

If some preposterous Serpent should swallow up the sea?

Will golf provide the anodyne? I answer, Not at all!
Your eye will be forever meandering off the ball;
For still the jealous bunkers that guard the home-made
greens

Will symbolise *Protection by artificial means.*

And if you seek your solace for summer lying dead,
And turn your mind to shooting a pheasant in the head,
This thought will blind your vision and leave your arm
unnerved:—

Would CORDEN, were he present, approve of game preserved?

And when with each diversion your questive moods increase,
And you resort, despairing, to pure domestic peace,
And crave, to soothe your spirit, communion with the mild,
The touching fiscal innocence that breathes from wife and
child—

Yes, when, as fathers ought to, you share some nursery meal,
One doubt, too rude to silence, will make your senses reel:—
*Can England stem the crisis, or must she cease to be,
With threepence on her Manhood's bread, and threepence off
its Tea?*

O. S.

THE *Daily Telegraph* stated that King EDWARD'S visit to the Austrian Court was to be on "all fours" with his recent visits to Portugal and Italy. We know HIS MAJESTY spares himself nothing in his efforts to take his kingly duties seriously; but would not this literal carrying out of the traditions of the British Lion be too severe a strain?



HIS FIRST BOOK.

(At a Provincial Race Meeting.)

Novice. "LOOK HERE, I'VE TAKEN TEN TO ONE AGAINST BLUEGLASS, AND I'VE GIVEN TWELVE TO ONE AGAINST HIM!
WHAT DO I STAND TO WIN?"

OUR "ONLY" COLUMN.

(With acknowledgments to "Pearson's Weekly.")

MR. C. B. FRY.

MR. C. B. FRY is the only journalist who has ever had an average of 80 in first-class cricket.

PRINCE RANJITSINGHJI.

Prince RANJITSINGHJI is the only Sikh who was ever born in Sussex.

MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN.

MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN is the only Cabinet Minister whose father wears an eyeglass.

THE MARQUIS OF ANGLESEY.

The Marquis of ANGLESEY is the only Peer qualified to play *Paula* in *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*.

POPE PIUS THE TENTH.

Pope PIUS THE TENTH is the only living Pope who has not asked advice of the author of *The Eternal City*.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE is the only English Poet about whom Miss MARIE CORELLI knows more than Mr. SIDNEY LEE.

MADAME HUMBERT.

MADAME THÉRÈSE HUMBERT is the only person who knows whether her banker's name is CATANI or CATAUI.

MR. HOOLEY.

MR. HOOLEY is the only Financier who does not appreciate *England's Darling*.

EARL BEAUCHAMP.

EARL BEAUCHAMP is the only Peer who is in danger of being asked whether his products are really worth a guinea a box.

MR. N. Z. GRAVES.

MR. N. Z. GRAVES, the Philadelphian, is the only cricketer who has the right to put the initials N. Z. before his name.

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

The Duke of DEVONSHIRE is the only Peer who fell asleep over *Wee MacGregor*.

MR. W. W. ASTOR.

MR. W. W. ASTOR is the only American millionaire on speaking terms with ANNE BOLEYN.

DR. CLIFFORD.

DR. CLIFFORD is the only Nonconformist divine who sleeps with a Mauser pistol under his pillow.

MR. A. C. MACLAREN.

MR. A. C. MACLAREN is the only English cricketer who puts *amour propre* before the advancement of his country's prestige.

MR. SWINBURNE.

MR. SWINBURNE is the only English poet who bathes.



"THE LIGHT THAT FAILED."

(An Appreciation.)

She. "THEY DON'T SEEM HAPPY TOGETHER. HE ONCE TOLD ME THAT HIS WIFE WAS THE LIGHT OF HIS LIFE."

He. "AH—BUT THE LIGHT WAS ALWAYS GOING OUT."

She (catching the idea). "AND LEAVING HIM ENTIRELY IN THE DARK."

LITERARY NOTES.

It is rumoured that Miss MARIE CORELLI's new novel is to be called *Concerning Andrew Carnegie*. We understand that the book is practically a defence of the Public Library system.

No definite date has yet been fixed for the publication of Mr. HENRY JAMES's new volume of short stories, to be called

The Longer Kind. There will be two of them in all.

A well-known lady novelist has been telling an interviewer how she writes her books. "I let the characters work it out themselves," she says. "When I sit down to write, I have no idea what the story is going to be about." With her readers, it appears, the same symptoms occur on rising, and are retrospective in their character.

CONSEQUENCES.

(A Cricket Sketch.)

THE last man took guard carefully, as if he proposed to stay at the wickets for ever. He scratched the turf with a bail, looked carefully round him to take note of the position of the fieldsmen, and settled his cap over his eyes. The bowler, who had been bowling well all through the innings, despatched him first ball, and he retired, trying to look as if that was what he meant to do all along.

The bowler strolled over to where the Philosopher and I were sitting. The Philosopher had made his customary duck's-egg, and seemed to me to be taking rather a jaundiced view of things.

"Eight for forty-one," said the bowler cheerfully. "Not bad. What?"

"You were on the spot," I assented.

The Philosopher eyed him thoughtfully.

"You don't mean to say that you're glad about it?" he said.

"Why not? I don't get eight for forty-one every day."

"That," said the Philosopher, "is a mitigating circumstance, I allow, but it does not alter the fact that you've done it on this occasion. Man, how can you sit there gloating over it in that ghoulisn manner?"

"Here, I say," protested the bowler.

"Even now," continued the Philosopher, warming to his subject, "you don't seem to realise what you have done. Can't you see what blank, hopeless misery you have sown broadcast this afternoon? Not that I mind personally. I have trained myself to bear this type of trial. But what of the other seven? What, indeed! Take the case of SMITH. Let us examine it. You got SMITH leg before wicket when he had made three. What happens? SMITH goes home a changed man. He came on to this field to-day buoyant, hopeful, bubbling over with optimism and faith in his fellow-man. He will go back soured, full of dark suspicions, and burning with a sense of his wrongs. What's that you say? His leg was right in front? What does that matter? Do you think that he believes that? No one believes in the justice of an adverse leg before wicket decision. DAVID would have doubted JONATHAN if he had given him out l.b.w. SMITH will go home brooding. He will quarrel with his wife, send his children to bed early, possibly to the accompaniment of smacks. He will bore all his friends for the next week by telling them that the ball broke a yard, and that he hit it and it didn't strike him on the leg at all but on the chest, and all the other things usual in such contingencies.

Thus, you see, in the case of SMITH you will have broken up a happy home, and caused him to be shunned for days, perhaps for weeks, by friends formerly true to him. Now, how do you feel with regard to that eight for forty-one?"

"Oh, come," said the bowler uneasily.

"Oakum?" said the Philosopher.

"Possibly so. Very possibly. But not in the case of SMITH. That enters rather into the future of JONES. Oakum-picking will—or I shall be surprised—take up a great deal of his time in the near future. You know what JONES is. Passionate, hot-headed, prone to violent anger if thwarted. And you got him caught at the wicket. Now JONES—I know, though he has not confided in me—is absolutely certain that he did not hit that ball. He had made twelve when he was given out. Consequently he feels that he had just got set, and would have made a century if he had gone on. And that will so embitter JONES's mind that he will go out to-night to a music-hall to try and forget. There he will take too much to drink. His head is weak, though he is head-strong. Subsequently he will assault a policeman, and go to prison for a fortnight without the option of a fine. JONES, my friend, has a white-haired mother. The disgrace will send that white-haired mother into a decline. She will die while JONES is still serving his sentence. He, on coming out of prison, will go completely to the bad, commit a sensational burglary, and get fourteen years' penal servitude. Now how do you feel with regard to that eight for forty-one?"

The bowler writhed.

"In the case of ROBINSON," continued the Philosopher, "financial ruin will be the result. ROBINSON, as you are doubtless aware, is a rising author of more than average ability. You bowled him first ball. What happens? ROBINSON goes home full of that fatal yorke. He finds waiting for him on his table a letter from the editor of a popular weekly, asking for an article by return of post on 'Marquises I have met.' It is the opportunity he has longed for for months. Let him succeed in this, and regular and lucrative work will fall to him. But his mind is so full of that yorke, so full of aching remorse that he tried to pull it instead of smothering it, so full of vain yearnings for another opportunity, that 'Marquises I have met' remains unwritten. The editor, not receiving the MS., writes informing him that all is over between them, and gives the regular and lucrative work to ROBINSON's rival, BROWN. ROBINSON goes from bad to worse, and dies in the workhouse. We now proceed to the case of SIMPSON. SIMPSON——"

But the bowler had heard enough. With the wail of a lost spirit, he fled.

Next day the following advertisement appeared in the papers:—

"TO BE SOLD.—Bat, pads, and other cricket apparatus. As good as new. Splendid bargain. The property of a cricketer who is about to collect Picture Postcards."

The name attached to the advertisement was the bowler's.

THE PURSUIT OF BEAUTY.

I SAW an aged, aged man

One morning near the Row,
Who sat, dejected and forlorn,

Till it was time to go.

It made me quite depressed and bad
To see a man so wholly sad—

I went and told him so.

I asked him why he sat and stared

At all the passers-by,

And why on ladies young and fair

He turned his watery eye.

He looked at me without a word,

And then—it really was absurd—

The man began to cry.

But when his rugged sobs were
stayed—

It made my heart rejoice—

He said that of the young and fair

He sought to make a choice.

He was an artist, it appeared—

I might have guessed it by his beard,

Or by his gurgling voice.

His aim in life was to procure

A model, fit to paint

As "Beauty on a Pedestal,"

Or "Figure of a Saint."

But every woman seemed to be

As crooked as a willow tree—

His metaphors were quaint.

"And have you not observed," he
asked,

"That all the girls you meet

Have either 'Hockey elbows' or

Ungainly 'Cycling feet'?"

Their backs are bent, their faces red,
From 'Cricket stoop,' or 'Football
head.'"

He spoke to me with heat.

"But have you never found," I said,

"Some girl without a fault?"

Are all the women in the world

Misshapen, lame, or halt?"

He gazed at me with eyes aglow,

And, though the tears had ceased to flow,

His beard was fringed with salt.

"There was a day, I mind it well,

A lady passed me by

In whose physique my searching
glance

No blemish could descry.

I followed her at headlong pace,

But when I saw her, face to face,

She had the 'Billiard eye!'"

CHARIVARIA.

For some time past a discussion has been raging in one of our halfpenny papers as to which is the nicer sex. Last week the matter was summed up in a leader, and the glad tidings were published that "On the whole, there is no cause for either sex to hate the other." This has brought a sense of relief to the entire civilised world.

Those who are on the look-out for seasonable reading may like to know that *Lloyd's Weekly News* has started a column with the cheery heading "Holiday Accidents."

A contemporary follows up an article on "Sun Bonnets for Horses" with one on "Cowes Hats."

It seems that the Irish in New York object to the new practice of giving Irish names to the ugliest animals in the Zoo, and we now learn that their indignation is shared by the poor dumb brutes themselves.

In an accident to a circus train in Michigan four elephants did good work in righting overturned cars. They did it on the Grand Trunk Railway.

Fifty Turks have been killed by a Bulgarian band. This is more than the worst German band has ever done.

THE PRIZE SHOT IN ACTION.

"Ah! here's an enemy at last coming over the ridge to the right front. Wish he'd turned up sooner; light not anything like so good as it was an hour ago. Still, may as well have a try at him. About eleven hundred yards I should fancy—must be quite three feet of left wind at this distance. Bother! I haven't painted my white line."

(Produces miniature box of water-colours from haversack and proceeds to paint line.)

"Hullo—he's come a good bit nearer! Must alter sight to 950."

(Adjusts backsight with vernier.)

"H'm!—not sure if I shouldn't do better with a white spot on foresight."

(Paints spot.)

"Confound him!—where's he got to now? Why, he's down among the rocks! Must alter sight to 800—now where on earth have I put my vernier?"

(Finds vernier and alters sight.)

"Hang the fellow, why can't he keep still! He's got to within 600, and coming for me, I do believe. Better not allow so much windage at this range. Think I'll put in another line."



OPPORTUNITY MAKES THE THIEF.

(Paints fresh line and readjusts sight.)

"Now where are my orthoptics? I'm sure I had them half an hour ago."

(Turns out pockets and haversack, hunts in surrounding scrub, and at length finds orthoptics in lining of hat.)

"Hul-lo! Why the beggar's close here!"

(Hastily lowers leaf of backsight, and takes a snap shot, forgetting that he has not yet loaded. Enemy, who is unarmed, rushes in, knocks P.S. on the head with a stone, and collars rifle and ammunition.)

QUOD ERIT DEMONSTRANDUM.

[Another Hyde Park Demonstration has been held, this time to protest against the decision of the House of Lords in setting aside the claim of "Viscount HIXTON" to the Poulett peerage.]

THE passing over of Mr. EDWARD THOMPSON for the vacant post of shopwalker in the establishment of Messrs. HOSEA AND AMOS has caused very general surprise. Mr. THOMPSON has long been doing very valuable work among ladies of title as salesman, and it was universally expected that he would receive promotion. He has, we learn, given his consent for the holding of a demonstration in Trafalgar Square to protest against the methods of the capitalists who employ him. Several of the staff will speak, and the opinion of the nation will be sought on the system of importing shopwalkers from other establishments, thus making it almost

impossible for a salesman to rise from the ranks to the highest positions.

Lovers of abstract justice are expected to attend in great numbers the demonstration to be held in Regent's Park against the decision of the Guardians of Poddleton-on-Slosh in the matter of the vacant almshouse. The claims of the unsuccessful candidate, Mrs. ROBINSON (who received 7 votes as against Mrs. BROWN'S 13), will be set before the fair-minded public, and it is quite possible that the Guardians of Poddleton-on-Slosh may find it expedient to have a fresh ballot, in which case it will be well for them to remember that the eyes of the Empire are upon them.

The Queen's Hall is certain to be crowded on the occasion of the Caledonian demonstration. The meeting, which has been summoned in consequence of a book published some time ago which has just been discovered to be an unspeakably bad joke, will be addressed by Mr. DUGALD STATHEFFER, who will base his appeal to the Anglo-Saxon race on two grounds: (1) that BURNS was a Scot, (2) that a man is a man for all that. Interest will be added by the fact that there will be several lady-speakers, and it is anticipated that the vexed question of the identity of woman may be settled in an amendment.

"Animæ dimidium meæ."

A PARSEE YOUTH intending to visit Cashmere wants with him any European or Parsee Gentleman who can go in halves with him.—Advt. "Times of India."

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI.

WHENE'ER I take my PHYLLIS out
For moonlight walks, I like to stroll;
It gives me—I am rather stout—
More chance of laying bare my soul.
My tender pleading, I reflect,
Is robbed of all the charm that's in it
If my remarks are rudely checked
By gasps and puffing every minute.

Yet nothing less is now my fate;
Each night we wander to and fro:
Our normal pace has been of late
A good six miles an hour or so.
Sadly the moments flit away:
No rays of joy my burdens lighten;
My PHYLLIS, I regret to say,
Is training for a walk to Brighton.

When I let fall a gentle hint
That I'm no devotee of pace,
She answers, "Now, suppose we sprint?
I *must* get fit before the race.
Unless I exercise my limbs
I feel my chances wane, diminish;
And I should *die* if that Miss SMS
Arrived before me at the finish."

So off we go. No more her ears
May I enchant with honeyed phrase;
No more I win her smiles and tears,
As once I could—in happier days.
We don't fall out; we've had no tiff;
My passion glows without cessation;
But still, I'd love her better if
She'd choose some calmer recreation.

A NEW TERROR.

["Automobile Perambulators are now being used in Paris. A small seat is fixed at the back for the nurse, who controls the motor."—*Daily Paper*]

GREAT CENTRAL POLICE COURT.

ROBERT ELLESMERE SMITH, a clean-shaven youth, aged one year and three months, was brought before Mr. PLOUGHDEN, charged with driving a motor perambulator to the common danger, and with violently assaulting the police.

The prisoner, who had apparently no visible means of support, was carried into court by his chauffeuse. He was understood to plead "Guilty," though it was difficult to understand what he said, owing to an unfortunate impediment in his speech.

Police Constable '03X stated that he was on duty in Edgware Road when he saw the prisoner, in the momentary absence of the chauffeuse (who had descended to do up a boot-lace) deliberately start the mechanism. The machine darted forward at a terrific pace, scattering a sparrow and two dogs in all directions. A serious accident was only averted by the presence of mind of a bystander, who pulled the lever just in time. He (the constable) asked prisoner his name. Prisoner then made hideous

faces at him, said "Goo-goo, ga-ga," and used other expressions that he would not care to repeat. He next made a grab at his whistle and tried to pull his moustache.

The constable then went on to say that on the way to the station prisoner laughed and waved a rattle, and altogether behaved in the most childish way, making light of the whole affair.

At this point prisoner became very excited and expressed his desire, as far as could be made out, to see the internal arrangements of the magistrate's gold chronometer, calling out "Dada" and "Tick-tick."

Mr. Ploughden. It's a wise child that knows its own father. (*Laughter, which there was no attempt to suppress.*)

Ultimately the prisoner was remanded in order that inquiries might be made into the state of his mind. Bail was allowed, and prisoner was removed by the chauffeuse, gesticulating wildly and using language which it is impossible to render in print.

A MOVING SCENE.

BRAGSBY wrote pressing invitation to spend Saturday to Monday at his new house in the country—threw dress-suit into kit-bag and started.

Arrived Market Mudboro', BRAGSBY met me at station.

"Delighted you've come, old boy," he exclaims. (Awfully genial fellow, BRAGSBY.) "Of course you mustn't expect too much—we are hardly settled in yet—no pictures hung—no carriage, at present—by the way, you don't mind walking up to the house? it's not two miles."

Hate walking—especially carrying bag—no sign of cab or porter anywhere.

Waded through slush and stepped persistently into puddles for certainly *three*—not two—miles, and then came to house. Furniture still being delivered at front door, and straw, bass sheeting, &c., lying about on garden path. BRAGSBY waves hand airily and says, "We shall have this all right next week."

Rather reversing order of things to receive guest in advance of furniture, I thought.

Mrs. BRAGSBY discovered in act of nailing her fingers to the wall as she endeavours to hang picture. Deposit my bag on floor and spring to her assistance. Mrs. BRAGSBY so pleased that she keeps me hard at work hanging pictures for next two hours before remembering to give me tea. Quite exhausted by time I have dressed for dinner (in room with one chair and no carpet.) Struggle down to dinner at eight, falling over rolled up carpet *en*

route. At half-past, Mrs. BRAGSBY comes in and says, "Sorry dinner is a little late, but we expect these *contretemps* until things settle down."

I, personally, do *not*.

At two minutes to nine, dinner announced by butler with black smudge over left eye, acquired in assisting cook to clean flue whilst dinner cooking.

Soup smoked, fish spoiled, mutton raw, chicken apparently armour-plated. Then BRAGSBY administers what is to me—though strictly modest drinker—the *coup de grâce*.

"I suppose I really ought to apologise, my dear boy, for the wine not having arrived in time; however, we have the run of the children's nice refreshing beverages. Now, what'll you have? Ginger beer, orangeade, lemonade—ah! I have it! Some ginger ale! Ginger ale's the very thing for you. COOPER" (to Butler), "Mr. PHADDY will drink ginger ale—bring him up three bottles."

* * * *

Next morning's train bore me far, far away from "the new house." But I shall get even with BRAGSBY. I have sent him tickets for an amateur concert *where I sing!*

THE FORCE OF ETIQUETTE.

["Man is a great respecter of persons and a devout lover of ceremony . . . If it were not for the uplifting and restraining influence of etiquette, those of us who did not turn criminal from inclination would probably do so from despair."]

PAUSE, gentle Sir, and think of it!

If it were not for strict convention,
With fiendish glee you would commit
Crimes much too horrible to mention;
Conversely, men of flawless mould

With brutal hands would maim and hurt you;—

'Tis etiquette alone can hold

Man's feet upon the path of virtue!

If that restraining force were lost,

You'd view, with savage approbation,

Of bores a mighty holocaust,

Of prigs an utter decimation;

And like those "dragons of the prime"

You'd start your homicidal gambols;
The drawing-room would reek with crime,

The *salon* soon become a shambles!

Henceforth let scorn forsake your brow,

Nor treat as superficial graces

The vacant laugh, the lavish bow,

The dinner-table's commonplaces;

They're burdensome at times, perhaps,

But bear them meekly, like a martyr;

Just think! Without them you would lapse

Into a Hottentot or Tartar!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. JOHN COLEMAN'S *Reminiscences of Charles Reade* (TREHERNE), and incidentally of JOHN COLEMAN himself, are generally interesting and occasionally amusing. "*Je vois Ulysse dans cette affaire*," but, on the whole, *Ulysse* has practised self-effacement with no little success. But why doth the Baron lug in the hero of the *Odyssey* who was so masterful at the long-bow, since the veracity of this memoir is as unquestionable as is its writer's admiration for the clever gentleman who was Oxford scholar and fellow (for a while), then both novelist and dramatist rolled into one.

To anyone who in sultry autumn weather wants to enjoy the luxury of feeling his flesh creep, my Baronite recommends *The Baptist Ring* (MEIHUEN). It is a novel of the good old-fashioned type of melodrama. Among his *dramatis personæ*, Mr. WEATHERBY CHESNEY musters twin brothers who, parted at birth by the space of "an hour," as the author is particular in stating, are in the matter of virtue and vice separated by an age. There is the irascible father appropriately killed in a railway smash. Before his removal he disinherits the elder son, endowing the wicked younger with all his estate. There is a gloomy gamekeeper with a pretty daughter whom the younger brother betrays, and says it was the elder. There is hidden treasure the secret of which is concealed in a ring bequeathed to the elder brother, which nearly leads to his murder at the instance of the younger who hankers after it. But the gloomy gamekeeper also wants the ring. So he batters the owner on the head with an oar, flings him into the reservoir, whence he is rescued by the betrayed daughter, the gamekeeper himself finding a watery grave. As for the younger brother, he is buried alive in the tomb where he surreptitiously sought the hidden treasure. From these hints the gentle reader will gather what is in store for him. Disclosure of the place where the treasure is hidden is cleverly conceived.

The Triumph of Jill (JOHN LONG), by F. E. YOUNG, is a simple story charmingly told. From the first page to the last the characters, unheroic and perfectly natural, bear the light burden of the plot, and the interest in all they say and do is well sustained throughout without any appeal to sensationalism, or, indeed, without any startlingly original departure from an old road in this department of fiction.

My Nautical Retainer writes: Mr. MACILWAINE stands almost alone among writers who enjoy at once an intimate knowledge of Australian life and the gift of presenting it in literary form. In *Fate the Fiddler* he showed his capability for sustained narrative, and now his new volume, *The Undersong* (CONSTABLE), establishes his claim to recognition in the equally difficult art of the short story. His feeling for colour and atmosphere is intense, and so vividly conveyed as to leave one almost physically parched by the drought he pictures, and in turn refreshed by the rains. Perhaps at times he misses the strength of sheer simplicity; but in these days of slipshod work one gladly welcomes style, even if a little conscious and elaborate. Mr. MACILWAINE knows the art of embroidering realism with imagination. That his imagination will not serve him apart from close acquaintance with detail is seen in the two stories whose scenes lie far from Australia, and their treatment equally remote from the regions of experience and probability. His greatest successes are won in "Jasper Townshend's Piccaninny" and "The Twilight Reef," this last a tale of adventure in which he proves himself, like LOUIS STEVENSON, possessed of that rare gift, the power of producing the effect of romance without any feminine



A "CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR."

Governess. "Now, just one more SUBTRACTION SUM—"

Dolly. "OH, MISS CRAWFORD, I DON'T FINK MUMMIE WOULD LET ME DO ANY MORE OF THOSE SUMS, 'CAUSE IN THEM YOU BORROW TEN AND PAY BACK ONLY ONE, AND THAT'S CHEATING!"

element. I commend the book very sincerely, whether for light reading or for a serious study of types and environment.

The Baron heartily welcomes *Highways and Byways*, by INGLIS ALLEN, most appropriately published by a "CONSTABLE," without whose guardianship it would be no easy task for most of us to venture into these out-of-the-way corners of a St. Giles-ish sort of *quartier*. The author's knowledge of the slums is, as was Mr. Sam Weller's of the City of London, "extensive and peculiar." A considerable number of his admiring readers must take his word (not Mr. Weller's but Mr. ALLEN's—another Pickwickian name, by the way) for the correct conveyance of the low language—the very low dutch, of the courts—and for the gutter-al sounds that he reproduces in these clever sketches, allowing always for the process of filtration through which the conversation has to pass in order to render it fit for ears polite. We may take it that the scenes he depicts are absolutely true to the life, and the Baron is happy to know that there is still plenty more in similar strain to come from the same hand.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

Through Darkest Africa in a Train de Luxe.

SCENE—Platform of suburban station. Small crowd looking out for the KING EDWARD'S Special, due to pass through on its way to Port Victoria.

City Man. What's it all about?

Porter (with knowing wink). Dook o' Lancaster going through directly, Sir.

City Man. Never heard of anybody with that name!

Porter. Well, 'e calls 'imself the Dock o' Lancaster, but it's reelly the KING travelling in congo.



COMMON OBJECTS OF THE SEA-SHORE.

THE STRAW HAT AND ITS USES.

POST-CARD NOTES.

[Limited editions of 1000 sets of six cards each are now issued at five shillings nett]

CANDIDATES for the new Geographical Tripos at Cambridge will be expected to show proficiency in identifying picture post-cards of various places, scenes and landscapes. Travelling Students will have to forward to the Board of Studies complete sets of post-card views of all the countries they visit.

It is no longer customary for callers to leave visiting cards. Post-cards embellished with portraits of yourself or your family are distributed instead. Cards of humorous design, however, must be used with caution, unless they are intended as P.P.C. for good.

A large extension of premises is about to be made at the British Museum. The new building, as well as the old, will be entirely given over to the storage and display of picture post-cards. The previous collections of books, &c., have been sold *en bloc* to Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN, thereby defraying a part of the

immense cost of the new national treasures.

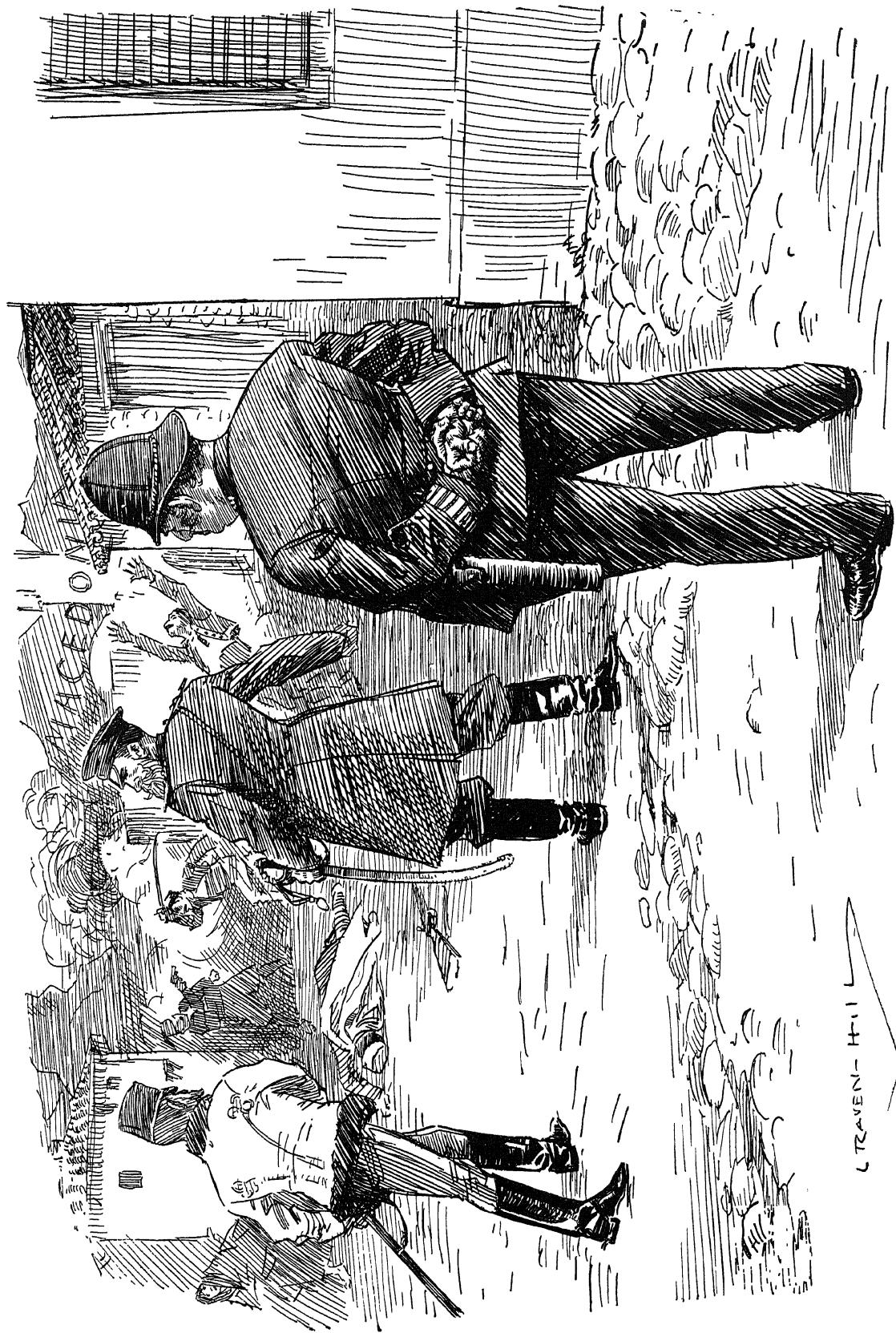
Sets of the more valuable cards may now be bought on the *Times* Instalment System. You pay five shillings down and a guinea a month subsequently. As a training in concentration of the mind the *Times* Post-card Competition may be expected to prove of immediate use to every competitor. The same amount of mental force that the average man dissipates in a thousand idle thoughts will, if directed to one purpose at a time, accomplish a great task. The habit of fixing the mind upon one subject to the exclusion of all others cannot be formed in a day, any more than bodily strength can be gained without continued effort, but it is a habit the force of which can be increased to a surprising degree by even so simple a course of exercise as that which this Competition affords. It is true that the Competition is a form of recreation, and that no sort of amusement can be as stern a discipline for the mind as an enforced task, but if a pastime can be made to yield even a

slight service of this kind it possesses a double recommendation.

A post-card *Who's Who* will shortly be published, containing only those celebrities whose portraits have been thus immortalised. Such persons will be entitled to affix P.W.W. to their names, this distinction ranking next after the Order of Merit.

The next General Election will be conducted entirely by post-cards. Everyone will send a political specimen to everybody else. The revenue will thus be so vastly augmented that there will be no Fiscal Question left to solve. To this happy consummation the Cobweb Cartoons, the Little Loaflets, the Starvation Squibs, the Famine Fancies, and other alluring and alliterative sets, are expected largely to contribute. Candidates' addresses are to be printed on one side only of the cards, thus ensuring desirable brevity, if not wit.

UNPLEASANTLY SUGGESTIVE NAMES OF "CURE" PLACES ABROAD.—*Bad Gastein*. Which must be worse than the first day's sniff at Bad-Eggs-la-Chapelle.



“WHEN CONSTABULARY DUTY’S TO BE DONE.”

MR. JOHN BULL. “IT’S NOT MY BEAT; BUT THEY HAVE MY MORAL SUPPORT.”

[In the House of Commons the Premier advocated “the more modest and simpler plan of admitting that it is Russia and Austria who are chiefly concerned in this problem, and that it is the duty of the rest of Europe to support them.”]

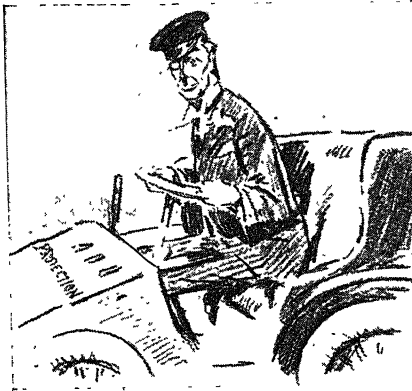
ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

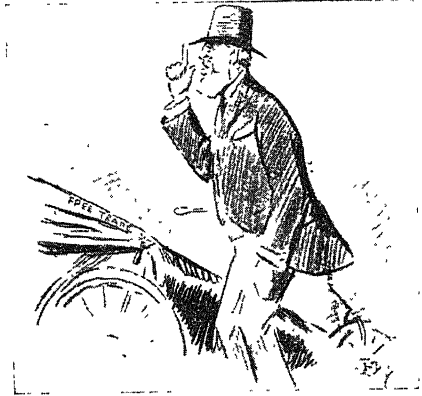
House of Commons, Monday, Aug. 10.

—Shadow of Prorogation hovers low over House; it is indeed so dark that with hand pointing to three o'clock of a summer afternoon the gas is flaring through the glass roof. This, however, is not the shadow of Prorogation alluded to; merely one of those thunderstorms that mark the humour of our summer-time. For the first time in memory is seen the lightning darting under the illuminated ceiling, momentarily dulling its blaze. The rain beats in torrents on the windows; the thunder rattles ominously round Victoria Tower. On the Bench, for the time in sole charge of Ministerial business, sits DON JOSÉ. By and by is going to say something about Cyprus, that famous place of arms bequeathed to the Empire by the dead-and-gone DIZZY. Since *Macbeth* met the witches in an unnamed "open place," there has been no such thunder and lightning. But then, as SARK says, never before has a Session closed by passing a measure like the Sugar Bounties Bill, to open out on a recess devoted to campaign against Free Trade.

DON JOSÉ, who has long lost the tan of South Africa, sits pale and highly wrought, whilst ALBERT ROLLIT and PIERPOINT prattle about Cyprus. In a diadem starred with brilliants representing forty Colonies, poor DIZZY's place of arms is a very small thing. The Sugar Bounties are something like, being estimated by trembling economists to cost the country 'relinquishment of



Chauffeur Joe and his Racing-Motor.
(Speed unlimited)



BALFOUR'S CHOICE FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

The safer, if more old-fashioned, Devonshire Bath Chair.

seven millions a year, hitherto contributed (to serve his private ends) by the foreigner. Cyprus costs the Empire mere trifle of thirty thousand a year. DON JOSÉ had almost forgotten Cyprus. But the scanty audience learn from ROLLIT's personal testimony that Cyprus has abundant reason never to forget DON JOSÉ. Before South Africa, lean kine among Colonial cares, swallowed all the rest, DON JOSÉ took the island in hand, dealing with it very much as, when he was Mayor of Birmingham, he managed that thriving city.

Blessed is the man who makes two blades of grass grow where there was but one. Thrice blessed the man who takes a congeries of slums, pulls down the reeking nests of disease and wretchedness, plans broad thoroughfares, builds rows of stately shops, and, instead of thereby saddling the town with debt, endows it with a perpetual revenue in reduction of rates.

Thus the Mayor of Birmingham thirty years ago; thus the Colonial Secretary in Cyprus when he first entered office. Under the pressure of other matters DON JOSÉ has forgotten the island set in the Mediterranean Sea that saw the birth of Venus and is now under the rule of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. He listened with keen interest to ALBERT ROLLIT's narrative of his tour, what time the lightning flashed and the thunder rolled, signalling the close of a memorable Session.

Business done.—Heaps. Meet early and sit late, dashing through work dawdled with whilst the Session was still young.

Tuesday.—HORACE PLUNKETT's knight-hood gazetted to-night. Among many tactful, gracious things done by His MAJESTY during his visit to Ireland, this recognition of modest merit strikes the widest chord of approbation. We are all rejoicing in new dawn of prosperity in Ireland, accompanying the rising of

the Land Bill sun. Years before influences that led to that happy consummation were at work HORACE PLUNKETT was. The secret of success of GEORGE WYNDHAM's Bill is, first, the conciliation of Landowner and Tenant, next their co-operation. Fifteen years ago HORACE PLUNKETT discovered this great truth, and, in a small way limited by personal exertions, he began the crusade.

After six years' hard labour it had prospered to the extent of making possible the founding of the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society, a birth preceded by a conference in Dublin much on the lines of that presided over by Lord DUNRAVEN that laid the foundation of the Bill this year. Only an Irishman above suspicion of an axe to grind could have gathered on a single platform, working for a common end, landlord and tenant, Nationalist and Orangeman, priest and parson. In Ireland it is hard even for honest men to rise above such suspicion. HORACE PLUNKETT succeeded, and whilst politicians wrangled, he, obscurely labouring, brought increased prosperity to remote, long time hopeless, districts of Ireland.

A very perfect knight before the Sovereign's sword-blade touched his shoulder, it is nevertheless pleasant to greet Royal recognition of sterling merit.

Business done.—Lords' Amendments to Irish Land Bill disposed of.

Wednesday night.—Amid a daily diminishing muster Mr. CALDWELL is still with us, busier than ever. For others the charm of moorland or loch; for Mr. CALDWELL the deathless pleasure of looking after men and things generally at Westminster.

"I don't shoot," he said; "and as for the LOUGH, my friend the Member for Islington is enough for me."

This is perhaps the first time Mr. CALDWELL ever attempted a joke. Certainly there is no earlier record. A



"Prattling about Cyprus."
(Sir Alb-rt R-ll-t.)



"Bid me discoorse, an' I'll discoorse
Until the Judgment Da-a-ay."

Mr. Cald-w-ll obliges at a Glasgow "Sing-song."

poor thing, it may be said, but it's his own. Its emission is accurate indication of an exceptionally enjoyable Session. It is true he has lived to hear CONINGSBY DISRAELI publicly allude to him as "a dummy seated on the Treasury Bench." He sadly admits that the ancient orders of the House impose restrictions on the volubility of the Member in charge of private Bills. Instead of enlarging upon the merits of each, as Mr. CALDWELL would be pleased to do, his action is confined to dumbly raising his hat in signal of moving a second reading.

In other relations of his Parliamentary life—as was shown the other day when he triumphantly defeated effort to pass Marine Insurance Bill—Mr. CALDWELL may not with accuracy be described as a dummy. But vituperation knows not nice distinction. Mr. CALDWELL comforts himself with the recollection that CONINGSBY DISRAELI's illustrious uncle in his time applied more stinging and equally inappropriate epithets to a statesman whom, in the family circle in Glasgow, its head is thought closely to resemble—to wit, Sir ROBERT PEEL.

Whilst other Members kept in by the Whips sit physically wearied, their countenances darkened by look of unutterable boredom, Mr. CALDWELL moves about with added briskness, the voluminous tails of his frock-coat quivering with new delight as he bustles round. He has killed the Musical Copyright Bill in which DISRAELI, the Very Younger, was warmly interested. Hence the unscrupulous attack upon his alleged incapacity for speechmaking.

What Mr. CALDWELL had to do with the Musical Copyright Bill is a matter as obscure as Hecuba's relation to him or his to Hecuba. It is whispered that in the recess the Member for Mid Lanarkshire is accustomed to take prominent part in what south of the Tweed are known as Free-and-easies, and that he resents interference with his freedom of selection of pieces suitable to his voice and style. Why should he pay the extravagant price demanded by music-sellers when on a Saturday night in Sauchiehall Street he can buy off a stall the same song for twopence? However that be, what is certain is that, in spite of strong pressure and personal influence of various kinds, Mr. CALDWELL stood firm, and the Musical Copyright Bill is drummed out.

Business done.—Appropriation Bill read second time.

Friday.—Parliament prorogued.

THE BEST JUDGES.

[Of a certain novel it is written in the advertisements:—"In the Publisher's opinion Mr. BLANK will, with this book, attain to the high rank predicted for him by the principal critics of '—' and '—'. The New Work deals with questions of Imperial Policy, which are at present uppermost in the minds of the Anglo-Saxon races, and may even embody suggestions that will prove contributory to the solution."]

THE Publisher of *The Tragedy of a Sewage Farm*, although not of a sanguine disposition, is convinced that in this novel Mr. CONDY SCRUBB has surpassed not only himself but DICKENS, THACKERAY, and JANE AUSTEN. The attention of the East Ham Borough Council is particularly drawn to Chapter XXI., where the question of sanitation is wonderfully worked out. It is not often that Mr. POUGHIER, the publisher, indulges in criticism, but he cannot resist the temptation in connection with the powerful romance which he has just been privileged to issue. That Mr. SCRUBB here touches high-water mark he is more than confident. All Anglo-Saxons should read the book, for it treats of men and women who speak their language and share their ideals.

There is but one feeling in the office of Messrs. DODDER and THYNNE, the Publishers, at No. 85, Paternoster Alley, and that is one of supreme satisfaction that Mrs. FUSSCAT's new novel, *Lord Hugh's Hallucination*, is so extraordinarily good. Many novels have been issued from this address and have thrown the firm, from principals to packers, into a state of rapture, but never has the emotion been so acute or so genuine as in the present case. Here is genius indeed. It is MAUPASSANT writing with the pen of STEVENSON. No Passive Resister in doubt as to a suitable

weapon with which to fell an uncompromising auctioneer should miss the opening chapter.

MESSRS. BOODLE AND CHUMP beg to announce that in the opinion of all their travellers, both town and country, *The Chimney-pot*, the new novel by Mr. CHRISTIE HEATH, which they have just issued, is a superb work of art, absorbing to the last degree, and wittier than Miss FOWLER. How people can bring themselves to read anything else they cannot imagine. The chapters dealing with the shellac industry may possibly be found to contain the solution of the fiscal problem which is at present agitating the mind of the nation.

Good wine needs no bush, but that is no reason why Messrs. GUPPY should be debarred from expressing their deliberate conviction that they have never brought out a nobler or more high-toned romance than *The Ordeal of a Grand Duke*. The chapter describing the hero's sufferings from hay fever cannot be read with dry eyes.

"PLUS ÇA CHANGE—"

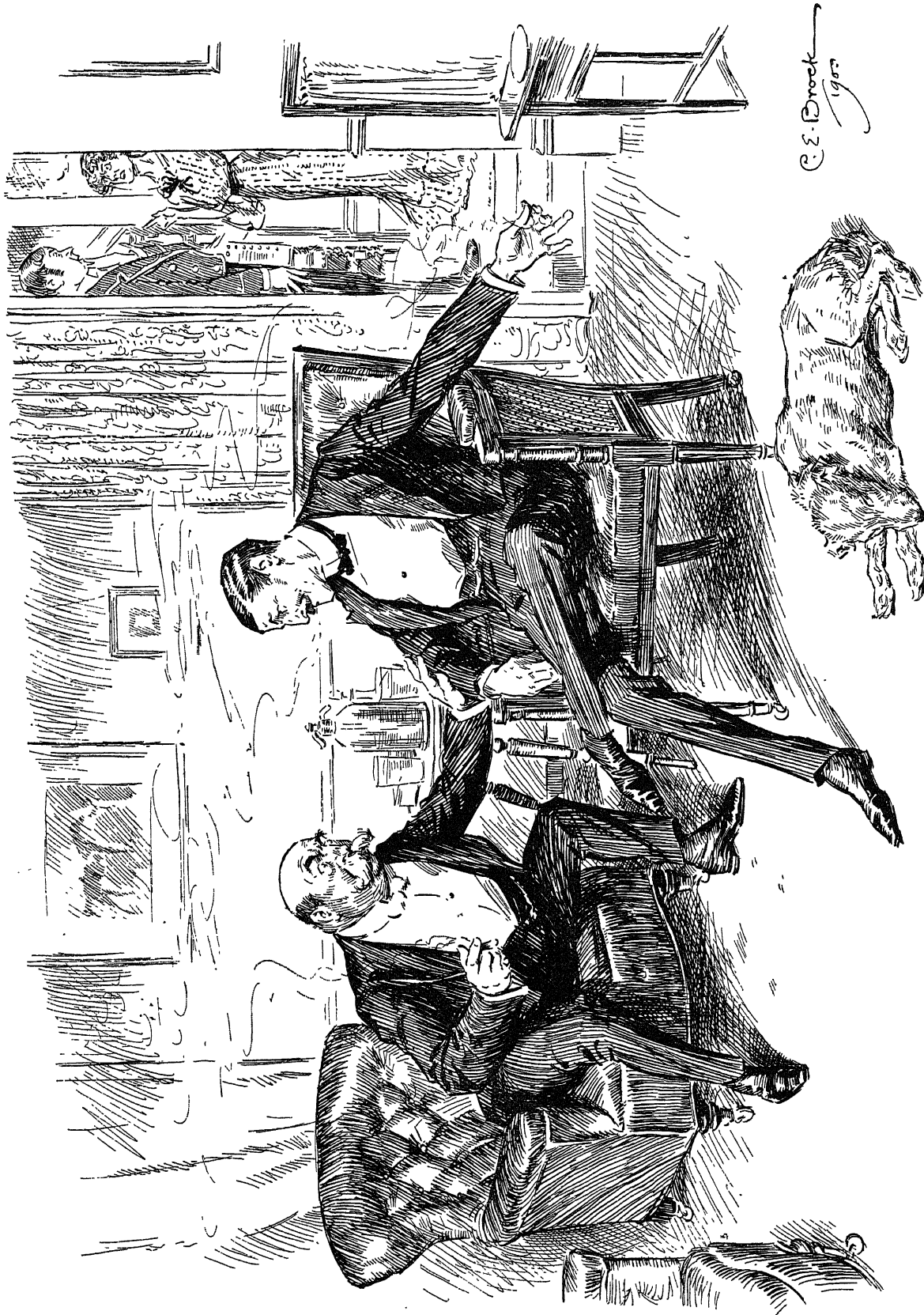
[“Of course croquet is no longer quite the game of the sandy-whiskered curate and panier-skirted maiden of the 'seventies.”—*The World*.]

PHYLLIS, in these latter days
Croquet is once more the craze.
Not the game you wondered at,
Practised by the expert curate,
Who through roomy hoops would pat
Balls at such a slow (if sure) rate,
Till at length the game was done,
I had lost—the curate won.

No! those leisured days are past—
Even croquet now is fast;
Now the massive mallets smite,
And the balls fly ever quicker;
Time brings changes with its flight,
And the curate now is vicar,
On whose lawn with courteous hand
You, the gracious hostess, stand.

Yet, as thus I watch the game,
Many things seem just the same;
As your daughter there I view,
While in reverie I wander,
I could swear that it was you,
Flirting with the curate yonder;
Yes, the world may change and will—
But it has its curates still.

A RECENT cricket report says, "Though a heavy thunderstorm raged through the early hours of the morning, the wicket was in no way affected." The Wicket had strong nerves. How did the Bat like it! But of course the Bat must have retired to roost before daylight, and was not in the least disturbed. Fortunately No Ball was given on that night.



EVIDENCE OF AN EYE-WITNESS.

Guest. "WHY DO YOU BELIEVE IN SECOND SIGHT, MAJOR?"
Major Darby (in an impressive whisper). "BECAUSE I FELL IN LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT!"

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

XXIV.—A FAMILY TIFF.

THE last bus from the West End has just arrived and discharged its two sole passengers, a nondescript man from the top, and a belated chorus girl from inside. The comely woman with the baby, who has been walking up and down for the past ten minutes, kisses the conductor, exchanges her infant burden for his square tin box, and hastens homewards at his side. The empty bus departs round the corner, and I am left alone outside the District Station save for the policeman on duty and a solitary cabman by the kerb, who, with one wary eye still on me, has lapsed into fatigued conversation with the keeper of the coffee-stall opposite.

"'Ot?" he is remarking, "I call it fair 'ot."

It certainly is hot. Returning a hearty thanks under my breath to the paternal Government that has saved me from the disgrace of paying for alcohol after midnight, I stroll across to the coffee-stall and test the quality of an unintoxicating gaseous fluid which, I understand from a placard hanging at the back of the stall, is admitted by all to be the best. I only hope I may never taste the worst.

From this debauch I am aroused by the sound of hurried footsteps on the pavement. I turn and see that the policeman has left his post and is marching off up the road, while a bare-headed woman, half running, half walking, precedes him by a few yards in a state of breathless volubility.

Confidently leaving my unfinished beverage on the counter of the stall (let him take it who dares!) I make my way after them. The excessive volubility of the lady's utterances, together with a somewhat bold use of syntax, make their sense rather difficult to follow, but I am able to gather that Father is half a-killing of him coming back from the "Aaron Ounds" as he does without no money and getting into bad company on the top-floor front all because he's joined a Slate Club with blood a-gushing from him and there'll be murder done same and still worse than happened o' Thursday after the party if the policeman doesn't come quick.

The policeman makes no comment, but treads stolidly on without quickening his pace. A little further he is joined by another constable, to whom in his turn the lady, still panting on ahead, addresses a repetition of her confidences. From him she obtains if possible still less attention. He addresses a dissyllabic query to his colleague.

"Assault Pope's Alley," returns the

other impassively (a lesson to me, this, in condensation), and the pair plod on together in silence. Suddenly the woman turns to the right, and we follow under a low archway into a short narrow court flanked on either side by a mere ribbon of pavement, and terminating in a grimy blank wall. One solitary lamp-post that almost leans against the house at the further end lights the scene; nearly every door and window are open, and an expectant garrulous crowd of both sexes in various stages of undress, several of the men with bare feet, stand about among the vegetable and other refuse that strews the road. The heat here is oppressive—almost a tangible thing.

Still following the woman, the two policemen march on towards the end of the court. At the same moment there issues from the door of the corner house by the lamp-post a man clad in corduroy trousers and a night-shirt, his face decorated by what to-morrow will be, I should say, two of the most gorgeous black eyes in England, Scotland, and even Ireland. There is a brief conference in the doorway; then the policemen enter the house, followed by the woman, the man remaining outside under the lamp-post, where a little interrogative group quickly assembles.

Feeling some natural curiosity as to whether the man under the lamp-post is the same that got into bad company on the top-floor front, or the eccentric party who joined a Slate Club with blood a-gushing from him, I venture to seek enlightenment on the situation from my neighbour, a young man of unattractive countenance, who is nonchalantly raking with a dirty bare toe among the little heap of garbage in the gutter, now and again passing a bored remark, after some preliminary expectation, to an equally unattractive companion. He glances towards me coldly.

"Only a bit of a rar, guv'nor," he replies, with a distance of manner and a formal abstinence from expectation which are obviously meant as a snub for my impertinence.

I have more success, however, with a lady of the shape of a seltzogene machine standing in the doorway of the house behind me, from whom I learn that the man with the black eyes is the husband of the lady wot fetched the coppers, and has just had another crool 'idin' from his father-in-law, in return for keeping that gentleman and his daughter in the lapperluckshery.

I gather in further conversation that this state of affairs has been regularly recurrent during the past six months, and that if she (the seltzogene machine) was 'im (the black-eyed husband) she



MIXED BATHING.

A STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE.

wouldn't never have married into a family of vulgar people like them there, with the father a-drinking himself to glory, and the daughter no better than she should be. But then there ain't no accounting for tastes.

While I am assuring her what a lesson this will be to me in my choice of a father-in-law, there is a noise inside the corner house like shooting coals, accompanied by the sound of loud feminine cries. The little group by the lamp-post scatters, and the next moment the two policemen appear in the doorway holding by either arm a white-haired old man of Herculean build, half-dressed in a short-sleeved vest and trousers girt up by a formidable-looking belt. He gazes with hostility at the man beneath the lamp-post.

"Yes," he observes, "I gave y' a — good 'idin' ter-night, an' I'll give y' another ev'ry night.—Orl right" (this to the policemen), "'oo yer shovin' of?"

At the same time a female figure has run out of the house and thrown herself on her husband.

"Oh, forgive 'im once more!" she is crying. "Look 'ow good 'e's bin since Wensday!"

The husband seems embarrassed.

"A — good 'idin' ter-night," repeats the old man truculently over his shoulder, "an' I'll — 'Ere! chuck that shovin', carn't yer!"

The policemen are intimating without any superfluous ceremony their impatience of further dialogue. The prisoner begins to struggle violently, whereupon his daughter turns swiftly on his guardians.

"Shime!" she cries shrilly. "Two of yer to an ole man! Oh, yer cowardly 'ahnds!"

The policemen pay her no more notice than they did outside in the main road. Moreover, their attention is fully claimed by the old man, who has

managed to throw himself on the ground, and is kicking upwards with appalling vigour.

"That's it!" screams his daughter. "It a man when 'e's down! An ole man, too! Oh, yer...! TED! TE-ED!" (this to her husband) "are you goin' ter stand by an' allow it? Call yerself a man? Oh, yer contemptuous cur, you!"

The husband, mechanically stroking one of his injured eyes, seems more embarrassed than ever. One of the policemen has blown his whistle (the daughter's scorn and indignation rise to a climax), and meanwhile the pair, very red in the face, and one without his helmet, are having a very lively time of it. I notice that the sympathies of the crowd are with the prisoner, more, as it seems to me, as a matter of general principle than from any feelings of personal affection. My bored neighbour of the bare toes has summoned up quite an interest in life, and even so far forgets himself in the excitement of the moment as to condescend to demand of me, "'Oo sez old CLAY don't know 'ow to kick a copper?"

I readily join with him in clearing the prisoner of so foul a calumny.

It is not long before two more policemen arrive. Even now it is only with difficulty that the old man is mastered. I notice, as he recovers his helmet, that one of the policemen has an eye that should be a *proxime accessit* to-morrow to that of the prisoner's son-in-law. The daughter suddenly ceases her abuse and becomes pleading.

"Let 'im go now," she entreats of the latter constable. "'E won't do no more 'arm ter-night."

The constable, with a remark that I do not catch, brushes her out of the way, and the quartette march the prisoner ungently off towards the archway. The lady, finding entreaties of no avail, relapses once more into loud revilings. My seltzogenic friend is clucking her tongue against her teeth.

"T-t-t-t. Nice people!" she observes. "I don't know what Pope's Alley is comin' to, I don't reely."

The policemen and their charge disappear through the archway. The majority of the crowd still linger among the vegetable refuse, dwelling reminiscently on the details of the scene. Turning, I make my way out of the oppressive atmosphere towards the main road. Behind me, at the other end of the court, I can hear the voice of the dutiful daughter calling to her husband, who has retired indoors, to accompany her to the police station and go bail.

SCOTCH BRANDY.

[In a prosecution under the Sale of Food and Drugs Act, at the instance of the Lanark County authorities, against a Glasgow firm of purveyors, for selling adulterated brandy, some useful information was recently obtained. Commercial witnesses contended that, no matter what the origin of spirit was—whether grapes, grain, rotten figs, potatoes, or black ants—brandy it was, if called brandy and if it resembled brandy in taste, colour and smell.]

(With apologies to W. S. Gilbert.)

If you want a receipt for the liquor called brandy,
Known to the world as "Imported from France,"

Take some potatoes—or anything handy—

The very first thing that encounters your glance:
Figs decomposing (O, sweet putrefaction!

Devised for the cheap distillation of wine!);

Ants or cockroaches, disabled in action,

Or wasting away in a rapid decline;

Maize that is damaged and meant for manuring,

Rye with the dry-rot, and unfit for food,

Fish that is tainted, and useless for curing,

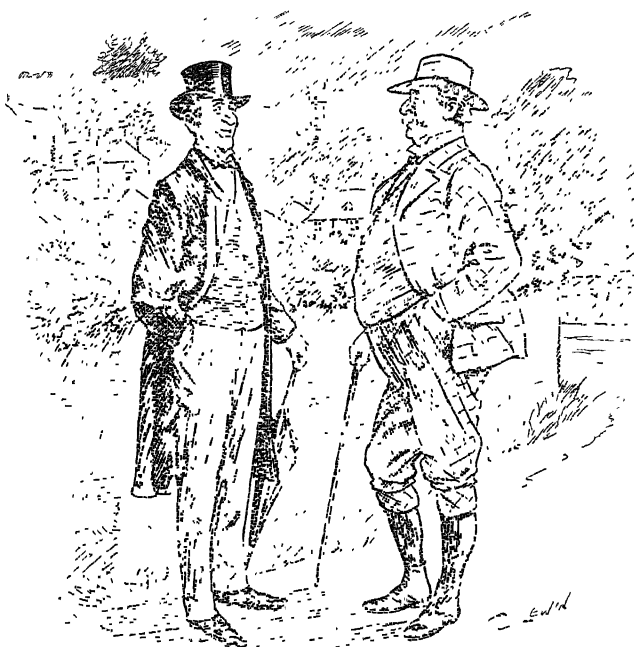
Sawdust a handful, a foot of charred wood;

Squeeze from these elements all that is squeezable

(The process is easy, simple and feasible),

And the wash you produce, if in colour and smell

It resembles pure brandy, is ready to—sell.



A NORFOLK BROAD HINT.

Tweed (retired tailor) "AND SO, SIR, YOU ARE LEAVING THE BROADS TO-MORROW FOR THE GROUSE SHOOTING? ER—MIGHT I BEG THE FAVOUR OF A GOOD RECIPE FOR COOKING GROUSE?"

Squire. "CERTAINLY, TWEED, I WILL SEND ONE ROUND DIRECTLY I GET HOME."

Tweed. "PLEASE DON'T TROUBLE, SIR, TILL YOU REACH SCOTLAND, AND IF YOU SHOULD HAVE A FEW PATTERNS—AH, I MEAN A GROUSE—HANDY, WOULD YOU KINDLY SQUEEZE IT IN WITH THE RECIPE JUST, SIR, AS A SAMPLE?"

AYEZ PITIÉ DU PAUVRE CHAUFFEUR!

MOSSIEU,—je suis fransais. Jusqua praisent jai gagné pas malle dargen comm chauffeur en angleter. je vais ordinairement a cent kileaumètre leur, et je nais tué person excepté des Animaux, un tas de chien de poulais de por et de Baïtes comm sa. Cest vrai que jai blessé 3 viyai fems 2 Homms 9 ou 10 ptis enfans et 30 ou 35 cheveaus, mais cest tou.

é ben! vos compatriotes sont enragé de teufteufs et spendant vous ne voulué plus d'automobiles ché vous. sacré nom dun chien cest Abbominable! Savez vous que je ne vai jamais au pa? pas maimme doucemen. Mon automobile va toujours a une vitesse Vertigineuze. cest le mo, et cest un grand mo. Vertigineuze. Les patrons le désire toujours. Donc si vous empêché les patrons daller vite il naurons plu bezoin de moi.

Caisse que je vai faire? je serai Ruiné. les patrons trouveron de chauffeurs anglais calmes et corect. Et vous apelez sa la liberté et la libre angleter et le libréchange? ah siel!

je suis fransais et mes automobiles sont toujours fransais ou allemande, selon le gou du patron. Voila comm vous étranglez une Industri anglaize! cest dégoutan. Cest la maimme chose en belgique et aussito que possible on va régler les automobiles en france. il ni a plu de liberté aucune par.

je serai forcé de me refugier en affrique ché mossieu Lebaudie. la ba chacun ira comm il veu dans cet Empire de Sarah A.

Aggréé sil vous plai lassurance de ma aute considérasion.

JACQUES L'ECRASEUR.

THE AMATEUR HISTRION.

(A Compleat Guide to Country House Theatricals.)

FOREWORD.

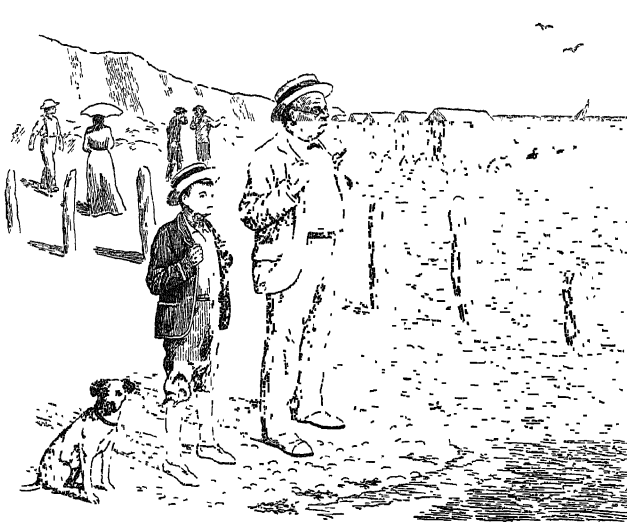
It is the fear that professionalism, which, octopus-like, is choking all amusements, may clasp amateur theatricals with one of its tentacles and crush out of them all the freshness, the originality, the unexpectedness, which are their chief beauty, that impels me, as one who ever scorned to give a cue, to impart a few hints to hostesses and actors as to the manner in which an amateur theatrical performance should be initiated and carried through triumphantly.

THE CAUSE AND THE COMPANY.

A Charity, my dear lady, is almost a necessity. That there is no particular charity in which you yourself are interested leaves you free to offer to play for any charity of which the smartest lady of your acquaintance—a Duchess, it is to be hoped—is a patroness. She may possibly be pleased whether you make any money for the charity or not, and, as you care nothing about the charity, you will have no twinges of conscience if the net profits are nil, as they probably will be.

One great advantage of playing for a charity is that it gives you the right to send a polite note to the manager of the theatre in the neighbouring county town, asking him to give you his theatre free on the day of the local races or on a market day. If the manager is a nice man he will, of course, do so; but many country managers are not nice persons, and write back clumsy and unintelligible letters about the theatre being booked in advance.

If you have to pull your own house about, and if your Duchess will be abroad, or some equally good reason causes a charity to be an undesirable reason for playing, you will still find that theatricals as an entertainment have certain advantages. A buffet with cold chicken and sandwiches and some well-iced cup is all that your guests can possibly expect, instead of the supper and second supper a ball entails; you will not have to say anything to any of the bores except, "Did you really think me as good as ELLEN TERRY?"; you will be able to show your three new Parisian dresses in all their splendour, while those of the other women, who have got anything fit to wear, are becoming creased by sitting close together on hired chairs; and you will



TRAIN UP A CHILD, &c.

Father (eminent Stockbroker). "WITH THE FLOW, THE SEA RISES, MY BOY. WITH THE EBB, IT FALLS."
Son (a chip of the old block). "THEN WOULD BE THE TIME TO BUY, WOULDN'T IT, DADDY?"

be able to mop up and get done with all the crowd of hedge squires and doctors and curates who are not worth squandering a dinner on.

The selection of your company is the simplest matter possible. Any man can act if he is asked to, and you may take it for granted that if a man does other things badly, he may possibly act very well. For instance, there is Sir TIMOTHY TODDLES, whom your husband says he will never have down to the big shoot again, for he is as blind as a bat and never hits a bird. He is very useful to you when you come to London, for he lends you an electric brougham and gives you tickets for Wednesdays at Ranelagh. Ask him certainly, say something vague about his experience, hope that he can spare a week to rehearse, and tell him that you count absolutely upon him. WILLIE CHAFFINCH, of course, you must have to make love to you. He is a dear fellow, and does everything delightfully, and your husband would never allow a stranger to put his arm round your waist and to kiss you on the ear, which is the amateur theatrical kissing spot. Therefore WILLIE is a necessity. Somebody once told you of some one who was quite as good as any professional, and, if you can remember the man's name and recall your informant, write a coaxing complimentary little note to the man, and bring in the other person's name and the charity, if you are on the charity lay. Ask two of the nicest boys from the nearest garrison town, for you must have someone to amuse the girls at rehearsal, and you may want their regimental band. You can fish up the other men anywhere if you

want any more. Your husband's agent, of course, must act if he is wanted, and the same applies to the young doctor who attends the servants when they are ill.

For the ladies' parts you can ask your very best friend, so long as she is not likely to have as good dresses as you will wear, and will not pay too much attention to WILLIE. There are plenty of girls about the place, and you will have shown your thoughtfulness for them by asking the soldiers, and if there is any ugly old woman's part to be played the children's governess must if necessary play it.
AN OLD HAND.

THE COCKNEY ANGLER.

[Lord DENBIGH recently caught a trout in the Buckingham Palace lake, and the *Express* has suggested the stocking of London waters with trout.]

I've fished persistently for trout
In almost every kind of weather;
In times of flood, in times of drought
I've flogged a stream for hours together.
If hope were skill and patience luck
I might have known old ISAAC'S rapture,
But, as they're not, the fish I've struck
Have nearly all evaded capture.

Then I can never get away
Just when the water's in condition—
Towards the latter end of May
When *fario* feeds without suspicion.
During my holidays the breeze
Is east, the water low and lucid,
My fly is always caught in trees,
My luck invariably doosid.

But now, if I can throw a line,
Just when the trout are game and greedy,
Across the expansive Serpentine,
Whose water's neither clear nor reedy;
If I can kill a brace of fish
After my toiling in the City,
What will be left for me to wish?
What will be left to call for pity?

No torrent this, with pools to search,
Perched on an inconvenient boulder,
Where every stumble, slip, or lurch
May dislocate a knee or shoulder;
No bulls to toss you as you cast,
No vipers by the margin hidden—
To what a sumptuous repast
May Cockney Waltons yet be bidden!



NO DOUBT OF IT.

Daughter of the House. "HERE COME MRS. MASSINGTON AND HER HUSBAND."

Lady Smart. "AH, SHE'S STRONG-MINDED, OF COURSE!"

Daughter of the House. "CAN YOU TELL THAT BY JUST LOOKING AT HER?"

Lady Smart. "No—BY LOOKING AT HIM!"

CHARIVARIA.

A PASSIVE Resister at Whitchurch told the Magistrates he had as much right to be heard as a murderer. The most ardent opponent of Dr. CLIFFORD has never ventured to put it quite so strongly as this. ———

According to *The Hospital*, "The English people have accepted the white man's burden of ruling and colonising, and in the steps of the soldier follow the steps of the nurse." At home, in the Park, this order is usually reversed. But in the Colonies, where life progresses more rapidly, every year is Leap Year. ———

Germany's leading sculptor was commissioned by the EMPEROR to execute a statue of BISMARCK. The sculptor having represented the Iron Chancellor as the guardian angel of the Hohenzollerns, the EMPEROR ordered the statue to be destroyed, remarking, "We Hohenzollerns need no protector!" Free Traders please note. ———

Fifty Prussian schoolgirls have been arrested at Gnesen on a charge of high

treason, and the police are said to have their eyes on several Kindergartens, where it is reported that the children have been playing "I am the King of the Castle," and other games suggestive of *Majestätsbeleidigung*. ———

The lesson of Kischeneff is not to be forgotten. The Russian Government is determined to punish any further anti-Jewish rioting with a firm hand. At Valewski, where there was a *mêlée* between some Jews and a number of Cossacks, 600 Jews were promptly arrested. ———

Owing to the continued inclemency of the weather Mr. MONTAGU HOLBEIN is now a cross Channel Swimmer. ———

We hear that, as a result of Mr. BRODRICK's disclaimer, a Royal Commission is to be appointed to find out who (if anybody) is conducting the Somali War. ———

The French military ride from Paris to Deauville turned out a poor affair after all. Only two horses were killed. ———

Dr. FÉRÉ, a well-known French scientist, has been drawing attention to the serious results that may ensue from kissing girls against their will. Cases have been known where this action has been followed by a curious smarting pain on the operator's ear. ———

As if there were not already enough bonds of cousinly sympathy between the Teutons and ourselves, a gentleman has written to the *Daily Mail* to say that for several years past the weather in Germany has been the same as in England. ———

Hastings, having been accused of not catering for the amusement of its visitors, last week invited the members of a French society, "Le Souvenir Normand," to the town. We are sure the slight was unintentional. ———

Extract from a contemporary:—"We must protest with all our power against the disgusting and degrading spectacle of a Prize Fight which took place on Saturday between Jeffries and Corbett. Full details will be found on page 6."

PARADISE AND THE SNAKE.

"Serpent, Sir!" repeated Mr. POTT. . . . "I said, Serpent, Sir—make the most of it!"—*The Pickwick Papers*.

[The Preferential Tariff question, so far as Ireland was concerned, would be considered not on its merits, and not as a question of 'Imperial policy,' but the votes and support of the Irish party would, in the forthcoming struggle, be given with a sole view to the interests of Ireland, and more especially to the speedy restoration of Irish legislative independence.—*Mr. John Redmond at Burnley*.]

WE drew a Paradise in dreams,
The home of love and settled law,
Of pearly bogs and peaty streams
Flooded with milk and usquebaugh;
Where Limericks made a lasting mirth,
And shamrock-time was never over,
And bulls of thrice the usual girth
Habitually browsed on clover;—

Where rents were paid with punctual joy,
Accompanied by festal jigs,
And bailiffs lost their late employ,
And every green was bare of wigs;
Where, as before the primal curse,
The lambkin loafed beside the lion,
And WYNDHAM, in a kilt of Erse,
Embraced a fully-breeched O'BRIEN.

A Paradise of dreams—no more!
For at the waking hour we find
The same insidious Worm that wore
A hole in ADAM's peace of mind;
Though Eden renovates her youth
In yonder green and billow-swept Isle,
There still the Serpent whets a tooth
Characteristically reptile.

Not Kingly feet that pressed her shore
Avail to dry that venom up;
Not gifts of Saxon gold galore,
Nor even Mr. BENNETT's Cup;
Mid blessings showered on man and brute
In that uniquely pampered country,
There blooms a sole forbidden fruit,
And Something coils about that one tree.

The old familiar "Taste and see"
Wheedles the gardener where he delves—
"Sample this brand, and you shall be
Like to the gods that rule themselves!
The other sorts—pear, peach, and nut,
Reluctant doles of niggard misers,
Are, relatively, nothing but
Mere pregustative appetisers!"

* * * * *

O Isle of Erin, could the star
That smiled upon your earlier lot
Restore, by way of Avatar,
St. PATRICK, that illustrious Scot!
For snakes he had a drastic bane
That took, I hear, a deal of beating;
Ah, might he give them once again
A course of more than earthly KEATING! O. S.

Everything comes to the Man who waits.

Country Rector's Wife (engaging man-servant). And can you wait at dinner?

Man. Aw, yes, Mum; I'm never that hoongry but I can wait till you've done.

PHIL MAY.

WE are not left long without a souvenir, and a very lasting one, of PHIL MAY. From the *Punch* Office (10, Bouverie Street) is issued by Messrs. BRADBURY AND AGNEW, at a price within everybody's reach, a first-rate edition of PHIL MAY's pictures, all from *Mr. Punch's* collection. These pictures gain immensely by this reproduction, the pages in which they appear being free from all printed matter (except title and "legend"), that is, from typed articles, such as must necessarily hedge them in when they form part of a page in *Mr. Punch's* weekly number. Whether the incomparable PHIL gave us a gutter-snipe, a coster's wife, a coster, an 'Arriet, an 'Arry, or an actor out-at-elbows, they were all of his very best, nothing scamped; seldom more, apparently, than a mere sketch, and yet a finished picture, with every detail worked in that could possibly assist the situation.

Then his ladies, appearing rarely, 'tis true, yet when he does present them how charming are they, in "*Brown's Country House*," for example. And the soft medium that he chose occasionally, so that his work looks, to the inexperienced eye of the mere amateur, as if it had just been sketched in with delicate touches from a soft lead-pencil. But what wonderful work! what art! *Moi qui parle*, or rather, I who write this, know how many separate studies, repeated and corrected over and over again, went to make up one simple picture; perfect in its simplicity. Those who have acquired many "Phil Mays" possess a real and great treasure, and a source of perpetual delight. They are ever fresh, ever bright, ever delightful. These flowers of the genius of May will never be withered by an autumn, nor will they perish in a winter of discontent. Such leaves as these, in this present collection, go to make up his artist's crown of *immortelles*.

MORGANATIC MARRIAGE.

[Professor MORGAN, of Ruskin University, Pittsburg, is reported to ascribe much wedded unhappiness to wives not understanding men. He proposes instituting a course to remedy this.]

COME, praise with me
This novel Degree
Of a Pennsylvanian 'Varsity,
Which enables the maid who would master hearts
To graduate Mistress of Wifely Arts;
Where tutors train
A spinster's brain
Till even a man may acknowledge the gain,
And hopefully offer a fearless hand
To a wife who will take it and understand.

O the little more,
But what priceless lore!
And the little less, and two hearts left sore!
The bachelor dinner—the Bridge at the Club—
The need for excuses—ay, there's the rub!

For the best pretext
Is as bad as the next
If a wife is unlearned enough to be vexed;
But a husband's tale may be bald and bland
To American scholars who understand.

But of RUSKIN there?
O enough and to spare—
Let ATHENA be *Queen of the knowing Air*,
And let these be the *Ethics of Pittsburg Dust*,
That a MORGAN of course must be taken on trust,
And a Yankee town
Will achieve renown

By destroying the fear of a woman's frown,
When the cockatrice fawns on the infant's hand,
And Professors preach—what they understand.



LAST OF THE VI-KINGS AND FIRST OF THE
TEA-KINGS.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. GEORGE MORTON commences what my Baronite hopes will be a prosperous career as an Edinburgh publisher by the issue of a shilling volume of short stories by JOHN OXENHAM. The enterprise does not loom large. But it deserves, and will surely obtain, immediate success. Amongst the rarest literary gifts is that of writing a good short story. JOHN OXENHAM possesses it in marked degree. There is nothing particular in the construction of any of the plots. They plod along quietly enough. Suddenly, towards the end, there is introduced an unexpected development that charms and delights the reader. Perhaps the *Episode of Mr. Joseph Scorer* which leads off, will, by its breezy humour, delight most readers. My Baronite, whilst much enjoying it, rather fancies *Captain Barnacle*, wherein will be found one of those unexpected twists which give the stories distinct originality.

The Baron has received some post-cards from Messrs. RAPHAEL TUCK AND SONS, humorously designed and, of course, capitally drawn in colours by our late artistic collaborateur, PHIL MAY. These the Baron sees for the first time, at least he does not remember having already met with them. This is, however, a detail, as, new or re-issued, they are excellent, and full of "go," as they ought to be, considering how far and wide these post-cards will have to travel.

The Bâton Sinister, by GEORGE GILBERT (JOHN LONG) is a simple tale of woman's love and man's passion, well told and well written. The Baron, however, excepts from laudatory notices not a few lapses from the style of conversation peculiar to the time of CHARLES THE SECOND into that with which we are familiar in our own day. Then the author has overcrowded his canvas, and the action of the supernumeraries obscures that of the principals in the story. True it is that hero and heroine emerge at last, and also that, curiosity having been stimulated, their re-appearance is most welcome, the career of the heroine having been followed with a certain sympathetic interest which cannot be felt for the erring MONMOUTH. That the novel would have benefited by a considerable reduction in the quantity of the *dramatis personæ* will probably be the verdict of those who take it up during the leisure of a summer vacation, and such is most decidedly the opinion of the experienced Baron.

Although the following short story does not fall within the strict limits of Our Booking-Office, yet it came very naturally into the Baron's note-book, which he keeps at hand for reference in this department. The anecdote may have already appeared in print, possibly in some biographical notice of the late FATHER JAMES HEALY, P.P., of Little Bray, which the Baron has unfortunately not come across. On board the gallant *Moldavia*, the latest production in ships of the P. & O., among the guests of those Popular and Oriental Potentates was a certain merry knight, whose memory is stored with tales of most excellent quality. He inquired of his *convives* whether they were acquainted with what he, in his humility, ventured to consider as one of the neatest *mots* ever uttered by "FATHER JAMES," or, for the matter of that, by any other wit. The company, individually and collectively, not far behindhand with most stories, prayed the knight to continue.

"Proceed, Sir," quoth a dramatist then present. "Proceed, sweet warbler. Your story interests me much."

Thus encouraged, Sir Knight obliged with his anecdote. He told us how, on a certain occasion, when on a visit to London, FATHER JAMES was asked by a bright young English girl who happened to be his neighbour at a dinner-party



"SANCTA SIMPLICITAS."

"AUNTIE, OUGHT BERTIE WILSON TO HAVE SMILED SO OFTEN AT ME IN CHURCH?"

"No, DEAR. WHERE WAS HE SITTING?"

"BEHIND ME."

whether they had the same kind of amusements in Ireland at Christmas time as are common to all large house-gatherings and family parties in England.

"Indeed, then, we have," answered FATHER JAMES, courteously.

"But," the young lady went on, looking uncommonly sly, "I'm told there's no mistletoe in your country. Is that true?"

"That is true," answered FATHER JAMES, quietly, on the alert, awaiting developments.

"Then," continued the young lady, "the Irish girls can't have any kissing under the mistletoe."

"They have not," said FATHER JAMES, seriously.

"But," persisted the fair inquirer, evidently bent on mischief, "tell me, FATHER HEALY, if the Irish girls have no kissing under the mistletoe, what do they do instead?"

"*Kiss under the rose*," answered FATHER JAMES. And the young lady received her quietus. This may be ancient, but of all the goodly company that heard it and rejoiced that evening on board the *Moldavia*, not one protested that the anecdote was of the chestnut growth, though I am bound to admit that the gallant and modest wearer of the spurs expressed considerable astonishment at our "inconsayable ignorance," especially grieving over that of the generally reminiscent, but ever appreciative BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

MOTTO FOR LORD BURNHAM (SIR EDWARD LAWSON, BART.).—
"Mutato nomine D. T."

SIDE LIGHTS ON SMOKERS.

(From R. O. T.)

A MAN's character, his disposition, and his chance of success in life may all be gauged by the manner in which he treats his cigars. The few rules we give for the guidance of our readers are the results of long-continued observation, and we will guarantee them to be perfectly accurate.

The man who snatches a cigar from another man's mouth and smokes it is of a selfish and somewhat grasping disposition. He would do well as a financier, but would fail as an ambassador. Curiously enough we gather from the records of a recent "*cause célèbre*" that Madame HUMBERT had a playful habit of snatching her acquaintances' cigarettes.

The man who bites off the end of his cigar is a *bon vivant*, but is likely to have a bitter tongue—in controversy. His success as a *chef* or a dramatic critic would be assured, but he will do well to avoid the legal or medical professions. Sir J. CRIGHTON-BROWNE always bites ten cigars before breakfast.

The man who smokes his cigar hastily with impatient puffs is energetic, business-like, and keenly ambitious. So ambitious that unless he controls himself he is in danger of becoming unscrupulous. Mr. JESSE COLLINGS revealed in conversation the other day the interesting fact that since the Tariff agitation began no cigar has lasted the Colonial Secretary more than two minutes.

The man who takes a cigar from the tobacconist's counter and passively declines to pay for it till the shop-keeper seizes him and searches his pockets is highly conscientious and of a noble disposition, but is likely to be misunderstood by the world. He would do magnificently as an advertising agent, but would be an utter failure as a Bishop.

The man who bores his cigars with a pin is of a slow, stolid disposition. He is unbusinesslike, yet has an exaggerated notion of his powers of speech and of his ability as a man of affairs. The President of the Board of Trade always bores.

The man who holds his cigar between his lips and occasionally endeavours to jerk it up in the air with his teeth and catch it is of a sanguine disposition, and an artist to his finger-tips. He would fail as Secretary of War or as a brewer, but would succeed as a diplomatist or a juggler. Lord LANSDOWNE and Mr. CINQUEVALLI both cultivate this peculiar habit.

The man who in lighting his cigar always burns his fingers is impetuous,

and often jumps to hasty conclusions. He would be a poor friend but a terrible enemy. His career is likely to be successful, but he may endanger his prospects by speaking out of season. Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE's right fore-finger is always scorched.

The man who smokes two cigars at once has an open mind and can see both sides of a question. With a little more decision of character he might do excellently as a cricket umpire, but he would be bound to fail as an engine-driver or an editor. The Premier is never happier than when he is relaxing his mind over a French novel and smoking two cigars.

The man who collects his ash as it falls from his cigar is one who has a keen eye to his own financial interests and a strong sense of his personal dignity. He would succeed as a laundry proprietor, but would be a failure as Poet-Laureate or an auctioneer. Mr. MACLAREN brought all his cigar-ashes back with him after his last visit to Australia.

The man who keeps his cigars in his case and does not smoke them will be a success in business. He would make a perfect pawnbroker or bus-guard, but would be out of place as an actor or an archdeacon. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has never opened his cigar-case since he first filled it.

OUR ATHLETIC VETERANS.

["Whilst playing tennis in her little fort of Belle Isle-en-Mer, yesterday, Mme. SARAH BERNHARDT received an injury to the leg, which, while not of a serious character, will compel her to keep her room for at least a week."—*Daily Paper*.]

MRS. JOHN WOOD, while in the middle of a game of cricket in the private ground attached to the little Battery on the Portsdown Hill, twisted her knee in running a six, and is likely to be compelled to have someone to run for her during the rest of the season.

In the course of the final set in a ping-pong tournament at Homburg, where he is taking the waters, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT on Saturday week dislocated his funny-bone, but was able to dictate his letter to the *Times* on the CHAMBERLAIN policy in the afternoon.

While playing polo at Hurlingham on Saturday last, Sir HENRY THOMPSON had the misfortune to fall from his pony and sustain a severe bruise.

During a sprinting-match at Catford Bridge one day this week, Mr. CHARLES SANTLEY was so unlucky as to sprain his tendon Achilles, an injury which is likely to keep him from the concert platform for some evenings.

In the course of a hard game of

racquets (his favourite pastime) in his private court at Southend, Mr. CHARLES MORTON, who has just celebrated his eighty-fourth birthday, slipped and fell, thus necessitating his absence from the Palace Theatre for an hour or so.

M. MANUEL GARCIA, the *doyen* of the musical profession—he was born in March, 1805—when running to catch his train the other morning, was knocked down by a 70 h.p. Mercédès. We are glad to learn, however, that M. GARCIA caught his train, and that the *chauffeur* is still detained in the Cricklewood Infirmary.

Mr. J. S. FORBES, the railway magnate, recently dived from the high spring-board at Brill's Baths when the water had been drawn off. Beyond a severe contusion to the concrete flooring, no untoward consequences have resulted from this unwonted lapse.

AUGUST.

WHEN do we dream of heather hills
And joyfully repair to
Haunts which shall banish all the ills
That human flesh is heir to?
When do we yearn for loch and burn
And sun-kissed fern?
In August.

When do the hurricanes descend
In wrath that should be winter's,
To fell the forest and to rend
The giant oak to splinters?
When do the fates pursue our pates
With flying slates?
In August.

When do we watch the drifting rack,
And fix our anxious eyes on
The clouds that lower grim and black
Upon the dark horizon?
When do we sigh and wonder why
It rains for aye?
In August.

When do we, sick of one small room,
Assume our macintoshes,
And sadly paddle through the gloom
In slippery goloshes?
When do we shrink from life and think
We'll take to drink?
In August.

When did old NOAH build his ark,
And bid his sons and daughters
And all his motley crew embark
To sail upon the waters?
I am without the slightest doubt
It fell about
In August.

When does our sorrow fly away
As we with joy remember
Our tickets do for any day
Till 31st December?
When do we pack and hurry back
On homeward track?
In August.

YORKS!

[To the *Daily Chronicle* belongs the credit of being the first to call attention to the remarkable fact that EMILY BRONTË and J. T. BROWN, the Yorkshire cricketer, were both born on August 20.]

Two genii, in two several eras born,
One natal day, and county, did adorn,
Both with their fellow Yorkers played
the game,
Though using different methods, not
the same;
One crushed them by the process known
as "smothering";
One lifted them to Heights sublimely
Wuthering.

SOME HANSOM ADVICE.

THE now common occurrence of hansom-cab accidents suggests that the following hints may be useful to those who have not finally gone over to the four-wheeler—or under the two-wheeler:

In entering a hansom it is important that the right hand should tightly grasp the flap of the door, while the left firmly grips the most adjacent portion of the splash-board. Should the cab then suddenly move it can be securely held, while the body will act effectually on the wheel as a brake.

Once in the cab, stop there—if you possibly can; but if you are suddenly called upon to leave it, do nothing rash. If the window should be down it is no uncommon thing to see people, in the excitement of the moment, attempt to break it with their head. This principle is entirely wrong; the boot should always be used. There is, however, no actual necessity for a voluntary penetration of the glass. Even without this effort you will be quite easily able to follow the horse's movements.

Should the window be up, on the other hand, it is often found difficult to check a natural impulse to be the first to sit on the horse's head. If you can possibly hesitate you may not be lost.

In the case of an animal that is constantly practising skating down hill, it is customary to keep the legs and arms rigid, and the eyes firmly fixed upon the vehicle immediately in front. Do nothing of the kind. Your life may be saved again and again by the simple expedient of opening the doors and lying down at the bottom of the cab. In order, however, to be prepared for all emergencies, it is infinitely wiser to choose a cab with side-windows that open, and quietly get out of one of these.

There are several acrobatic devices by means of which it is possible to reach the driver when seeking to pay him his



SCIENCE AND MATRIMONY.

He (the accepted one, enthusiastically discussing their projects for the future) "I THINK IT WOULD BE A SPLENDID IDEA, WHEN WE MARRY, TO HAVE THE KITCHEN FITTED WITH A RADIUM COOKING RANGE!"

The Betrothed (who doesn't believe in long engagements, very sweetly). "ER—YE-ES, DARLING, BUT IF RADIUM DOES NOT COME INTO USE—SAY, IN ONE MONTH'S TIME FROM TO-DAY, WE WON'T WAIT FOR IT, DEAR, WILL WE?"

fare, but all are attended by certain risks to life. Your only chance of safety lies either in walking quietly away, when the cabman may be depended upon to approach you on equal ground, or in employing a small child's shrimping net.

In the event of a horse stumbling with four legs simultaneously it is always worth a struggle to remain on the cab longer than the driver and your outside luggage.

When one wheel of your hansom is knocked off by an omnibus, be sure and see that the latter has driven away before you attempt to crawl out. Otherwise you stand the chance of being kicked by more than one horse.

Although the foregoing may prove beneficial, handsome is as hansom doesn't may be offered as a maxim to be com-

mitted to memory by all those who cannot carry these hints about with them for reference at the critical moments specified.

"We hear a great deal of a 'Naval Base,'" writes to us *Vox Humana*, "but where will you find now-a-days a *Naval Tenor* like SIMS REEVES, who could sing 'Tom Bowling' as no man ever did afore or will after."

"READING BETWEEN THE LINES."—Whether the governing body of the G. W. R. has determined to adopt the above title for this large and well-known junction station, or retain it as now in use, has not yet been divulged to the public.

THE SUN-CHILD.

(Continued.)

At last, after he had looked up for a long time, he realised that the banisters and the stairs, and the palace itself, had truly vanished, and that he was in a different country where he had never been before. There were trees and fields and hedges, to be sure, but they were not those he knew. The green of the leaves and of the grass was dull and tarnished : it did not sparkle, and when the breeze stirred, though there was a rustle in the branches, they did not whisper the beautiful stories he used to hear up there, but just rustled and nothing more—this, at least, was what he thought at first. Afterwards, when he had stayed for some little time, he came to know their language, and then he knew that they, too, had their stories to tell.

At first, of course, the little fellow was very much surprised at what had happened to him, but he was one of those happy boys who always make the best of everything, so he just looked about him very bravely and thought to himself :—“I suppose they wanted me to come here, or they wouldn't have let me go like that. Mamma could really have stopped me, if she had liked. I'll stay here and see what's to be seen, and later on they'll fetch me and take me home again.” I don't quite know who “they” were, but I rather think he meant the servants in the palace, the old nurse, who used to sing him to sleep in such a wonderful way, and the housemaids with whom he played when they were not very busy, and the fat stately Sun-butler, who sometimes let him polish the golden cups out of which his father and the palace guests drank their sunshine at dinner. Then there was the gorgeous old coachman, whose head was all covered with funny tight white curls, and who used to tell him great things about horses and how to drive them and ride them. He felt quite sure he should see them all again some day, and in the meantime he meant to keep his eyes open and see all the things that were to be seen in the strange new country into which he had dropped.

Well, he trudged along for a little, and the people he passed on the road didn't look at him, for the very good reason that they couldn't see him, but when he looked at them they all smiled and seemed to think of happy things quite suddenly. A little girl was playing by herself at the edge of the road. She was only four years old, and she was playing with an old wooden ball which had once had splendid stripes of red and blue all round it, but it was a battered old ball now and all the stripes had been worn out long ago. Still, it was the only ball the little girl had, for her father was a farm labourer and he couldn't afford to spend money on toys for his large family. Just before the Sun-child came up she had been angry with her ball because it would insist on being a ball, and wouldn't pretend to be either a doll or the vicar of the parish going on his visits. So the little girl had thrown it across the road and it had rolled into a big bunch of nettles. She knew enough about nettles not to try to pluck it out, and she stood in the road crying, with her funny fat face puckered up and the tears streaming down her cheeks. When the Sun-child came up he looked at her, and as he looked a cocky impertinent lively little fox-terrier dog came bounding along the road, ready for any fun or mischief that might offer itself. He belonged to the Squire's son, but he used often to go out by himself and play with the village children when he had nothing else to do, and the little girl who had lost her ball was one of his best favourites. As soon as she saw him she stopped crying and called him by his name, which was *Tatters*. He saw very well that she had been crying, and he was a good deal puzzled about it. He cocked his head first to one side and then to the other, and rubbed his cold wet nose into her chubby hand, and at last he made up his

mind that there was going to be a game. So he stepped back from his little friend and bent down with his front legs stretched out and his hind quarters stuck up, and his bit of a tail wagging like mad, and then he gave two very sharp little barks and looked hard at her. This was his way of asking her to throw something for him to fetch—a game he loved nearly as well as poaching. The little girl saw her chance, and she pretended to throw something into the nettle-bed. *Tatters* was off and into the nettles like a flash. They couldn't sting him—he knew that well enough—and even if they had stung he wouldn't have minded. For a short moment he disappeared, and then, oh joy, out he came with the old wooden ball in his mouth. Of course he didn't give it up directly, but he raced away with it and raced back, and then he dropped it, but as soon as the little girl tried to take it he snatched it up again and was off once more. At last, however, she said in a very firm voice, “D'op it, *Tatters*, good dog,” and he put it down and let her take it. Then these two trotted off together, and were as happy as larks, and the Sun-child, whom they had never noticed, walked on.

(To be continued.)

THE NIGGERS.

[It has been said that, now so many gentlemen don the sable in August and September, the niggers have become such an attractive and mysterious element with the fairer portion of seaside visitors that bathing, boating, and rambles by the sea are falling into desuetude.]

WHEN SIBYL sits upon the beach
With KATE and MADELINE,
DICK, TOM, and JACK, the swain of each,
Loll gloomily between,
With savage glances at the throng
Of stripe-bedizened figures
Who stain the breeze with strident song,
In other words—the Niggers.

In vain the lovers hint or nudge,
Suggest a sail, a walk,
Their promised brides refuse to budge,
And beg them not to talk.

For SIBYL loves the corner man,
KATE drinks the tenor's tones,
While MADELINE, behind her fan,
Beams rapture on the bones.

They whisper of “romantic eyes,”
Of “teeth like milky pearls,”
Perceiving through a thin disguise
A row of fallen Earls.
JACK loathes the tenor's unctuous smirks,
And TOM the corner-prattle,
And frowns defy the man that works
What RICHARD calls the rattle.

Their old allurements they rehearse,
Exhaust each manly wile,
But matters go from bad to worse,
They never win a smile ;
Till, hitting on a way by which
To better their condition,
They black their faces, hire a pitch,
And start an opposition.

FROM *The Scotsman* : “While out on Coilievracht Moor Mr. A. F. C. CRESSWELL met with an accident. He tripped and sprained his foot badly at the ankle, and bagged 31½ brace grouse (1 gun).” Not bad for a single fortuitous explosion.

TALKING of sport, here is a seasonable interpretation of “*Un gage d'amour*”—a present of grouse.

THE SAD CASE OF THE "SPECTATOR."

[In the correspondence columns of the *Spectator*, which are almost entirely devoted to the fiscal controversy, a letter recently appeared asking for assistance to trace the origin of the saying "Ἀριστον μὲν ὕδωρ." The Editor, greatly daring, has hazarded the surmise that the author was PINDAR. If these things are done in the days of inquiry, we may fairly look forward during the "big fight" to correspondence something in the style of the following.]

October 10, 1903.

To the Editor of the "*Spectator*."

DEAR SIR,—May I invoke the assistance of the readers of your valued journal to enable me to trace the following quotations :

- (1) *Arma virumque cano.*
- (2) *Τένυμμαί, τέτυψαι, τέτυπται.*
- (3) "POLLY put the kettle on,
And we'll all have tea."

I am, Sir, &c.,

RUSTICUS EXPECTANS.

[We believe the first quotation is from OVID. We are unable to trace the second or third.—Ed. *Spectator*.]

October 17, 1903.

To the Editor of the "*Spectator*."

DEAR SIR,—The first quotation is not from OVID, as you state in your otherwise able Editorial note, but from VIRGIL. Your readers may be interested to learn that it forms part of the first line of the first book of the epic called the *Æneid*, which is devoted to celebrating the exploits of the Trojan hero *Æneas*, a free lance and possibly a Free Trader, who, after many adventures, landed on the coast of Italy and founded the city of Rome. It may be freely rendered "Arms and the man I sing." I may add, however, that DUDELSACK regards *virum* as the contracted form of the genitive plural *virorum*, which should then be translated "I sing of the men, etc." By the way, has anyone noticed the curious parallelism between the career of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and that of *pious Æneas*? They both visited Africa, and the Trojan hero's desertion of *Dido* bears a close resemblance to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's severance from the Liberal Party in 1886.

I am, Sir, faithfully yours, OPEN MIND.

DEAR SIR,—I have succeeded in tracing the obscure Greek passage, given in your correspondent's letter, to an anonymous author of the best period of Attic Greek quoted by the eminent grammarian BOPP in his celebrated anthology of paradigms. The meaning is a little difficult to follow, but it apparently signifies that the speaker and his interlocutor have both "been struck." But the bearing of the words on the doctrine of Retaliation is sufficiently obvious. "If you strike me I will strike you back" may serve as a fair paraphrase. Greek is a very remarkable language, and to this day is spoken in a corrupt form in parts of the Levant. My grandfather, a man of iron constitution, used to recite the entire passage of which the words quoted are a fragment, and I shall never forget the poignant emphasis which he used to throw into the peroration *τέτυφθαι, τέτυμμένους*. The ancient Greeks; it may be mentioned, lost their supremacy in the effort to protect themselves from the Macedonians. Had they been Free Traders their empire might have survived to this day.

I am, Sir, faithfully yours,

BENTLEY PORSON.

P.S.—I re-open my letter to add a singular instance of premonition attested by contemporary documentary evidence. My great-grandfather, who won the hop, step, and jump for Cambridge in the year of the Reform Bill, dreamed one night that he had been made a King. The following day he had to visit his dentist, and when asked what he proposed to do the dentist replied, "I must put a crown on one of your back teeth." Comment is needless. What makes the incident all the more remarkable is that the dentist was an American.

[We heartily congratulate our correspondent, Mr. BENTLEY PORSON, on



THE NEW SQUIRE.

Farmer. "WELL, GILES, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF HIM?"
Giles. "I RECKON HE'S ALLERS IN AT MEAL-TIMES, SIR!"

his masterly and luminous contribution to the fiscal controversy.—Ed. *Spectator*.]

October 24th.

To the Editor of the "*Spectator*."

DEAR SIR,—I think I can appease the curiosity of your correspondent as to the origin, if not the authorship, of the couplet "POLLY put the kettle on, And we'll all have tea." When I was an undergraduate at Balliol in the "sixties" I often heard the Master quote these lines to put shy freshmen at their ease at his hospitable breakfast-table. They had their origin, as I have always understood, in the reduction of the tax on "China's fragrant herb" by Mr. GLADSTONE and the consequent gratitude of the community, the authorship being credibly assigned to BOB LOWE, who, like all albinos, never refused tea at any hour of the twenty-four. That weakness, if it is a weakness, I confess that I have always shared, and no doubt the further reduction of the tax on tea is by far the most attractive feature in Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's otherwise highly disputable scheme.

Curiously enough my father's favourite setter, whose name was *Joe*, was not only extremely fond of tea, but would sip it leisurely from a long spoon which we had made specially for the purpose. When I went to Winchester *Joe* would not take any food for sixteen days, and was only saved from suicide by hypodermic injections of BRAND's essence of beef. With Mr. BRAND, the Speaker, my family were also on excellent terms, and a cousin of his, "Monkey" BRAND we called him, was my fag at Winchester. Of his charm and versatility I could give you many engaging examples, "did grief allow," as HORACE says, but I have already trespassed too far on your hospitable columns.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

LIONEL LONGMIRE.

[We are deeply grateful for our correspondent's courteous but scathing analysis of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's fiscal fallacies, which are now so completely exploded that we can print no more letters on the subject.—Ed. *Spectator*.]



THE HARMONY OF THE PROCEEDINGS.

SCENE—A Fancy Bazaar and Fête.

Miss Gush (arriving late, to Hon. Secretary). "HOW DO YOU DO? I'M SO GLAD I'VE ARRIVED IN TIME TO SEE THE SHAM FIGHT!"

Hon. Secretary (with hauteur). "I DON'T KNOW OF ANY SHAM FIGHT IN THE PROGRAMME. THIS IS THE MUSICAL RIDE, BY MEMBERS OF THE TENNIS CLUB IN FANCY DRESS"

THE NEXT CHAPTER.

["There is at least one reproach from which our novelists have cleared themselves, namely, the inaccuracy with which they treated the simplest facts of science. Indeed, the opposite danger—that of over-indulgence in technicalities—is one into which they seem more likely to fall."—*A Medical Journal*, Aug. 15.]

"It is cooler now that the sun has set," said AMARYLLIS. "Let us take a walk along the beach."

"Inasmuch as physical exercise," replied STREPHON, "provided that it is indulged in without excess, is calculated to stimulate cerebral activity, I am not disinclined to accede to your proposal. But it is with considerable regret that I hear you employ that vulgarism which speaks of the sun's 'setting.' Granted that the occultation of the solar disc may appear, to an ignorant observer—"

"Oh, bother!" cried AMARYLLIS. "Put on your hat and look sharp!"

"With pleasure. But your ultimate syllable suggests a curious philological enquiry. Why *sharp*? In what sense can a less hasty movement be characterised as blunt? In the word acute, from *acus*, a needle, there is a cognate

idea, possibly derived—To impel me with such momentum down the steps, AMARYLLIS, was an ill-conditioned act. The steps are steep, and the danger to limb (if not life) considerable, when you bear in mind the force of gravity which—"

"Oh!" cried AMARYLLIS, "I know all about the force of gravity, thank you—having talked to you for twenty chapters, or thereabouts! Do you know we're nearly at the end of the book, and the story hasn't *begun* yet! You've done nothing but gas and gas!"

"My absorption of oxygen and emission of carbon dioxide is strictly normal, I assure you. But will you tell me—in language of scientific accuracy—what you wish me to do?"

"Do?—why, do anything—except talk! You're the hero of this novel, so far as it's got a hero, and I'm the heroine. Consequently, we must get engaged before the end. And there must be some incident first!"

"Personally," retorted STREPHON, "I am perfectly willing to become engaged to you. But I must stipulate for the entire absence of any cardiac trouble in

the process. Yes, my AMARYLLIS—if you will permit the conventional but metaphorical use of the possessive pronoun—we will be married. Thereafter our life will be uniformly happy. At 7 A.M. we shall breakfast on distilled water and oatmeal. From 8 to 1 I shall lecture to you on history, ethnography, and the formation of the rarer *Diatomaceæ*. At 1 we shall lunch on medicated meat-tablets and lime-juice. From 2 to 5 we shall roam the fields, and find therein abundant materials for whole pages of scientific talk. And at 5—"

"At 5," said AMARYLLIS, with much determination, "at 5 I shall kill myself."

SIR THOMAS LIPTON's first race, on Thursday last, was spoilt "for want of wind!"—a commodity that he never should have any difficulty in raising.

TOLD BY A LITTLE BIRD?—"From an aviary (*sic*) at Walthamstow," says the *Daily Express*, "honey is reported as exceedingly scarce this year." We hope there will be no similar shortage in pigeons' milk.



HEDGING.

JOE (*re-considering*). "P'RAPS IT WERE A BIT TOO THICK. MUST KEEP THE COUNTRY IN VIEW!"

PASSIVE RESISTANCE IN SOMALILAND.

(From the "Daily Desert News" of April 1, 1925.)

At the Police Court, Bohotle, before Sheikh ANSON, Stipendiary Magistrate, a number of ratepayers were summoned for non-payment of rates. It was agreed to take proceedings against Dr. M. MULLAH, B.D., as a test case.

Colonel WALKER, of the Camel Corps, Deputy Rate-Collector for the District, deposed that it was with considerable difficulty that he found Dr. MULLAH at his temporary residence in the Bobagob Oasis and presented the rate-paper. The rate amounted to fourteen rolls of brass wire and two pounds of beads. The defendant told witness that whilst he had no objection to Well Digging, Camel Burying, or Sand Devil Controlling and Desert Watering Rates, yet he must object to paying the whole of the Education Rate, as some part of it was devoted to the teaching of monogamy, to which he, as a sincere polygamist, had a conscientious objection. Defendant tendered in part payment fourteen rolls of brass wire and a pound and a-half of beads, which witness declined to accept.

Dr. MULLAH's appearance in the dock was greeted with loud shouts of "Maloos, kerjug, waugh," from sympathisers in Court.

The Magistrate ordered the Court to be cleared with the bayonet, and asked the defendant what he had to say.

Dr. MULLAH raised the preliminary objection that the notification of the levying of the rate had not been duly posted on the mosque doors.

The Deputy Rate Collector explained that this was due to the fact that there were no mosques in Somaliland, and the Magistrate overruled the objection.

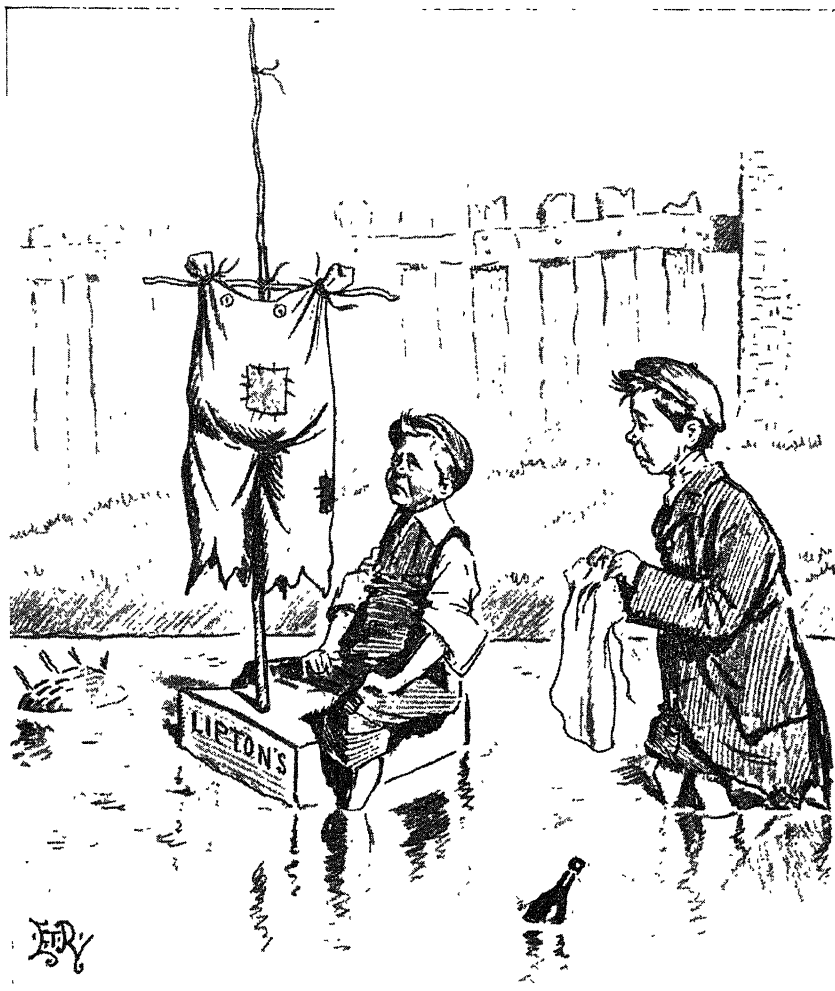
Dr. MULLAH observed that he was delighted his preliminary objection had been overruled, as now the matter could be fought on the grounds of principle. Dr. MULLAH then proceeded to give a history of Somaliland prior to the flood to show that in those days polygamy was the normal state of mankind.

The Magistrate requested him to confine himself to the point at issue.

Dr. MULLAH replied that he was aware that the voice of truth was always disagreeable to official ears, but could the Magistrate deny that the Caliph HENRY, the leader of the English Reformation, was a polygamist, or that the golden-mouthed poet MILTON was a polygamist, or that the great religious leader MULLAH BRIGHAM YOUNG was a polygamist.

The Magistrate said that he declined to enter into any such questions.

Dr. MULLAH replied that he fully appreciated the Magistrate's wise discretion, for, with all respect to the

**THE GREAT RACE. SPECIAL EDITION!**

Barking Creek.

Owner of the Challenger. "'ERE, BILLY, AIN'T IT SICK'NIN'! I'VE BIN AN' GIV' JOE SMIVVERS TUPPENCE FOR 'IS FARVER'S OLD TROWERS, 'COS 'E SAID AS I'D WALK AWAY IN A LIGHT WIND, AND NAOW LOOK AT 'EM A-FLAPPIN'!"

Mudlark II. "NEVER MOIND, OLD MAN! SUPPOSE YER TRY THIS YERE 'BIBY-JIB-TOPS'LE.' THAT MOIGHT KETCH IT."

Bench, if Sheikh ANSON had dared to discuss the question, he would so have put him down by argument—

The Magistrate, interrupting—"Have you any further legal point to raise?"

Dr. MULLAH, emphatically, "I have to say, with all respect to the Bench, that I am a much married man. I have fourteen wives and a hundred and thirty odd children. Am I to pay rates to have my children taught that their father is a grossly immoral man? Would the magistrate feed his own children on milk from a sickly camel? How much more is it repulsive to me that my children should imbibe false and immoral doctrine? The black shadow of the monogamist has fallen upon our schools. I take my stand, and in the light of heaven say solemnly, firmly, and even reverently, that I will not pay this Rate."

When the war-dance in Court was over, the Magistrate made the usual order for distress to be levied.

Addressing a large meeting of sympathisers outside, Dr. MULLAH spoke strongly on the necessity of kindness to auctioneers. He particularly deprecated the common practice of skinning them alive before roasting them, as being likely to bring discredit on the noble cause of polygamy.

"Dual Personalities."

You're an idiot.
You're another.

"RADIUM" wishes it to be distinctly understood that he can throw no light on the present political situation. He adds that there is no affinity between him and TIM HELIUM, M.P.

THE HIGH-MINDED HOUSEMAID.

THE mistress of the house smiled happily. For three months she had sought in vain for a lady-help who could do a little plain cooking. And now, at last, the treasure was found. She was of good appearance and well educated; references were quite satisfactory; beer-money had never even been mentioned; and the wages offered had been accepted without demur.

But although the interview was apparently ended, the treasure seemed in no hurry to depart. She leant easily back in the chair she had been invited to take, and produced a newspaper cutting.

"Perhaps, Madam," she said, "you will kindly listen to this extract from the speech of a worthy Cincinnati pastor to his Housemaids' Club. 'You young women,' he says, 'occupy, next to wives and mothers, the most influential position in the Social System. To a degree impossible of exaggeration you have the destinies of the household in your hands. You can turn a home into a heaven or a hell. You can drive a mother to distraction, a father to drink, and little children to crime.'"

"Yes?" murmured the astonished mistress, her happy smile slowly fading.

"Since reading those stirring words I have taken a very serious view of my position. I have no wish, Madam, to drive you to distraction and your husband to drink. I want to teach you both to appreciate the beauties of the Higher Life and a happy home."

"That is really very kind of you!"

"Not at all! I only seek, in the language of the divine, 'to measure my opportunities, and meet my responsibilities.' And all that I desire in return is to claim 'my inheritance to a position of respect and honour.'"

"Am I to understand by that that you want me to call you Miss, and my husband to clean your boots?"

"That is as you please, Madam. I have no objection to you calling me CYNTHIA without the prefix. And as for the boots, work is always dignified. There is nothing unseemly in the association of blacking and self-respect! Don't you agree with me?"

"Oh, yes. I suppose so." She yawned slightly, but the treasure did not move.

"Spare me a few more moments," she pleaded. "It is imperative that we should understand each other. The reverend gentleman goes on to say that we must 'learn to make a fine Art of cooking and sweeping—'"

"I hope," interrupted her mistress, "that you do not intend to carry out your duties on Impressionist lines—slap-dash-work?"

"Pardon me! He continues, 'You

must recognise that in the eyes of all men openly, and in those of all women furtively, a perfect pie is a poem, and a perfect cook an artist.' Now, although on behalf of my sex I object to the cynical cruelty of that 'furtively,' I must confess that this discovery of the poetry of the kitchen appeals very strongly to me."

"And you intend, I presume, to send up a beef-steak pudding as a symphony in C minor, and a roast fowl as a song without words?"

"Exactly, Madam. You take me so readily that I am sure we shall get on well together."

"Ah! You must forgive me for saying that I do not think we shall. There is not room, I am afraid, for one of your American pastor's 'high-minded and respectable housemaids' in this house! You are to understand, please, that I cancel your engagement!"

"On the usual terms, Madam?"

"I do not follow you."

"A month's salary in lieu of notice," explained the treasure sweetly.

She got it.

AN IDLE HOLIDAY.

[The imagination of the poet here rises above the sordid facts of actual experience. The present month of August is, of course, quite different from his account of it.]

WHEN the days are bright and hot,

In the month of August,

When the sunny hours are not

Marred by any raw gust,

Then I turn from toil with glee,

Sing a careless canto,

And to somewhere by the sea

Carry my portmanteau.

Shall I, dreaming on the sand,

Pleased with all things finite,

Envy JONES who travels and

Climbs an Apennine height—

Climbs a rugged peak with pain,

Literally speaking,

Only to descend again

Fagged with pleasure-seeking?

SMITH, who, worn with labour, went

Off for rest and leisure,

Races round the Continent

In pursuit of pleasure:

Having lunched at Bâle, he will

At Lucerne his tea take,

Riding till he's faint and ill,

Tramping till his feet ache.

Shall I, dreaming thus at home,

Left ashore behind here,

Envy restless men who roam

Seeking what I find here?

Since beside my native sea,

Where I sit to woo it,

Pleasure always comes to me,

Why should I pursue it?

PHYSICAL EXERCISE FOR WOMEN.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am sure you will agree with me that it's very hard in our village to move with the times. Last month I was reading an article in the *Strand Magazine* on Physical Training for Women, and I privately resolved to try the effect of the exercises on my own muscles, which I felt sure must be exceedingly flabby. Full of zeal I retired to my bedroom to begin the correct training of the "walking muscles" without further delay.

Following the directions, I brought up my right knee, pointed my foot downwards, stretched it out as far as it would go, counted twenty—in spite of considerable suffering—and returned it to its original position. This I repeated first three times with one leg, then three times with the other, then three times with both legs together. I admit I fell about a good deal, particularly during the last portion of the exercise, which is difficult for an amateur; and I fancied once or twice I heard movements on the stairs, but was too interested in my own to pay much heed.

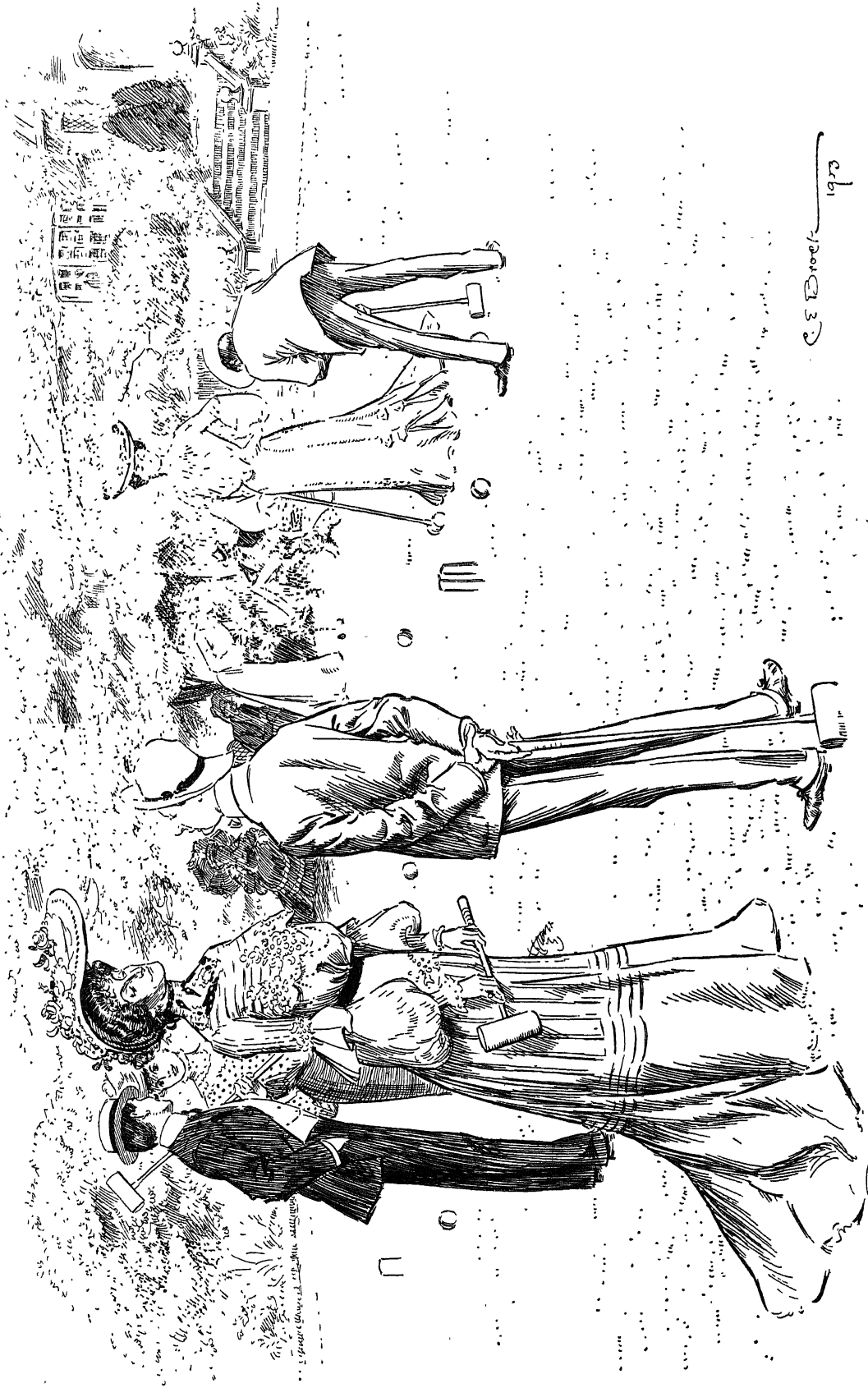
Next came the breathing exercises, and gratefully I lay on my back on the bare floor, and, following the instructions, I "relaxed the body and freed the face from any look of anxiety"—or tried to; took a quick inspiration through the nostrils, expanded the chest, counted sixty, opened the mouth and gave a violent expiration.

I was expiring violently for the third time when the door was flung open and Mamma, followed by Miss POTTER and the cook, rushed into the room. Mamma screamed, and flinging herself on my panting body burst the buttons of my best blouse before I could stop her, while the other two seized my arms and legs and heaved me onto the bed. Stiff and strained by the first exercise, breathless and exhausted by the second, I was a toy in their hands.

At last I managed to gasp, "Let me alone. I was only expiring violently." Mamma sobbed out, "Poor child! She knows, then; she is conscious;" and when I laughed, with tears of rage coursing down my cheeks, Miss POTTER—who never liked me—threw a jug of water over my face and began slapping me as hard as she could.

No wonder the doctor found me in a state of nervous collapse. He looked grave, alluded to another case of hysteria in the village, and wouldn't let me go to the picnic. Are you surprised, dear Mr. Punch, that now I shudder at the thought of physical exercise for women, and let my muscles just go their own way?

Always yours affectionately,
DISHEARTENED DAISY.



SO READY!

Snooks (coming out conversationally). "I THINK THAT EVERY WOMAN WHO IS NOT OUT-AND-OUT PLAIN CONSIDERS HERSELF A BEAUTY."

Miss Finkle. "Does that include me?"

Snooks. "Oh, OF COURSE NOT!"

C.E. Brock 1903

THE THEATRICAL "PAR" OF THE FUTURE.

["Mr. JAMES WELCH, whose bulldog and monkey in 'Glittering Gloria' have created so much interest, has been approached by a female dramatist, who wrote him the other day offering him a four-act comedy, and saying, 'There is a performing bear in it which, I think, might catch on.'"—*The Era*.]

THE most striking feature in the revival of *Antony and Cleopatra* at His Majesty's is undoubtedly the educated crocodile, a small part for which has been written into the piece. This creature brings down the house with nearly every sweep of his tail, and is certainly an artist, although old-fashioned critics persist in calling him a saurian.

Owing to the *abandon* with which the intelligent cockatoo in *Robinson Crusoe* at the Lane plays the scene in which his jealousy of *Man Friday* is portrayed, the Management have considerable difficulty in finding an actor who will play the last-named character for more than one night. The dancing camel which now figures in *The Forty Thieves* at the New Gaiety has also, we understand, got the—that is to say, taken offence at some criticism passed upon his terpsichorean accomplishments by the lady who plays *Morgiana*. He considers her remarks due to jealousy, and, of course, there can be no doubt nowadays—whatever might have been the case five years ago—which of the two the public really go to see.

Additional point has been given to the revised version of *The Admirable Crichton* by the introduction of a dozen large snakes into the island. The butler-hero, though with no more previous experience of the business than he has in electrical engineering, immediately charms them, and impresses them into his service as district messengers.

MR. PUNCH'S SPECTRAL ANALYSES.

III.—A GHOSTLY CAUSE CÉLÈBRE.

"ARE you, may I ask," said my fellow-traveller, as the express rattled through a station, "a man of reasonably strong nerves?"

"More or less," I said.

"Then it will possibly interest rather than alarm you to learn that I am a ghost."

I looked at him carefully. There was nothing in his appearance to indicate the spectre.

"Excuse my apparent incredulity," I said, "but, if what you say is correct, this umbrella should pass through you. May I make the experiment?"

"Certainly. Certainly."

I executed a thrust in tierce at the third button of his waistcoat. The

ferule struck sharply against the cushion at his back. I apologised.

"Don't mention it," he said with that charming courtliness which I have so frequently noticed in ghosts, "Pray don't mention it. There is a great deal of deceit everywhere nowadays, and we spectres have our full share of it. There was that case of—but I shall bore you with my yarns. What do you think of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S Fiscal Manœuvres?"

I begged him to continue his story.

"The case I refer to was that of No. 804 Holborn *versus* No. 1263 Avenue. Perhaps you know that we use telegraphic numbers? You do? Precisely. This case, which formed our only topic of conversation in the Back of Beyond while it was in progress, was connected with Rigby-Digby Manor in Shropshire, near Bridgnorth. You know the place? Fine old Elizabethan mansion, offering all sorts of possibilities for artistic effects to whoever was lucky enough to get the haunting of it. For the last two hundred years or so the post had been held by a steady old fellow who died in the reign of JAMES THE SECOND. He was a good, sound haunter, and did very well in the unsophisticated times when people lit their houses by candles. But when the lord of the manor put in the electric light, it became quite plain that a change was wanted. A spectre more in the movement must be appointed. Efficiency is our watchword at the Back of Beyond.

"Well, after some consultation the authorities decided on No. 1263 Avenue, a fine young fellow of good family, who had only just joined us. So his predecessor was pensioned off, and he took over the post. The step proved brilliantly successful. Within a week he had scared every single person out of the house, with the exception of an old servant who acted as caretaker. She owed her immunity to the fact that she was stone deaf, and so proof against No. 1263's best efforts, which were of such a nature as to appeal to the ear more than to the eye. We now come to No. 804 Holborn's share in the business. Just as No. 1263 Avenue's fame was at its height, and there was some talk of a public testimonial, a formal petition was lodged by No. 804 for restitution of property. You can imagine the sensation it caused! His claim was that he had been a member of the RIGBY-DIGBY family, and had actually been murdered in the manor. Such a claim, of course, if proved, would have been conclusive. If a ghost has been murdered in a house belonging to his own family, he is naturally offered the haunting of that house before all other applicants. The Rigby-Digby claimant, as No. 804 was called, did his best to prove his claim.

READAMANTHUS tried the case, and at the end of the first week it seemed pretty clear that No. 804 *had* been murdered, and in that house. The only question that remained to be solved was whether he was a member of the family."

"And how did it end?"

"I will tell you. All this time, you must remember, No. 1263 had continued to haunt the manor. And at last—with what must have been a supreme effort—he contrived to attract the old servant's attention, and before long to scare her to death. The news sent a thrill of excitement through Society. Here at last was a reliable witness. Directly she stepped off Charon's boat she was subpoena'd. And what do you think she said? Why, that No. 804 was a base impostor! He was no more a RIGBY-DIGBY than I am. He had been an under-footman at the Manor, and had been killed one morning in the library by a volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* falling on his head from a top shelf. What happened to him when he was found out? Fourteen years in Tartarus, of course. What do *you* think? Queer story, isn't it?"

At this moment the guard came to inspect our tickets, and my companion vanished.

THE INCOMPLETE YACHTSMAN.

UNTIL we remembered what a nautical fellow he was we failed to recognize him. On the spur of the moment we had run down to the seaside for the week-end, little thinking to meet anyone we knew. The man in the smart white-covered yachting cap, pacing a short length of pier to and fro sentry-wise, was not much like CHARLIE—the CHARLIE we were acquainted with in the far-inland town we hailed from. But it was CHARLIE, bronzed, and with a new and curious gait, and we were glad. Often during the winter months had he thrilled us with his maritime experiences. We had not always understood his language, but that only made his yarns the more impressive. And now, meeting two of his most attentive auditors in this unexpected way, we felt sure he would be obliged to take us for a sail. So we shook hands with him, and supposed he was yachting.

"M, yes," he said. He could not very well have said anything else in those clothes.

"Where's your boat?" we enquired. We heard a good deal of this boat—during the winter months.

"You can't see her from here," replied CHARLIE, glancing up at the Métropole on the cliff.

We were sorry. We wanted to see a craft that had been the heroine, so to speak, of innumerable adventures. The

hero stood before us. We expressed a polite hope that she had not been wrecked at last.

"What brings you fellows down here?" asked CHARLIE abruptly.

We explained that our arrival was the purest accident, tempered by a love of the sea that we had not had time to dress up to. "It is just the morning for a sail," we added, watching the freshening breeze covering the bay with little white horses.

CHARLIE said it was, and relapsed into silence. It was evidently very difficult to get alongside his boat, but we made another effort. "We suppose," we said, "you can hardly be expected to know whether it is possible to hire a sailing-boat for an hour or so." Surely he would never hear of our doing such a thing.

But CHARLIE, quite unmoved, said he believed boats could be hired at most seaside places.

"In that case," we remarked, "we go seafaring. Frankly, we do not care for the public maritime conveyance, hired by the hour, but it appears there is no alternative." We paused for a reply. CHARLIE made none. "We, too," we continued, "though you might not think it to look at us, have the blood of vikings in our veins. As you have been so very kind and communicative, we will even make further disclosures to you. Our love of the sea is as yet unspoiled by much familiarity. Therefore, if you would give us the honour of your company—"

It was like asking an Admiral to take charge of a penny steamer. It was also, we hoped, coals of fire. CHARLIE, as well he might, hesitated to accept our invitation. He looked long at the lively little white horses, doubtless deeming them contemptible creatures compared with the ocean surges to which he was accustomed.

"We are aware," we said, "that you are more at home in vessels of larger capacity and greater sea-going power—"

"I'll go with you," interrupted CHARLIE, almost snappishly.

Three minutes later we were seated in a small sailing-boat belonging to one of the ancient mariners who had been listening in a circle throughout our conversation.

"Don't you want the man to come too?" asked CHARLIE, holding on to the pier-steps.

"We have every confidence in you," we answered.

It was beautiful to see the modesty with which he met our insistence that he should take control; but at last he consented, and we lit our pipes and prepared to pick up wrinkles in the art of boat sailing. The sea was



AN EVIDENT DANGER.

Mrs. Round-About. "BUT DON'T YOU THINK THIS 'CLINGING STYLE' WOULD MAKE ME LOOK SO DREADFULLY EMACIATED?"

decidedly choppy. By-and-by the little white horses began to prance lightly over the weather bow. We had quite old clothes on, and did not mind getting wet, but we were sorry for CHARLIE's immaculate serge suit. So was he.

Twice he let the tiller go in order to wipe his knees with his pocket-handkerchief, and each time the boat flew up into the wind and stopped there for some minutes. As for us, we sat upon the floor, out of harm's way, and watched the boom hitting CHARLIE first on one side of the head and then on the other.

His stoicism was wonderful. He no longer spoke to us. His eyes looked over our heads, full of unutterable foreknowledge. The colour of his cheeks had changed from the brown hue of some kinds of bronze to the rich green of others. Presently, without a word, he turned his back upon us and leaned over the stern. As far as we could

judge, he appeared to be trying to unship the rudder. As this was a manoeuvre new to us whilst a boat was under sail, we were intensely interested. We rose to watch. One of us placed a hand on CHARLIE's shoulder. He groaned. He had lost—well, he had lost his beautiful cap.

"If you love me," said he, "put me ashore on the beach." We had headed the boat back to the pier.

"Too much surf on the beach," we answered; "the band is playing on the pier. Do you good."

Again he groaned. And indeed, when we approached it, the pier laughed a good deal. But there are frivolous people on piers, and of course they did not know that CHARLIE's reputation as a tar had been built up on his own familiar boat, whereas the present craft was of a design to which he was not accustomed.

THE AMATEUR HISTRION.

(A Compleat Guide to Country House Theatricals.)

II.—TO SELECT AND CAST A PLAY.

REMEMBER, my dear lady, that any play is possible to any company of amateurs. One of the great advantages the amateur possesses over the hide-bound professional is a marvellous adaptability. For instance, a duchess may wear her tiara and all her jewels as *Polly* in *Caste*, and it is not the least incongruous for a twelve-stone society lady to play the starving girl in *Judah*.

This gives you a wide scope. You will probably commence by choosing some recent London success, partly because the name will occur to you easily, and partly because when you saw the play you thought how much better you could have played the leading part than the professional to whom it was entrusted.

Your husband or some other unenterprising person will think it impossible to mount *Dante* in your entrance hall, whereas blue paper cut jagged would have made splendid ice, and the butler, who is very clever and handy, would easily have knocked together fiery graves out of biscuit boxes.

When you are thwarted in your first suggestion, say at once, "I suppose then we must do *Ici on Parle Français* or *Dearest Mamma*, or some other silly old thing," and take no further interest in the matter for at least six hours. Remember always that you are a leading lady, and that it is one of the proofs of the artistic temperament to be difficile.

Inspiration as to the right play may come quite suddenly. Some one may say at dinner, "Why, in *Mrs. Gorrings's Necklace* you could use your big diamonds and wear your turquoises as well," and then the whole matter will come clear, and you will practically have settled everything by dessert.

If a happy inspiration of this kind does not come to you, put a postscript to all the notes you write, "We are going to have theatricals here next month. Do suggest something that will suit us. I am in despair."

Perhaps you may find an old play-book lying about, or somebody may remember the names of the comedies which PINERO and ROBERTSON have written, and these of course would be just the cheery sort of thing for an amateur show; but in any case someone, probably the governess, will decide on some play, and so long as there is some delightful character for you in it, what does it matter what the setting is?

You will have difficulties with the horrid people who own most of the plays, and who print frightening things



IN THE SHADE OF AMARYLLIS.

(In a quite recently planted Suburban Park.)

on the outside of play-books, couched in the same truculent style as that of the notices in railway stations about people riding in first-class carriages with third-class tickets, and cutting the cushions and that sort of thing. I have known ladies who had to send five pounds to London for a "prompt book," which, when it arrived, was only the same as an ordinary book, with unintelligible things about "battens" and "orange limes," and "floats," and O P and L U E mixed up with the conversation. If the play you select is not in any list, you can find out the author's address from *Who's Who*, and write him a little note asking him to send you a copy and to forego his fees because you are thinking of having your theatricals for a charity. Authors, however, are either poor undecided sort of people, who always seem to have left all their business affairs to their agents, and never mention who those agents are, or else are vitriolically impertinent, declining to be the one person connected with the performance who really subscribes anything to the charity, and refusing to entrust their work to amateurs.

The "casting" of the play, when selected, is quite a simple affair. You, of course, have the best character, and you have settled long ago who is to be the fortunate man who is to be allowed to make stage love to you. After that the rest does not matter much. It is not a bad plan to give the first man who comes to stay at the house the

longest part; for he will have more time to learn it than the others. So long, however, as there are enough brown-paper-covered books to go round, you need not trouble yourself any further. Your company are sure to squabble over the parts, and then they can swap, and go on swapping till everyone is pleased, and when anyone tries to say anything ill-natured to you, refer him or her to the gentleman you will have appointed Manager. It is his business to keep the peace.

AN OLD HAND.

THEOCRITICAL.

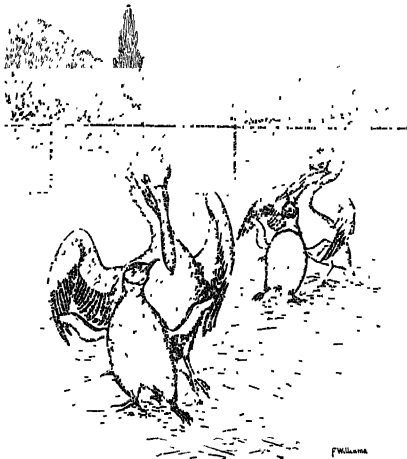
As STREPHON with idyllic toot
Inspired the light Sicilian flute,
And PHYLLIS touch'd an answering lute,
Arcades ambo,
A third performer, black of face,
With swallow-tails and banjo-case,
Dispelled their eclogue with a bass
"Ark at dese, SAMBO!"

AN INDEFINITE ARTICLE—OF COSTUME.—
In a notice of a recent wedding the reporter, "dropping into poetry," described how

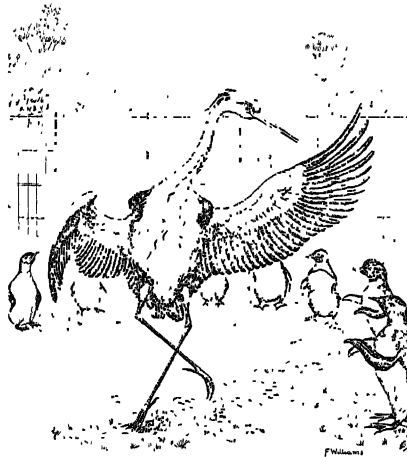
"The bride went away
In a dress of pale grey,
silk voile trimmed with lace, and a tulle hat to match," all, presumably, her own property, but the fact is questionable, as it is not distinctly stated, nor can it be so implied, owing to the use of the indefinite article.

TERPSICHORE AT THE ZOO.

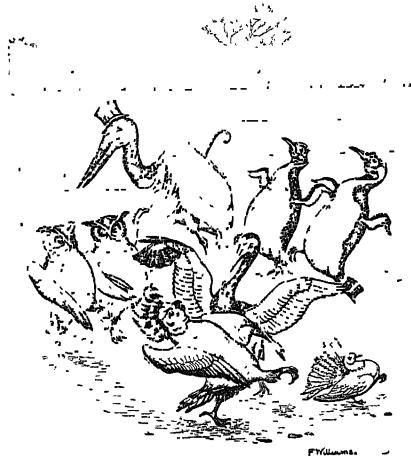
It is suggested that the birds in the Zoological Gardens should learn to dance. Such an innovation would certainly prove a great attraction, and should materially assist the Society in raising the necessary funds for the enlargement of the animals' cages.



"Washington Post," by the Pelicans and Penguins.



"Pas seul," by the Heron.

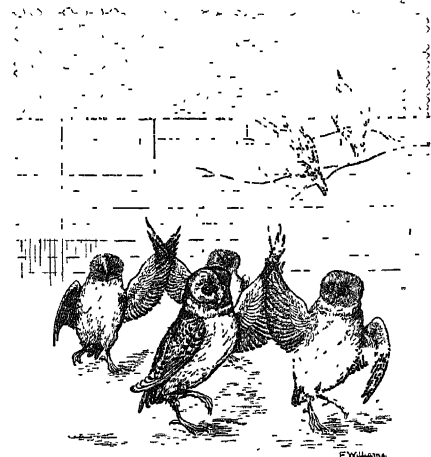


The Grand Cake-walk.

These dancing lessons will be given aviary morning: hours not yet settled, nor in which wing of the building they will take place. A sand-piper has been engaged to accompany the preliminary steps, and it is understood that terms will be made with the celebrated "Horned Owl Quartette." All applications for permission to join the Terpsichorean classes must be sent in to the Secretary Bird at his office, when they will be immediately considered.



The Penguins' Waltz.



The Barn (Owl) Dance.

DE SENECTUTE.

[A ladies' paper in a recent issue condemns that "quaint middle-class idea that one should 'sober down' after marriage. . . . Never—never ought any human being to sober down and lose the zest and pleasure and fun that might be theirs in life."]

Too long have we beheld endure
The vicious, obsolete tradition
Which banned in folk of age mature
The slightest mental ebullition;
But now at last we joy to see—
Thanks to the preaching of the papers—
Octogenarian elders free
To cut the most audacious capers.

'Tis well to lead a strenuous life
Up to the tenth or dozenth lustre,
But then, for man and maid and wife,
Arrives the time to go a "buster";
Then should we fling aside restraint,
Then plunge into the gay cotillion,
And strive unflinchingly to paint
The town and environs vermillion.

However pedagogues may frown
And view such dicta with disfavour,
The folk who never sober down
Confer on life its saltiest savour.

The grandmother who wears a cap
Incurs her family's displeasure;
But if she sets a booby-trap
And wears a fringe, she is a treasure.

SHAKSPEARE pronounced, one must admit,
Grey hairs in jesters unbecoming;
But such a creed is all unfit
To keep the universe a-humming.
The onset of old age affrights
Only the dolt who scorns to frivol,
Not him who dares to scale the heights
Of unadulterated drivell.

"CHERCHEZ LA FEMME" writes:—At this moment (Friday, 3 p.m.) I have just seen side by side the posters of two of our popular mediums for the dissemination of truth. They ran, or rather leaned against a wall, as follows:

STAR.

EVENING NEWS.

MISSING
LADY DOCTOR

MISSING
LADY DOCTOR
SEARCH STILL

FOUND.

A FAILURE.

"A TIMID INQUIRER" wants to know what Mr. CHAMBERLAIN means by keeping this food tax hanging over our heads like the sword of Monocles.

SAMSON AMONG THE PHILISTINES.

[Dedicated affectionately by the author to his friend Mr. G. S. STREET, who recently wrote a protracted letter to the *Times* entitled "Reflections Round About," in which he pictured Great Britain bereft of her Empire through a fatuous addiction to Free Trade, and finally reduced to a condition of so-called "*Indépendance Belge*." He warned the nation that she would be compelled to support a tolerated existence by ministering, even more than at present, to the tastes of Semitic and immigrant Anglo-Saxon millionaires.]

WHEN Britain, who at Heaven's behest
Emerged, like Venus, from the main,
While guardian angels, by request,
Conspired to sing a pompous strain,
Inviting her to regulate the sea,
And have her offspring permanently free—

When she, whose maritime aplomb
Once-made the nations seem as fools,
Persists in drawing unction from
The fetish carved by COBDEN's tools,
Building the hope of her immortal soul on
That dismally discredited *eidolon*—

When she, within whose bounteous shade
Two hemispheres were wont to brood,
Shall see her bosky foliage fade,
Her branches nipped, her timbers nude,
And from a forest queen, maternal, stout,
Becomes a sort of skimpy Brussels sprout—

Be it not said that none was nigh
To warn her what should be her fate!
One aquiline and instant eye
Shrewdly perceived her rotten state;
One manly voice was raised in righteous heat;
That voice, that eye, belonged to Mr. STREET!

'Twas he addressed the *Times*, and wrote
At some considerable length,
Bidding a reckless public note
The germs that undermined its strength;
His treatise, partly salient, partly solemn,
Excelled the normal by about a column.

He saw, by simply glancing round,
How England's unprotected wares
Doomed her to be the dumping-ground
Of monstrous alien millionaires,
And like a seedy parasite to batten
Upon the lusts of Jewry or Manhattan.

Concerned about our failing health,
He had already marked with pain
The tendency of foreign wealth
To brutalise the virile brain
Of natives who originally skirted
All such decoys with flaming eyes averted.

Pray Heaven our Press may still be proof
Against the snares within our gates,
And stand impregnable aloof
From strange exotic Syndicates!
Ay, though elsewhere our honour downward climbs,
Still may a Cato's hand conduct the *Times*!

Frankly I cannot bear to think
That he who wrote yon strenuous lines
Should ultimately go and sink
To making sport for Philistines;
I should object to see that kind of feat
Performed by SAMSON AGONISTES STREET.

O. S.

"THE MARKISS."

WHAT time of late a sorrowing nation watched by the chair
in which the Master of Hatfield sat awaiting the kindly touch
of Death, summoning him to well-earned rest, there came
back to memory the verse of a little-known poet. It is
called "Winter Nightfall," and describes the drooping day,
the hazy darkness deepening up the lane, lowering smoke
lost in the lowering sky, the soaking branches dripping all
night, a dropping that will not cease:

"A tall man there in the house
Must keep his chair;
He knows he will never again
Breathe the spring air.
He thinks of his morn of life,
His hale, strong years;
And braves as he may the night
Of darkness and tears."

When Lord SALISBURY, resigning the Premiership, practically retired from public life, a gap was made in the House of Lords no living man might fill. Only once has he returned to the scene of memorable labour. He came with the rest of the cloaked Peers to pay homage to King EDWARD THE SEVENTH when first he seated himself on the throne which he had long regarded from the point of view of the Cross Benches. There was hope that the ex-Premier would, from time to time, still give the House and the country the advantage of his sagacious counsel, the pleasure of listening to his brilliant speech. But, like the other tall man in another chair, "his heart was worn with work." He was sick of the sometimes mean rivalry of political life, and felt he had earned his leisure.

In a manner unique Lord SALISBURY had the faculty of standing apart from his fellow men, regarding them and appraising them as if he himself did not belong to the *genus*. It was as if a man from Mars had visited our planet, studying its pigmy population with amused, on the whole, scornful interest. With one exception he was the only statesman who never bent the knee to the Baal known in political chatter as The Man in the Street. The exception is, of course, the Duke of DEVONSHIRE, who had further kinship with the Marquis in respect of absolute freedom from desire to get anything for himself out of the game of politics. Intellectually and morally—this latter more precious because more rare—Lord SALISBURY uplifted and maintained at high level the standard of English public life. He was a man whom foreigners, equally with his own countrymen, unreservedly trusted, because of a personal quality worth the whole armoury of diplomacy.

With his withdrawal from the stage, the House of Lords as a debating assembly lost its chief attraction. It was worth sitting through a dreary couple of hours for the chance reward of hearing him speak. Whilst others discoursed he sat impassive, taking no note, making no sign of hearing, or caring about, what the noble lord on his legs said or left unspoken. Only a curious rapid movement of the crossed leg betokened cogitation, betrayed closest attention, and the framing of some sentences that would presently play about the adversary's head like forked lightning.

Of late years Lord SALISBURY fell into the habit, whilst addressing the House, of allowing his massive head to sink on his broad chest. It resulted in the conclusion of some of his sentences being confidentially communicated to his own bosom. This was an anguished loss to the strained listener. But enough remained of the exquisitely framed sentences, the barbed shafts of sarcasm, to spread delight. Happily this gift of unpremeditated speech clothed in perfect literary form is hereditary. We shall nevermore see the stately, though bowed, form at the table of the House of Lords, nor hear the deep voice with slow utterance say bitter



UNREADY! AYE UNREADY!

(John Bull on Sentry Duty.)

[“We regret to say that we are not satisfied that enough is being done to place matters on a better footing in the event of another emergency.”
Extract from Report of Royal Commission on the War in South Africa.]

things in polished phrase and with courteous manner. But for the present generation, and, it is to be hoped, for others to follow, those who hear Lord HUGH CECIL in Opposition—his normal point of view in mundane affairs—will taste something of the delight which they, through a quarter of a century and more, were accustomed to enjoy, who sat at the feet of his father.

With the death of Lord SALISBURY we feel in indefinable manner that we have lost touch with the spacious times of Queen ELIZABETH. The blow has cost the country loss of an honest man, a patriotic statesman, who in small things and great showed himself worthy of a lineage which, for nearly four hundred years, has had a hand in making the fame and fortune of England.

TOBY, M.P.

THE TARIFF SAFE.

(Latest Rumours.)

WE are authorised to contradict the report that the Highbury Safe has been opened. It has been securely sealed with stamp-edging—gratuitously supplied by the Postmaster-General—and the Duke of DEVONSHIRE always sleeps on it.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN emphatically denies the rumour that the Safe only contains a *Daily Mail* Year Book. "What I have seen—I have seen," he observed to our reporter.

Mr. SEDDON wires that the Highbury Safe is undoubtedly a meat safe.

The PREMIER, in answer to an anxious correspondent, replies that his mind will remain open as long as the Safe remains shut—possibly even a little longer.

Fourteen economists have written a round robin to the *Times* expressing an abstract opinion that safes always contain a vacuum.

Mr. WILLIAM STUBBS, of Bethnal Green, is under the impression that he heard Mr. CHAMBERLAIN say that the securities in the Safe were sufficient to provide an Old Age Pension for self and Mrs. STUBBS. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN says that Mr. STUBBS misunderstood him. "What I have said—it is not always convenient to say again," observed the Colonial Secretary with a gleam of humour.

Twenty commercial travellers dining together at the "Bull and Kettle," Norwich, have wired Mr. CHAMBERLAIN that in their opinion the Safe contains an immense treasure.

When interviewed, Mr. JESSE COLLINGS would neither affirm nor deny the report that "the cow" was in the Safe. "All I can say," he said laughingly to the interviewer, "is that the Safe undoubtedly contains the elements of agricultural prosperity for England." A naturalist of repute to whom the question was referred as to whether a



G. L. STAMP.

Beggar. "SPARE A COPPER, LIDY, TO 'ELP A POOR MAN OUT OF WORK. I'M A TIMBER MERCHANT BY PROFESSION."

Lady. "WHAT KIND OF A TIMBER MERCHANT?"

Beggar. "WELL—I—UM—SELL MATCHES, LIDY!"

cow could exist in a safe, replied that if the safe were sufficiently large and the cow sufficiently small it would be quite possible—though in such a case he would have expected the lowing of the cow to wake the DUKE.

Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, while not casting the slightest doubt on Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S veracity, states that he has banged the Safe on all sides, and that it sounds distinctly hollow.

Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, who, as many of his political friends will be glad to hear, is still alive, says that he believes that there is nothing in the Safe, but that in any case what Mr. CHAMBERLAIN says is there—isn't there.

Mr. LONG, addressing the Amalgamated Association of Wiltshire Pork Butchers at Trowbridge, said that he was absolutely in favour of enquiring what the Safe contained—unless Mr. CHAMBERLAIN wished otherwise.

Dr. CLIFFORD, in a speech of three hours' duration on Paddington Green, stated that he had it on the best authority that the Highbury Safe was merely a hiding place for the Colonial Secretary's copy of the Church Catechism.

Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON, in the full confidence that the Safe will prove the Tomb of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S reputation, has already prepared thirty letters to editors suggesting its renovation.

THE SUN-CHILD.

(Continued.)

ON and on went the Sun-child through the fields and along the lanes, wherever his fancy moved him to go. He did not pluck the beautiful wild flowers, but left them to grow in peace and live their little lives and make the country sweet with their delicate colours. On and on he went, and at last he came to a pretty house over which creeping plants had clustered, the *Virginia*, the *aristolochia*, and the *clematis montana* with white stars sprinkled on its thick green mantle. There was a dear old garden round the house, not too trim and precise as some gardens are, but a garden with soft lawns and shady trees, and deep retired nooks of foliage and sudden delightful patches of flowers, and old red-brick walls over which the creepers straggled. In the middle of one of the lawns stood an old stone sun-dial. Though it was summer-time, this sun-dial had been able to do but little work, for day after day there had been clouds in the sky, and the kind face of the sun, its lord and master, had been seen but rarely. But the dial had gone on patiently, hoping for better days, and bearing the gloomy weather bravely. To be sure it could do something even on the darkest day, for a motto was cut into its brass face, and to all who cared to read it the motto said, "Trifle not, your Time is short." It was not a very cheerful saying, but, after all, why should sun-dials be cheerful beyond measure? They stand and watch and see the little children who play round them grow to be boys and girls, and then to be men and women, until at last they come to the garden no more, and the old house seems quiet and dull without their presence. But soon more children come to play in the garden, and the dial watches them and hears their voices and their laughter until they, too, cease to be children—just as the dial had grown accustomed to their ways. These changes puzzle the dial, but it has to resign itself to them and attend to its business of marking off the hours whenever the weather will allow it. You must not wonder, therefore, if the dial should sometimes be just a little morose and gloomy. The wonder is rather how it manages not to be more so.

When the Sun-child saw the dial he was drawn to it at once. Something whispered to him that this carved pillar of stone with the figured brass face had had a glimpse of the splendid secrets that he himself knew so well, and had felt the magic of the country from which he came. So he went and stood beside it, and as he stood a handsome youth and a beautiful girl came out of the house and walked towards him. They looked as if they were made to love and help one another, and, in fact, they were betrothed and the wedding-day was only three weeks off. But I am sorry to say that on this day there had been a quarrel, the first and only one, but still a quarrel, and as they walked out of the house each felt that matters had become irretrievable, that the future under such conditions was impossible, and that, perhaps, it might be better to part and for each to go a lonely way through the world. And it was such a foolish trivial little quarrel too, but it had grown, feeding on reticence and pride, until everything was hopeless. He had made a remark (it was not a very gallant one, I admit) about a hat she had worn at the Vicarage garden-party, and she had replied hotly defending the injured hat. Then she had made allusions to the Vicar's youngest daughter, who was her own dear friend, and had asked him why he had walked through the pergola into the arbour with this cheerful, but mischievous, young woman. So it had gone on, surely the silliest difference that ever was, until now his face was set and stern and she was looking far away into the distance to avoid his look, and there were no tears in her eyes, only resentment and anger.

"So this is your last word?" he was saying, in a voice quite unlike his own.

"Yes," she replied, and her voice too was altered.

"In that case I have nothing to do but go. I shall always wish you well and—"

As he said this they came to where the Sun-child was standing by the carved pillar, and the Sun-child looked at them and smiled. And as he smiled their eyes fell upon the old motto and they read it and both started. He came close to her and took her hand.

"Do you see what it says?" he asked; "'Trifle not, your Time is short.' Great heaven," he went on, coming still closer, "and we were going to waste our lives for a trifle. It shan't be," and he took her in his arms and pressed her to his breast. "Oh, what fools we've been," they both murmured together, and at this the old Sun, who had been in hiding, broke through a cloud and the dial cheered up directly and became very busy, and the two lovers walked back into the house together, he smiling and she smiling as well as she could through her tears. They were both very happy.

RHYMES OF THE EAST.

"KAL!"

(= To-morrow.)

"[Never do To-day what can be postponed till To-morrow, save at the dictates of your personal convenience."—*Maxims of the Wicked*, No. 3.]

SWEET Word, by whose unwearying assistance
We of the Ruling Race, when sorely tried,
Can keep intrusive persons at a distance,
And let unseasonable matters slide;
Thou at whose blast the powers of irritation
Yield to a soft and seasonable lull
Of solid peace and flat Procrastination,
These to thy praise and honour, good old KAL!

For we are greatly plagued by sacrilegious
Monsters in human form, who care for naught
Save with incessant papers to besiege us,
E'en to the solemn hour of silent thought;
They draw no line; the frightful joy of giving
Pain is their guerdon; but for Thee alone,
Life would be hardly worth the bore of living,
No one could call his very soul his own.

But in thy Name th' importunate besetter
Meets a repelling force that none can stem;
Peons may come (they do) and go (they'd better!)
KAL is the Word that always does for them!
To-morrow they may join the usual muster;
To-day shall pass inviolably by;
Beelzebub Himself, for all his bluster,
Would get the same old sickening reply.

And, for thine aid in baffling the malignant,
Whose one desire in life it is to see
Our ease dis-eased, our dignity indignant,
I move a cordial vote of thanks to Thee;
And I would add a word of common gratitude
To those thy coadjutors, *ao* and *lao*,*
Who take, with Thee, th' uncompromising attitude
From which the dullest mind deduces *jao*.

DUM-DUM.

* *Kal ao* = "return to-morrow"; *kal lao* = "bring it back to-morrow." Each of these phrases is the euphemistic equivalent of *jao*, that is, "go away (and stay there)."

SUITABLE AIR TO ACCOMPANY THE REMEASUREMENT OF SHAMROCK.
—*"The Anchor's Weighed."*



Betty (anxious to air her knowledge of social amenities—to her mother's last remaining visitor, who shows no sign of leaving).
"MUST YOU WEALLY GO?"

CHARIVARIA.

WE gather from a report of the proceedings at the monthly meeting of the Zoological Society that 98 animals have been added to the menagerie during the past four weeks, and Mr. DE WINTON now has a residence within the Gardens.

A club for Pages has been opened in Westminster. We understand this has no connection with "Ye Sette of Odde Volumes."

A correspondent who has been advised to try ear-rings for weak eyes wishes to know to what part of the eyes they should be attached.

In a case which came before Sir ALBERT DE RUTZEN last week a cabman contended that a child was "a whole person." It should be explained that the child in question had never been alone on a road frequented by motor-cars.

A paragraph in one of our papers headed "Wild Beasts under the Ham-

mer" turned out after all not to be an account of a Passive Resistance sale.

The rumour that the recent Boer War was not conducted on our side as smartly as it might have been has been confirmed by a Royal Commission.

M. LABORI has scored a great success. In his speech in defence of the HUMBERTS he said, "They have amassed nothing, but devoted their lives to toil and pressing anxieties. I am sure Madame HUMBERT has never had so much repose as she has had in prison." The tender-hearted jury, many of whom had mothers of their own, decided to extend this rare opportunity for rest to a period of five years.

Seeing that each boat built by Sir THOMAS LIPTON has been an improvement on her predecessor, and would have beaten the American boat of the previous contest, it has been suggested that Sir THOMAS might go on at once to build *Shamrock V.*, omitting *Shamrock IV.*

A slump has taken place in the stocks of all our big Water Companies. It is said to be due to the feeling that the country was being overstocked with this element.

FOR CONSCIENCE' SAKE.

A DAILY paper recently announced that the barbers of Brightlingsea have issued a notice stating that in consequence of the additional expense involved by the Education Act they will be compelled in future to increase their charges by fifty per cent. Here is a new difficulty for the Passive Resister in Brightlingsea. To submit himself to a barber is to contribute towards the support of sectarian schools. We suggest that for conscience' sake the barber be requested to leave uncut, and uncharged for, just so much superfluous hair or beard as represents the portion of his fee which goes towards the payment of the Education Rate—in this case 33½ per cent. The rival parties might adopt as their respective battle cries, "Git yer 'air cut" and "Keep yer 'air on."

LIPTON MINUTE BY MINUTE.

Being a portion of the great race faithfully recorded at second-hand.

- 11.0.—*Shamrock* is away.
 11.1.—*Reliance* is away too.
 11.2.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON signals: "I have no doubt but that *Shamrock* will win."
 11.3.—BARR is pinching *Reliance*.
 11.4.—*Reliance* is shrieking with pain.
 11.5.—WRINGE is pinching *Shamrock*.
 11.6.—*Shamrock* is pinching back.
 11.7.—*Shamrock* is blanketing *Reliance* with her main sheet.
 11.8.—*Reliance* has drawn blanket over the angry pillows.
 11.9.—*Shamrock's* sheets are wet. She is catching cold.
 11.10.—*Shamrock* is sneezing.
 11.11.—*Reliance* is sneezing too. Is it influenza?
 11.12.—Betting on *Reliance* is 3 to 1, BARR 1.
 11.13.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON signals: "I am confident *Shamrock* will win."
 11.14.—*Reliance* is leading. BARR has broken out the topsail.
 11.15.—*Shamrock* has not her anchor and chain on board. Even if she wins it will not matter.
 11.16.—*Reliance* is without her burgee. This disqualifies her anyhow.
 11.17.—WRINGE has broken out in spots.
 11.18.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON signals: "*Reliance* is a grand boat."
 11.19.—BARR has begun pinching again.
 11.20.—*Shamrock's* sails are fitting better than *Reliance's*.
 11.21.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON signals: "All that I want is a good breeze, and let the best boat win."
 11.22.—Mr. OLIVER ISELIN signals: "'Better boat' would be more grammatical."
 11.23.—The excursion fleet is bearing down on the yachts.
 11.24.—WRINGE is pinching the excursionists.
 11.25.—*Reliance* is taking advantage of WRINGE's preoccupation.
 11.26.—*Shamrock* hoists her mainsail. It is going to be a great race.
 11.27.—*Reliance* is drifting on the port tack.
 11.28.—*Shamrock* is whistling for more wind.
 11.29.—*Reliance* leads, as *Shamrock* lost her wind in whistling for it.
 11.30.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON signals: "Both are grand boats, and let the better one win."
 * * * * *
 4.21.—Dead calm. WRINGE is banqueting BARR.

4.22.—BARR is now banqueting WRINGE.

4.23.—WRINGE and BARR are inseparable. They have lashed the two yachts together.

4.24.—Neither boat can win.

4.26.—Neither boat can lose.

4.27.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON signals: "Perfect fellowship. Long may England and America love each other."

4.30.—Race abandoned.

4.31.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON telegraphs: "Three cheers for Uncle Sam."

4.40.—*Shamrock* is to be remeasured.

WHAT ENGLAND'S GREATEST MEN THINK OF THE ONLY TOPIC.

Mr. HERBERT SPENCER, interviewed by a representative of *Great Thoughts*, described himself as dejected but not despairing. Asked to account synthetically for the result, he stated that he was inclined to ascribe it to over-anxiety on the part of the *Shamrock's* crew. In such cases processes which men in ordinary cases performed automatically with perfect success, were fumbled when people began to think too much about them. For the rest he thought that the ratio between *Shamrock's* underbody and her overman was hardly according to the principles of NIETZSCHE.

Sir OLIVER LODGE was discovered by the representative of *Sporting Life* in a state of profound despondency. Nothing, he said, had affected the heart of the nation so deeply since the battle of Fontenoy. Personally he could not help thinking that a powerful electric fan which would generate a current of air in the most perfect calm might have been profitably employed by the challenger.

Lord ROSSLYN telegraphs as follows:—"Understand unanimous wish vast majority citizens United States Sir THOMAS LIPTON should lift Cup. In these circumstances obvious duty patriotic American kidnap Captain BARR or drug crew."

Mr. C. A. VINCE stated, in answer to a circular addressed to him by the *Birmingham Post*, that he had despatched a large supply of leaflets to cheer Sir THOMAS LIPTON in his temporary disappointment. His idea was that these fascinating documents should be distributed amongst the crew of *Reliance*, who would be unable to resist reading them during the race, and so would be unable to attend to their duties.

Mr. HALL CAINE has telephoned to Mr. HEINEMANN as follows:—"The attitude of Sir THOMAS LIPTON in the face of his repeated disappointments is the most noble spectacle in the annals of modern times. He is a true disciple of EPICTETUS. Please cable him the proof-sheets of my new novel."

E. V. L. G.

C. L. G.

THE DELVER.

(Until recently a Common Object of the Wayside.)

O DELVER, why do I behold,

Whene'er my footsteps wander thy way,
 Thy ancient figure, bowed and old,
 Delving the highway?

Wouldst thou return to nature, play
 Once more the part of father ADAM,
 That thou so many hours a day
 Dig'st the macadam?

Or art thou one of RUSKIN's school,
 Who hold it all but wicked in you,
 As muddled oaf or flannelled fool,
 To waste good sinew—

That band of academic cranks

Who started, altruistic gownsmen,
 Great labours which should win the [thanks
 Of Oxford townsmen,

Who plied the unwonted pick and spade
 With all a novice's devotion,
 To build a useful road, and made
 A miry ocean?

Or, mindful of thy country's hap,
 And bent on saving some survivors,
 Dost thou prepare a deadly trap
 For motor drivers?

Or, as thou con'st with eager face
 Thy compass card and six-foot mea-
 sure,
 Dost thou, poor delver, hope to trace
 Some buried treasure?

Dost thou, the one believing mind
 Now left among the sceptic billions,
 Still nurse a hope that thou may'st find
 The HUMBERT millions?

Ah, no; a glint of green I see
 Protruding from thy coat-tail pocket:
 The riddle's read, for here's the key
 That does unlock it.

But rest, perturbed spirit! Vain
 Is now the hope by which thou'rt
 spurred on;
 Forget ere thou become insane
 The *Tit-Bits* guerdon.

THE MOTOR-MANIACS.

["I should not be surprised if we have a new class of patient in our asylums before long. They will be called motor-maniacs."—*Brain Specialist*.]

I LOOKED about me with interest. All over the pleasantly timbered, spacious grounds were dotted the mentally afflicted, singly and in groups. I noticed that the unhappy creatures were all clad in the exaggerated diving apparatus that one has come to associate with the mania in its more acute form.

"So you allow them to keep their costumes?" I said.

"Yes," answered the kindly Doctor, regarding the afflicted ones with a

paternal smile. "We give them all the liberty we can. You see, before they came in here they had so much liberty—I might almost say license—that it would not be wise to deprive them of it altogether. Our method is a gradual one—to wean them from their delusions little by little."

"I see," I said. "But you don't allow them to have real motor-cars, do you?"

"No, we can't go so far as that. Many of them don't want them. The milder cases are quite content with the dress; some, indeed, have never been on a car in their lives, and are only suffering from imitative melancholia. For those who have motor-mania in its worst form we provide wheelbarrows."

The Doctor pointed to a patient who came galloping along the path towards us, trundling a bright scarlet barrow.

"One of our most amiable inmates," whispered the Doctor as he reached us.

He may have been very amiable, but it was impossible to gather any impression of character from the mask and goggles that halted suddenly and looked at us. He made a curious internal sound as he stood there, suggestive of a child's imitation of the steam-engine, only gruffer and more explosive.

"Had a good run?" asked the Doctor.

The figure wagged its head in a pleased manner. "From Petersburg in one hour two minutes and seven seconds precisely," was the answer. "Beaten the record by a week. But I can't stop. Only got half an hour to get on to New York. Goodbye." And with an alarming increase of the internal noise, the figure seized its barrow again and galloped off.

"Hullo," I said, "what's he doing?"

A patient with a chocolate-coloured barrow was repeatedly and furiously charging a tree.

The Doctor looked grave. "A bad case," he replied. "He was an actor who went mad very suddenly. He was sent here because he insisted on running foot-passengers down. Has been responsible for a great many accidents. It's all right, I won't let him hurt you," he added, as I looked rather nervous.

We approached the dramatic patient, who was preparing for a new attack on the tree. He was talking to himself. "B-er-lood, b-er-lood, naught but b-er-lood, and let it be cr-r-r-imson at that, me lor-r-r-d," he muttered.

Then he heard our footsteps and looked round. My appearance seemed to annoy him, for he reversed his barrow and charged furiously towards me, shouting, "Vile cr-r-r-eping earth-wor-r-m, come for-r-r-th that I may destr-r-r-oy thee."

I stepped very hurriedly behind the Doctor, who checked him in his career somehow. "My friend is not a foot-



Mother. "TOMMY, STOP ASKING YOUR FATHER SO MANY QUESTIONS. DON'T YOU SEE IT ANNOYS HIM?"

Tommy. "WHY, MOTHER, IT'S NOT THE QUESTIONS THAT MAKE HIM ANGRY. IT'S BECAUSE HE CAN'T ANSWER THEM."

passenger," he explained; "he has lost his car, which blew up and fell into the river."

The patient calmed down at once. "Accept my condolences," he said to me in a more normal tone. "But I hope it did not perish *alone*?" His voice suddenly became suspicious on the last word.

"Three children, two dogs, and a policeman," said the Doctor, hastily.

"Good," said the patient. "I have had a fair morning myself. Have killed ten, and mutilated seven. But I must make it up to twenty before lunch. Farewell." And so to my relief he left us and prepared to charge his tree once more.

Presently we came upon a sky-blue wheelbarrow upside-down, and close beside it a patient lying on his face, his arms and legs spread out in careless attitudes.

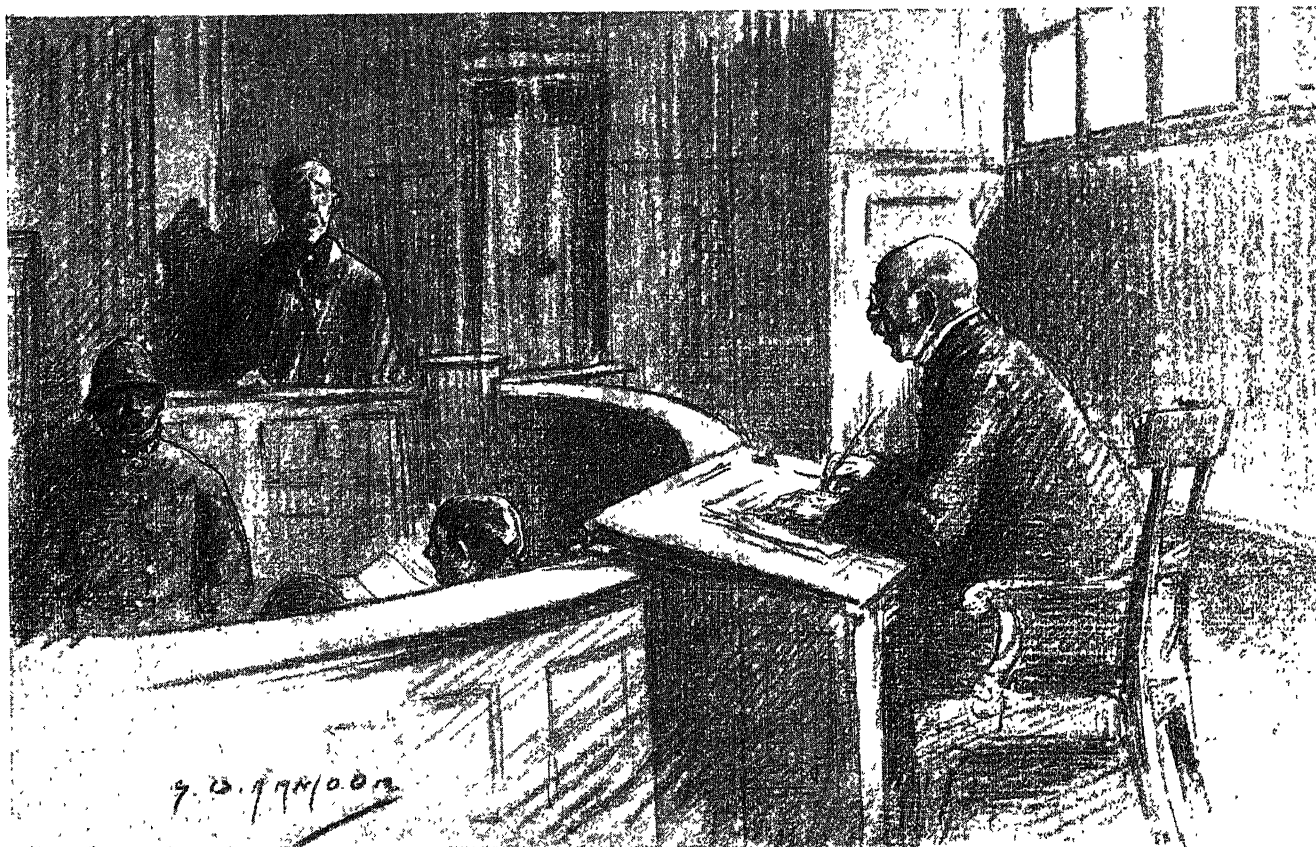
"A chauffeur," said the Doctor. "He does this every morning—under the impression that he has been killed."

Suddenly a face peeped round a tree and saw us. Then there was an unearthly scream, and a man fled wildly away. He ran for about twenty yards and then fell headlong. "Who is that?" I asked, observing that he wore a top-hat and a frock-coat instead of the ordinary diving apparatus.

"A curious case of cerebral revulsion," said the Doctor. "He was a famous and deadly motorist, who suddenly became possessed by the idea that he had been turned into a foot-passenger. We have a few such cases, but they live in a state of constant panic and are generally hiding. He is, as a rule, up the tree; I don't know what he is doing on the ground."

"A sad case," I suggested.

The Doctor shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know," he said. "He inspired a good deal of terror when he was sane. It seems only just that he should suffer a little himself now."



THE NEW ACT AGAIN. DIFFERENT POINTS OF VIEW.

Magistrate. "YOU ARE CHARGED WITH HAVING BEEN DRUNK WHEN IN CHARGE OF A CHILD UNDER THE AGE OF SEVEN YEARS."

Prisoner. "PLEASE, YOUR WORSHIP, SHE WAS A-TAKIN' ME 'OME."

THE "LOWER" CREATION.

THE man sat on a heap of clover in the hay-loft. Down below there was the rattling of a chain and a munching noise. After a time the horse spoke. He expressed satisfaction at the meal, he also made a few kind remarks about the attendance.

"Yes," added the ass, "JOHN is a faithful brute; a very faithful——"

Then the chain rattled again as the horse turned his head and remarked sagely, "You should learn to be less high-minded, EDWARD. For my part I always look upon men as humble friends; who knows, indeed, that they have not souls even as we have? They work for us, it is true, providing us with exercise and food, but, after all, they have feelings of their own, and for all we can say they may have intelligence too."

"Yes," joined in the mare from the neighbouring stall, "and you are doubtless aware that in the old age of reason, when horses had to think in order to arrive at conclusions, the equine race was not in a very high degree superior to the men of our own time. It is even supposed that there was no such thing as instinct in existence."

"Very good," said the ass; "you two stick to your 'humble friends,' dine, live, sleep with them if you will, but leave me to avoid evil communications. You may be strong-minded enough to pass through the ordeal safely, but I feel that I should take to drink and make a man of myself."

Then he relapsed into silence, the horse made no reply, the mare began eating, and the man climbed down.

TO ABSENT FRIENDS.

(By a Fox without a Tail)

DEAR BROWN and JONES and ROBINSON and many thousands more,

Now spending dismal holidays on some dank sea-girt shore, You, who affect to pity those compelled in town to stay, Should rather envy us, because we cannot get away.

While you are hiring tiny rooms at many pounds a week, And huddle there and watch parades that run with rain, and reek,

Contrast my cheerful aspect with your discontented looks, As here I stay at ease among my pictures and my books.

Here in the trains the traveller can now find ample space, Enjoying elbow-room without a struggle for a place: The choicest dishes are not "off" at half-past one at lunch, And no one spoils our appetite with—"After you with *Punch!*"

The dainty shops of Regent Street teem with their treasures still,

The Park with all its beauties we can now enjoy at will; No longer do the jostling crowds provoke an angry frown, But leisurely we relish the amenities of town.

Thus basking in the keen delights that empty London owns (Though from my heart I pity you—BROWN, ROBINSON and JONES),

So long as you may care to stay, and business is slack, I cannot honestly declare I long to see you back.

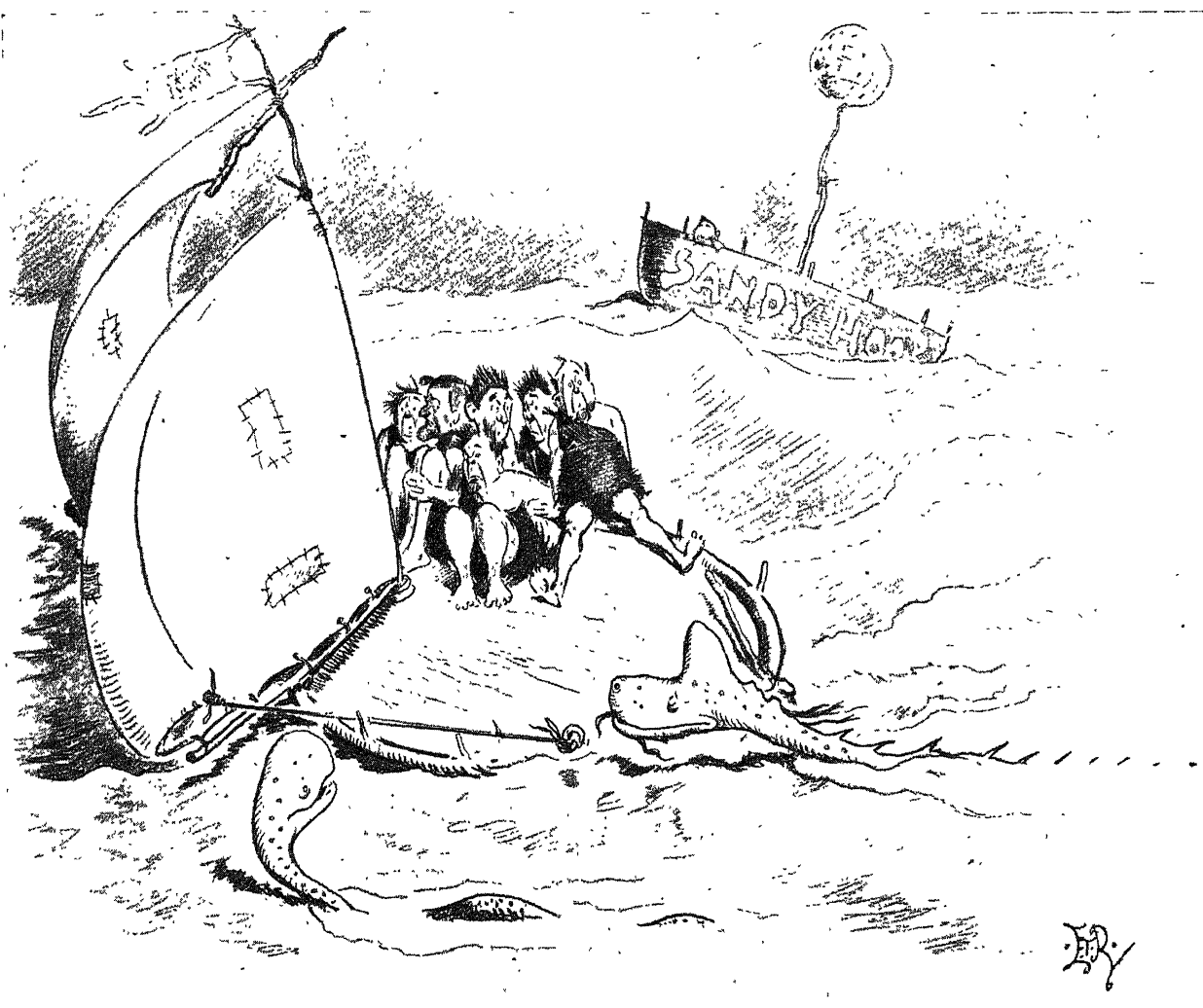


HAIL AND FAREWELL!

ROBERT ARTHUR TALBOT GASCOYNE-CECIL, MARQUESS OF SALISBURY.

BORN: FEBRUARY 3, 1830.

DIED: AUGUST 22, 1903.



"LIFTING THE CUP" IN THE STONE AGE.

In spite of adverse circumstances of a depressing nature the crew of *Old Red Sandstone III.* have by no means lost faith in their boat. For many reasons the working of the vessel throughout the race was none too pleasant. The Defender is about three miles ahead at this point, the marine monsters having favoured preferential treatment for the home-grown article.

DICK'S DEFENCES.

DICK is rather young, but he works hard—especially since he became engaged to me—and I am sure he will one day be either a Lord Chancellor or what he calls a stipe. I know they are both some kind of judge, and I think he prefers to be the latter, as he talks more about it, and so I hope he will. He certainly deserves to be made something, for he never misses attending the Quarter Sessions at the county town near to which we live. Of course he always stays with us, and I think it is very nice of the police to keep all the prisoners until just after Christmas so that he can spend his holidays in the country.

DICK has defended no fewer than three prisoners at different times: he told me

all about them. They must have been all very wicked, because they did not get off; but he was awfully clever at asking them questions. The first one had been captured, after running a few yards, with a lady's purse in his pocket; and DICK went to see him in his cell. DICK is frightfully brave; nothing prevents him from doing his duty.

"How do you account for having the purse in your possession?" asked DICK of this desperado.

"That's your business, guv'nor," said the man.

And so DICK afterwards accounted for it, and the man got two years' hard labour.

The second prisoner could not have been quite so hardened as the first, because, DICK told me, he had not been found to have anything at all in his

pockets. But DICK was rather annoyed with him because he had practically admitted his guilt to some people whom DICK calls beaks, who had been mean enough to write it down and send it to the Quartermaster, or whatever the head man at the Sessions is called. Of course it was a nasty tell-tale thing to do, and DICK was obliged to ask the prisoner how he proposed to get over it.

The prisoner said—and I think it was very sweet of the poor man, and showed how awfully he trusted DICK—the prisoner said, "Just say what you can, Sir."

And DICK said what he could for more than half an hour, and sent the jury into fits of laughter—for he can be fearfully witty when he likes—and the man was sent to penal servitude for three years.

(To be continued.)

THE CLEANING OF CLUBLAND.

CLOSED, closed is that intimate mansion
Which shelters alone the elect,
In its features, condemned to expansion,
The signs of a siege I detect;
The door that invited my entry
An air of exclusiveness wears,
In place of the porter, as sentry,
Stand implements used for repairs.

From my bus which descends Piccadilly
No face at the window I see,
Neither JONES nor ADOLPHUS nor BILLY
Can possibly beckon to me;
The table where, during the season,
I listen to ROBINSON'S gush,
Is demeaned (O deplorable treason!)
By cauldrons of paint and a brush.

O'er sofas where, after refection,
I sprawled with a monthly review,
Is cast in attempted protection
The duster's monotonous hue;
The glory of London is waning,
A charwoman armed with a pan
Is sweeping the floor and profaning
Rooms consecrate solely to Man.

What is it to me that another
Less dearly-loved house of the town
Is ready to welcome as brother
Myself or AMBROGIO BROWN?
The intent is undoubtedly gracious,
Quite sound are the wine and the grub,
The salons are airy and spacious,
But—Heavens!—it isn't *my* Club!

I cannot endure the depression
Occasioned by being denied
(Like SMITH and the others) possession
Of what is our own fireside.
To the haunts of the holiday masses
I too must reluctantly run
Till this terrible tyranny passes,
And painting and papering's done.

MR. PUNCH'S SPECTRAL ANALYSES.

IV.—AN OFFICIAL MUDDLE.

It is always my custom when I go to stop at a country house to ask my host to put me in the haunted room. I like ghosts. In my earlier literary days I was often a ghost myself, and even now I occasionally do "Cheery Chatter for the Chicks" in *Baby's Own Ickle Magazine* for my friend BAMSTEAD BARKER when he wants a holiday. I use a spirit lamp, too, and in a great many other ways exhibit a marked partiality for the spectre world.

When, therefore, I went to stay at Strathpuffer Castle last autumn, I put my usual request, and my host sent for the butler.

"KEGGS," he said, "Mr. WUDDUS wishes to sleep in a haunted room. What ghosts have we?"

"Well, your lordship," said KEGGS thoughtfully, "there's Bad Lord 'ERBERT and Dark Lord DESPARD and the man in armour wot moans and 'er late ladyship as ain't got no 'ead and exhibits of various gaping wounds, but all the bedrooms wot they 'aunts is took at present. They do say, though, your lordship, as 'ow remarkable sounds 'ave bin 'eard recent from the Red Room."

"Then let the Red Room be my bedroom," I said, dropping into poetry with all the aplomb of a *Silas Wegg*. "I have never known a Red Room yet that was not haunted." And to the Red Room accordingly I went.

It was past twelve when I went to bed. Scarcely had I got inside the room when a sepulchral voice on my right said "Boo!" and almost at the same instant a chain rattled on my left. I sat down on the bed, and spoke with firmness and decision.

"This won't do at all," I said. "No haunted room is ever allowed two ghosts. One of you must go, or I lodge a formal complaint. Which is it to be?"

"I got here first," said a sulky voice.

"Well, you'd no business here," said the second ghost snappishly. "I was definitely and officially appointed, and I give up my rights to no one."

"I've told you a thousand times that I was appointed."

"Nonsense. I was."

"Meaning that I lie, Sir?"

"Come, come, come," I interrupted impatiently. "I won't have this unseemly wrangling. Settle it peaceably, my friends, peaceably."

"Tell you what," said the ghost with the chain, eagerly; "we'll have a haunting competition, if this gentleman will be good enough to act as referee; and the loser quits."

"But, my good Sir," I said, "you forget that I want to go to sleep some time to-night. And besides, if you'll forgive the criticism, a haunting competition between you two would be poor sport. You are neither of you what I should describe as fliers at the game. You lack finesse. You, Sir, remarked 'Boo!' when I came in, and your colleague rattled a chain. Now, I ask you, what is the good of that kind of thing?"

"Ah," said the groaning ghost, "but I can do a deal more than that. I can imitate all sorts of things. Thunderstorms and bagpipes, for instance. And I can turn myself into a hearse-and-four and drive up to the front door. And I can—"

"Well," broke in the other, "and can't I turn myself into a luminous boy and a hideous old woman, and a variety

of jumpy and ingenious shapes? And can't I produce raps from the furniture and fill a room with a weird, unearthly glow? And can't I——"

"Stop," I said, "stop. I see it all. A bright idea has struck me. You are respectively outdoor and indoor ghosts. What has happened, I take it, is this. Your muddling officials down below have made out your papers for Strathpuffer Castle and forgotten to give details. I have no doubt that, if you make enquiries, you will find that one of you has been appointed to haunt this room, the other the Castle grounds. You follow me?"

"My preserver!" gasped both spectres simultaneously, and vanished together to make enquiries at headquarters.

That my surmise proved correct was shown on the occasion of my next visit to the Castle. As the carriage passed through the grounds I heard the sound of bagpipes mingled with thunderclaps from behind an adjacent tree, and the first sight that met my eyes as I entered the Red Room was a hideous old woman who, even as I gazed, changed into a luminous boy.

PAPER POLITICS.

THURSDAY I rose from my table in ire,
White-hot with a frenzied scorn,
And I railed on JOE as a rogue and a liar,

And cursed the day he was born,
For I heard the labourer crying for bread,

The orphan and widow wail,
Gaunt fingers of Famine I saw outspread,
And England a land of the dying and dead—

(I'd been reading the *Daily Mail*).

But Friday I smiled as I toyed with my food,

And I felt my dark fears cease,
For I saw a vision of infinite good,
A country of plenty and peace:
And a glad folk shouted from vale and hill

His glorious name to bless
Who had rescued their lives from every ill:

"Thank God," I cried, "we've a man left still!"—

(I'd been reading the *Daily Express*).

How shall I vote at election time
With such vast issues at stake?

Shall I deem it virtue or count it crime
So fateful a move to make?

'Tis the kind of enigma I cannot guess,
Its clue is behind the veil:

For it all depends, I freely confess,
On whether I purchase a *Daily Express*,

Or go for a *Daily Mail*.



A WELL-KNOWN MANŒUVRE.

"THE FOREIGN OFFICERS WANTED TO KNOW, GENERAL, WHY THE AUXILIARY CAVALRY WERE LEFT OUT OF THE 'GALLOP PAST'!"

THE CURSE OF CAINE.

YEARS have I suffered; years
In silence have I borne
The smug reviewer's sneers,
The criticaster's scorn.
I've watched the savage hand of spite
In jealous anger rending
Those masterpieces which were quite
Beyond its comprehending.

I know to what a state
The mind of man may fall;
I've plumbed the depths of hate,
The bitterness of gall.
Yet can I laugh when envy raves,
Consoled by this reflection:
A more discerning public craves
To buy my last confection.

But though I've borne it long
Within my silent breast,
Against one cruel wrong
I must at last protest.
The thing that cuts me to the core,
And makes my anger swell, is
To see my name for evermore
Combined with Miss C-R-LL's.

THE AMATEUR HISTRION.

(A Compleat Guide to Country House
Theatricals.)

III.—THE DUTIES OF A MANAGER.

It is as well that you, Sir, having been appointed manager of her theatricals by a charming hostess, who said many flattering things when informing you of your appointment, should be under no false ideas as to the real reasons for your preferment.

Inexperience is your first and most necessary qualification, for had you the slightest idea as to what you will have to go through in carrying out the duties of your high office you would instantly and energetically have refused it. A reputation for silly good-nature, and the fact that you are not wanted for anything more important (to play lawn tennis, or to make a fourth at Bridge, for instance) also may have had something to do with your elevation to the managership.

Your first duty will be to persuade half your company to resume their parts, which they will have resigned within ten minutes of the distribution by the hostess, who has handed on all responsibility to you. This is only to be done by making each case a personal matter. TOMPKINS, for instance, who played *Fouché* for the SMITHS of Tappington Hall last Christmas, and carries in his pocket-book a column of adulation clipped from the local paper, will be justly indignant at being cast for the small part of the family solicitor, and will hand you back his little brown paper roll, saying that *for once* he

thinks he will see a play from the front. Wrestle with him in spirit. Point out to him that it is a small part, but stands out; tell him that *he* will get subtle effects out of the character that no ordinary actor could, and finally grovel and beg him as a personal favour to retain the part, saying that as an old hand at the game you do hope that he will not make difficulties for a greenhorn like yourself.

The lady who has been cast for the part of "an old hag," and who is described in the book as "bent, shrivelled, wrinkled, toothless, and in rags," you will find more difficult to deal with, for she will be sure—probably not without justification—that your hostess and hers is jealous of her good looks. Point out to her that a little powder on the hair will be all that is necessary to suggest age, and that this improves the appearance; that brown silk cut into picturesque shapes is what amateurs always use for rags; that she can wear diamonds if she likes, and can disregard all stage directions. If these arguments fail, chat to her about the smart people you know in town, and let her gain the impression that if she is docile she is quite likely to be asked to play at Plantagenet House.

You will get plenty of healthy exercise in searching in the house and grounds for lost parts. All the ladies at some period or another will say sweetly to you, "Oh, Mr. SMITH, I am in despair; I've lost my part. I think I must have left it in the summer-house by the lake." You will then wander for miles about the grounds, and eventually find the little book on the marble seat in the yew walk. Most of the men also will mislay their dingy type-written scrolls. A half-a-crown or two coyly offered to the valets to induce them to include the parts in their schedule of retrievable property is the only remedy I can suggest for this form of the disease.

You will, after consulting your hostess, call a first rehearsal, and will as likely as not wafer a little slip of paper to the oak overmantel in the hall, giving the time. Such of the guests as see this before the master of the house tears it down will laugh, and will not allow it to interfere in any way with their arrangements for the day. You will, at the appointed hour, having placed a few chairs in the long gallery to represent doors, tables, and a piano, take your place with the prompt book in your hand facing the improvised stage, and assume an air of authority. The two or three people of no account who are present, and who do not come on till the third act, will move all the chairs and chat together

uneasily. You will see two of your "principals" fishing on the lake, and will rush out to hail them. They will be unaccountably deaf, and when you return to the long gallery you will find there only the disarranged chairs.

You will sprint backwards and forwards to the telegraph office to send despairing telegrams to CLARKSON and NATHAN; you will truckle to the house-keeper to get curtains sewn; you will beg wall lamps humbly from the butler for footlights, and grovel before the cook and gardener to obtain "properties" and plants.

It is quite unlikely that you will see the performance, even as a harmless nonentity, for as the result of some sharp words from the hostess a manager generally on the day of the dress rehearsal sends a telegram to himself stating that a favourite niece is dangerously ill, and that his presence is required at once in town.

AN OLD HAND.

THE ETERNAL FEMININE.

WHEN mid-Victorian fashions failed
To tempt the laggard lover,
Our Grandmammias in sorrow wailed
Their weakness to discover;
And modes arrived, and altered fast,
Until at length was seen,
In all its glory wide and vast,
The Crinoline!

But fickle man was never yet
Content with present blisses,
And woman's wit anew was set
To reinforce her kisses;
While Cupid simply stood apart
And watched the mental tussle,
Until in Fashion's shifting mart
Appeared the Bustle!

Alas! the struggle even then
Was only just beginning,
For still the ranks of single men
Are far too slowly thinning.
And now, to match the low-cut wear
That eve to EVE allows,
Behold by day the open-air
Pneumonia Blouse!

FROM the *Ladies' Field*: "Ladies trained as Children's Nurses; practical training; babies in residence." Mr. *Punch* is glad to see that the system of instruction by residential (as opposed to merely visitant) Professors is gaining ground.

A CORRESPONDENT from Freshwater writes to say that he and his friends on the island were astonished that Mr. CARNEGIE should find any difficulty in disposing of his vast wealth. If the eminent millionaire would only travel on the Isle of Wight railways he would soon be the pauper he longs to be.

MY CRICKET DRAMA.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,—It has long been my intention to submit for your delectation a few notes of my proposed cricket drama. Like myself, you must often have thought how necessary to the literature of the country such a drama was. England has waited for a man to come forward fit for the task of penning it. I am that man.

In order not to spoil the enjoyment of the thousands who will see the play at Drury Lane, I give you merely the final scene, in extracts. My heroine's father, for reasons which it would take too long to explain, has promised the hero her hand on condition that he scores a century in the forthcoming Test Match. (My hero obtained a place in the team owing to the fact that most of the other cricketers in the country refused to play.) Very well, then.

SCENE—Lord's. Captain of the Australian team *discovered placing his field.*

Captain. Sirs, to your posts. Friend SLINGER, you begin At the pavilion end, and place your men Exactly as you want 'em.

But hark! methought I heard applause;
Man in.

[My Hero and his Partner come in. My Hero prepares to take first ball.

Hero. Sir Umpire, does this cover both?

Umpire. It do, Sir.

Hero. Thank you. Bowler, I'm prepared;
Bowl, Sir, and do your worst; I'll brave your wrath.
Come shooter, yorker, length 'un, ay, or break back,
J'y suis, j'y reste; that observation's French.
Now, Sir, deliver.

Ah, a nice one, that.
Fair in the centre of this willow blade,
The matchless work of SLOGBURY AND WHANGHAM.
Caught I it crisply. This, indeed, is Life.

Bowler. A murrain on the fate that makes men bowl
Long-hops. But courage! Once again I'll try.

[Game proceeds. Hero scores rapidly, but at ninety-nine is
appealed against for a catch at the wicket.

Bowler. Meseemed I heard a click, and lo! the ball
Rests safely in the wicket-keeper's hands.
Umpire, how was that?

Hero. Stay, Sir Umpire, stay,
Nor give your fell decision ere you've heard me.
I swear by
I touched it not. Two inches clear—and more—
Inside it did I play; the click you heard
Was but the grass, or else perchance the strap,
The leathern strap that girds my snowy pad,
Which, flapping to and fro beneath the breath
Of Zephyrus, produced a bat-like sound.

Bowler. Nay, shame upon you, knave, to seek to sway
With arguments unworthy of a sportsman
This good official's verdict. Get thee hence
To the pavilion.

Hero. Umpire, heed him not.
The man is biassed. Once again I swear
This blade of mine was nowhere near the ball.

Bowler. Umpire—but who is this? Look, comrades, look,
From off a coach that stands beside the ropes
I marked a lady, young, of wondrous beauty,
And garbed right up to what they term "the nines,"
Spring. And behold! she paces now towards us,
As if to take a hand in the discussion.

[Heroine enters, and flings herself before Umpire.

Heroine. Man of the snow-white coat, I crave a boon.



FORCE OF HABIT; OR CITY SUSPICIONS.

'Arry (who is foraging for his camping party). "LOOK HERE, MY GOOD WOMAN, ARE THESE CABBAGES FRESH?"

Umpire. Say on, fair damsel; nought can I refuse thee,
Having from earliest youth been werry glad
To oblige the sect as far as in me lies.

Heroine. Then hear me. My Papa has sworn an oath
That EDWIN—that's the gentleman before you—
Shall never marry me with his consent
Unless he notch a century to-day.
Look at that board; his score's at ninety-nine.
If he should fail to score that hundredth run
EDWIN, I know, will shoot himself to-night,
While I shall be compelled by my Papa
To wed some rich stockbroker, who will spend
The fleeting moments of our wedded life
In walking now from London down to Brighton,
Now back again from Brighton up to London,
'Gainst time. So save me.

Umpire. Look on it as done.
A heart of flint would melt before such pleadings.

Bowler. I, too, am moved. I beg to waive my claims.
And, if the lady will but stand aside,
I'll send thee down a slow long-hop to leg,
And true love's course will once again run smooth.

[Does so, with result anticipated.]

There is more, but you must have already caught the
general idea. Enough. I will send you a box.

Yours, &c., HENRY WILLIAM-JONES.

Mr. Seddon's Big Game.

(*Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax.*)

IN spite of the statements to the contrary, MR. SEDDON adheres to his scheme of opening New Zealand meat shops in England and Wales. By this week's mail we learn that he estimates that it will cost £2,000 to start each shop. He means to sell legs of mutton at 7d. per lb. and lions at 6d. —*Liverpool Evening Echo.*

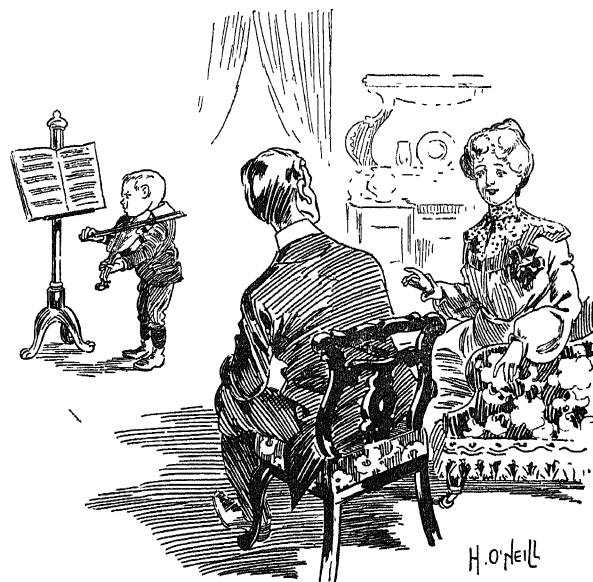
OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN *Barlasch of the Guard* (SMITH, ELDER) Mr. MERRIMAN gives a vivid account of NAPOLEON'S march to Moscow and back. After his habitual manner he has steeped himself in study of the episode, and of the stage upon which it passed. The effect of the local colour is marvellous. My Baronite does not know anything in history or personal narrative that excels the graphic power of these descriptions, whether of the march that finally became a rout, or of the little town of Dantzic, watching, waiting, whispering evil tidings as the days passed, and the Grand Army, led by the greatest captain a century had seen, turned its haggard face homeward. As for the characters and the story, they suffer a little from Mr. MERRIMAN'S increasing fondness for staccato style. In passing the time of day or asking someone else to pass the salt he must needs talk between his teeth, in fashion implying, indeed conveying, fell purpose. An air of unnecessary mystery broods about everybody. It is quite in keeping with the atmosphere of the book that *Charles Darragon*, lieutenant in an infantry regiment, should, *sans* saying "By your leave," disappear within an hour of completion of his marriage ceremony, not to be heard of again till disclosure is accidentally made that, whilst courting *Désirée*, he was a spy in the pay of NAPOLEON, and was selling his bride's father to his employer. In divers fashion mystery equally broods over other characters in a stirring story.

Chris of All Sorts (METHUEN) is, as the Lord Chancellor would say, "a sort of" novel made up of scraps. Mr. BARING-GOULD evidently sat down with the self-appointed task of writing 300 pages of pretty large type saleable at 6s., subject to the usual discount. Varying earlier custom, he has come to town, and, being here, slums occur to him as a subject good for a respectable number of pages. So he supplies his heroine with a "cousin *Martha*, the daughter of her father's brother, who" (not *Martha*, but her father's brother) "had a vicarage in the East of London." This opens up Queer Street to *Chris*, and thither she goes, Mr. BARING-GOULD conducting her, note-book in hand, laboriously describing the too-familiar scene. *Chris* was in earlier chapters engaged to be married to *Captain Fenton*, heir to a baronetcy and £10,000 a year. When, on the death of his uncle, the Captain proceeds to claim his own, it turns out that the sanctimonious old sinner was secretly married and had a son, who takes possession. After a while *Chris*, being of all sorts, naturally discovers that *Lady Fenton* was already married at the time of her *seconde noce*. This, you see, restored the estate to *Captain Fenton*, who might forthwith have married *Chris* and lived happily ever after. But there were still a few pages short. So Mr. BARING-GOULD unblushingly drags in the war in South Africa, and makes up the required number. On the whole my Baronite likes the author more when he keeps to the neighbourhood of Dartmoor.

People; Nasty Remarks, by WALTER EMANUEL, is the fourth volume of the "Wisdom While You Wait" series (ISBISTER). The author's observations are marked by a charmingly spasmodic arbitrariness, and have that quality of grim epigrammatic humour that characterises his "Charivaria" notes. He is again most happy in his illustrator, in this case Mr. JOHN HASSALL, R.I. BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

FACT STRANGER THAN FICTION.—"INNER TEMPLAR" writes: "The Embankment is being repaired by means of a noisy instrument for which, in my wrath, I invented every name I could think of. But when I went to look at it and found its title on a black advertisement board, the reality put my imagination to shame. This is its full and curiously apposite description—RUTTY'S PATENT MACADAM ROAD SCARIFIER."



A PROMISING AND PERFORMING PUPIL.

Fond Mother (who is sure the visitor would like to hear her infant prodigy on the violin). "JOHNNIE IS SO FAR ADVANCED THAT NOW WE CAN ALMOST TELL WHETHER HE IS TUNING OR PLAYING."

THE LOST GOLFER.

[The sharp decline of Ping-pong, whose attractions at its zenith seduced many golfers from the nobler sport, has left a marked void in the breasts of these renegades. Some of them from a natural sense of shame hesitate to return to their first love. The conclusion of the following lines should be an encouragement to this class of prodigal.]

JUST for a celluloid pillule he left us,
Just for an imbecile batlet and ball,
These were the toys by which Fortune bereft us
Of JENNINGS, our captain, the pride of us all.
Shopmen with clubs to sell handed him rackets,
Rackets of sand-paper, rubber and felt,
Said to secure an unplayable service,
Pestilent screws and the death-dealing welt.
Oft had we played with him, partnered him, sworn by him,
Copied his pitches, in height and in cut,
Hung on his words as he dived in a bunker,
Made him our pattern to drive and to putt.
BENEDICK'S with us, the Major is of us,
SWIPER the county bat's still going strong,
He alone broke from the links and the clubhouse,
He alone sank in the slough of Ping-Pong.

We have "come on"—but not his the example;
Sloe-gin has quickened us—not his the cash;
Holes done in 6 where a 4 would be ample
Vexed him not, busy perfecting a smash.
Rased was his name as a decadent angel,
One more mind unhinged by a piffulent game,
One more parlour-hero, the worshipped of school-girls,
Who once had a princely "plus 5" to his name.
JENNINGS is gone; yet perhaps he'll come back to us,
Healed of his hideous lesion of brain,
Back to the links in the daytime; at twilight
Back to his cosy club-corner again.
Back for the Medal Day, back for our foursomes,
Back from the tables' diminishing throng,
Back from the infantile, ceaseless half-volley,
Back from the lunatic lure of Ping-Pong.

THE INFANT IN ARMS.

[It is suggested that children should be trained in shooting and scouting from the very earliest age.]

My child, away with your toys and games.

No more on the floor shall roll
The painted indiarubber globe,
To gladden your infant soul.
No more shall the rattle whirr: no more

Shall the gay tin trumpet toot:
My child, it is time that you learned to drill;

It is time that you learned to shoot.

Time was when Spillikins caused you joy,

When you played with a model train,
When Pigs-in-clover was deemed enough
To foster your growing brain.

Time was when you rode on a rocking-horse,

Or petted the local cat;
Time was when you worried the patient dog—

We are going to change all that.

A strenuous life is the life you'll lead.

You will rise and dress at dawn
To practise digging a modern trench
Across the croquet lawn.

You'll work at that till seven o'clock;
From seven o'clock to ten

You'll be with your catapult out on the range.

You may have some breakfast then.

Resuming work at eleven sharp,

You'll stay on the range till one,
Or give an hour to the heliograph,
If there's sufficient sun.

Deep books on Military Law
From two till five you'll cram,
And go for a trip from five to six
In a fully armoured pram.

And when the days are dark and cold,

When it either snows or pours,
You'll shift the scene of your daily toil,
And do your work indoors,
And toy with someone's "Modern War,"
Or KIPLING's martial verse,
Or while away the hours of rest
At Kriegspiel with your nurse.

Thus when the day of battle dawns,
And merciless foes invade,
When, sore oppressed, at the nursery door

Your country knocks for aid,
When far and wide through our pleasant land

Sounds Armageddon's din,
When England once again "expects,"—
Why, that's where you'll come in.

You'll take your air-gun from the shelf,
Your catapult blithely seize,
Gaily you'll gird your shooter on,
And see that it lacks not peas.



"EXCUSE ME, SIR. I SEEM TO HAVE MET YOU BEFORE. ARE YOU NOT A RELATIVE OF MR. DAN BRIGGS?"

"NO, MADAM. I AM MR. DAN BRIGGS HIMSELF."

"AH, THEN THAT EXPLAINS THE REMARKABLE RESEMBLANCE!"

And as the hiss of your pop-gun's cork
Is merged in the general roar,
You'll bless the day when you left your play
To practise the art of War.

LES ANGLAIS CHEZ EUX.

(Par Emile Bonhomme.)

II.—UNE RELIGION NOUVELLE. LES "PASSIVESRESISTERS."

L'ANGLETERRE, comme on sait, est le pays des religions et des cultes les plus divers. Tous sont également reconnus par le gouvernement, qui ne laisse pas de se trouver fort embarrassé de temps en temps. La religion la plus moderne, et qui date seulement d'hier, est celle dont les adeptes s'appellent des "passivesresisters." Personne ne sait au juste quels sont les dogmes de cette société secrète, qui deviendra sous peu des plus formidables. L'origine même de cette expression "passivesresisters" est plongée dans l'obscurité, mais il est probable qu'elle dérive de l'Orient. Quoique tous les membres de la société gardent le secret sur leurs croyances intimes, personne n'ignore qu'ils ont une "conscienciousobjection" aux prêtres de l'église anglicane. Ainsi, il faut empêcher à tout prix que ces derniers ne fassent l'enseignement religieux dans les écoles primaires. Il faut "sauvegarder les enfants." L'enseignement religieux est un devoir qui incombe aux

"passivesresisters" seuls—à leur dire, du moins—de sorte qu'ils font tous leurs efforts pour s'en accaparer. Et voilà qu'ils ont imaginé la seule cérémonie de leur culte qui se passe devant le public. Chacun d'eux choisit un meuble ou un objet d'art dont il croit pouvoir se passer, et il y a procession dans les rues de ces "offrandes religieuses" (conscienciousofferings) comme disent les croyants. Arrivés à une salle de conférence, un des sectaires, en guise de commissaire-priseur, est censé faire main basse sur les offrandes pour les vendre à l'enchère. Maintenant, remarquez bien! C'est lui qui symbolise satan lui-même, et puisque le diable s'en mêle il faut bien lui faire sa leçon. De sorte que, tout le temps que dure une vente simulée, on lui jette à la tête des œufs pourris, avec accompagnement de cantiques et chants religieux. Avouez que ce n'est pas ordinaire! Vous me demandez à quoi bon un meeting si mouvementé? Eh bien, c'est là une manière de faire la propagande. Les Anglais adorent la nouveauté en fait de religion, et cette façon de narguer le diable leur sourit beaucoup. Le général commandant en chef et l'archiprêtre de ces sectaires est un docteur en médecine qui s'appelle le doctor Clifford. Celui-là a renoncé à la médecine pour se dévouer entièrement à la nouvelle religion. On dit qu'il sera prochainement député au parlement anglais (Sir Stephens).

PLAYS PRESENTABLE AND UNPRESENTABLE.

I.—"THE CARDINAL," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

WHAT with playwrights and Conclave-reporters, the Church of Rome has had, of late, its fair share of secular advertisement. I pass over that charming comedy, *The Bishop's Move*, where the clerical atmosphere is simply employed as an artistic medium for the development of character, and the author's creed would in any case have been sufficient warrant for discretion. But we had scarce recovered from the familiarities of *The Eternal City*, and the journalistic exploitation of the secrets of the Sistine Chapel, when we must needs have the limelight turned once more on the intimate arcana of the confessional. Of course a Cardinal's red robe always makes an effective splash of colour, and to be able, when in doubt, to genuflect or make the sign of the cross, is excellent for business; but these things do not necessarily tend to edification. Admirable use for dramatic purposes has before now been made of the secrecy imposed upon a father-confessor: but I doubt if any playwright has hitherto dared the casuistic device by which in this play the *Cardinal* permits himself a breach of this most sacred trust without actually letting the secret pass his lips. Though the life of his brother, wrongly accused, is to be the forfeit, he will not give up the murderer's name committed to him under the seal of the confessional: yet he uses that knowledge to force from the guilty man his own exposure. Having first posted the chief magistrate within earshot behind a large shrub, he feigns madness and a bad memory for what he has been told, and so draws the murderer on to repeat his story at the top of his voice. Finally with the easiest of consciences he proceeds to conduct the marriage rites of his emancipated brother. Needlessly harrowed through a great part of the play, the gallery accepted this relief with unfeigned and indiscriminating gratitude.

From time to time the heavy air of Roman hierarchy was lightened by a little Pagan witchcraft, taking the shape of *Sortes Virgilianæ*. The *Cardinal* inherits from his father, the Magnificent LORENZO DE' MEDICI, a taste for construing the Mantuan into vernacular verse. He does it partly for the benefit of two young deacons, one of them extremely ignorant of the classics. From any casual passage on which the *Cardinal* happens to light it is his foible to deduce an omen. One such passage runs:—

Captique dolis . . .
Quos neque Tydides, nec Larissæus Achilles,
Non anni domuere decem, non mille carinæ.

Into this he reads the suggestion that craft will serve him where other efforts, more honourable, have failed. The idea is exquisite (in the Latin sense), but otherwise does little credit either to his integrity or his appreciation of the context. Apparently it escapes him that the case of the gallant Trojans provides a singularly unfortunate analogue for the miscarriage of justice which he is anxious to correct; and that, for himself, if he is to imitate the policy of the Greeks, he must be committed to a course of rather wooden horse-play, most unbecoming in a bulwark of the Church.

Mr. LOUIS PARKER has moulded history to his purpose. In order that the lady may be somewhere in the neighbourhood for the convenience of *Giuliano* in wooing her, and of *Strozzi* in stabbing her parent, the historical *Filiberta*, of the Royal House of Savoy, is introduced as the daughter of *Chigi*, a wealthy local trader. Again—and this time without dramatic excuse—the *Cardinal*, standing in the garden of his palace on the Capitoline, cites as an instance of the decline of Rome's dignity the fact that the heights once sacred to the City's triumphs are now, in the sixteenth century, permitted to witness the execution of criminals.

But what about the Tarpeian Rock, just round the corner? Surely a sufficiently antique precedent.

The history of Art, too, seems to undergo a certain modification, if I was right in recognising, in the centre of the *Cardinal's* garden, a reduced bronze copy of the *Venus di Milo*, with the missing arms thrown in. In point of fact the original marble was only discovered in the island of Melos rather more than three centuries later than the period of this play.

Mr. WILLARD, whose entrance on the first night was the signal for a truly Capitoline ovation, played his part with intelligent versatility; but he never quite had the air of a connoisseur of the fine arts; and for a Cardinal with an anxious eye confessedly fixed on the succession to the papal chair he had a somewhat pronounced habit of wreathing himself in evergreen smiles. Mr. WARING, most *debonair* of outlaws, suffered from a similar affection. One may of course smile more than once and yet remain a villain; but that is the prerogative of another type of scoundrel. Possibly a triumphant course of swashbuckling has left this popular actor with the impression that just any situation can be carried off with a perky head and a pointed toe.

There was a moment, early in this strenuous play, when one flattered oneself with a prospect of comic relief. Mr. WARING, as *Strozzi*, had produced a titillative shudder by a sweeping statement of his methods of coping with opposition. "There was a man once in Florence who said 'No' to me. It was his last word!" A little later, that jovial collector of antiquities, *Bartolommeo Chigi* (very pleasantly interpreted by Mr. FREDERICK VOLPÉ), had the foolhardiness to reply in the negative to *Strozzi's* overtures for his daughter's hand: with the usual fatal result. Two villainous henchmen, waiting behind the door for contingencies, sprang out like the policeman in the first act of *The Worst Woman in London*, and removed the evidence of this wanton deed of blood. But here the fun abruptly ended.

Mr. FULTON, as *Baglioni*, Chief Magistrate of Rome (pronounced throughout as Ballyony), played with excellent dignity; but the women's characters were not very sympathetic, and Miss NINA LINDSEY, in a painfully lacrymose part, suffered further from a pronunciation that savoured a little of Louisiana.

The play was well received; but Mr. WILLARD's popularity would have triumphed over a much worse melodrama. It was neither very good nor very bad, but just presentable. Of the unpresentable kind of play I hope to speak next week in discussing Mr. BERNARD SHAW's *Man and Superman*.

O. S.

A SLUMP IN PRIVATE MENAGERIES.

[According to a well-known fancier of wild beasts, the fashion of keeping these as domestic pets is dying out]

Lions.—Mrs. LEO. S. HUNTER of Cinchville, Pa, the wife of the well-known millionaire, has several of these entertaining animals to dispose of. Delightful drawing-room pets. Thoroughly broken to cooked food. From \$50 upwards, according to length of mane. Also a few with rich reverberating roar, from \$100.

Wild Asses.—The War Office having procured a number of these animals for service in the late war are now able to offer several fine specimens to the public at reduced rates.

Gulls.—A well-known company promoter (at present nameless) has still a few gulls to dispose of, though the majority of his collection have already been sold. Likewise a few well-selected guinea-pigs.

It is also reported that Mr. GEORGE ROBY is offering some lively terns to the public, and that Sir THOMAS LIPTON is seeking a purchaser for his notorious boat-billed stork. The MULLAR's fine collection of black aunts is also said to be in the market.



BETWEEN RUSSIA AND THE DEEP SEA.

CHARIVARIA.

WE hear that, as a result of the War Commission, there are to be two more Commissions—one to sit forthwith to find out what are our actual military requirements, and another to sit five years later to find out why the recommendations of the preceding one have not been carried out.

It is said that there is indignation even among the Boers at the inefficient way in which the war was waged against them.

Among many things proved by the Commission is the fact that the British officer is very seldom caught mapping.

A contemporary that does not usually joke with its readers declares that a considerable amount of evidence given before the Commission has been suppressed for fear of making foreign nations think meanly of Great Britain's military system.

The Commission has anyhow had the effect of waking up the War Office. The report had been published little more than a week when the following intimation was circulated with a view to disarming criticism: "The Secretary for War has directed that Militia frocks of the old pattern are to be converted to the new pattern."

Also, the manœuvres of the Third Army Corps in Ireland are being conducted under actual service conditions. They have been postponed for lack of sufficient transport.

It is reported from Aden that arms and ammunition supplied to the Somalis have been traced to a British firm. This is satisfactory. Great Britain may at least claim credit for the successes of the MULLAH.

It is not true that the Duke of DEVONSHIRE intends to resign his seat in the Cabinet. His Grace will continue to be a sleeping partner.

Last Tuesday's *Express* contained the following announcements:—"The challenge issued by Sir HOWARD VINCENT to a public debate on the fiscal policy of the Empire has been accepted by the Financial Reform Association," and "Sir HOWARD VINCENT has left England."

As a result of his trip over the Gordon-Bennett course, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin now recommends the motor-car for pastoral visits. This will be no new thing. For years past some people have looked



Irish Bag Carrier (commenting on the crack shot of the party). "SURE, THIN, AND I DO NOT THINK MUCH AV HIM! IVERY LOT O' BIRDS HE'LL BE AFTHIR FIRIN' BOTH BARRELS OF HIS GUN, AND DEVIL A ONE HE KILLS BUT TWO!"

on the motor-car in the light of a visitation.

"Many roads in the district are unfit for motorists," is the report of the Tadcaster surveyor to his council. We understand the inhabitants have resolved to leave well alone.

Hearing that the American Consul at Beirut had been murdered, the U.S. European Squadron hastened thither to exact reparation, but only to learn that the report was untrue. The SULTAN much regrets that the Admiral should have been put to so much trouble for nothing.

Our criminals seem to begin their career earlier in life every day. A burglar aged nine has been captured in Southwark, and several papers last week

contained a paragraph headed, "An Abandoned Baby at Ludgate Hill Station."

A WORD WITH SIR THOMAS.

WHEN you, Sir THOMAS, yonder sped
And bowed and cracked your jests
and laughed
When Yankees fawned around, we said,
"He's meeting craft with craft."

Sir THOMAS, long we hoped, but now
All hope must vanish when we find
That your and *Shamrock's* smiling bow
Has nothing stern behind.

"THE BELDAM *sans merci* hath us in thrall," as the Oval poet said when G. W. B., of the Middlesex team, was punishing the Surrey bowlers in the match that decided the Championship.

ONE THOUSAND "QUID FLES, ASTERIE?"

[Public interest is still centred in the Expedition after the Arctic flea for whose acquisition Mr. CHARLES ROTHSCHILD is said to have offered £1,000]

THE common Capricornal flea,
Bounding his capers by a tropic,
His worth is not, whate'er it be,
My topic.

And him, whose blood relations teem
A hungry horde on the equator,
In present value I esteem
Scarce greater.

For captures in a temperate zone
I dare not offer fancy prices;
I leave possessors to their own
Devices.

But if in weary Arctic nights
A gain accrues to him who itches,
And ownership of parasites
Is riches,

Then come, ye budding NANSENS, we
Will rid the Pole of all the genus,
And share resulting specie
Between us.

THE AMATEUR HISTRION.

(A Compleat Guide to Country House
Theatricals.)

IV.—How to REHEARSE.

No really talented amateur of either sex should ever attend more than one or two rehearsals. To be present at more is liable to cramp the style and to turn him or her into a confirmed cue-hunter, which is the worst form of professionalism.

The most spontaneous actor I ever knew was an amateur of great distinction who never made any attempt to learn his part. "When I act," he would say, "I speak out, from the heart, what comes to me naturally." Sometimes all that would come from his heart were "Ohs" and "Ahs" and unavailing "What's that?" addressed to the prompter, but on other occasions, when there was plenty of champagne in the dressing-rooms, he was electrifying, and so surprisingly original that, during the time he was on the stage, the ladies in the audience never knew at what moment they might not have to leave the theatre.

He was a genius—rest his ashes!—and there are few like him now, but the example of great men gone should be always before us.

The early rehearsals of any play are always called by the manager for his own amusement. It is a harmless form of pastime, and it is a pity to interfere with him.

On the very finest day of your stay

in the house, when the sun is shining and the birds are singing, just as you are starting for a walk, or a motor ride, or to play golf, your hostess will tell you, almost crossly, that you really *must* come to rehearsal to-day, and you, out of pure good-nature, will give up your own pleasure and go and listen to all the duffers, who think they have got their words off by heart, stumbling over them dolefully.

Of course it is not to be expected that you should be in a good temper, under the circumstances, when you do go to rehearsal, and the treatment you will receive will not soothe you. Somebody, probably an acidulated female of no position, will say, "At last!" when you make your appearance, and the Manager will hope that you have come "word perfect." That is, of course, his little joke; but it is one in very bad taste, and if you can think of anything cutting to say to show that you resent this, say it. Of course you will have lost your part, and if the Manager has not found it for you you should say that you will read it from the prompt book. As likely as not the Manager will refuse to give up the book to you because the "positions" are marked in it. You can prove to him at once that this is a ridiculous excuse, for all the "positions," as he calls them, are put down wrong in the book. If you sit down beside him you can show him in a minute that he is always telling people to go to the left when an R is written in the book, and *vice versa*. He will be stubborn, no doubt, but that is one form of managerial rudeness.

Your hostess will be called away by her housekeeper, or to see a morning visitor; the two nice boys from the neighbouring garrison will be flirting with the two girls who are playing, and will be arranging what waltzes they will keep at the next dance. Probably the only other person in the room you care to talk to will pretend to be busy learning a part.

All this is merely wasting your time when you might be enjoying yourself out of doors, and you have a right to resent it. Saunter away into another room and look out of the window, saying, "Oh, am I wanted?" when somebody rushes at you and tells you that you have missed your entrance. Fumble with your part if it has been found for you when you come on, and declare that you cannot find the place. Read your words as if they had no interest for you. If you are kept waiting on the stage while a "cross" is arranged, or some tomfoolery, which is alluded to as "business," is invented, draw, if you are a lady, someone else aside to a window-seat, and give her details of a duck of a hat you saw in

Sloane Street; and if you are a man whistle a breakdown and try some steps you once saw a coster do at a music-hall.

On the day of the dress rehearsal, when you will put on some musty clothes that do not fit you, and a wig that gives you a headache, and have your face smeared with sticks of coloured grease, you may on appearing on the stage have your part taken out of your hand. Say at once that "these things," meaning your clothes and wig, have sent all your words out of your head, repeat the sentences sulkily as the prompter, if there is one, reads them out to you, and state testily to the world in general that you may be a bit "fluffy" now, but that it will be all right on the night.

AN OLD HAND.

EVOLUTION.

SHE sketched a husband strong and brave

On whom her heart might lean;
None but a hero would she have—
This girl of 17.

Her fancy subsequently turned
From deeds of derring do;
For brainy intercourse she yearned
When she was 22.

The years sped on, ambition taught
A worldly-wise design;
A man of wealth was what she sought
When she was 29.

But Time has modified her plan;
Weak, imbecile, or poor—
She's simply looking for a man
Now she is 34.

LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENTS.

["Mr. HAMILTON ARDÉ has some idea of publishing a volume of verse."—*Athenæum*.]

THE Duke of DEVONSHIRE is credited with harbouring the intention of bringing out a collection of poems entitled *The Love Sonnets of Morpheus*.

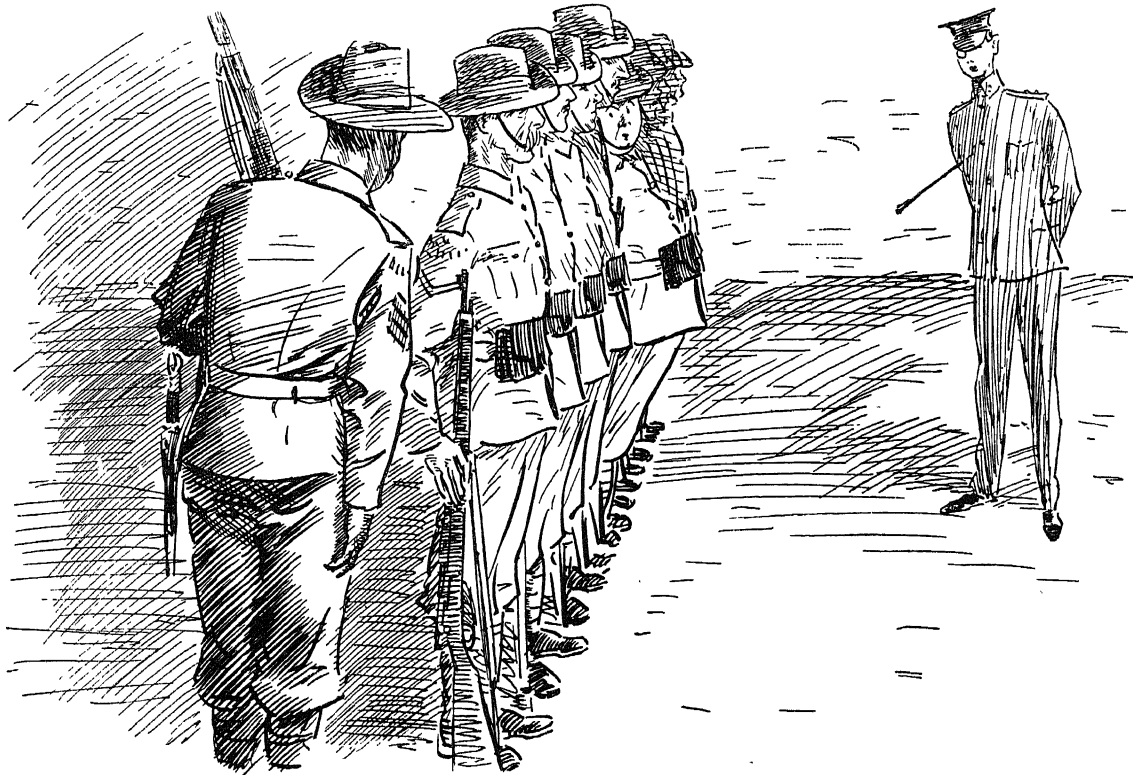
MR. WHITELEY is seriously contemplating the possibility of issuing a volume of epigrams.

LORD KITCHENER, according to latest telegrams, has some idea of publishing an Epic Poem.

MR. ALFRED AUSTIN, in response to a round robin from his Kentish neighbours, has intimated his readiness to consider the desirability of casting his next play in a non-metrical form.

MISS NORAH CHESSEON is alleged to have some sort of a notion that she might possibly contribute another poem to the *Westminster Gazette*.

CANON RAWNSLEY, according to latest advices from Keswick, has completed his Sonnet - Gazetteer of the Lake Country.



FORE AND—

Sergeant. "BACK A LITTLE, NUMBER FIVE!"



—AFT!

Sergeant. "UP A LITTLE, NUMBER FIVE!"

A SOUTH-EAST KENTISH AND RATHER SUSSEX-FUL TRIP.

Why do we, happy British Islanders, go abroad, visiting many foreign places, enduring the worry of custom-houses, wearying ourselves with packing and unpacking when, at an eighth of the expense and a sixteenth of the trouble, we can see as picturesque sights as Brittany or Normandy may have to show us, without quitting the regions of Kent and Sussex, by simply making our headquarters at one of the most frequented towns in the Hoppiest of Hoppy counties. As the old ditty has it:

"Happy Land! Happy Land!
Ne'er from thee my heart shall roam."

And with two such old-world places, so attractive to the artist in brush and in drama, to the novelist, the historian, and the romancist, so close at hand too to the jaded Londoner, as are Rye and Winchelsea, this wayfarer would like to know why on earth cross the sea, to France, Belgium, or Holland, merely to go further and not fare so well?

Halte là! "fare so well?"—ahem. No, there is the difference: at any small *auberge* in France you will probably meet with daintier fare and cheaper than you will ever come across in the pretentious hotels, or inns, mainly commercial, in outlying, and outlandish, English towns.

Has an ordinary country landlord or landlady in Great Britain and Ireland any idea of so treating fresh eggs, or a chicken (and there are a hundred inexpensive ways of dealing with the fowl and its offspring) as to present the guest with an appetising variation? No, not a bit of it: roast joints, thick slices, ordinarily boiled vegetables, heavy-crusted fruit pies only offered to be avoided by the wary wayfarer, and cheese as a rule strong enough to attract all the mice for miles round, these form the usual pabulum for the tired and hungry visitor. It is "something for him to cut at" in order to satisfy his hunger, but it offers no inducement, after he has "cut," to "come again." How short-sighted are these provincial landlords! How many good customers do they not lose by neglecting to provide them with something that delights the nostrils, gratifies the palate, and satisfies the temporary need, at a reasonable price!

Anything *recherché* the experienced traveller will not expect to find at Winchelsea or Rye, though "on coming through the Rye" he will light upon a good old hotel brought up to date, where he will lunch in a spacious saloon which has served, and may so do now, as an "Assembly Room," with an old-fashioned gallery up above wherein were wont to play the fiddlers on a county ball night and on similar occasions.

When at Winchelsea—which name was originally pronounced with the "ch" hard (much as "church" is "kirk") and was so called on account of the enormous amount of periwinkles that were found in this inland arm of the sea—"Winkle-sea"—we paused, after our walk of three-quarters of a mile from the station, to admire this most delightful old town. The sturdily defiant gates, the battered walls, the ancient inscriptions, the fine old tombs of still finer old crusaders resting within the grand old Norman church—all this made us say to one another, "Why travel to foreign shores until you have explored the treasures of our own?" And then the view! Magnificent. Rye is a fortified town "perched up aloft," like the sweet little cherub in DIBDIN's ballad, to keep watch o'er the ships that used once upon a time to sail up the river (if so permitted by the two

fortified towns with their eyes on them) some seven hundred odd years ago. Then to see the ruins of old towers and walls and gateways that were built *tempore* WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, or before his day, and strengthened, repaired and added to by him and his successors, so that they might have a quiet day's outing to Gallia and back, and prevent the incursions of marauders during their temporary absence,—*ça donne à penser*; and when you once sit down to meditate, it is necessary to have a "Man from Cook's" or a *Bradshaw's Guide* at hand to tell you that time and train wait for no man.

At Winchelsea we saw the cottage of our leading actress, with its magnificent old-world garden, and such a view of river and sea over the plains and right away to Rye on one side, and with Kentish hills for a background; and having seen this, merely as "outsiders," we "did get a-talking" with amiable, confidential *bons villageois*, who told us of grand ruins to be seen within certain grounds whereunto the five-barred gate, near which we were standing, would admit us, that is if we asked permission at the Lodge, as the grounds belonged to Major Somebody, who, so it was asserted, allowed the public in "on Mondays only." But this was a Tuesday!

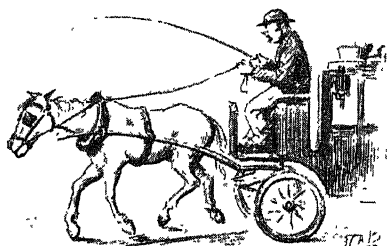
Well, we were not "the public," we were but three poor travellers, and with only this day at our disposal. We held council. Suppose the Major were a member of one or other of our Clubs? That would ensure his welcoming us as brothers, even though it was not on a Monday. At all events, if this kinship of Clubland could not be established beyond possibility of doubt, he, the Major, whatever his name might be, was sure to be a "real old English gentleman, one of the good old time," whose old-fashioned Sussex hospitality was unbounded, and whose heart and house would be open to all honest comers, and he himself ready to show his ruins not on Mondays only but at any time to those who honestly and earnestly and scientifically wished to make their acquaintance. So, having

decided what sort of English squire this retired, or unretired, "military man" (like *Bouncer*) should be, we charged a very civil servant at the Lodge to walk up to the house and present the worthy Major with a card bearing a name and address that would be a fair guarantee for the good faith of the party; and on this card was scribbled an apology for intruding and a politely worded request for a favour. In a few minutes (it did not take the Major long to decide), the civil servant returned with a verbal answer to the effect that the Major was "very sorry, but he could not depart from his rule of 'Mondays only.'"

By way of grateful acknowledgment for this polite and most considerate verbal message, intended as an answer to our humbly-worded address on the back of the aforesaid visiting card, we expressed, *vivâ voce*, our extreme regret that any importunity on our part should have given the worthy Major (evidently a Martinet, which was suggestive of an officer in the "Martinetti Troupe") any cause for sorrow, and we ventured further to express an earnest hope that the Major might soon recover from the temporary fit of despondency into which our unexpected visit had cast him. That this message was not delivered *cela va sans dire*.

"Hem!" quoth one of the party, "Major Boldwig—eh?"

Yes, we remembered our DICKENS perfectly, and admitted that this conduct was undoubtedly reminiscent of that tremendous personage, who "gave his orders with all due grandeur and ferocity," whose "house was a villa, and his



THE FICKLE POPULAR BREATH.

Cabby (to beaten croke). "COME UP, SHAMROCK!"



POLITICAL GARDEN PARTY IN THE PROVINCES.

Great Lady (speeding the parting guest). "So GLAD YOU WERE ABLE TO COME!"

Mayoress. "OH, WE ALWAYS TRY TO OBLIGE!"

land 'grounds,' and it was all very high, and mighty, and great." We felt that in the Major's view—specially as on our *carte de visite* was, perhaps, inscribed "Garrick Club," we were no better than "rogues and vagabonds by Act of Parliament."

Taking our rebuff in a truly christian spirit, we left Winchelsea, and made across the marshes to Rye, where there was such a lunch as can be imagined from our early allusion to it in this brief paper. Afterwards we feasted ourselves on all that was to be seen in the rare old church, wherein the pendulum, some eighteen feet in length, swings backwards and forwards, never stopping for the service nor for the sermon. How disconcerted a novice at preaching must be when he gets up in the pulpit to deliver his first sermon, and sees this perpetual timekeeper steadily going to and fro, to and fro, marking time for him with irritating persistency. A very ancient verger informed us that this clock was one of the oldest in England, and if anyone ought to know, he ought, though he was not quite so old as the clock. We must repeat this visit (we come to this conclusion, avoiding the "Major premises"), and in the meantime let those who are still hesitating as to where they shall take a holiday accept our advice, buy a L. C. & S. E. ticket (ask for exceptional excursionist fare and see that you get it—it is most satisfactorily moderate, with trains at convenient

hours) and visit Rye and Winchelsea, or Winchelsea and Rye, as it is better, in view of lunch and return, to begin with Winchelsea and end with Rye. But, N.B., go on a Monday if you want to see "the ruins." But as to whether these ruins are, or are not, worth seeing, we cannot offer an opinion, thanks to the courtesy of *Major Boldwig's* representative.

Culture.

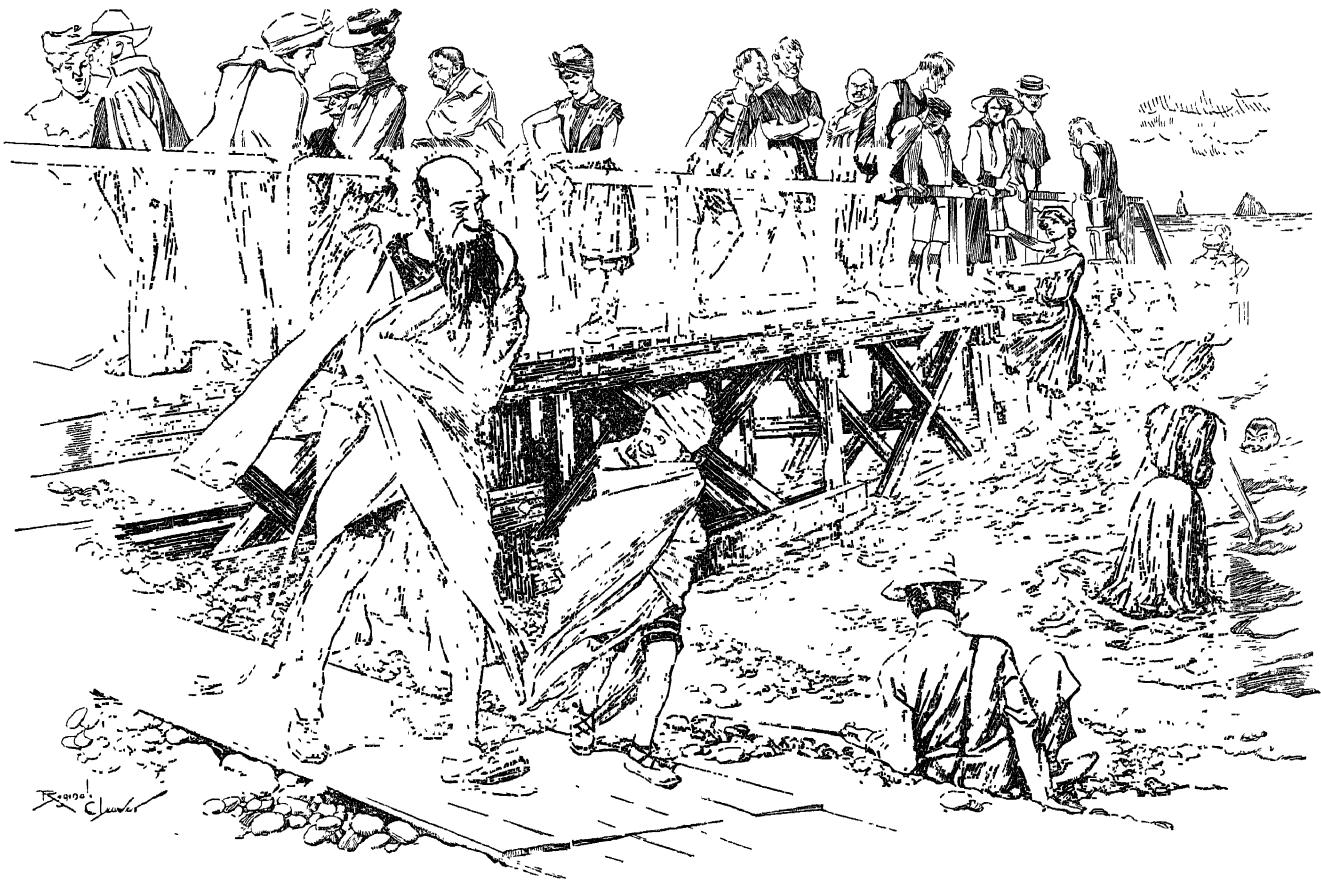
[In the University of Cambridge the word Telegram is considered by the academic to be derivatively incorrect.]

SCENE—At the Post Office.

Pedant. Please give me a form. I desire the immediate despatch of a telegrapheme.

Clerk. This is not a form but the symbol of absolute superficialities, the hieroglyphics dividing off imperfectly enough that which for the want of a better term we are compelled to name Space.

ACCORDING to the *Daily Mail* Mr. HALL CAINE has had a very warm reception from the Icelanders. It seems that they even went so far as to "skald" him at a parliamentary dinner.



Petit Jaques (who has frequently "assisted at" the arrangement of Mamma's supplementary hair). "DIS, PAPA, QUAND TU T'HABILLES LE MATIN, QU'EST-CE QUE TU METS LE PREMIER?"

Papa. "MAIS FRANCHEMENT, JE NE SAIS TROP."

Petit Jaques. "MOI, JE SAIS. TU METS TA BARBE."

Papa. "MAIS NON, JE NE METS PAS MA BARBE."

Petit Jaques. "COMMENT! TU PORTES TA BARBE TOUTE LA NUIT?"

THE CAD'S IMPROMPTUS.

BEING THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A MERRY
MAGISTRATE.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. Chichele
Plowden and "The Evening News.")

I WAS, I believe, born a jester: I became a magistrate later. My birthday was July 14, which is, of course, St. Swithin's Day. Family records, which cannot lie, state that, being carried to the window by the wet nurse, I gazed gloomily at the torrents of rain that were falling, and remarked, "Forty days without the option of a fine." I have joked ever since.

Magisterial tendencies soon manifested themselves. At the Kindergarten which I attended, I was frequently found, during recess, on an improvised Bench distributing punishments. I may perhaps remark, just as an indication of how the tide was setting, that I used to obtain silence in court by shouting out, "Beak quiet."

Some of my best jokes have never got into the papers, careful as we are to

encourage the reporters at our Court. For example, I once had a case turning upon wood pavement. The question of Pall Mall being paved with wood coming up, I remarked without an instant's pause, "The War Office clerks need only lay their heads together and the thing is done." On another occasion, in private life, I chanced to be watching one of my little friends (for I love the dear children) stroking a tortoise. On my asking why she did so, she said it was to please the tortoise. "Why," I said, "you might as well stroke the roof of the Law Courts in order to gratify the Master of the Rolls."

Providence, I have noticed, is kind to the true wit. One day during the hearing of a case a piece of plaster fell from the ceiling upon the counsel for the defence. He was very angry, but I pacified him with the remark, "*Fiat justitia ruat ceiling.*"

My wit has never failed me. One day, for instance, when acting as Junior to a great K.C., I was reprimanded for dilatoriness.

"Why," said he, "you come later than anyone in the place."

"Yes," I replied, "but see how early I go."

There are of course drawbacks to so much humour, as the foundations of our Court have to be renewed every year owing to the gusts of laughter which rock the walls; and Counsel frequently cannot proceed with the case for some hours on account of the state of hysteria to which I reduce them. Reporters are often removed shrieking. I remember once nodding over the tedious address of a young barrister in a furniture case.

"Your Worship," he said at last, "I will now address myself to the furniture."

"Ah," said I, "you have been doing that for a long time."

The effect was terrific. Four women at the back of the Court fainted, two reporters had *delirium tremens*, the magistrate's clerk told me the next morning that he had laughed all night, and the usher (a man without humour) tendered his resignation.

(To be continued.)



THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

THE WAYFARER (long troubled by *Philosophic Doubt*). "WELL! NOW I SUPPOSE I REALLY MUST MAKE UP MY MIND!"

"FORTY YEARS ON."

CONTEST FOR THE AMERICA CUP, 1943.

6 A.M. (Sandy Hook). *Shamrock XXIII.* is preparing for the third race, which is over the triangular course to-day. Sir THOMAS LIPTON, despite two defeats, has still implicit confidence in his boat. He gives it as his opinion that the Challenger is even a better boat than *Shamrock XVII.*, which made such a close fight for the cup twelve years ago.

7 A.M. (New York). Wind is now blowing 6.3 knots from S.S.E. Sir THOMAS says, "This is *Shamrock's* weather." Pressed to say more, he added, "The Defender is certainly a wonderful boat, but the Cup is never won until the best boat takes three races."

7.45 A.M. (Sandy Hook). *Shamrock XXIII.* was re-measured after yesterday's spin, and supporters of the British boat will be pleased to learn that, by taking six inches off the boom and two feet from the baby jib-topsail, her time-allowance has been increased by nearly twenty minutes, making the total one hour forty-two minutes. This will add greatly to her chance of winning. Sir THOMAS LIPTON is reported to have said, "May the best boat win."

Yesterday Sir THOMAS LIPTON was presented with another mascot by the PRESIDENT's daughter. It took the shape of a handsomely-bound album, containing photographs of the twenty-two previous *Shamrocks*. At the end of the book was a photograph of the much-coveted Cup, with the inscription underneath:—

Lifted by "*Shamrock No.....*"
Date.....

Sir THOMAS was much touched, and is reported to have said, with a catch in his voice, "May the best boat win."

10.59 A.M. The competitors are jockeying for the windward berth.

11.0 A.M. (Sandy Hook). They're off!
—(From Our Special Correspondent.)

[Copyright in both Hemispheres.]

11.0 A.M. (Sandy Hook). The yachts have started.—(Central News.)

11.1 A.M. The Defender has secured the windward berth for the one hundred and thirty-third successive time.

11.20 A.M. *Shamrock XXIII.* seems to point higher than ever, and is footing it very fast. The Defender refuses to split tacks, and is eating her way greedily into the wind, being pinched for all she is worth. *Shamrock* is slowly but surely forging astern.—(Anti-Marconi.)

Later. 11.40 A.M. *Shamrock* is going about.

11.40½ A.M. *Shamrock* has gone about.



A SAFE MORTGAGE.

Angelina. "EDWIN, PROMISE ME YOU'LL NEVER DESCRIBE ME AS YOUR 'RELICT.'"
Edwin. "DEAREST, I NEVER WILL! I'D DIE SOONER!"

Much later. 1.50 P.M. *Shamrock* has rounded the mark and has gone to look for the Defender, which is out of sight. Sir THOMAS LIPTON is as confident as ever, and has just remarked, "The race is not over yet. However, may the best boat win."—(Reuter.)

Later still. 3.41 P.M. *Shamrock* is nearing home and has reduced her disadvantage, as far as one can judge, to 12½ miles. Her baby jib has given a lot of trouble.—(Central News.)

4.10. Result. *Shamrock* was beaten by 56 minutes, after deducting her time allowance.

The news created little or no surprise in New York. Sir THOMAS LIPTON, after the race, is reported to have remarked

(with a catch in his voice), "The only thing I can say is that we did better to-day than we did this time ten years ago. Perhaps with more or perhaps with less wind the result might have been different. It is hard to admit it, but 'the best boat won.' I had previously expressed a wish to that effect."
—(Our Special Correspondent.)

ANOTHER AMERICAN RECORD.—*Cassell's Magazine* for September contains an admirable photograph of the bathing-hour at Atlantic City, U.S.A., "where," we are told, "75,000 people are sometimes upon the sands and in the water at the same time."

A UNION OF ARTS.

Prefatory Note.—DEAR MR. PUNCH,—In a serial now running in *Longman's Magazine* "M. E. FRANÇOIS" has adopted the pleasing novelty of placing a few bars of music at the head of each chapter. But, glancing at *The Queen*, I see that Miss BEATRICE HARRADEN has gone one better. In the chapter of her tale which is printed this week her characters sing four songs, and the music of them all is given in full. Of course the rest of us who write fiction will have to follow suit. My musical knowledge is limited, but I've done the best I can. This is a brief extract from my next novel:

And so, in the mysterious twilight hour, LEONARD and MARGARET found themselves in the drawing-room—alone. For some moments there was silence. At last the man's pent-up emotion burst forth.

"MARGARET!" he cried, "adorable, divine MARGARET! You know what I would say—but words are all too weak and inadequate! Therefore I have taken the precaution of bringing my violin with me, and with your permission—"

As he spoke he lifted tenderly from its case his cherished Stradivarius.

And there resounded through the room, in all its rich fulness, that superb, unforgettable strain:



MARGARET was deeply moved. Her lips trembled as if she would have spoken. Then, changing her mind, she rose and moved to the piano. Clearly and decisively rang out her reply:



"Ah, thank you, thank you!" cried her lover; "my doubts are ended at last! But yet—what will Lady FULHAM say? Of course you will think me a silly—"



—put in the piano derisively. "But all the same—"



expostulated the girl, "you are really too ridiculous! So long as we love each other I don't care—oh, I don't care"—she touched the piano again—

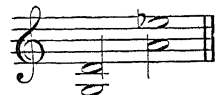


—"that much—for anyone!"

"Perhaps not," he sighed, rather dubiously. "Yet, from the point of view of ordinary prudence—"

"Oh!" cried MARGARET, "I have been mistaken! You are a coward! I don't love you at all! Go quite away at once!"

LEONARD, pale with anger, rose to his feet. He seized his bow and played:



"Life," he added bitterly, "is like my E string. It has gone suddenly half a tone flat. And—MARGARET—is this the end?"

The girl could not speak. But beneath her touch the awful, fate-laden tones trembled forth:



And, hearing them, LEONARD flung out of the room.

THE AGE OF RESEARCH.

(A Fragment from the *Social History of England*, edition of 2003 A.D.)

... ABOUT this period (i.e., towards the end of August, 1903) a curious mania attacked the population of the United Kingdom, and more especially the inhabitants of London. Every man, woman and child, including the more able-bodied idiots who were at large, began to investigate, and were incessantly going in search. The hunt was after buried treasure, solutions of "picture-puzzles," a missing lady, a lost identity, the truth about the Fiscal Question, and so on—in fact, every elusive individual or article which could effect a disappearance served equally well. The very streets were not safe. One morning Piccadilly would be "up" from end to end, the road-breakers being in search of something—they knew not what; another day the County Council would take it into its head to explore the subsoil of the Strand or the morasses of the Embankment. "Tubes" were bored in all directions on the off-chance of striking against an auriferous lode, and even the bed of the Thames was turned up periodically in the quest after "finds." It was a golden time for clairvoyants and the occult fraternity in general who "worked the oracle" in Bond Street.

Nor were humbler practitioners less active in the business of research for

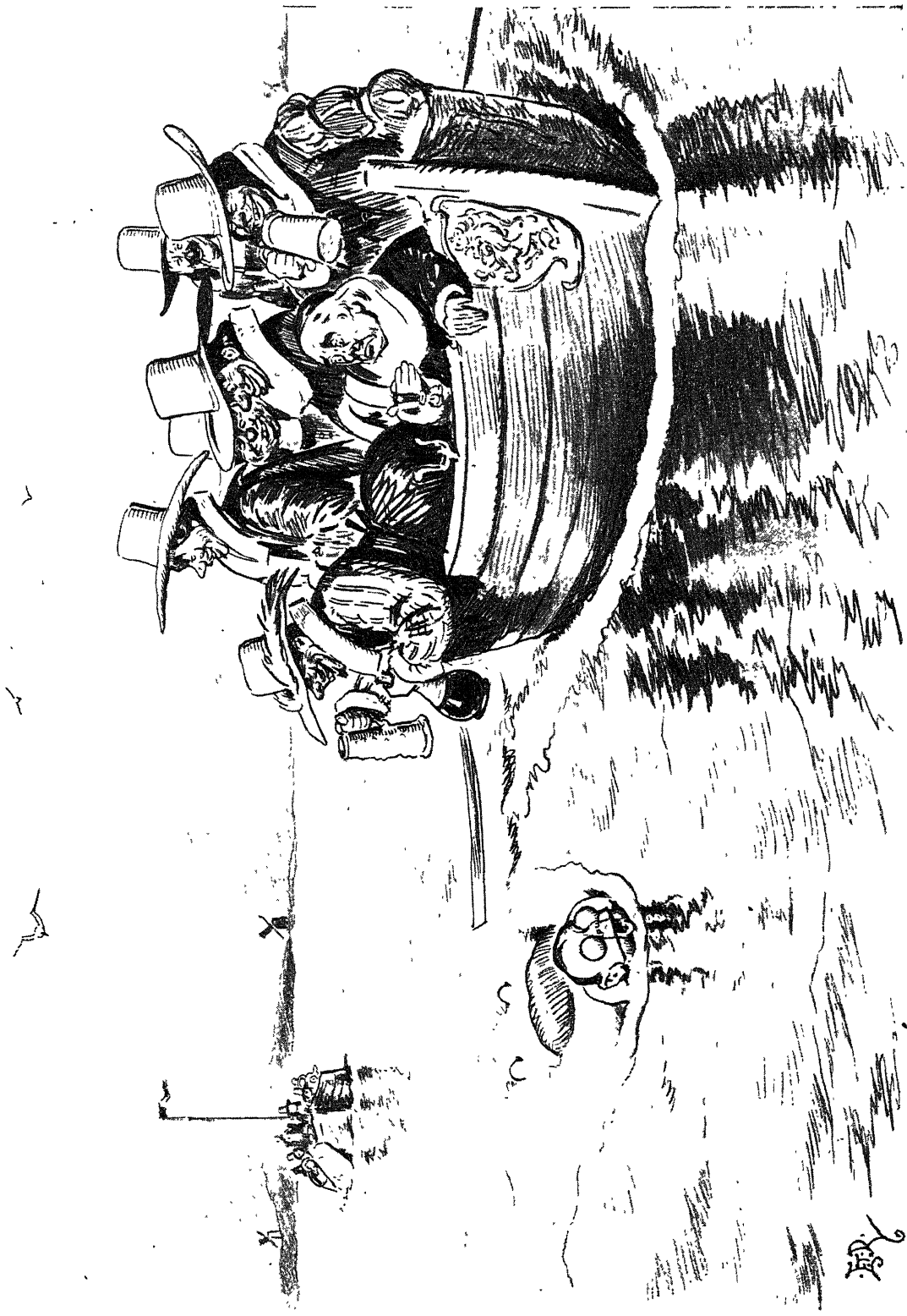
accidental enrichment. The art of extracting specie and valuables from the pockets of the unconscious wayfarer was regarded by the public as a praiseworthy accomplishment.

No person could venture abroad without being pursued by amateur detectives, who were themselves shadowed by similar inquisitors, and so on in an endless chain. Every newspaper and book that was published contained hidden ciphers, which were eagerly discussed and scanned between the lines by the various Gallup Societies of the Metropolis. Each bus-ticket or luggage-label was regarded as a possible clue and reverently safe-guarded. The most innocent public utterances of so plain-spoken a statesman as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN were twisted into oracular indications of the whereabouts of hidden national wealth; while every syllable uttered by Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN was regarded as cryptic and requiring the aid of "Old Moore" as commentator.

The *furor* was started by the proprietor of a popular periodical, who secreted £500 in gold in a place "accessible to all," which turned out to be a roadside near Hitchin. It is surmised that this happy thought was suggested to him by the action of his favourite terrier in burying a bone in the back garden. From this simple incident it came about that the British character underwent such a marked transformation, with the further result that the old divisions of Tory and Liberal were completely effaced, and the people ranged themselves into an aristocracy of Hiders and Buriers and an overwhelming majority of Excavators and Followers of SHERLOCK HOLMES.

MIDLAND, NOT MIDDLING.

"TODGERS's can do it when it likes." So can the Midland Railway Company. They were pioneers in the work of Railway Passenger Reform. As our TOBY, M.P. said, responding recently to the toast of the Press at a representative gathering in Manchester, the Midland were first in the field with the great revolution that practically abolished the second-class passenger. But, like the aggressive gentleman mentioned in the *Ingoltsby Legends*, they were cruel only to be kind. They gave the second-class man compensation for disturbance in the form of a railway carriage exceeding in comfort the first-class of twenty years ago, and charged him third-class fare. The Midland Company, sighing for new worlds to conquer, have now endowed their Manchester Station with a hotel, which, like their railway service, embodies all the resources of civilisation.



UNRECORDED HISTORY. SUGGESTED BY "HOLBEIN'S ATTEMPT TO SWIM THE CHANNEL."

[It may not be generally known that Rembrandt also had shocking bad luck in his attempts to beat the Zuyder Zee (shore-to-shore) record.]

DICK'S DEFENCES.

(Concluded.)

THEN there was a third prisoner who, a few months afterwards, desired to avail himself of Dick's services. I don't know how Dick manages to get to know so many prisoners, but he does. My brother TOM says Dick's aunt has a cook who knows a lot of people in the constabulary, and that they for their own purposes advise the prisoners to retain Dick. Of course TOM means to make some horrid kind of insinuation about someone, though I don't quite understand it. All I can say is, I should think it very jolly of the constabulary if it were true. As a matter of fact, it *was* a policeman who asked Dick to defend this third client, though he was probably really a poet, or an artist, in uniform and reduced circumstances.

Now, of course I admire Dick awfully, but if there is one quality of his I love more than another it is his conscientiousness. He reflected, he told me, when requested to undertake the third defence, upon the fate of his two previous prisoners. If the sentences passed upon his clients tended to increase in a sort of arithmetical progression, surely the latest comer was entitled to be made aware of what appeared to be a curious scientific fact. This is something like the way Dick talks. And he accompanied that dear, discriminating policeman to the cells to see the man.

"You're sure nothing was found on you?" asked DICK, remembering his first experience.

"I wor found on *it*," replied the prisoner, referring to the horse he was accused of stealing.

Having thus adroitly established this point, and bearing in mind his second case, DICK proceeded to ask if the man had not said he was guilty on a previous occasion. The man got quite angry at the idea.

"No!" he roared; "think I'm a fool? I'm guilty right enough, but I niver said it!"

DICK at once began a little calculation.

"The first time," he said, half aloud, "it was two years, last time it was three, *this time*—"

"What're yer talking about?" interrupted the prisoner, "last time? Last time it wor ten."

Well, I don't exactly remember what happened to this man—DICK did not go into particulars, and of course the man had been very rude and did not deserve

to get off. But these stories interested me so much in DICK's work that I begged him to take me to the courthouse last Sessions to hear some cases, and perhaps one of his defences. He said it was possible that he should have one, and events proved that he was right, as of course he generally is. DICK put me into a gallery, and himself went back into the pit where the barristers' stalls are. There was a prisoner standing behind some railings ready to be condemned, and an old gentleman on the bench was saying that it was rather a serious case, and then he asked the prisoner in the bar if he was defended by counsel. DICK was standing up in the gangway leading into the pit, looking very nice and somewhat conspicuous, for he is rather tall, and his wig was much whiter and prettier than any of the others. I was not at all surprised that when the prisoner answered the old gentleman's question with a sulky

says there are none of them out yet. And I hope it was not wrong of me to feel pleased when, owing entirely to his refusal to let DICK defend him, the stupid man got a month.

MUSICAL GOSSIP.

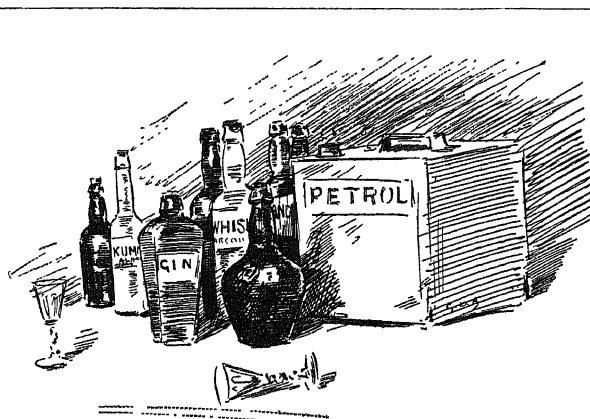
PROSPER DERIANTOMSKY, the celebrated Esthonian pianist, was married at Prague yesterday to the lovely Princess BOLOSSY CZIMCEK, Archbishop KIELMANSEGG officiating. The bride wore a magnificent dress of purple taffeta with insertions of bullion, and M. DERIANTOMSKY appeared in full Klephtic costume, with twenty-three gold snuff-boxes slung over his right shoulder. The witnesses were Count BOLESZAS GOGOL for the bride, and Herr KRAG-JORGENSEN for the bridegroom. M. DERIANTOMSKY, who, at the urgent wish of his bride, has renounced his nationality and taken the Bohemian appellation of HANUSCH JIRZIK, will of course retain his famous patronymic of DERIANTOMSKY when performing in Kensington Town Hall.

Considerable consternation was caused in cultured musical circles by the appearance of a recent concert notice in the *Pall Mall Gazette* from which the words "accomplishment," "vital," "distinguished," "sincere," and "achievement," were conspicuously absent. Consols dropped to 88, and the gravest fears were entertained as to the condition of the gifted writer. Happily, on the very next day a notice appeared in the journal in

question, in which it was stated that "GOUNOD's *Faust*, allowing for all temperamental ineptitudes, is an incomparably distinguished, sincere, and vital achievement," and public confidence was immediately restored.

It is announced that Sir HUBERT PARRY has postponed his attempt to swim the Channel until after the Hereford Festival. The eminent composer will be accompanied on his great natatory effort by his trainer Mr. HENRY BIRD, and a tug containing Dr. HANS RICHTER, Mr. J. P. SOUSA, Mr. STEPHEN ADAMS and Herr RICHARD STRAUSS, who will at intervals join Sir HUBERT in the water as pacemakers.

THE *Publishers' Circular*, in citing the account recently given by "The Baron de Book-Worms" of a *bon mot* of Father HEALY's, heads its quotation with the title "Ex LUOY lucellum." The Fair One in question, while blushfully appreciating this *jeu d'esprit*, is compelled to deny the soft impeachment.



"THE CHOICE AND MASTER SPIRITS OF THIS AGE"

Julius Cæsar, Act III, Sc. I.

"No" the latter should have immediately looked straight at DICK.

"Perhaps, Mister Er—, you will be good enough," he said. He was really quite old, and so I forgave him for having forgotten DICK's name.

DICK bowed gracefully, and actually blushed a little—I had no idea that he could—and then turned to go and speak to the prisoner. I suppose he wanted to ask him what he had in his pockets when he was caught, but the man fixed him where he stood with a stare of unutterable disdain.

"Im?" he shrieked, looking down on DICK's head. "Your loship!" he added, in an injured tone, "I'll defend myself."

I have often heard the Mater say that the lower classes never know when they are well off. I never attached any meaning to the remark—except that JANE had given notice again—but I see now that it has a wider application. I thought at first the man must be one of DICK's previous clients. But he

THE SUN-CHILD.

(Continued.)

AFTER this last little adventure the Sun-child walked on through a deep country lane, on either side of which rose a thick green hedge set on a grassy bank. It was summer-time, and the birds were chirping and singing and hopping from twig to twig, and the butterflies, the modest white ones and the gay fritillaries, were flitting aimlessly about in the calm air. At a little distance was heard the tinkle of a sheep-bell, and every now and then there came the sound of children's laughter, for it was the middle of the day, and morning school had ceased. And as the Sun-child walked he heard voices behind him and soon he saw a little girl on a pony coming towards him. By her side rode the old coachman on a steady grey horse, and the two were talking together very merrily. The little girl tossed her fair hair as she spoke, and her blue eyes were bright, and her cheeks glowed with the beautiful colour that the kind and gentle pink roses lend to children whom they love:—

"MATTHEW," she said, "do you know what I'm going to do when I'm quite grown up?"

MATTHEW had heard the question before, and he knew what he was expected to answer:—

"Lor', Missie, that'll be a long time first, won't it?"

"Not nearly as long as you think, MATTHEW, for I'm growing very fast. Now guess."

"You'll marry a Duke, sure enough."

"No I shan't. You're wrong. Guess again."

"Wear silks and satins, and live on strawberries and cream all day long."

"Yes, I shall do that—p'raps, but that isn't what I mean."

"Well, Missie, I give it up."

"MATTHEW, you're not a clever man to-day, or you ought to have guessed. Now I'll tell you. I'll build you a big house, and there's to be a beautiful room in it for *Dapple* and *Peggy*, and they're to do no work at all—only eat sugar out of my hand, and you're to have splendid clothes and a great big writing-desk like Papa's and a gold pen——"

"Lor, Missie, I shouldn't know what to do with a gold pen. Steel's good enough for the likes of me."

"Never you mind, MATTHEW, you shall have it, you see if you don't. Now let's canter."

At this they set off, the pony titupping gaily and the grey rumbling along in a sedate and sober fashion suited to his years and the weight of coachman that he carried. They swept past the Sun-child, and turning a corner of the lane, passed for the moment out of his sight. He did not hurry, for the day was quiet and warm, and the pretty new things that he saw at every step pleased him and caused him to linger. But at last he too turned the corner, and as he did so a pitiful sight met his eyes. The old grey had fallen and lay by the roadside, and MATTHEW, his hat off, was standing beside him. The little girl sat on her pony looking frightened, and tears were in her eyes. "Help *Dapple* to get up, MATTHEW," she said; "I want him to get up again."

"I can't, Missie; he's past getting up, poor old *Dapple* is. His leg's broke."

"Oh, MATTHEW, what shall we do? We must do something for him directly," and she wrung her little hands together as she spoke.

"Now, you ride home quick, Missie—you're close to the gate—and tell them, and I'll stay here by *Dapple* and do what I can."

She rode off swiftly and the old man looked after her:—

"Poor little thing," he said, "she'll feel it, ah, and so do I."

In the meantime a small crowd had collected, and one of the men volunteered to help.



Elsie. "You know, DOROTHY, BOBBY IS OUR FIRST COUSIN."

Dorothy (on whom Bobby has made an unfavourable impression). "Is he? WELL, I HOPE HE'S OUR LAST, THAT'S ALL!"

"It's a bad break," said MATTHEW; "there's only one thing to be done. Run in, TOM, and get me my gun. You'll find the cartridges hanging by it."

But, as he said this, the Sun-child came up, and his heart was filled with pain and pity. He looked at the old horse, and *Dapple* raised his gentle head and looked at him with bright eyes. Then his head fell back; a shadow, like that of a cloud on a pool, came over his eyes; he stretched his legs and then lay quite still.

"He's dead," said TOM, and MATTHEW stooped down and examined his old friend.

"Yes, he's dead. His heart's broke. It's better so, for I couldn't have brought myself to pull a trigger to him."

And the Sun-child passed on his way. He knew that death was often merciful to dumb creatures as well as to those who can give voice to their sufferings and can call on their fellows for help.

(To be continued.)

A CORRESPONDENT writes to say that he is sure he has found out the answer to the pictorial conundrum asked in the *Daily News* fiscal poster. The artist's design represents two highly-coloured blobs of what appears to be Old Terracotta Sandstone, one large and one small, and labelled respectively, "The Free Trade Loaf," and "The Zollverein Loaf"; and below this runs the question, "Which will you have?" Our correspondent says that if he is bound to have one or the other he would like to be let off with the smaller kind, please.

A DAILY paper states that "Mr. W. H. LEVER is a probable challenger for the America Cup." This sounds like lifting it at last. We trust it is a "Lever of the first class."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN holiday time you want a story to interest, to excite and to amuse. In fact, a melodramatic novel. Here in *The Tickencote Treasure, the Story of a Silent Man, a Sealed Script, and a Singular Secret*, by Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX (GEORGE NEWNES LTD.), the "vacuous viator" or recessionary reader, will find the best companion, either for his travels or for his rest, that his heart could desire. A good story, "well found" in every respect; neither dawdling over poetic descriptions nor dropping into dialogues which like Gilbertian "flowers that bloom in the spring tra-la" have "nothing to do with the case." The reader must not pause at the very commencement and ask "why were not the police immediately put on the track?" No, he must be content with the story as it is, and be thankful for a plot sufficiently strong to have provided materials for a Drury Lane drama, some Sherlock Holmes stories, and a few adventures in which Monsieur LÉCOQ the French detective might have figured with advantage. The experienced novel-reader may be reminded now and again of STEVENSON with his "Ho, Ho, Ho, and a bottle of rum" and of certain other popular romancists, but Mr. LE QUEUX could do without these if he chose; and, after all, his "dropping into" STEVENSON only shows in what a thoroughly good school he has studied his sensationalism.

Johanna (METHUEN) is the story of an Irish peasant-girl driven from her home in Kerry by a loveless step-mother. She takes service in a lodging-house in Dublin, where for a wage of £6 a year she slaves from six o'clock in the morning till midnight. Honest, pure-minded, thinking no evil, she suffers much. My Baronite is inclined to murmur that B. M. CROKER is somewhat monotonous in her picture of *Johanna's* daily trials. Only towards the end does a gleam of sunlight fall on her sad lot. The book provides glimpses of peasant life in Kerry which, it is to be hoped, are more fanciful than accurate. Otherwise, drinking, fighting, ignorance, and the lust of other people's money, are the most striking characteristics of the peasantry. The cleverest chapters of the book are those containing the letters of *Johanna's* betrothed, *Shamus*. Written from the camp during the war in South Africa, they present vivid pictures of a soldier's life and his way of looking at things.

Admittedly the proper study of mankind is man. But the wise will not object to make supplementary inquiry into *Animal Life* and *Butterflies and Moths*. They will find full opportunity in two sumptuous volumes just published by Messrs. HUTCHINSON. The first, a magazine of natural history, has among its contributors Lord AVEBURY (more familiar in the world of nature as Sir JOHN LUBBOCK), Sir HARRY JOHNSTON, Sir HERBERT MAXWELL, F. C. SELOUS, and many other popular authorities, each writing on a special subject of which he is recognised master. The text is illustrated by some seven hundred pictures engraved direct from photographs. There are thirteen coloured plates, one being reproduction from an original painting by that



"IN PERIL OF PRECIPITATION."—*Coriolanus*, iii. 3.

Stout Party. "Hi! Boy, STOP! I'M GOING TO GET OFF."
Donkey Boy. "YER CARN'T, MARM. THERE AIN'T ROOM!"

Admirable Crichton, Sir HARRY JOHNSTON, who can establish a Protectorate, write graphic notes of travel, stand for Rochester, or paint a picture you shall find on the line at the Royal Academy. The companion volume, *Butterflies and Moths*, forms a volume in the Woburn Library of Natural History, edited by the Duke of BEDFORD. It is the sole work of Mr. EDWARD HULME. Alone he did it, the comprehensive text and the coloured plates, producing with lifelike fidelity over three hundred distinct species of butterflies or moths. To lovers of nature, young and old, my Baronite recommends these marvellous literary and artistic works.

JAMES KNOWLES gives us a good number of the *Nineteenth Century* and *After* this month. Mr. MACDONAGH's sketchy article

on the "Ballads of the People" is amusing, though less lengthy quotations from utterly vulgar and hopelessly idiotic songs, and a greater variety of them, would have been preferable. Mr. EDWARD DICEY's paper concerning "The Story of Gray's Inn" is a subject that would have delighted CHARLES LAMB, and his anecdote of Lord RUSSELL of Killowen conscientiously and fearlessly refusing to drink "to the pious and glorious" Queen ELIZABETH is told with honest admiration for the man who had the courage of those opinions with which the writer has evidently no more sympathy than had the Benchers of the Inn present on that occasion. To not a few will the Hon. Mrs. MAXWELL-SCOTT's story of JOAN OF ARC offer one of the chief attractions in this number in which it is commenced. Very interesting, too, is Miss IDA TAYLOR's short paper on Lady CARLISLE and "King PYM." Altogether a most readable number. THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

OPERATIC NOTES.

If the performance of *Tannhäuser*, at which Mr. *Punch's* Representative assisted, affords a measure of what the Moody-Manners Company can do, then Grand Opera is enjoying a most generous aftermath.

Mr. O'MARA, though in personal appearance he did not perhaps quite realise the romantic figure of the hero, met all other demands with untiring energy and adaptability: and in the difficult last Act, so easily made tedious, he sustained his trying part with great dramatic force.

As *Elizabeth*, Madame ALICE ESTY, both in voice and gesture, was a pure delight. Her natural interest in the competition for her hand was unfortunately tempered by an obvious effort to keep from fainting; from this, however, she bravely emerged in time for her cue.

Mr. DEVER, in the part of *Wolfram*, made a dignified foil to the impetuous *Tannhäuser*; and Miss ENRIQUETA CRICHTON, happily less bountiful of form than some operatic Venuses, played with intelligence and right feeling. The great third Act was very memorable for the fine singing of the chorus and the splendid setting of the scene. The audience, who came for the most part in decent undress and so escaped the usual distractions, took sincere pains to appreciate a performance which the Season might well have envied.

THE ASCENT OF MAN.

[From an article by Dr. Woods HUTCHINSON in the *Contemporary Review* we gather that everything a child does is right. "No instinct," he tells us, "for that which is seriously injurious can develop." Moreover, the child passes through all the stages of evolution: "he is born not an Anglo-Saxon, but a Cave-dweller," &c.]

THE nursery is but a stage

Wherein the eye may scan,

Minutely mirrored, every age

In the ascent of man.

Each babe plays many parts, and we

In this small institution

May read in brief epitome

The tale of evolution.

So, nursemaids, when your charges play,

Give o'er your ancient wont,

Nor say, as you of old would say,

"Whate'er you're doing, don't!"

They simply follow Nature, who

Should best know how to guide them;

Then, whatsoever they may do,

Forbear, forbear to chide them.

When EDWARD, crawling on the floor,

Invades the eight-day clock,

Pray do not spank him any more

For dirtying his frock.

He is a little troglodyte,

As were our sires before us,

Who vanished when there hove in sight

The grim ichthyosaurus.

When, *àtât*. four, with savage joy

The hunter's art he plies

Upon the panes, don't scold the boy

For torturing the flies.

He has but reached the second scene

When men were all the scions

Of mighty NIMROD, and were keen

On slaying bears and lions.

At six, ambitious EDWARD yearns

A pirate king to be;

The tables into ships he turns,

And sails the fireside sea.

Then if the things are smashed to bits,

Don't give the boy a licking;

He's reached a further phase, and it's

The æon of the Viking.

A little, and the pirate bold

A patriot becomes;

He fights the rascal imps who hold

In force the neighbouring slums.

Pray don't repress his noble rage,

E'en though his nose be gory;

He is but passing through the age

Of good Queen BESS's glory.

Last scene of all that ends this slight

But most eventful play

Is symbol of the lofty height

Achieved by man to-day.

At ten can EDWARD understand

What money means: he's willing

To be a saint for sixpence, and

An angel for a shilling.



A DIFFICULTY IN THE WAY.

He. "SHALL WE ELOPE?"

She. "I DON'T THINK MOTHER WOULD LET ME!"

THE PEOPLE'S PULSE.

THE account given by the *Daily Mail*, in Saturday's issue, of its daily circulation for the last eight months, together with the leading event of each day, ought to be kept up from time to time as a Permanent People's Pulse Report. Nothing could be more instructive than to note, for instance, that while the Delhi Durbar only attracted 844,799 readers, the "Oyster Scare" allured as many as 846,501; while "Lord DALMENY's Coming of Age" brought the

figures up to 847,080, and the "Sardine Famine" accounted for a further increase of 14,586. Or, again, there is a world of significance in the fact that the relative attractions of the "Poet Laureate's Play" and "Mr. SEDDON's Meat Shops" are represented by a balance of 5,291 in favour of the Napoleon of New Zealand.

THE NEW CARPENTERING.—MR. BALFOUR is said to be busily engaged during the holidays in building a platform out of a fence.

PLAYS PRESENTABLE AND UNPRESENTABLE.

II.—MR. BERNARD SHAW'S "MAN AND SUPERMAN."

ONE advantage of writing a play for the reading, rather than the theatre-going, public is that your characters may deliver treatises of a length intolerable to a stalled audience. Another is that you may define the purpose of your drama, not always likely to be intelligible on the boards, in a preface indefinitely protracted. A third is that, having introduced among your *personæ* a clever author, whose brilliantly heretical volume may figure among the stage-property, you can plead the necessity of furnishing actual evidence of his cleverness in support of your bare statement, and at the same time further develop your views, as merely adumbrated in the actual drama, by publishing the entire contents of this brochure in an appendix.

All these privileges Mr. BERNARD SHAW appropriates in his *Man and Superman* (CONSTABLE). In a preface addressed to the dramatic critic of the *Times* (how fortunate Mr. WALKLEY is in the gratuitous advertisements he gets!) the author recalls a challenge in which he (Mr. WALKLEY) invited him (Mr. SHAW) to compose a *Don Juan* play. "The challenge," says Mr. SHAW, "was difficult enough to be worth accepting, because . . . we have no modern English plays in which the natural attraction of the sexes for one another is made the main-spring of the action." So the *Don Juan* play which he here composes "is to deal with sexual attraction . . . and in a society in which the serious business of sex is left by men to women as the serious business of nutrition is left by women to men." Man is no longer to be represented as the hunter and woman as his spoil, but the rôles are to be reversed, in recognition of that instinct for reproduction which makes it "the determination of every woman to be married at all costs."

All this and much more is set forth in an introduction which proves that Mr. SHAW has taken an intelligent interest in other natures besides his own. But when we come to the play itself we find that it is the old marionette business of modern English drama over again, with just the difference that we have exchanged a conventional for an unconventional puppetry. "And this civilisation," says Mr. SHAW's *Devil*, "what is it after all?" "An excellent peg," replies his *Don Juan*, "to hang your cynical commonplaces on." So, in the play, any one of at least four characters—*Tanner* (author of *The Revolutionist's Handbook*), *Don Juan*, the *Devil*, the *Commandant's Statue*—serves equally well as the inanimate mouthpiece of Mr. SHAW's world-shattering platitudes. Sandwiched between preface and appendix—with most of the meat (and the mustard) on the outside—the drama itself rather modifies than enforces the theories which it sets out to present in palatable shape; because its characters, as distinct from the doctrines which they reiterate, appeal to no sort of human experience. Indeed Mr. SHAW is most effective when he takes himself least seriously; when he is most fantastic and capricious of malice prepense. Thus the situation in the Third Act is delightful, where we have a group of cosmopolitan ruffians posted in the Spanish Sierras and dividing their time between socialistic debates and the puncturing of tourists' motor-cars. The author of *The Revolutionist's Handbook* falls a victim to their infamous manœuvres; but a common bond of contempt for established institutions binds the wreckers and the wrecked, and darkness ultimately falls upon them sleeping peacefully side by side on the mountain.

The comparative inaction (so subversive of dramatic principles) which is always liable to ensue when every single figure on the stage lies motionless in slumber is relieved by the apparition of several ghosts selected from MOZART'S *Don Giovanni*, who are represented as

wandering, somewhat arbitrarily, on the confines of hell, of which an emergency exit seems to open out upon this same picturesque locality, namely the Sierra Nevada. One may complain that most of them are gifted with a quite inhuman verbosity; but all other criticism is disarmed by the frankly farcical improbability of the scene. It is otherwise when the author is dealing with possible social conditions. Thus in the First Act there arrives a rumour that a certain lady, who was supposed to be in another neighbourhood, has been seen somewhere "with a wedding-ring on her finger." Everybody leaps instinctively to the conclusion that she has been guilty of an illicit intrigue. It comes as the rudest shock to them all when they hear that this hallowed symbol actually represents the very thing which it was always designed to signify. The reader needs to take his credulity, like his courage, in both hands if he is to get beyond this early defiance of the probabilities.

The title, *Man and Superman* (would not *Overhomo* have been a more devastating hybrid; or might not Mons. WALKLEY have suggested *Hyperhomme*?) is misleading; for, if we except *Hector Malone*—and even he is less realisable for what he does, or says, than for the description of him, in 700 italicised words, enshrined in the stage directions for his entry—there is scarcely an example of a real *Man* in the play, and certainly not of a *Superman*. For myself, I suspect that the latter (apparently a kind of philosopher-artist-Apollo) is really Mr. BERNARD SHAW himself; but as I gather from the appendix that the abolition both of marriage and of the inequalities of wealth is an essential preliminary to the establishment of a race of Supermen, the world will clearly have to wait till Mr. SHAW gets himself reincarnated.

In the meantime, pending such an apparition, we have matter in this present homily for instruction tempered with amusement. The style throughout is of the most admirable; and there are not five consecutive dull pages in the whole book. To say more than this would be to risk the calling down of the fire of Mr. SHAW's contempt. He has himself very modestly and properly protested against his own apotheosis. No longer does he leave us in doubt (originally shared by himself) as to the kind of way in which he wants to be taken. "In vain," he says, in his present introduction, "do I redouble the violence of the language in which I proclaim my heterodoxies. . . . Instead of exclaiming 'Send this inconceivable Satanist to the stake,' the respectable newspapers pith^{me} (sic) by announcing 'another book by this brilliant and thoughtful writer.'" Being therefore apprehensive lest I may have overdone the language of eulogy, I will hedge with the criticism that Mr. SHAW's latest essay must be classed among "unpresentable" plays; and not because of its audacity—for that is harmless—but simply because, not being a mirror of humanity in point either of character or action, it has to-day no dramatic excuse for visible existence. There is still, of course, a reservation; since, for what goes on under the earth, and especially the Sierra Nevada, I must defer to the author's superior judgment.

Mr. SHAW, for all his cynicism, has a generous heart; and I am sure he would be the first to say that SHAKESPEARE had not been given a fair chance if I placed a notice of one of the older master's plays in close juxtaposition to this review of his own work. I will therefore postpone till next week all comments on the brilliant production of *Richard the Second* at His Majesty's.

O. S.

* PITH.—"To sever the spinal cord or marrow of, as by thrusting in a knife;—a mode of putting animals to death."—*Webster*.

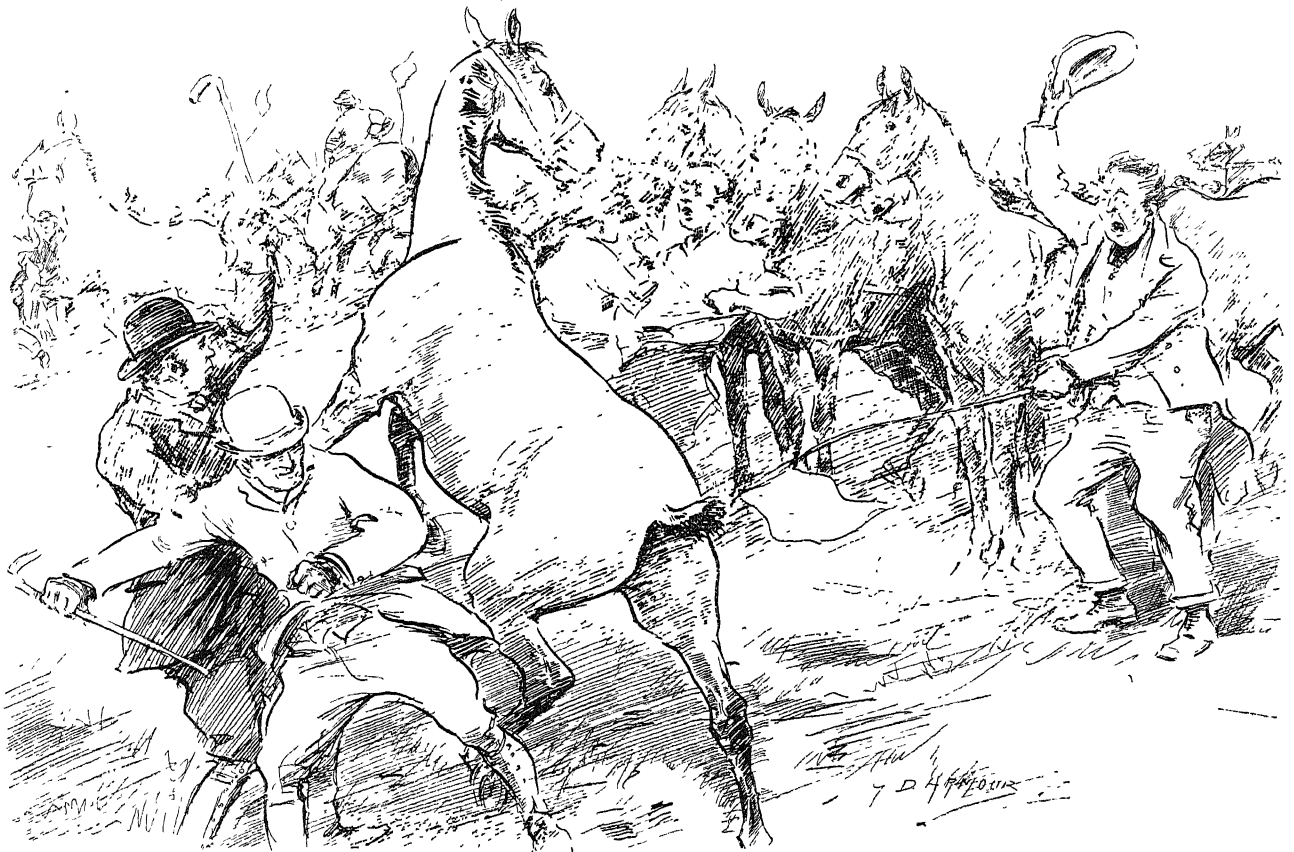
THERE is no truth in the statement that a race has been arranged between *Shamrock III.* and Mr. MONTAGUE HOLBEIN. It is however rumoured that Sir THOMAS LIPTON intends to enter for the next Derby with *Shamrocking Horse I.*



Bernard Partridge.

THE UNREADY RECKONER.

PRINCE ARTHUR. "O, DEAR OPHELIA, I AM ILL AT THESE NUMBERS; I HAVE NOT ART TO RECKON. . . ."—*Hamlet*, Act II., Sc. 2.



Irish Dealer. "ACH, BEGORRA, WOULD YE RUN OVER THE CUSHTOMERS? SURE, IT'S SCARCE ENOUGH THEY ARE!"

LINES BY AN INSOMNIAC.

(Addressed to the Expedition that has recently started in pursuit of the germ of Sleeping Sickness.)

MEN of Science, you that dare
Beard the microbe in his lair,
Tracking through the jungly thickness
Afric's germ of Sleeping Sickness,
Hear, oh hear my parting plea,
Send a microbe home to me!

By the Congo's turbid flood
When you drag him from the mud,
Interrupt his nightly romp
Through the dank and matted swamp,
Try and capture two or three
Soporific germs for me.

Though your early toils be vain,
Noble fellows, try again!
Keep it up for goodness' sake;
Think of one who lies awake,
Crying out across the sea,
Send a microbe home to me!

I am one who vainly woos
Morpheus of the baffling snooze;
I have counted scores of sheep,
Quaffed narcotics, long and deep;
Sleeping Sickness ought to be
Just the very thing for me.

When at last the happy day
Brings you thirsting to the fray,

When you leap upon the foe,
Bottling hundreds as you go,
Send some spare ones, duty free,
Home by parcel post to me.

I would sleep till I were sick
Gladly, if I knew the trick;
But, until you send some germs,
Sleep and I are not on terms;
Men of Science, hear my plea,
Send a microbe home to me!

DUM-DUM.

AN ARTISTIC EPISODE.

[Incapacity for work has come to be accepted as the hall-mark of genius. . . . The collector wants only the thing that is rare, and therefore the artist must make his work as rare as he can.—*Daily Chronicle.*]

JOSEPHINE found me stretched full length in a hammock in the garden.

"Why aren't you at work?" she asked; "not feeling seedy, I hope?"

"Never better," said I. "But I've been making myself too cheap."

"We couldn't possibly help going to the JONESSES last night, dear."

"Tush," said I. "I mean there is too much of me."

"I don't quite understand," she said; "but there certainly will be if you spend your mornings lolling in that hammock."

The distortive wantonness of this remark left me cold.

"I have made up my mind," I continued, quite seriously, "to do no more work for a considerable time."

"But, my dear boy, just think——"

"I'm going to make myself scarce," I insisted.

"GEOFFREY!" she exclaimed, "I knew you weren't well!"

I released myself.

"JOSEPHINE," I said solemnly, "those estimable persons who collect my pictures will think nothing of them if they become too common."

"How do you know there are such persons?" she queried.

"I must decline to answer that question," I replied; "but if there are none it is because my work is not yet sufficiently rare and precious. I propose to work no more—say, for six or seven years. By that time my reputation will be made, and there will be the fiercest competition for the smallest canvas I condescend to sign."

She kissed me.

"I came out for the housekeeping-money," she remarked simply.

I went into the house to fetch the required sum, and, by some means I cannot explain, got to work again upon the latest potboiler.

CHARIVARIA.

THE rumours of Mr. BRODRICK's impending resignation are untrue. Mr. BRODRICK does not intend to retire until the War Office system has been entirely remuddled.

General BULLER's historic struggle on the Tugela has been re-enacted by the 1st Army Corps at Aldershot, and the enemy's position was brilliantly carried after eleven hours' fighting. Which proves that if it had not been for the Boers we should almost certainly have won the day at Colenso.

During the Italian army manoeuvres two Austrian spies were discovered taking notes. They were seized by an excited crowd of Italians, and were only saved from a violent death by a strong force of police, who reminded the infuriated populace that the gentlemen in question were their allies and dear friends.

It is satisfactory to know that the Report of the War Commission is proving a great success. No Blue Books of recent times have sold anything like so well, and, if the demand continues, it is just possible that, after all, the Boer War may be turned into a financial success.

By the by, Colonel GUBBINS made the following statement before the Commission:—"The present hospital tent is an atrocious pattern. I do not think it could be worse." This, of course, was wild talk. He had not seen the next pattern.

The fact that Colonel SWAYNE, who originally held the command, is back again in Somaliland lends colour to the rumour that the Foreign Office is to have another shot at bringing the War to an end. It would certainly be a pity if Lord LANSDOWNE's War Office experience were thrown away.

The SULTAN, who is being urged on all sides to crush the Macedonian Insurrection, has pointed out that it is impossible for him to make an advance without an advance.

Meanwhile it is announced that the Bulgarian Government has decided to keep peace at all costs—even at the cost of war. This looks as if they had more capital to work with.

Mr. CARNEGIE has delivered a lecture on "The Temptations of the Rich." The occasion was the opening of another free library.

Discussing the diseases of steel at the Iron and Steel Institute, Mr. CARNEGIE said that steel had a soul, and he never passed a bar without a feeling of reverence. A strange admission for a teetotaler.

During the election campaign in the St. Andrews Burghs several young ladies at Anstruther threw bags of flour at the Liberal candidate. He is still a supporter of the Free Food League.



HUMOURS OF MOTING.

Little Girl (hesitatingly). "IF YOU PLEASE, HERE'S A PENNY, AND MOTHER SAYS WILL YOU PLAY 'THE HONEYSUCKLE AND THE BEE'?"

A SPORTING OFFER.

A PUBLISHING house offers a prize of £5 for the best nonsense-rhyme advertising one of its new books. *Mr. Punch*, having extended the project to other works and authors, offers the result to publishers at the same figure.

I.—For a pamphlet on Stratford-on-Avon.

There was once a recluse named M. C.,
Who was horribly bored by a LEE.
A pamphlet she's penned
To prove there's no end
To the guilt of a Shakespeare Trustee.

II.—For another pamphlet on Stratford-on-Avon.

There once was a Stratford Trustee,
Who said, "Oh, I'm sick of M. C."
My last spear I've shaken,
And taken to BACON—
St. Albans, St. Albans for me!"

III.—For any forthcoming volume of the Diary of Sir M. E. Grant-Duff.

Eight volumes of side-splitting stuff
Held the anecdotes penned by GRANT-DUFF.

When his readers said, "Lor',
Can he write any more?"
He replied, "I think ten are enough."

IV.—For the new edition of "The Little White Bird."

By the wise is the Little White Bird
To gaudier songsters preferred.
And though critics may howl
At the sensitive fowl
This edition's the seventy-third!

V.—For Wee MacGreegor.

There once was a lad named MACGREGOR,
Whose frame was pronouncedly meagre.
Yet the boom of the kirk
So prevailed, that his circulation grew beeger and beeger.

VI.—Another. (Price 10 francs.)

Il y avait un petit MACGREGOR,
Qui aimait la Comtesse de BIGORRE;
Il demanda "Whit way!
Voulez-vous m'épouser?"
Elle répondit, "Ma foi! Oui, MAC-GREGOR!"

VII.—For a new Collection of Verse, Political and Otherwise, by the Laureate.

There once was a Swinford Old Manor-man,
A Banjo-Byronic-piannerman.
In the principal pome
Of his imminent tome,
He's a *Standard*- but far from a banner-man.

VIII.—For a new edition of "Sir Richard Calmady."

There was once a young Bart named CALMADY,
Whose feet were undoubtedly shady.
Though sadly fore-shortened
It wasn't important,
For he married a beautiful lady.

IX.—For an MS. in a Red Box.

A parson of authorship fain
Once sent a red box to JOHN LANE.
Lacking name and address
He achieved a success,
And may purchase a castle in Spain.

X.—For the "Nemesis of Froude."

There was once a bad person named FROUDE,
Who Veracity strictly eschewed.
That shy lady dwells
At the bottom of wells
By CRICHTON exclusively brewed.

XI.—For several new books by Mr. Andrew Lang.

A brindled but erudite Scot
Exclaimed, as he drained the ink-pot,
"Ten volumes I've written
To-day for Great Britain,
And twenty for Scotland—all hot!"

XII.—For the new Sherlock Holmes Tales.

A knight of the pen (and the war),
With readers like sands on the shore,
Once invented a 'tec
Who, since breaking his neck,
Is livelier far than before.



WHAT PRELIMINARY ORDERS FOR AUTUMN MANOEUVRES MAY COME TO.

["A set of Orders concerning the Manoeuvres has been issued. It deals with the equipment to be taken into the field and the scale of rations issued to the soldiers. With reference to the latter, the Orders state: 'A charge of 3d. per day for the grocery ration will be recovered from all ranks. The remainder of the grocery ration will be charged to the Manoeuvre vote, except possibly a small portion of it, not exceeding 1/2d. per man per day, which it may be necessary to charge to canteen funds.' This, in plain English, means that the soldiers will have to contribute something like £5,000 towards supplying a daily grocery ration."—Daily Telegraph.]

NOT FAR OUT.

(Being the record of an evening spent at Boulogne en route for Le Touquet.)

A WEEK or so ago, when dilating on the beauties of English coast scenery, and asking what could you wish for more, the answer, in effect, was, "cookery, simple, good, at a moderate price such as is to be found in most continental inns at such small country towns as would be of the same status as, for example, Rye and Winchelsea," which we were at the moment visiting.

"I entirely agree," said our excellent friend Colonel LUKE KULLUS, "a picked man of countries," or rather a "picking" man, as, all over the world he has picked

"A little bit here and a little bit there,
Here a bit and there a bit.
And everywhere a bit,"

and—being one who, of his own experience, knows what to order and where to order it, what to drink and where to get it, likewise what is to be avoided wherever you may be—he is entitled to be listened to deferentially.

"There is," quoth our Colonel, "on the French coast, some twenty miles or so distant from Boulogne, a rustic, rising and appetising 'health resort,' where you will be served with as perfect a *déjeuner à la fourchette* as is to be found at the best restauration in Paris."

"Indeed?"

"And," continued Colonel LUKE, "you will enjoy it all the more because, if the weather be favourable, it will be brought to you 'out in the open' under a broad-spreading verandah, in full view of pine and fir woods. The distance from the *cuisine* to this *al fresco* lunching-place is so short that, the way being covered, the temperature of the *plats* as they leave the kitchen hot will not be thereby affected."

"'Caterer, thou reasonest well!' And the wine?" was our deeply-interested inquiry.

"That's all right," answered the Colonel, emphatically.

"The place is called?" we asked.

"Le Touquet," LUKE KULLUS informed us. "And now you know how to spell it you had better act according to the 'practical mode of teaching' adopted by Mr. Squeers in his 'regular education system'—you remember?—'When a boy has learned that b-o-t-t-i-n-n-e-y spells bottinney, a knowledge of plants, he goes and knows 'em'—so now that you know how to spell and pronounce 'Touquet,' go there and try the *déjeuner*. For my part, as the poet has it, 'I have been there and still would go.'"

"Et nous aussi!" we exclaimed in inspired French. It may be here explained that "We" represents two units united.

So, *viâ* Folkestone and Boulogne, we started. The prospect held out was a new place in an old land. With the locality we had become acquainted some years ago, when visiting Berck-sur-Mer, Paris-Plage, Etaples, Montreuil, in which last-mentioned town, not far from the grand old monastery (now, alas, closed, its rightful owners being among the *expulsés*) is a wonderful old inn, with a perfect picture of a kitchen, whence, on the occasion of our visit, issued an exceptionally good and inexpensive *déjeuner*. Thus our memories were of pleasant places through which the railway lines passed *en route* for Paris.

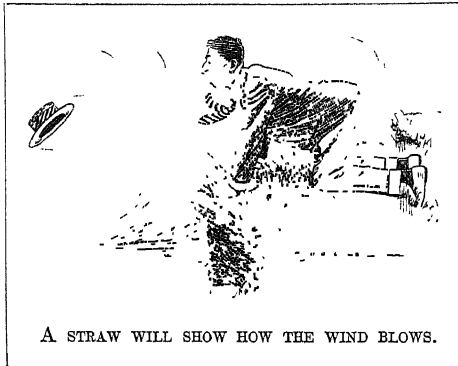
A Boulogne. A glorious day for crossing, the gentle breeze just freshening our appetite for the excellent dinner that we knew beforehand would be awaiting us at the

Hôtel de Folkestone, whose proprietor bears the Dickensian Martin-Chuzzlewitty name of BAILEY—spelt BAYLY we grant, but in pronunciation absolutely the same. For "i" and "ey" substitute two "y's," and you have the name of a landlord who is "too wise" to give you anything but what is of the very best, and at such reasonable prices as are compatible with fair profit, thus ensuring "quick returns" on the part of the visitors, who, when compelled to "cut" are perfectly certain to "come again." Then the "service" is so good: all, from *la charmante maîtresse d'hôtel* down to the *concierge*, not forgetting on any account the most obliging *commissionnaire*, are so frankly polite and so entirely "at your service."

At Boulogne be sure to let the *Parc aux huitres* have a portion of your patronage. No need to add that a pleasant evening can be passed at the Casino, where, on this occasion, "a strange thing happened."

Everybody is aware of the utter astonishment of the canny North Briton when, on his first arrival in London, "bang went saxeence!" The surprise of that inexperienced Highlander was as nothing to that of the crowds that filled the various *salons* at the Casino, when, in the midst of the evening's gaiety, while dancing was going in all its early freshness, when, in the *cercle*, players at *baccarat*

were sitting down in earnest to their stakes, when the sportsmen and sports-women were anxiously following the *petits chevaux*, and in the theatre actors and audience were warming to their play, and while carriages of all sorts were bringing eager dancers and more jockeys (*pour les petits chevaux*)—in fact, when everything and everybody was *dans le mouvement*—Bang!—out went the electric light! And the situation of the crowds all over the place (many parts of the town included) was that historical one of the great Hebrew Lawgiver's on the extinction of the solitary candle. Never was so con-



A STRAW WILL SHOW HOW THE WIND BLOWS.

spicuous an example of "The light that failed!"

What a *coup de théâtre*! The play in the rooms stopped. "Rien ne va plus!" the play in the theatre is brought to a standstill; the dancers stand just where they had taken their last step, with leg in air for the next caper; the musicians, suddenly compelled to take several bars rest, pause in the utter darkness, not a fiddler among them daring to draw a bow at a venture! Never since the Princess, having accidentally pricked her finger with the knitting-needle of destiny, fell fast asleep, she and all her court, her pages, maidens, oxen, horses, dogs, cooks, waiting-maids, and the whole lot of them, *toute la boutique*, tumbling into the arms of Morpheus, and so remaining for a hundred years, has there been so dramatic and unexpected an effect as this sudden and utterly dumbfounding extinction of the electric light in the Grand Casino of Boulogne!

The only gas on the premises was in the gardens, where a row of lamps was conspicuous.

So incredible was the event, that *habitués* could not trust their own eyes until they plainly perceived that there was nothing to see! Absolutely, "Darkness visible."

Visitors, from within and without, came flocking to the entrance. There was chatting, commotion, and puzzlement. Officials went about reassuring everyone by the statement that in the space of time peculiar to France, known as "*un petit quart d'heure*," all would be well.

Bravely everybody stayed on. Had we not all paid? Were we going to be done out of our franc's worth? If the heart be light, what matter about the electric wire? When you've paid your franc, or your subscription by the

month, are you not to have your money's worth? What matters the fracture of a wire so long as the bank has not been broken? Shall there be no cakes and ale because electricity takes a holiday? We only want some light refreshment, and on the little horses will go as fresh as ever!

Ha! Gently does it! Now one lamp, now another—and now “*all in!*” “*Re-enter omnes.*”

The Prince has arrived, the charm is broken; the fiddles fiddle, going on where they had left off; the dancers take their next step, the little horses recommence their gallops, the croupiers call the winning numbers, rake up and pay out the money, and the Princess herself La Belle Princesse Boulogne-sur-Mer, is once again all light and life.

The oldest inhabitant observed that such a catastrophe had never happened before. Will it again? The moral clearly is, putting it proverbially, “Forewarned is forearmed” with “auxiliary gas.”

What had been the matter with the electric light? Was it “took bad” suddenly after a feast of unripe currents?

We must pause. We were on our road to *Le Touquet* when the electricity extinguished itself and put us out. Now we resume the wire of our narrative. After all we’re “not far out.”

A BALLADE OF THE BROOM.

[“Mother of Five” writes to the *Daily Mail*:—“The best exercise any woman can take is to sweep a room every day and not be sparing of running up and down stairs. I have done this from sixteen to sixty-two, and there is nothing I enjoy more. This form of exercise is always to hand, wet or fine, and I am certain it has been the means of keeping me in perfect health.”]

My countrywoman, sad of mien,
A prey to many maladies,
Upon whose brow black care is seen,
Whose bosom is surcharged with sighs,
Forgive me, sweet, if I surmise
Your cheeks have lost their youthful bloom
From lack of proper exercise.
Why don't you go and sweep a room?

The golf links and the putting green,
These are the pleasures that you prize,
The bicycle (a vile machine)
You sedulously patronise,
Domestic duties you despise,
And yet the wielding of the broom
Hath unimagined ecstasies!
Why don't you go and sweep a room?
Would you possess a mind serene,
Luxuriant locks and bright blue eyes,
Pink cheeks, the figure of a queen?
All these and more the broom supplies.



WASTED SYMPATHY.

Kind-hearted Lady. “POOR CHILD! WHAT A DREADFULLY SWOLLEN CHEEK YOU HAVE! IS IT A TOOTH?”

Poor Child (with difficulty) “No ‘m—it’s a SWEET!”

Leave cricket-bats to C. B. FRYs,
Leave riding horses to your groom,
Fling to the winds your salmon-flies;
Why don't you go and sweep a room?

My countrywoman, pray arise
And chase away dyspepsia's gloom.
Would you be healthy, wealthy, wise?
Why don't you go and sweep a room?

SEASONABLE GREETING. — Hallo, old man! Haven't seen you lately. Been for a change of rain!

An Irish Bull on the Line.

DUBLIN, WICKLOW AND WEXFORD RAILWAY.

OLD PERMANENT WAY MATERIALS
FOR SALE.

“The Directors of the Company are prepared to receive Tenders for the purchase of about 750 tons of old steel rails and permanent way scrap. The Directors do not bind themselves to accept the *lowest* or any tender.”—“The Engineer.” [Italics by Mr. Punch.]



HEBRIDEAN SPORT.

Shooting Tenant (accounting for very large species of grouse which his setter has just flushed). "CAPERCAILZIE! BY GEORGE!"

Under-keeper Neil. "I'M AFTER THINKING, SIR, YOU'LL HAVE KILLED WIDOW MCSWAN'S COCHIN COCK. YE SEE THE CROFTERS WERE FORCED TO PUT HIM AND THE HENS AWAY OUT HERE TILL THE OATS IS RIPE!"

OUR BOYS.

"In some London schools the masters are obliged to be good boxers in order to cope with the more unruly of their scholars."—*Daily Paper*

From the "Sporting Man" of the week after next.

THE final bout for the vacant mastership at the Hoxton Road Board School was fought out yesterday under Queensberry rules at the Passive Resistance Auctioneers' Club between Messrs. BRADLEY HEADSTONE and WACKFORD SQUEERS. The former, who is a London man, was favourite, and 3 to 2 was freely offered on him from the outset. SQUEERS, who hails from Yorkshire, was handicapped by the loss of an eye, but looked very fit. Indeed, as regards condition, there was little to choose between the two men when they entered the ring. Both had trained to the last ounce, and a keen struggle was anticipated.

The referee having explained the conditions of the fight, and cautioned the men against unfair holding and roughing on the ropes, the contest commenced.

Round 1.—A quiet round. The men sparred for an opening. At the end of the first minute HEADSTONE landed lightly on the face with his left, but was

heavily countered on the body. Clinches were frequent, and in one of these SQUEERS struck up while the pair were still in holds, and was cautioned by the referee.

Round 2.—Both masters came up to the scratch fresh, and lively rallies ensued. In the last minute SQUEERS received a hook on the jaw, and went down for six seconds. On rising he cut out the work, rushing his man across the ring. HEADSTONE put in some clean counters. This was HEADSTONE's round.

Round 3. This proved to be the last round. SQUEERS resumed his rushing tactics, but HEADSTONE showed himself to be the cleverer man, and half a minute from the end of the round brought his right across, putting his rival out. SQUEERS stayed down the full ten seconds, and the referee formally awarded the decision to HEADSTONE, who left the ring as fresh as he had entered it. The new master will take over his duties at once. It is rumoured that WAG JONES, who was at the ring-side, and whose pupil, IKE SAUNDERS, is a scholar at the Hoxton Road Board School, is trying to arrange a match between his novice and the new master, and that the winner will fight BILL BLOKER, better known as the Hoxton Pet, a member of Standard IV., and the champion of the school, for a purse of £20,

provided by the National Sporting Club. BLOKER, as our sporting readers do not need to be told, beat the headmaster last June on points in a keenly-contested encounter of fifteen rounds. SAUNDERS's record, though less sensational, is nevertheless a sufficient index of his form. His best-known fights have been with the masters of Standard II. and Standard V., the former of whom he knocked out in six minutes, losing to the latter, after having had all the best of the exchanges for eight rounds, on a foul. From what we have seen of Mr. HEADSTONE's prowess with the mittens, we may safely predict an interesting encounter.

THE *Daily Mail* announces the approaching publication, at 2, Carmelite Street, of a new paper for ladies, to be called the *Daily Mirror*. No gentlewoman's toilette will be complete without this article of necessity. We await impatiently the imminent appearance, from "another House," of the *Daily Puff*.

THE rumour is denied that Mr. CARNEGIE proposes to present a famous battle-field to the public. This would have been to go one better than ALFRED THE GREAT, who merely let the bannock burn.



AN UNHOLY ALLIANCE.

MRS. BRITANNIA (to MISS HELLAS). "WELL! I AM SURPRISED TO SEE YOU IN SUCH COMPANY!"

MISS HELLAS. "WHY, HE'S JUST TOLD ME THAT HE'S AN OLD FLAME OF YOURS!"

[“If England, scarcely half a century ago, saw no harm in siding with the SULTAN, because this was the policy dictated by her interests, surely we cannot, without laying ourselves open to the charge of hypocrisy, blame Greece for pursuing a similar policy in defence of *her* interests.”—*Daily Paper*.]

THE AMATEUR HISTRION.

(A Compleat Guide to Country House Theatricals.)

V.—THE PERFORMANCE.

ALWAYS begin a performance in high spirits. Excitement is the ozone of life. You will naturally not have tried on the clothes sent down by the costumier, and if, half an hour before the play begins, you find any garment too tight or too loose, rush about the corridors of the house looking for a lady's maid or the housekeeper to put in a stitch or two or to unrip a seam. Squabble as to priority of occupation of the chair in the "making-up" room, and get up and sit down again half-a-dozen times before you are quite sure that your eyebrows have the right curve or your wrinkles are dark enough. If you are a man and are playing a comic part, pay no heed to the perruquier's idea of what your face should be like, but take away a stick of bright red from the "make-up" box and give yourself a crimson nose in the privacy of your own dressing-room. If the manager or any of the other performers object to your appearance, pay no attention to their protest; they are jealous that you will raise the hearty laugh from the audience which they cannot command.

As soon as you are ready, go on to the stage and look at the audience through the hole in the curtain; if there is not one, make one. If your particular friends have not yet arrived, follow the manager about, asking him not to "ring up" until they come. When the band, or the piano player, have finished a ten minutes' overture and commence a waltz, begin to dance to it with any partner who may be handy. Then remember that you can never act without a glass or two of champagne, and run through all the dressing-rooms clamouring for some.

When the curtain has gone up, as it will eventually, try and remember whether there is not a letter, or a snuff-box, or a newspaper that you ought to carry on to the stage, and ask everybody you meet behind the scenes in a loud voice whether they have seen it anywhere. Owing to the remissness of the

manager and everybody else connected with the show, you may have forgotten what are the exact words which should herald your appearance on the stage. If so, go back to your dressing-room to look at your part. If a long period of silence should occur before you step into the view of the audience, it will enhance their pleasure at seeing you, and it will be taken for granted that the people on the stage have "dried

vent the curtain from slipping down, or else crawling out to get at a foot-light that is flaming and threatens an explosion. It is not a bad plan to ask everybody on the stage, in a clear whisper, "What do I say next?" for you sometimes are told; but the most certain way is to bring on your part written on a fan, or on note-paper placed in the inside of a hat. This gives you firmness, and conveys to the audience, if you are a lady, an idea of your coquetry; if a man, of your deference.

It is better, however, to trust to the inspiration of the moment rather than to follow the lead of an author, who is probably quite second-rate even in his own thread-bare profession. I can recall an occasion on which a very genuine amateur sent an audience into convulsions of laughter. He was a good shot, and as the month was September he of course had not had time to do more than glance at his part. When he came on to play a love scene in selections from a costume comedy—something by SHERRIDAN or GOLDSMITH, or "one of the other Elizabethan dramatists," as he put it—he tried in vain to catch the words that six people, three on each side, whispered to him. So he advanced to the footlights, told two good after-dinner stories in Lancashire dialect, whistled a jig air, danced the double shuffle, and then turned a "cart-wheel" as he made his exit. He was encored again and again; but the lady who was playing with him never forgave him to her dying day—such is the jealousy between distinguished amateurs.

The intervals between acts should never be less than twenty minutes, and are almost invariably more. AN OLD HAND.

Splendid Isolation.

[A South Foreland lighthouse will probably be put up for sale.]

DETACHED, airy residence to let. Lofty situation; close sea. Uninterrupted view. Would suit escaped company promoter, missing lady, unpopular War Minister, American heiress, wireless telegraphist, or lunatic gentleman. *Well lit throughout.* Bathing, boating, fishing. — Address "SOLITAIRE," lat. 50½° N., long. 5° 20' W.



THE CHAPERON.

up," not that you have missed your cue.

The manner of playing your part you will leave, of course, a good deal to chance. If you are received with applause, that will naturally enough put all the early sentences out of your head, just as surely as a chilling silence will, so that if you intend to adhere slavishly to the author's jargon you will have to obtain some temporary help. It is of no use looking at the prompter or walking over to where he is supposed to sit, for either he will have induced a pretty girl to share his snug corner with him, or he will be trying to pre-

THE SUN-CHILD.

(Continued.)

Now as the Sun-child went on he became aware that he was walking up a steep hill, and when he had reached the top he passed along a broad road shaded by tall trees, and then, turning a corner, he came at last to a large building of red brick, in front of which was a fair space of gravelled yard entered through a gateway. Here he paused for a few moments, and then, making up his mind suddenly, he walked in and crossed the yard, stepped bravely through a range of cloisters, and found himself in a broad flagged passage. There were several doors leading off this passage, and, one of these standing partly open, the Sun-child passed through it into the room beyond. He found himself, so he afterwards discovered, in what is called a class-room (for the large red-brick building was a school), and he had arrived, unobserved of course by everybody, just at the moment when the fifth form was being called upon to show the vigour of its memory by repeating thirty-six lines of *Virgil*, supposed to have been learnt overnight. There were twenty-eight boys in the class-room, of ages varying from fifteen to sixteen, and they all sat very quietly, no one knowing when the master (who sat at a big desk on a raised dais) might put him on to repeat. As the Sun-child entered this was what he saw and heard:—

A fat boy was standing up, and his eyes were gazing at the ceiling as if he expected inspiration to reach him from its whitewashed surface, but no words came from his lips:—

"Now then, BACKHOUSE," said the master, "I can't wait all day for you. Begin."

"Please, Sir, I seem to have forgotten just the beginning."

"Nonsense, BACKHOUSE. *Est in*—"

"*Est in*?" said BACKHOUSE, with a pitiful note of interrogation in his voice. "*Est in*? Is that there, Sir?"

"One more chance I'll give you," returned the master. "*Est in conspectu*—" and he paused, "looking at me," as BACKHOUSE afterwards declared, "like a cannibal." For a moment BACKHOUSE hung back, but as he saw a terrible purpose gleaming in the master's eye he screamed out "*Tenedos!* Please, Sir, I remember. *Notissima fama*—" But here he stopped; the black waters of oblivion swept over his mind, and he sat down.

"Come to me after school, BACKHOUSE," said the master, "and in the meantime write me out the lesson while the rest are saying it. Now then, MASON. Begin at '*Panduntur portæ*.'"

Now the Sun-child had been watching MASON for some little time, for he thought that MASON must himself have been a Sun-child once. His blue eyes were clear and dreamy, and his fair hair clustered about his head in crisp curls, and his face was frank and pleasant and smiling. But while poor BACKHOUSE had been struggling and failing MASON's thoughts had strayed away from the class-room and the lesson, and in his mind he saw himself doing great deeds of valour in battle and protecting defenceless women, and, finally, jousting with other knights in armour at a brilliant tournament held before the King and Queen. And the Queen had smiled at MASON, and had thrown him a white rose, which MASON had thrust into his plumed helmet, bowing low as he did so to the beautiful lady who had thrown it. And just as the trumpets were sounding, and as MASON, setting his lance in rest, had spurred his thundering charger down the lists to meet his antagonist, the false knight from Illyria who had done much wrong, but was now about to be brought low and own his wickedness, and slink away to pass the remainder of his days in an ignominious obscurity—just as all these gorgeous visions were sweeping through MASON's mind, came the master's voice saying, "MASON, begin at

'*Panduntur portæ*.' And MASON awoke with a start and got up.

"Come, MASON," said the master reproachfully, for MASON, like BACKHOUSE, was saying no word. "Come, come. What's the matter with all of you to-day? You've never failed yet. Now try hard."

But a poet's mind—and this is what MASON had—is subject to queer fits of forgetfulness, and *Virgil's* sounding lines had passed away. The Queen who threw the rose had obliterated them. Yet MASON had learnt his lesson, and had known it from beginning to end only a few moments before. So the Sun-child, who, of course, knew all poetry by heart and who thought it a shame that MASON, whom he already loved like a brother, should suffer and become even as the blockhead BACKHOUSE, came up and whispered to MASON—but his whisper was heard by none, and MASON himself thought that a breeze had stirred his thoughts and caused him to remember:—"*Panduntur portæ; juvat ire et Dorica castra*," whispered the Sun-child, and MASON's face cleared, and he repeated the lines right through with all the glow and force of his ardent nature.

"Very good, MASON," said the master; "very good, indeed."

(To be continued.)

THE FALLEN RANGER.

[“Indignation prevails among the Park Constables employed by the L.C.C. against the new regulations, which compel them to do cleansing work.”—*Daily Telegraph*.]

O THOU, whose full yet not ungraceful form
Looms large before the peccant urchin's mind;
Whose awesome hand has often made him warm
Behind:

Whose courtly mien is ever skilled to win
The hearts of maiden ladies, and instil
A chaste desire to leave thee something in
Their will:

Whose wingèd feet o'ertake the unleash'd hound,
And haply earn the recompense of half-
A-crown if it should chance to bite thee round
The calf:—

Alas for thee! Unfeeling men have said
That thou with sordid scavenging must soil
Those lily hands that never thus were wed
To toil.

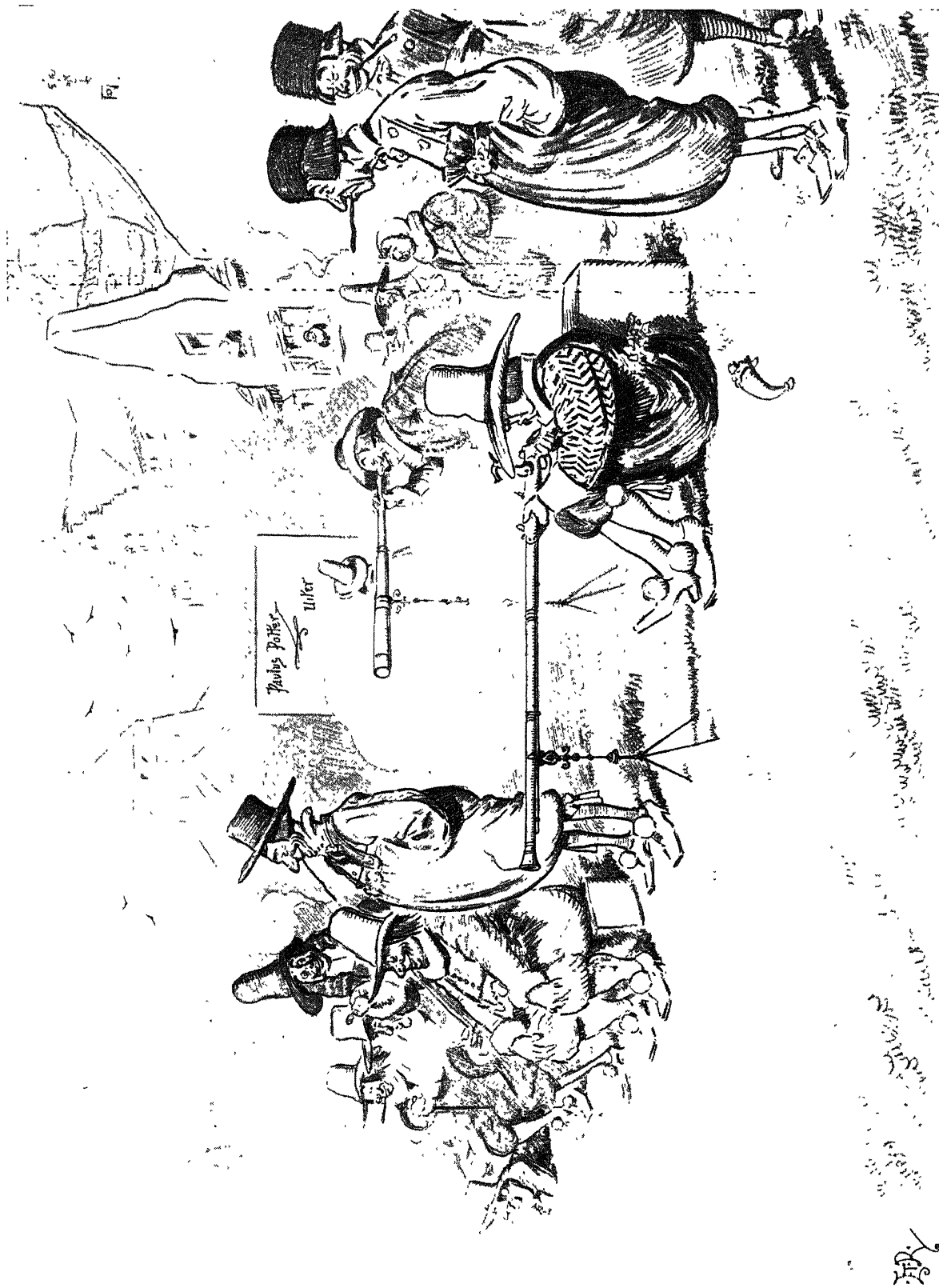
The paper bag, once corpulent with cake,
The skin wherein the coy banana lay,
These they have bid thee gather up and take
Away.

The base will jeer, the underbred will scoff,
The young will mock thee loudly as they pass,
Not heeding when thou biddest them get off
The grass.

Thou art condemned to be for evermore
The pearly'd populace's primal wheeze:
Yea, hers whose ample waist thy arm of yore
Would squeeze.

Ay! even She will deem thee but a churl,
And throw thee over for some likelier swain,
Nor ever be thy heart's exclusive girl
Again.

And when at length thou diest, men will tell
How tyrants crushed a soul by nature free,
Saying, "Here lies a victim of the L.
C.C.!"



UNRECORDED HISTORY. SUGGESTED BY "HOLBEIN'S ATTEMPT TO SWIM THE CHANNEL."—No. 2.

[Paul Potter's annual attempt to lower the Rotterdam record by making twenty-five consecutive "Bulls" painful fact that he suffered from a surfeit of "Maggies,"]

MR. PUNCH'S SPECTRAL ANALYSES.

V.—THE BAFFLED BANSHEE.

WHEN the Banshee heard that the ancestral castle was about to be occupied once more, he felt pleased. He had been feeling a little hipped of late for want of society, for he was always a clubbable spirit. There had been a certain amount of mild fun to be derived at first from howling suddenly at the caretaker in dark passages. But even this had palled after a time, and lately the caretaker had refused to be frightened, electing instead to be merely rude. When she had requested him to "get along with his nonsense, and stop worriting, do," the Banshee, who was the soul of tact, had felt instinctively that this form of indoor game was played out.

On the newcomer's arrival the Banshee went down to inspect his boxes.

"PILLINGSHOT," he murmured, as he read the label, "PETER PILLINGSHOT. Not Lord PILLINGSHOT. Just plain Mister. One of these parvenus, is he! Never seen a ghost in his life, hasn't he! Doesn't believe in any such nonsense, doesn't he! I'll give him fits. I'll make him feel all-overish!"

In moments of excitement the Banshee, in spite of the fact that he had mixed extensively with the aristocracy, was apt to become a little slangy.

At this moment a footman, carrying a whisky decanter and a syphon on a tray, walked through the Banshee, and made his way upstairs.

"Insolent menial!" hissed the spectre. He hated people who walked through him. "Oh, he's going to the Blue Room, is he? The best place in the castle for our interview. Dear, dear," mused the Banshee, who had a taste for statistics, "the hairs I have turned white in single nights in that room would reach, if placed end to end, from Paris to London."

He passed silently through the wall. In a chair before the fire sat a stout, prosperous-looking man, dressed in a somewhat boisterous tweed suit.

The Banshee cleared his throat, coughed, and ran softly up and down the scale. Then he rendered a favourite piece of his. In spite of the fact that he rendered it with a good deal of expression, the stranger took no notice. The Banshee tried again, fortissimo, and making the *pizzicato* slightly more *rallentando*.

"Eh?" said the man, turning round.

"I am a Banshee," said the spectre; "I should say," he added modestly, "the Banshee."

"What say?"—"Banshee."

"Black sheep? Dear me. Sorry to hear it. Though I am bound to admit that you look it."



Wife. "YOU ASK 'HOW DID HE GET INTO THIS OBESE STATE?' WELL, DOCTOR, I'LL TELL YOU. HE'S SIGNED A PLEDGE ONLY TO DRINK AT MEALS, AND I'M AFRAID HE'S OVER-EATEN HIMSELF."

"No, no," said the spectre irritably, "you don't take me. Not black sheep. Banshee."

"Ah. And what can I have the pleasure—Ahem. I mean, to what am I indebted for the pleasure of this visit?"

This, thought the Banshee, was disheartening. As a rule he hated having to puff himself. He thought it vulgar. But he cleared his throat again, and began:

"When Lord BOHAN DE MONTMORENCY went forth to the wars, I foretold what would come of it. When the fair Lady ROWENA DE MONTMORENCY rode on her Arab courser to the boar hunt, did not I prophesy her doom? When——"

The man in the tweed suit began to display some signs of interest.

"A sporting prophet, are you?" he said. "Excellent. Now if you could put me on to a really good thing—don't go."

But the Banshee had fled.

The following evening they met again, this time on the battlements. The scenic effects were all that could be desired. The fitful beams of a waning moon struggled through the cloud rack. An eerie breeze rustled in the ivy.

"Evenin'," said Mr. PILLINGSHOT.

Whether the Banshee would have replied in suitable terms is doubtful. He was about to say something, when at that moment remarkable things happened to the wall of the keep.

Suddenly letters of fire blazed out upon it. "PILLINGSHOT'S Peppermint Paste!" they said.

The Banshee tottered. As he tottered more letters met his eye.

"What is PILLINGSHOT'S Peppermint Paste?" said the letters. "A Delicious Sweetmeat. Adults like it. Youths dote upon it. Children rave about it. Try it."

"Wha—what's this?" stammered the Banshee.

"Oh, a little idea of mine. Makes the old place more like home. Brightens it up, as you might say. If you look behind you, you'll see some more."

The Banshee looked. On the wall behind him appeared in letters of flame these words:

"WHAT! NOT tried PILLINGSHOT'S Peppermint Paste! You amaze me! Take some home to tea to-day!"

"PILLINGSHOT'S Peppermint Paste," observed the lord of the castle, "is the most astounding invention of the age. Just ask for a sample. In shilling and two-shilling boxes."

"Are these—er—decorations permanent?" inquired the Banshee feverishly.

"Bless you, yes," said the man in the tweed suit.

"Our readers will be interested to learn," said the *Spectral News and Hades Advertiser* two mornings later, "that the resident Banshee having applied for the Chiltern Hundreds, the haunting of Castle Montmorency is once more left vacant. It is rumoured that the post will be given to No. 25073 Holborn, who has done good work as assistant haunter at Blamis Castle."

BORDEAUX.

THE *rapide* from Paris to Bordeaux is perhaps the finest train in France. It takes you 578 kilomètres in seven and a half hours as smoothly and as comfortably as possible, and then it lands you at the Gare St. Jean, which is so far out of the city—lost in a squalid suburb, almost in the country—that the subsequent drive into Bordeaux, over street pavements of the middle ages, shakes you almost to pieces. You step into your hotel feeling as though you had come all the way third class in a *train omnibus*.

For a city of the wealth and importance of Bordeaux the street pavements are extraordinary. Sometimes the sidewalk is of flat artificial stone, but the roadway is always of cobbles. Naturally the noise is terrific. The excellent Parisian system of putting noiseless wood pavement outside hospitals has been imitated in only one place, as far as I could discover. Apparently the *conseillers municipaux* resolved on some occasion to follow this humane plan. After careful study and investigation they discovered the one place where noise was harmless, and triumphantly laid down their wood pavement outside the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb.

I had been told that there was no very remarkable hotel at Bordeaux. But a search in trusty *Baedeker* revealed one that was remarkable, since it had four names. In my limited experience I have seen Swiss, Italian or Southern French hotels with two and even three names, but the Hôtel de la Paix, des Princes, Richelieu et des Ambassadeurs excels them all. Who would go to a mere Hôtel de France when he could sleep under the shelter of such a name as that? And in spite of its title it is a well-managed, old-fashioned hotel, recommended by the infallible Leipziger. The head waiter confided to me that it has even a fifth name, acquired like the others by purchase or inheritance, and that it might be called the Hôtel de la Paix, des Princes, Richelieu, des Ambassadeurs et Lambert, if human endurance could go so far.

Bordeaux has named a street Rue Esprit des Lois, after the work of MONTESQUIEU. Streets often bear the names of authors, but I know of none called by the title of a book. Bordeaux



SECOND-HAND EVIDENCE.

Our Artist. "WHAT A LOVELY VIEW YOU HAVE HERE, MY GOOD LADY."
Old Lady (who has lived there all her life). "AH, SO I HEAR FROM ALL SIDES!"

has shrunk from Rue Considérations sur les Causes de la Grandeur et de la Décadence des Romains, in honour of MONTESQUIEU, and it has been compelled to neglect the masterpiece of its other great citizen, MONTAIGNE—curious that the two greatest names of a city so perfectly flat should begin with *mont*—since Rue Essais could only suggest an unfinished street.

The idea seems to be one which we might use in England. Why should not Stratford-on-Avon have a Hamlet Road and a Sorrows of Satan Street? What a joy for the trippers to the Isle of Man to find Eternal City Villas! But it is in London above all that our great books should be honoured, by a County Council which has shown itself really capable in the invention of street names. It would be worth altering some of the existing ones. I leave the task to that illustrious body, for I am writing this on the Pyrenees, where the "*vent d'Espagne*" is blowing, and it is too hot to think of anything. But I might suggest for Piccadilly, torn up and heaped in mounds of rubbish all the year round by different authorities, the simple name of "Pilgrim's Progress."

ROBINSON THE ROVER.

CUBING THE SPHERE (being a variation on "*squaring the circle*").—The proposed "corner in ball-clay."

A "GENERAL" KNOWLEDGE PAPER.

[The "Arachne" is the name of an institution which has been formed for the benefit of domestic servants. Quarters have been taken near the Marble Arch. A teaching staff of trained gentlewomen has been organised, and examinations will be held periodically and certificates granted on good results.]

1. How do you pronounce the name "Arachne"? Is it intended to imitate a sneeze, and if so, do you propose to sniff at it?

2. Can "perks" be regularly declined? Would you regard it as a singular case?

3. Should the hitherto dependent particle "Ann" be a subject or an object under modern conditions? When may "Ann" be followed by a proper noun, e.g., "policeman?"

4. Ought "fringes" to appear in "caps" when in print, or should the old rule be infringed?

5. Compare "master" and "missus." Why is the latter generally and needlessly

positive, while the former is usually superlative?

6. When are the following phrases to be used:—

(a) It came off in my 'and.

(b) It's not been done since I've been here.

(c) I won't be put upon.

Can you suggest any plausible variations of the first two expressions?

7. Which is the best way to cook accounts? Is it safer to mince matters, or make a general hash of the books?

8. What is the difference between a person who keeps her wardrobe locked and a real lady; between the decipherment of torn-up letters and a dull evening in the kitchen; between a "character" and the reality; and between a prospective employer in the registry-office and the same individual at close quarters in her own household?

9. Define a "place," and describe one or two of the many hundreds you have been in, keeping clear of the law of libel.

If you are properly "equipped," and have matriculated with honours and an academic gown at the Arachne University, kindly apply to *Mr. Punch* and he will put you in communication with a number of deserving ladies with no encumbrances and excellent references, who are only too anxious for you to engage them, and will do their utmost to oblige.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

It is quite certain that when Miss ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER sat down to write *Place and Power* (HUTCHINSON) she intended to devote her principal effort to the creation and development of the character of *Conrad Clayton*. She had in mind a capable, strenuous, unscrupulous man, who, neither fearing the Devil nor knowing God, resolved to make his way to place and power. The moral, not absolutely new, was that on such terms, success, apparently gained, would be built on slight foundation. Happily, Miss FOWLER's genius, after long effort, dragged her out of this pit. It forced upon her *Mark Stillingfleet* and *Eileen St. Just*. These really are flesh and blood, whereas *Conrad Clayton*, remorselessly fighting his way to the position of Home Secretary, is a lay figure, an Awful Example made to order. His unfortunate existence hampers the book. In spite of the young couple he must needs be preached at and prophesied against. Miss FOWLER has two voices. In one, conversation sparkles; in the other, she lapses into a style of preaching dangerously akin to that of the strolling "Major" or "Colonel" of the Salvation Army. To my Baronite's fancy, the performance is somewhat akin to going out to dinner and filling in pauses in cheerful conversation by handing round tracts, or limp copies of *The Dairyman's Daughter*. Good work is marred by commendable, though misplaced, desire to "improve the occasion." Still, there remains enough to lift it above the level of the average novel of the day. Its dramatic secret is original in device and hidden with great skill. *Archie Clayton's* proposal to *Eileen* is delightfully told.

It is comparatively to small purpose that M. LE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS should give his valuable opinion on a collection of stories by W. E. NORRIS, grouped under the covering title of *An Octave* (METHUEN), seeing that they have already appeared in various public and popular prints. Still, it may so happen that those who read the *Graphic* may not be regular patrons of the *Illustrated London News*, and thus many who have enjoyed "A Préfet of the Second Empire" in the former may not have read "Citizens of the World" and "A Daughter of the Hills" in the latter, and *vice versa*. The same probability may be considered in regard to students of *Longman's* and *The Cornhill*, as affecting the remaining five stories. Therefore the judicious Baron will confine himself to recommending this book as a whole, and begs to select the first story, "Miser Morgan," as one of the best where all are good.

Mr. PALMER is entirely at home in *In Lakeland Dells and Fells* (CHATTO & WINDUS), and has the gift of making his reader feel so. By the magic of sentences of severe simplicity



THE FIRST RECORDED CASE OF GOUT.

From a fragment recently discovered near the old Port of Athens.



Doctor. "DON'T FEEL WELL, EH? APPETITE ALL RIGHT?"

Tommie. "EAT LIKE A WOLF, SIR."

Doctor. "SLEEP WELL?"

Tommie. "AS SOUND AS A DOG, SIR."

Doctor. "OH, YOU'D BETTER SEE THE VET!"

he conveys to the pleased townsman sense of the very atmosphere of the fells, the colour and perfume of the fern-and-flower-carpeted dells. He knows the people too, the dalesmen, the boatmen, and the rest. He has found himself (accidentally, of course) at a cocking-match, and receives the startling confidence that, so far from cock-fighting in the Dales being a played-out game, there is more going on now than has ever been since the law complacently assumed it had put it down. There is vivid description of shepherd life among the fells, an existence that occasionally involves being dug out of the snow. Also, there is something quite new in fox-hunting, a sport pursued on foot, once at least lasting through a winter night. As a guide the volume is useful. As a record of life

among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,

my Baronite finds it charming. BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

Lines for a Young Lady's Album.

(New style. After Charles Kingsley)

BE smart, dear girl, and let who will be other;
Break from the fold, not stick there like a lamb;
So shall your lot, as maid or wife or mother,
Be one Grand Slam!

"*Facta non verba.*" What's that mean?" asked a lawyer's clerk of his companion.

"*'Deeds not words.'*" It's a motto," was the reply.

"An' what 'ud be the good of that?" retorted the clerk.

"How can there be any 'deeds' and no 'words'? What price 'folios'? Bosh!"

THE CADI'S IMPROMPTUS.

II.

(A further instalment of the Autobiography of a Merry Magistrate.)

On becoming a magistrate at Marylebone I hastened to put my intellectual house in order. It had long been my theory that a joke existed for every situation in life, and I now set out to find and codify those jokes. Just as the hero of a classic work began an alphabetical list of repartees, to be employed upon all varieties of men—so would I prepare sallies for all varieties of prisoners. The frequency of the occurrence of the phrase “(laughter)” in the reports of Marylebone cases shows how ably I have succeeded.

Mem. of suitable sallies to be addressed to prisoners in the Marylebone dock.

ABBOTS. This is not an abbey sight.¹
 ACTORS. I fear you've been out in the lime-light.
 AERONAUTS. Here's air.
 APIARISTS. To bee or not to bee.
 BAKERS. Don't look so crusty.
 BANK CLERKS. A little off your balance, I fear.
 BARGEES. Well, my lord, and what have you to say?²
 BEADLES. *Quis custodiet?*
 CARMEN. Been BIZET, eh?

I must say that the officials at Marylebone have always been very good, and have done their best to make these jokes go well, and to conceal the fact that they have heard them before. I am, however, not without resources of my own. For example, if two actors were to be brought up before me in one morning I should not repeat the lime-light joke. I should make it to the first, and to the second I should say, “Ah, if you would only keep to lime-light and lime juice, how much better it would be for all of us!” What would happen if a third actor appeared I cannot say—but I could hardly squeeze the lime again.

After long experience of the London backslider, my opinion is that he likes to be joked with. But of course there are exceptions. I remember one surly fellow, a burglar, who before a single witness had been heard or the charge read addressed me in these words:—“If I make a clear confession now, your Worship, will you send me to gaol right away? I'll admit everything if you'll stow the humour.” While another man whom I had sentenced as pleasantly as I could to six months with hard labour said, “Won't you let the joke stand in the place of the hard labour?” But in the main I am convinced that I have

¹ I have not had occasion to use this excellent jest. ² The joke here resides in the difference between a bargee and a lord.



“FOR WOMAN IS NOT UNDEVELOP'D MAN.”—Tennyson.

Gentleman of the Old School (to new athletic daughter-in-law). “MY DEAR, I WANT YOU ALWAYS TO LOOK TO ME AS YOUR FATHER AND PROTECTOR.”

contributed to the happiness of my daily visitors.

I have only to say in conclusion that as I look back upon my career I am more than ever impressed by the illustration which it affords of the doctrine of heredity. Descended on one side from a long line of Danish noblemen—my grandfather, I may incidentally remark, was probably the most majestically handsome man who ever trod the earth—and on the other from the great prelate who founded All Souls College, the motto *Noblesse oblige* has always been prominently before my eyes. It is true that I once struck a cabby full in the face, though I have always detested an appeal to physical force, but the man had called me a liar, and was I, the scion of the HALITZKYS, tamely to submit to such an indignity? Besides, the result fully justified my prompt action. The man, though a perfect Hercules in build, burst into tears, returned me

his fare, which I wear still on my watch-chain, and swore eternal friendship. A passion for justice was always my leading characteristic.

But I am not unsusceptible to tenderer emotions. To this day nothing gives me greater pleasure than to be addressed by my old Oxford nickname of “BABY.” All my life, again, I have been a chivalrous admirer of the fair sex, and were I writing these reminiscences for my own delectation I should dwell most freely on those passages of my life in which the blue or the black eyes of some goddess or other have played a leading part. Yet let no man write me down as a philanderer. I have never felt the smallest desire to emigrate to Utah, and am never so happy as when, surrounded by my adoring family, I sit on my lawn, basking in the autumnal sunshine, and listening to the “popping” of the first ripe chestnuts as they fall from the wind-swayed branches.

PLAYS PRESENTABLE AND UNPRESENTABLE.

III.—"RICHARD II." AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

If the main purpose of the stage is to assist the halting imagination of the reader, then the most "presentable" play should be one in which the shapes and colours of pageantry are the dominant distinction. It is more than ever so when its author sets out to realise history, and its presenter has at his service such expert cunning in the sciences of heraldry and antic gear as Mr. TREE commanded from the erudition of Messrs. AMBROSE LEE and PERCY ANDERSON. This makes it very idle work to condemn indiscriminately the luxury of modern stage-appointments, or to urge that the greatest plays, as *Hamlet* or *Lear*, can afford to dispense with any more elaborate dressing than SHAKSPEARE gave them in his day. Such plays are primarily concerned with the machinations of destiny or the effect of circumstance on character—elemental problems whose appeal is moral and intellectual rather than æsthetic; and so are least "presentable" in the particular sense that the intelligent reader draws least additional profit from their presentment. In any case *Richard II.* is not one of these.

But, waiving further platitude, let me say that since the Review of the Native Retainers at the Delhi Durbar I have seen no more fascinating circus than the pageant of the Coventry Lists at His Majesty's. I confess that I always suffer from sympathetic nervousness on the appearance of the larger kinds of quadruped before the footlights. For one crowded moment of the first night (I had inexcusably forgotten the details of a play to the study of which I had devoted some of the best months of a chequered childhood, and I did not then know, what I have since gathered in private conversation with *John of Gaunt*, that Mr. OSCAR ASCHE is a rough rider of the first calibre, and that *Norfolk*, in the person of Mr. HAVILAND, has a knowledge of horsemanship that might put our noblest Yeomanry, including the present Duke, to the blush)—for one crowded moment I was a prey to the rudest apprehension, being under the mistaken belief that these two sportsmen actually proposed to tilt before my horrified eyes. Happily disillusioned in this respect, my worst fears were to be realised in another form. Mr. HAVILAND, it is true, rode off into permanent exile at an easy canter; but his adversary was compelled to retire as a dismounted infant. Fragility of form was never a distinguishing mark with Mr. ASCHE; and here, encased in ponderous armour, he had rendered nugatory the complacent advances of *Richard* at the point where the monarch had remarked:

"We will descend and fold him in our arms."

Once already, at the first mounting, his charger (well-trained, no doubt, in the alarums of the ring, but impatient of this welter work) had shown a touch of naughtiness; but at the second time of asking, he frankly went stern foremost and sat down under the barrier. For a breathless pause the house supposed the poor beast crushed to death by his rider; but Mr. ASCHE, with surprising agility, had flung himself free, and both resumed their normal footing amid enthusiastic applause. But into the subsequent words of *Bolingbroke*, fresh from his embrace of mother earth, a pathetic poignancy was infused, when he said:

"Then, England's ground, farewell; sweet soil, adieu!"

In an excellent and instructive pamphlet which was distributed with the programme, the audience was made familiar with the villainous defilements to which the play has from time to time been subjected in stage versions. The present acting edition, though it necessarily curtails the original, has admitted only one line of actual interpolation. This occurs in the tableau of the progress of *Bolingbroke* to London, a veritable *via crucis* for the humiliated King. Here

the future claimant turns in his saddle and cries to the crowd, "Fair Sirs, behold your King! Consider what you wish to do with him!" The words happen, as I am told, to be historical; but this is less an excuse than a fresh grievance. Apart from the outrage to sentiment (whether we are more sorry for SHAKSPEARE who has this speech foisted on him, or for *Bolingbroke* who never, after this brutality, recovers the sympathy of the audience), it was surely an indiscretion thus to impose a patch of raw material upon a ground-work of artistry.

Another memorable scene was the interior of Westminster Hall, with the peers' robes red against a sombre background. I never remember to have seen so many gloves flung about on the stage at one time. There they lay, thick as greengages in Vallombrosa. Mr. BASIL GILL, who made a most handsome *Aumerle*, had his work cut out merely to retrieve them; and if he was to survive the satisfaction of all his challengers, there was a busy fortnight before him. I cannot help thinking that a certain piquancy would be added to modern political life if something of these methods could be introduced, say, into the fiscal debates of the Cabinet.

The scene was further distinguished by the courageous bearing of the loyal *Bishop of Carlisle* (Mr. FISHER WHITE), and by Mr. TREE's subtle interpretation of the King's moods, shifting ever from irony to self-pity, from dejection to defiance, and constant in nothing but the passion for verbal jugglery. The manner of his exit was an inspiration.

For a Plantagenet, *Richard* has a remarkable turn for poetry. But in this matter SHAKSPEARE carried his *penchant* for self-projection to the point of absolute bravado. Still shackled by the linked sweetness of Euphuist traditions, he would refine the sugared phrase, or elaborate the rhetorical artifice, let his medium be what it might. When the Queen (the strain of her position made her look more than her real age, which was just nine years at the opening of the play, and ten at this juncture: but let that pass) accosted the *Gardener* as

"Old ADAM's likeness, set to dress this garden,"

Mr. LIONEL BROUGH was too well-mannered to be shocked; and, indeed, he himself had already adopted the embroidered language of poesie, and vainly sought to impart to it an air of homeliness by the dropping of an aspirate or two.

The stage-management on the first night was a miracle of smoothness and expedition. It is true that in the street scene on the way to the Tower a detached column, belonging to another set, floated for a time in mid air; but apart from this defect, the carpenters did their work bravely, though their consultations behind the scene compelled Mr. BRANDON THOMAS (admirable as *John of Gaunt*) to force his voice with an energy that belied his moribund condition.

Throughout the play scarce a single line lost its significance for lack of intelligent rendering; and, even in a walking part, the King's hound betrayed a quite human appreciation of the political crisis. Hitherto devoted to *Richard*, he had a *flair* for the changes of the popular breath, and at the psychological moment went over, with the *Percies* and others, to the favourite's camp, throwing a few remorseful glances after the retreating figure of the King. But he was too noble of heart to be happy for long under this new *régime*; and on the pretext of another engagement in the wings, he strolled off quite soon by the opposite exit.

O. S.

Lacrimæ Mewsarum (A Fytte of Doggerel).

[During the past few weeks a large number of stray cats have been admitted to the Dogs' Home.]

ALACK; through Summer's rains and fogs

We roamed about and starved, till now

We're simply going to the dogs —

Me-ow!

THE HORRORS OF WAR. AT THE MANŒUVRES.



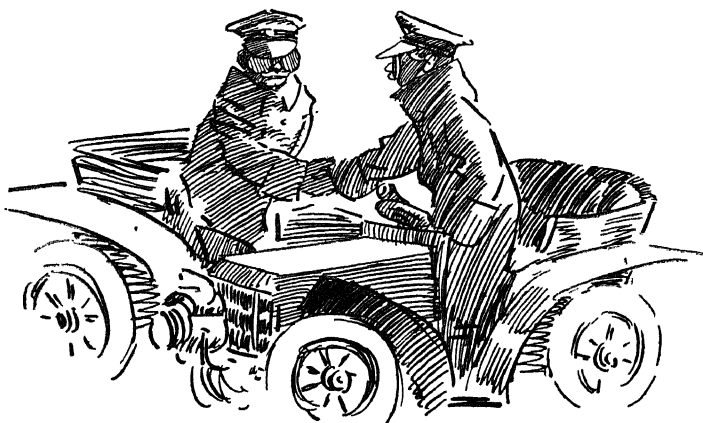
The Bivouac. A sketch during the storm.



I give some valuable information to one of our future Generals.

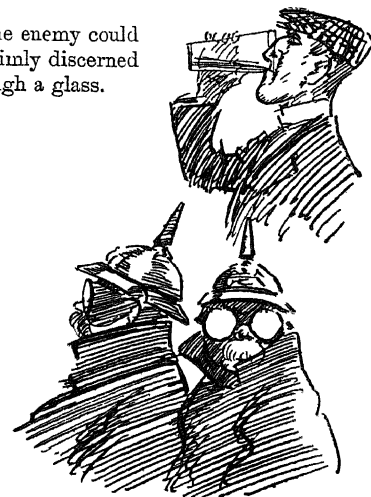


THE BATTLE OF HUNGERFORD.



Historical Picture. Famous Generals meeting on the field of battle.

The enemy could be dimly discerned through a glass.



Through foreign spectacles.

THE PRODIGAL.

[It is rumoured that SHERLOCK HOLMES, when he reappears, will figure in a series of stories of American origin.]

I MET him in the Strand. It was really the most extraordinary likeness. Had I not known that he lay at the bottom of a dem'd moist unpleasant waterfall, I should have said that it was SHERLOCK HOLMES himself who stood before me. I had almost made up my mind to speak to him, when he spoke to me.

"Pardon *me*, stranger," he said, "can you tell where I get a car for Victoria?"

I told him.

"Do you know," I said, "you are astonishingly like an old friend of mine. A Mr. SHERLOCK HOLMES."

"My name," he said coolly.

I staggered back, nearly upsetting a policeman. Then I seized him by the arm, dragged him into an A.B.C. shop, and sat him down at a table.

"You are SHERLOCK HOLMES!" I cried.

"Correct. SHERLOCK P. HOLMES of New York City, U.S.A. That's me every time, I guess."

"HOLMES!" I clutched him fervently to my bosom. "Don't you remember me? You must remember me."

"Name of—?" he queried.

"WATSON. Dr. WATSON."

"Wal, darn my skin if I didn't surmise I'd seen you before somewhere. WATSON! Crimes, so it is. Oh, this is slick. Yes, *Sir*. This is my shout. Liquor up at my ex-pense, if *you* please. What's your poison?"

I said I would have a small milk.

"Why, the last I saw of you, HOLMES—" I began.

"Guess you didn't see the last of me, sirree."

"But you did fall down the waterfall?"

"Why, yes."

"Then how did you escape?"

"Why, I fell over with MORIARTY. The cuss was weightier than me some, so he fell underneath. If two humans fall over a precipice, I calculate it's the one with the most avoir-du-pois that falls underneath. Consequently I was only considerable shaken, while MORIARTY handed in his checks."

"Then you weren't killed?"

"My dear WATSON, how—? No. Guess I *sur*-vived. But, say, how are all the old folks at home? How's Sir HENRY BASKERVILLE?"

"Very well. He has introduced baseball into the West Country."

"And the hound? Ah, but I remember, we shot him."

"No. He wasn't really dead. He recovered, turned over a new leaf, and is now doing capitally out Battersea way."



YOUNG AUSTRALIA.

SCENE—Highland Gathering in the Antipodes.

"WELL, MY LITTLE MAN, SO YOU'RE SCOTCH, EH?"

"NAE, NAE, A'AM NAE SCOTCH, BUT MA PAIRENTS IS."

Just then a look of anxiety passed over my friend's face. I asked the reason.

"It's like this," he said; "I've been in the U-nited States so long now, tracking down the toughs there, that I reckon I've *ac*-quired the Amurrican accent some. Say, do you think the public will object?"

"HOLMES," I said, "it wouldn't matter if you talked Czech or Chinese. You've come back. That's all we care about."

"It's a perfect cinch," said HOLMES, with a happy smile.

DECEIVING THE NATION.—Only a poor attempt to imitate "actual Service conditions" seems to have been made at the Manœuvres. The rations were edible, the boots made of leather, the cavalry

had horses, several had had previous riding lessons, and staff officers possessed rudimentary maps of the district.

A WOBBLING BRASSEY?

ON the actual day of the announcement of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S resignation, the PRIME MINISTER, playing at North Berwick, "made," according to the *Daily Express*, "a most unfortunate start. He was bunkered off his approach, struck the rocks, and was again trapped on the beach" (? Sir MICHAEL HICKS-) "with his third. Eventually he tore up his card." This is regarded as very significant; and in the same connection we note that the *Daily Mail*, in its fiscal catalogue of Saturday's date, classes [Mr. BRASSEY, M.P., as a "wob- bler."

THE AMATEUR HISTRION.

(A Complete Guide to Country House Theatricals.)

VI.—THE AUDIENCE.

THERE are various reasons which induce people to sit through an amateur performance. Some people will travel long distances to a great house, and even pay considerable sums of money in the hope that their devotion may be recognised, and that they may be promoted to the dinner list; some people go because their friends are acting, which shows that friendship is not yet dead in this callous world and that deeds of self-sacrifice are still performed in its name; others because they like a crush and a chat; and a few old cynics enjoy the performance immensely for reasons that need not be stated.

It is etiquette to admire everything. When you have shaken hands with your hostess and have given up your ticket, in those cases where a charity is used as a stalking-horse, you find your way to the narrow chair that is apportioned to you, and after smiling round comprehensively and nodding like a mandarin you settle down in your seat, just as a cork goes into a bottle, knowing that your dress or your evening coat will be irretrievably creased; but, nevertheless, you admire the curtain and the footlights. During twenty-five minutes or half an hour while the little band supplied by the music-shop of the county town, or the piano player, worry out the "*Flying Dutchman*" overture, a waltz and "*Whistling Rufus*," you will have plenty of time to remark that biscuit-tins make splendid reflectors, and that chintz curtains look so much fresher and prettier

than the dusty heavy velvet things that the London theatres have; or, should a friend of the family have painted a blue lake and violet mountains on calico as a "drop," you will describe it aloud as being "quite Turneresque and perfectly lovely."

When any performer appears, be pleasantly surprised that you recognise him or her. If he is a man applaud and say, "Why, that is Mr. SMITH," and if she is a lady tell your neighbours all about the dress she has on, and how she gave 120 guineas for it at

PAQUIN'S or WORTH'S to wear at this particular performance. Amateur theatricals are full of palpitating excitement. If the play is a costume piece, you can say, as each man appears with a heavy moustache soaped down and powdered over, "He looks as if he had a sore lip, doesn't he?" just as if it was the highest ambition of mankind to have sore lips; and if the lady who is playing the parlour-maid, with all her

of the other performers are attempting to play a serious love-scene at the time; but in disregarding their efforts you are showing real critical acumen, for their love-making is pretty sure to be unnatural, whereas the person who drinks out of the bottle probably knows exactly how to do it, and the man who simulates the catching of flies was an adept at the sport when a school-boy.*

It is customary for the favoured people amongst the audience to wander freely about behind the scenes during the intervals, though the grooms and under-gardeners who are changing the scenes often interfere with their comfort. To obtain admission behind the curtain an interchange of sentences somewhat resembling military "sign" and "countersign" is necessary. The first performer you meet says, "How is the piece going?" and you reply, if your questioner is a lady, "Splendidly! You are delightful, charming!" If a man asks, you answer, "Ripping. You are first-class, old fellow."

When the performance is concluded, and the audience are genteelly struggling at the buffet, it is customary to couple *sotto voce* cautions as to the food and drink with out-spoken eulogism of the play and performers. Thus, *pianissimo*, "Don't touch the champagne, it's gooseberry," and then, *fortissimo*, "Better than professionals, I call them."

It is a very usual practice next morning after breakfast for the performers to compile an account of their successful efforts, the scribe adding a particularly cordial few words for himself at the end, and to send it to one of the ladies' "weeklies" with a snap-shot of the company taken before the hall door. The reporter who has been sent by the local newspaper always knows his duty



JOSEPHUS CORIOLANUS.

"RATHER THAN FOOL IT SO,
LET THE HIGH OFFICE AND THE HONOUR GO"
Coriolanus, Act II., Sc. 3.

rings on her hands, comes on to the stage with a black smudge across one cheek and scrubs at a boot with a clothes-brush as she speaks her lines, you will exclaim enthusiastically, "Quite the real thing, isn't it? Quite the real thing!"

If the play is alleged to be a comic one, keep on the titter throughout. Sooner or later one of the minor characters will pretend to drink out of a bottle, or to catch flies on a door, or to pick flowers off the back-cloth. Then roar with laughter. It may be that two

* Amateurs who indulge in comic business during a sentimental scene between two of the principals should refer to *Nicholas Nickleby*, Vol. I, Chapter XXX., and take warning from the fate of the comic countryman who, for pretending to catch a bluebottle while Mrs. CRUMMLES was making for her greatest effect, was dismissed by Mr. CRUMMLES at the shortest possible notice. The amateur who should imitate the example of this very low comedian will find that he won't be asked again to those delightful country house parties where private theatricals are the vogue.



Uncle (about to start for a concert at Marine Pavilion). "BUT, MY DEAR NORA, YOU DON'T SURELY PROPOSE TO GO WITHOUT YOUR SHOES AND STOCKINGS?"
Nora. "I'M IN EVENING DRESS, UNCLE—ONLY IT'S THE OTHER END."

and does it. He supplies three superlative adjectives for the most important people in the county, and grows less enthusiastic as social rank dwindles. A stray Londoner or a visitor from another county can be treated with scant courtesy. It is galling to the man who in the north is always alluded to as "the CHARLES WYNDHAM of the amateur stage" to find that in the south he is only credited with giving "useful support"; but such is the way of the world.

AN OLD HAND.

CHARIVARIA.

OWING to a number of prompt arrests, the threatened assassination of the assassins of the late King of SERBIA has been postponed. Meanwhile, at a great popular meeting held at Belgrade to protest against Turkey's behaviour in the Balkans, the SULTAN was denounced as a murderer.

M. LEBAUDY, the Emperor of the Sahara, having lost his own head, has now ordered a guillotine from a Paris firm.

The International Exhibition of Inventions which will be held at Brighton in November relies on the loyal support of the Press.

The "newspaper for gentlewomen" which is to be produced by the proprietors of the *Daily Mail* is, after all, not to be called the *Daily Female*.

Russia has added one more condition to her promise to quit Manchuria. It is that she shall be allowed to remain there until the evacuation actually takes place.

The Turks at Salonica are desirous of British interference, and some are even going so far as to advocate the murder of the British Consul in order to bring this about. His Majesty's representative, however, throws cold water on this part of the scheme.

Further changes in our Navy are announced. Chaplains are to be abolished, and the navigating officers are to include in their duties those of sky-pilots.

School Board inspectors have apparently been extra vigilant lately. The special correspondents at the Manœuvres report that very few "little Brodricks" were to be seen with the troops.

A school for the training of motor-car drivers is to be established at Long Acre. Under the new Act, this method

of learning will be cheaper than practising, as hitherto, on the public roads.

Titles are sometimes misleading. We are requested to state that *The Donkey Book*, just published by Mr. GRANT RICHARDS, is not a re-issue of the War Commission evidence.

A Willesden Passive Resister has announced in open court that he "cannot sell his conscience." It seems that there are no buyers.

"OVER."

WHEN days are drawing in,
And evenings are chilly,
And when the throngs grow thin
In crowded Piccadilly;

When people in the street
Write letters, wise or witty,
To ask, "Do tradesmen cheat?"
Or, "Are our women pretty?"

When FRY is out, and HEARNE
Has taken his last wicket,
And football, in its turn,
Usurps the place of cricket;

When partridges must fall,
When singing-birds grow dumber—
These herald, one and all,
The passing of the Summer.

THE POET-POLICEMAN.

In the preface to his new edition of *Ballads in Blue*, P.-C. MITCHELL remarks: "Not a few persons have been interested by the fact that long spells of prosaic police duty, amid the most depressing scenes of the great Metropolis, have been unable to subdue the instincts of an aspiring Constable. My own opinion is that this was the very place for developing latent power." Doubtless other members of the Force will act on this hint, with results somewhat like the following:—

SCENE—*The Strand*. Poet-Policeman X 742 on fixed-point duty. *He soliloquises.*

Vastly mistaken was the bard who held
The policeman's lot devoid of happiness
When doing his constabulary task!
Far from unhappy, all my present care
Is to unearth a rhyme to "burglary"
Wherewith to end my sonnet.

Anxious Old Lady (interrupting).
Could you kindly direct me to Waterloo?

Poet-Policeman.

Waterloo—a name in story which is
redolent of glory,

Eternally revered by everyone!
The way to it's no mystery—just recollect
your history,

Turn opposite the street of Wellington.

Chorus, if you please, Madam—

Yes, the Bridge of Waterloo will be
clearly in your view

Just opposite the Street of Wellington!
(*Old Lady flies in terror; P.-P. resumes*)

A perfectly impromptu bit of verse,
Yet exquisitely fashioned!... Hullo!

Why,

What have we here? A furious motor-car

Doing an easy sixty miles an hour!

Hi! Stop, I say! You murderous
motorist, stop!

(*The Motorist stops.*)

Your local habitation and your name?...
You spell it with an "e"?... I thank
you, Sir;

The summons will be served without
delay.

Hearken, moreover:

The man who from mere scorching
will not shrink,

His motor and his reputation stink.
That is an epigram. No extra charge!

(*The crest-fallen Motorist departs.*)

P.-P. (*continuing*). What shall I sing
of next? Ah, there I see

A kitten misappropriating milk—
And there the milkman comes—a theme
for song;

He comes, resembling vengeance (or
myself)

To punish theft. [*Sings.*]

Grubby little kitten,
Sorely thou art smitten—

[*A seedy-looking man, not a teetotaler,
lurches heavily against the P.-P.*]

P.-P. (*furiously*).

Impudent varlet!

Look where thou'rt going!

Else will I hale thee

Swiftly to Bow Street!

Dissolute tippler and

Servant of Bacchus,

Move on, I tell you!

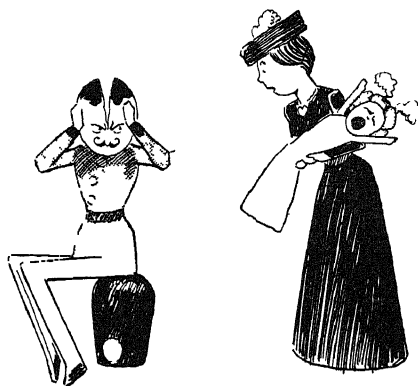
[*Seedy-looking man stares in amazement and then hastens away.*]

P.-P. (*complacently watching him*).

Such is the glorious magic of the muse!

(*Meditates a sonnet beginning—*

Bracelets, the pledges of imprisonment,
Linking thy hands together, love, in one,
as scene closes.)



"FOR GOODNESS SAKE, JANE, KEEP THAT CHILD
QUIET! MY HEAD'S POSITIVELY SPLITTING!"

LOST MASTERPIECES.

(*Mr. Punch's own Collection.*)

A YEAR or two ago the world was thrilled by the intelligence that a hitherto unknown poem by SHELLEY was about to be published. More recently a fragment of BYRON'S *Don Juan*, never before printed, was issued from the Press and aroused great interest. While early in the present year the entire works of an unpublished poet—THOMAS TRAHERNE—saw the light for the first time after languishing unread for more than two hundred years in manuscript.

The interest excited by these and similar "finds" being usually out of all proportion to the merits of the thing found, *Mr. Punch* also has applied himself to the task of discovery, and has succeeded in unearthing several hitherto unpublished works of our most admired authors. Among these, two poems by WORDSWORTH, each written in the poet's most characteristic style, should arouse special enthusiasm. Into the details of the search for these lost masterpieces, the routing through manuscripts, the grubbing in the British Museum, it is unnecessary to enter. Nor need their genuine Wordsworthian origin be

insisted on. Everyone who is even slightly acquainted with the work of the master will immediately recognise them as his. The title of the first of them is singularly characteristic of the poet. It runs:—

LINES

*Written on a beautiful day in early summer
while a friend was putting on his boots
preparatory to accompanying the writer.*

Up, friend, your work is surely done,
And it is glorious weather,
So let us out into the sun
And take a walk together.

Observe the linnet on the bough,
His note how clear and ringing!
His voice was mute at dawn, but now,
I notice, he is singing.

See how my dog comes running up
In answer to my whistle;
This flower is called a buttercup,
And that, I think, a thistle.

Birds in the trees are building nests
In various directions,
And every sight and sound suggests
Appropriate reflections.

Thus Nature to the poet's eyes
Shows more than other men,
And every hour a theme supplies
To occupy his pen.

The limpid simplicity and rural charm of this little gem can scarcely be matched among the poet's most famous productions. The other is equally precious in its way. It is called:—

DOROTHY;

Or, The Pleasures of Youthful Conversation.

Each afternoon, from two to four,
I take a walk by Rydal's shore—
So fair it seems to me,
And often, if the sun has dried
The path, I turn my steps aside
To talk with DOROTHY.

Her father and her mother dwell
A mile away in yonder dell,
And all the neighbours own
That 'tis not possible to see
A fairer child than DOROTHY.
(*Her other name is BROWN.*)

Her eyes are blue, her years are nine,
And when she puts her hand in mine
And charms me with her talk,
Full oft the prattle of this child
The poet's sadness hath beguiled
Upon his evening walk.

That these two masterpieces should not have seen the light till now only shows the chances to which the work even of the greatest poets is exposed. It may safely be prophesied that no future edition of WORDSWORTH'S Works will be considered complete without them.

MR. PUNCH'S SPECTRAL ANALYSES.

VI.—A TECHNICAL ERROR.

WHEN Mr. GEORGE HERBERT STUTTLEBUCK, of the firm of STUTTLEBUCK and JONES, returned to his suburban residence, The Moated Towers, Acacia Road, Upper Tooting, late one night, and mounted the stairs just in time to see a shadowy form, negligently draped in a winding-sheet, pass smoothly through the door of the spare bedroom, his first act was to utter a piercing shriek. After this he charged into his room with an agility that would have been creditable in a Bounding Brother of the Pyrenees.

"M'dear," he gasped, addressing his startled wife, "A ghos'! A shade! A spectre! Spare bedroom. Fact."

And even as he spoke there was a slight groan and a blast of icy air, and the spectre shimmered into the room and vanished through the opposite wall.

From that moment onward the existence of the Ghost became a recognised fact. The servants fainted in half-companies, and, on recovering, instantly gave notice. The cat as a stock excuse below stairs became out of date. Did JANE demolish a dinner-service? It was the Ghost, Mum, as startled her, coming up sudden-like from behind and groaning that awful. Was cook detected in the act of purloining the best port? It was the Ghost, Mum, as frightened her to that extent as she felt in need of a little somethink as a stimulant in a manner of speaking. In fact it soon became evident that, as long as the spectre remained, domestic peace would be an impossibility.

Mr. STUTTLEBUCK consulted his partner JONES on the subject. JONES said ghosts never haunted you unless you had murdered someone. He warmly advised Mr. STUTTLEBUCK to give himself up to justice. Mr. STUTTLEBUCK's opinion of JONES as a counsellor in time of need underwent a complete revision.

At last Mrs. STUTTLEBUCK's brother ALFRED came to stay for a week-end. On the first night after dinner the news was broken to him.

"Object?" said he in his cheery way. "Not at all. I shall enjoy it. But, look here, GEORGE, it seems to me there's a mistake somewhere. Are you sure you're entitled to this ghost? I always thought it was only the oldest houses that were haunted. Hullo, here is the Ghost. Let's ask him. Here, you, Sir, one moment."

The Ghost paused and groaned.

"Come, come, there's no call to be silly about it," said ALFRED. "What right have you in this house? Hey? Tell me that."

"This is The Moated Towers, I believe?" retorted the spectre coldly.



SCENE—Country Vicarage.

Burglar (who has been secured by athletic Vicar after long and severe struggle). "I THINK YOU'RE TREATIN' ME VERY CROOL—AND A CLERGYMAN TOO!"

"Very well, then. That's the name of the house I was appointed to."

"But are you aware that this house has only been in existence half-a-dozen years?"

The Ghost's jaw dropped limply.

"What!" he gasped. "Then where—why—what the dooce? They told me it dated from the Conquest."

"What was the name of the family you were told to haunt—STUTTLEBUCK?"

"STUTTLEBUCK!" said the Ghost scornfully. "It was DE CLARENCE."

"Then I think I see what has happened. GEORGE, have you a Peerage anywhere?"

"Of course," said Mr. STUTTLEBUCK.

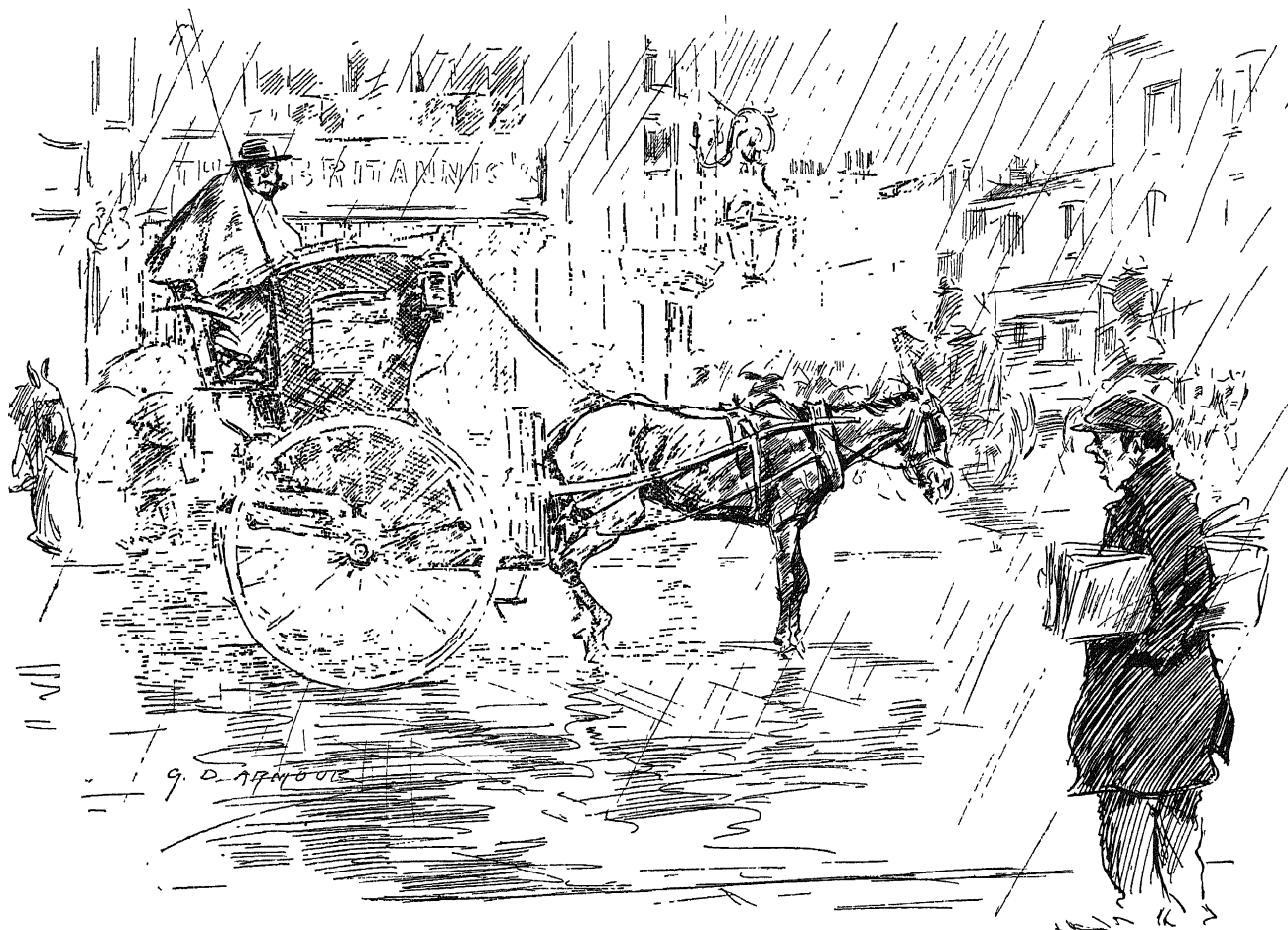
"Then look up DE CLARENCE. His family seat in Wiltshire is called The

Moated Towers, is it not? I thought so. That's where you ought to be. You've come to the wrong address."

"Well, of all the chuckle-headed muddlers, I'm——"

"Exactly. But don't let us detain you. The DE CLARENCEs will be wondering where you can have got to. The Moated Towers, Wilts, is the place you want. Go to the end of this street, and turn to the left. Better take a green omnibus. You can't miss the place. Good-night."

Next morning the postman, walking down Acacia Road, noticed that Mr. STUTTLEBUCK's door-post no longer bore the words, "The Moated Towers." They had been scraped out. And in their place was the legend "No. 389."



Boy (to Cabby with somewhat shadowy horse). "Look 'ERE, GUV'NOR, YOU'D BETTER TIE A KNOT IN 'IS TAIL AFORE 'E GETS WET, OR 'E MIGHT SLIP THROUGH 'IS COLLAR!"

THE NEW PROFESSOR.

[At a meeting of the Library Association a speaker remarked that "the Librarian had become the Professor of Literature to the multitude."]

I MARVEL men still cling to-day
To out-of-date devices
For gaining lore, for which they pay
Unreasonable prices;
I marvel they will go and cram
A culture which is only sham
Beside the antiquated Cam
And mediæval Isis.

What culture lies in Latin prose?
What boots the comprehension
Of Plato, Æschylus, and those
Whose names I need not mention?
Nor can I, as so many do,
With much less disapproval view
That later institution—U-
niversity Extension.

Here I behind my counter stand,
Amid my shelves, provided
With all the tomes which my own hand
In order due has tidied;
And I with all my cultured sense
Myself am here for reference
To be consulted *sans* expense
By all who would be guided.

Young ladies flock to me for books;
They crowd the trams and buses,
Sweet schoolgirls, dainty spinsters, cooks,
And tweeny maids and nusses.
Fair Tooting tries her prentice hand
On all the learned of the land,
And DARWIN, HERBERT SPENCER and
Prof. HÆCKEL she discusses.

Or if more brainy still their aims,
So that they only crave an
Acquaintance with the greatest names
On glory's scroll engraven,
Then I decide, as only can
The cultured Free Librarian,
The merits of the Isle of Man
And Stratford-upon-Avon.

To the Modern Girl.

[A widely-read and well-informed journal states that the modern girl's athleticism has destroyed her muliebriety.]

THOUGH much ill-chosen exercise
Has spoiled your curves and strained your eyes,
Though you are weak and pale,
Take comfort from this cheering fact—
You still are able to attract
The notice of the *Mail*.



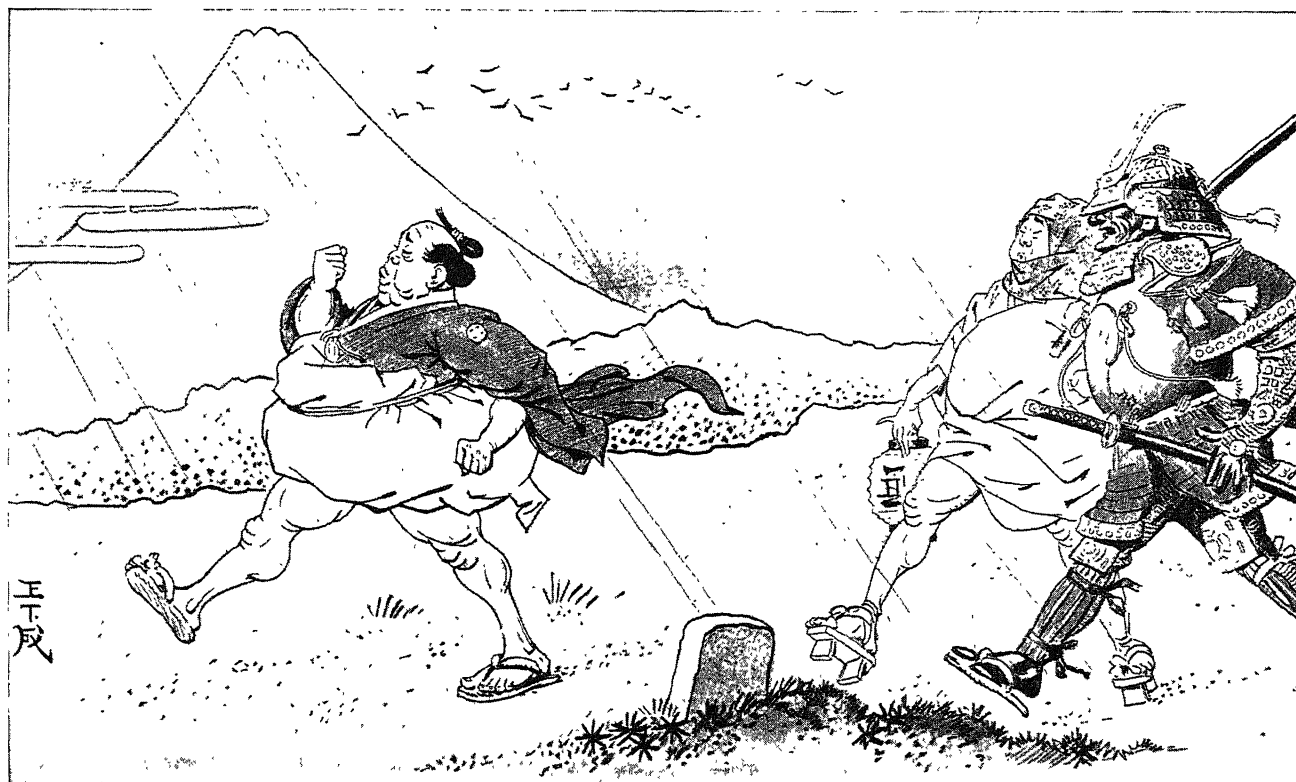
THE PREDOMINANT PARTNER.

Lady Macbeth . . . MR. CH-MB-RL-N.

Macbeth . . . MR. B-LF-R.

LADY MACBETH (*about to retire*). "GIVE ME THE DAGGER LYING DISENGAGED;
I'LL DO IT ON MY OWN."

Shakspeare (Birmingham Edition), Macbeth, Act II., Sc. 2.



UNRECORDED HISTORY. SUGGESTED BY "HOLBEIN'S ATTEMPT TO SWIM THE CHANNEL."—NO. 3.

[The unavailing efforts of another great artist, HOKUSAI, to beat the road-record round Fuji-yama aroused much sympathetic interest in artistic and sporting circles in Japan.]

THE SUN-CHILD.

(Continued.)

BUT MASON'S troubles, as the Sun-child was to discover, were not over for that day. A day or two before there had been an examination in the fifth form, and the result was to be declared at the end of this morning's work. When the time came the master drew some papers from his desk, and all the boys sat rapt and attentive.

"I will now," said the master, "read the result of the examination and the marks:—First, MASON 520, a very good total out of a possible 600, and especially good considering that MASON has only recently come into the form."

MASON blushed with delight, and a murmur of applause went up from the class—from everybody, that is, except from one dark-haired overgrown boy, who sat with a black scowl on his face.

The master continued: "Second, BAWTREY 498, also a very creditable examination."

The dark-haired boy, whose name was BAWTREY, lit up for a moment and then relapsed into a scowl.

"Please, Sir," he said, half getting up in his place.

"Yes, BAWTREY, what is it?"

But, whatever it may have been, BAWTREY had apparently altered his mind as to the advisability of uttering it. "Oh, it's nothing, Sir," he said, after all. "I'll ask you about it another time," was all he said.

The reading of the list went on until it concluded with the name of "BACKHOUSE 52," and then the master shut up his desk and dismissed the boys. There was a banging of desks, a scuffling of feet, a chatter of many released tongues,

and, in less time than it takes to tell, the class had streamed out into the passage, all except MASON, to whom the master was giving a few special words of congratulation. In the passage there was a knot of boys gathered round BAWTREY, who was talking angrily.

"I tell you the little skunk cribbed from me," he was saying. "I suspected him all along, and all but caught him looking over my papers several times. Now I'm sure of it. Oh, don't tell me that a chap like that, who's only just got into the form, could beat the lot of us. I know he cribbed from me, and I'd bet any amount of money he'd got tips written out on paper and took them in. He's a skunk, and I'll tell him so."

At this moment MASON appeared, and a hush fell on the boys.

"MASON," said BAWTREY, "you're a skunk. You cribbed from me, and you know it. Better own up at once."

Everybody was watching MASON. He flushed to the roots of his hair and said nothing, but his eyes looked straight into BAWTREY's, and then he pulled himself together.

"That's not true," he said.

"Oh, I'm a liar, am I?" retorted BAWTREY.

"Yes, you're a liar, BAWTREY."

"A fight, a fight!" shouted two or three jubilant small boys, and a move was immediately made to a corner of the yard removed from public view, and consecrated by hoary tradition to the settlement of disputes. In a few moments seconds had been appointed, the principals had removed their coats and waistcoats, a prefect had been secured to see that everything passed off fairly according to the ancient rule, and the fight began.

It was an interesting meeting. The two fighters formed a striking contrast. The one was tall and dark, an ugly, surly-looking lad, with loose limbs and no grace of body. The other was fair and handsome and lithe, active and well-knit, but he was shorter than his antagonist and much lighter. It seemed all Lombard Street to a China orange on BAWTREY, and in fact the first two rounds went entirely in that disagreeable champion's favour. At the end of each he had knocked MASON off his legs with a swinging right-hander on the side of the head.

"You'd better chuck it," whispered his second; "you can't beat him."

"I won't chuck it, and I will beat him," was all MASON's reply, and the third round began.

But now the Sun-child thought the moment had come to intervene. He posted himself by MASON, and looked hard and straight at BAWTREY, and BAWTREY began to feel a singing in his head where MASON had struck him in the last round, and his eyes were dazzled as with strange gleams of light. MASON made a rush, and both his sturdy little fists found their mark on BAWTREY's face, and all the while BAWTREY's arms were windmilling aimlessly through the air. Again MASON danced up to him, and again those two busy fists struck upon BAWTREY's chin and on his nose. With the last blow BAWTREY pivoted round and fell in a heap, and was dragged to a corner.

"Time," said the prefect a little later, but BAWTREY came not up to time, and his supporters gave up the fight.

At this juncture the master appeared upon the scene. He took in the situation at a glance, and prepared to move away. "I suppose it's all right, JOHNSON?" he said to the prefect.

"Yes, sir, quite right."

"What was it about?"

The prefect told him.

"Stuff and nonsense," said the master so that all the boys could hear. "There wasn't the remotest resemblance between MASON's papers and BAWTREY's. In treatment and in expression they were wide apart. MASON got his place fairly, and deserved it. And he deserved to win the fight, too."

Then the Sun-child departed, feeling that his morning's work had been good.

(To be continued.)

THE SPANK TRUST.

ACCORDING to the *Daily Mail* of Sept. 17, the latest development in progressive American educational methods is a machine for administering corporal punishment, just introduced in the State training school at Redwing, Minnesota. The machine supersedes punishment by hand power, and is said to work satisfactorily and to be easily regulated.

It is pretty clear what is in store for the youth of Great Britain, nothing more nor less than the formation of a "Spanking" Trust. The information has been sprung upon them at a psychologic moment, namely, the beginning of the Michaelmas Term. No doubt this fresh outrage upon the rising generation is the work of the War Office, who (together with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN) are of course responsible for everything that now goes amiss, including the defeat of *Shamrock* and the deplorable weather. Very probably also it is covertly provided for in the Education Act, if you can read between the lines of that "unholy" enactment (*vide* Nonconformist Press) which is causing so many obscure worthies to make dramatic appearances in Police Courts at the present moment.

Anyhow, the insidious introduction of the Spanking Machine must be passively (and actively) resisted by the British school-boy. The sacred persons of the Board School brat and the unattached hooligan are at present safeguarded

from assault by a sentimental public, but they will not long enjoy their immunity. Eton, however, and similar institutions, lie open to a flank attack, and must defend their privileges to the bitter end. They have enjoyed for centuries the right of maintaining and employing a Headmaster to execute this particular ceremony. It would run counter to all the conservative instincts of the juvenile Briton to substitute a base mechanical flagellant for the cultivated dominical triceps. Besides, what guarantee is there that irrational clockwork would know when to stop?

Let, therefore, Dr. CLIFFORD or some other perfervid orator be engaged to stump the country in this holy cause. The halfpenny papers will supply the necessary war cries, such as "Big Spank or Little Spank," "The Supreme Betrayal," "No Surrender of the Sovereign Rights of Swishing," "You may Spank, but we will not be *Trussed*," and similar heroic head-lines and tail-pieces. We shall then hear no more of the Minnesota Castigator.

RHYMES OF THE EAST.

STANZAS WRITTEN IN DEJECTION.

I AM tired of the day with its profitless labours,
And tired of the night with its lack of repose,
I am sick of myself, my surroundings, and neighbours,
Especially Aryan Brothers and crows;
O land of illusory hope for the needy,
O centre of soldiering, thirst, and shikar,
When a broken-down exile begins to feel seedy,
What a beast of a country you are!

There are many, I know, that have honestly drawn a
Most moving description of pleasures to win
By the exquisite carnage of such of your fauna
As nature provides with a "head" or a "skin";
I know that a pig is magnificent sticking;
But good as you are in the matter of sports,
When a person's alive, so to put it, and kicking,
You're a brute when he gets out of sorts.

For the moment he feels the effects of the weather—
A mild go of fever—a touch of the sun—
He arrives with a jerk at the end of his tether,
And finds your attractions a bit overdone;
Impatiently conscious of boredom and worry,
He sits in his misery, scowling at grief,
With a face like a pallid *rechauffée* of curry,
And a head like a lump of boiled beef.

I am sick of the day (as I happened to mention),
And sick of the night (as I stated before),
And it's oh, for the wings of a dove or a pension
To carry me home to a happier shore!
And oh, to be off, homeward bound, on the briny,
Away from the tropics—away from the heat,
And to take off a shocking old hat to the Shiny,
As I shake off her dust from my feet!

DUM-DUM.

MUSKETRY AT THE VATICAN.—("I wish," says the author of "Notes from Paris" in *Truth*), "I could have his (the POPE's) ingeniously contrived *mousquetaire* (*sic*) to keep off Parc de Monceau mosquitoes. . . . An angel in solid gold, made to be fastened like a suspension lamp to the ceiling, holds the *mousquetaire*." But surely, quite apart from the strain on the angel, if the darkness was constantly being rent by a musketeer (one of the Swiss Guard?), blazing away at these small pests, the cure would be almost worse than the disease. Why not be content with the usual *moustiquaire*, or mosquito-net?



ENTER AUTUMN.

A SHORT VACATION RAMBLE.

(How we went to Le Touquet, and what happened on the second night of our visit, which has here the precedence of earlier history.)

My last notes of a short trip described the *unique* experience of the exodus and return of the gas at Boulogne, with some remarks on the state of the *établissement* under a cloud—temporary of course. I said I was going on to Le Touquet, which is a name that includes the hotel of Le Touquet in the "domaine du Touquet," within twenty minutes' walk (or less, according to wind and weather) of Paris-Plage, a bathing-place by this time popular with not a few Parisians and well-to-do persons from the inland towns round about within a radius of fifty miles. The Paris-Plagians (which sounds rather like a heretical sect with the "e" omitted after the "P," as if it ought to have been the Paris-Pelagians) keep to their own *plage* for business, which is bathing, but they come for pleasure to the gardens of Le Touquet, where are provided first-rate grounds for lawn tennis tournaments (highly popular competitions with valuable prizes in cups, jewellery, and coin), and all sorts of such attractions as are enjoyed by children and grown-ups in the Champs Elysées. Of *spectacles*, concerts, conjuring exhibitions, and such like, NAPOLEON ROBINSON (descended in direct line from the Crusoe family), manager, or managing director, of Le Touquet, who is as energetic as he is undefeated, provides almost a surfeit. But, of Monsieur N. ROBINSON DE CRUSOE more "in our next," as it is to the charms of delightful Le Touquet that I am devoting these memoranda. At present I will limit myself to describing, as graphically as may be, the night I spent there, which will be remembered here, there and everywhere, as September 10, Thursday, the night of the great storm, when the most violent wind that has been experienced for many years swept over English and French coasts, doing a vast amount of damage inland in both countries, and after lasting for something like fourteen hours, dropping off to sleep, compelled thereto by sheer exhaustion, having blown itself out and done its very worst.

We, my fellow-traveller and I, had had a delightful day in and out of the Château de Sacaterre, the charming seaside residence of the distinguished Franco-Italian lady—La Contessa de Villa-en-Bois de Sacaterre (the title seems a bit mixed, but so is the architecture and ornamentation), where we had the great good fortune to be the guests of its temporary tenant, the Baron HAMISH DE SEPTETOILES, of Franco-Scotch extraction, whose ancestors did good service in the Jacobite cause. We strolled about the sands of Paris-Plage, noticing how the owners of the *chic* cabins and pretty *châteaux*, of all sorts and sizes, had fancifully named them *Le Berceau*, *La Retraite*, *Le Bijou*, *La Cabine Bleue*, *La Moulinette*, *Ma Fantasia*, *Au Bon Repos*, and so forth, names charmingly suggestive of tranquillity, picturesqueness, Watteau-like daintiness, and undisturbed enjoyment. Delightful! Then, after wandering about the woods of Le Touquet, inhaling the life-giving air of pine-forests and sea-front (not enervating at this season as are our fir woods and watering-places in southern England), we, having thoroughly appreciated our perfect little dinner, rose from the table; and, as we did so, the wind outside politely took the hint and got up also.

To quote once again the introduction to *The Cricket on the Hearth*, "Kettle began it." Some wind, representing aforesaid "Kettle," asserted itself, being promptly contradicted by another wind: then, other two joined in the dispute, whereupon up flew the sand, and—"that's how the row began."

At first, looking into each other's bedrooms by communicating door, we tried to ignore the facts or to minimise their importance. We spoke of the matter in a casual sort

of way, observing, "I think there will be a bit of a breeze to-night," when each of us felt in our inner consciousness that we had before us an uncommonly nasty prospect of bad weather for the next six hours. Later the rain arrived, discharging itself, every five minutes, in pailfuls, against the window-panes. It may have entered into the family quarrel as a peace-maker, just to throw cold water on the antagonists. Whether it was so or not I cannot say: it had no effect beyond that of adding a variation to the hurly-burly of noises.

We had sat up, now in one room, now in the other (we were housed on the second floor), till somewhat past eleven, and the storm was then (being a late riser) only just getting up. But, within a brief quarter of an hour, we were startled by such a rapid series of violent shocks from the wind as soon showed us that for "that night only" sleep would be "a consummation devoutly to be wished," but unobtainable on the premises.

Bang-bang-rattle—Boom—went the wind at my window. No shutters—except outside, fastened back, and impossible to be reached. So, after arranging the room for a state of windy-siege, I knocked at the door which led out of my room into that of my "stable companion," and looking in I asked him how he was getting along.

"It's awful," he growled as he disappeared beneath the bed-clothes. Then he came up again as if after a dive, breathlessly, and said in broken accents, "*I say, will the Château stand it?*"

"Oh yes, the Château's all right," I answered, with a confidence in my tone that I was far from feeling, as the gale banged, the window bolts cracked, the floor shook, and the roof rattled. It did not sound safe, I admit.

Then I retired. For a while I braved the elements by reading, thinking that the book would induce soundest sleep: its title and author I will not mention. Then came the row: *Boom—Boom—ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay—Bang—rattle—BANG!!!*

No, the Château had *not* collapsed. The roof was still sheltering us. We were alive. Well—"if the Château will stand this," quoth I to myself, "it will stand anything."

Rattle-rattle-rattle from window bolts—Bang! boom—BOOM!!!

"It can't be worse," I whispered to myself, but I didn't believe myself one bit. I was only trying to be hopeful, and praying that my expressed opinion might be accepted as a compliment by the storm fiends. To "have done their worst" ought to have been taken by them as a compliment. But it wasn't: on the contrary, it seemed as if they had been encouraged by "approbation from Sir HUBERT STANLEY," and were going in for it again with more wanton and malicious fury than ever.

I closed my book. "Put out the light"—and then?

The storm fiends took advantage of the obscurity. The Boom-bangs were three times as loud as before, and the rattlings at the window fastenings suggested the idea of a band of demon burglars attempting an entrance, and, just when they were on the very point of success, failing, thank Heaven, in their attempts.

A line from some opera occurred to me and haunted me: "Locks, bolts, and bars will fly asunder!"—I fancied too that the opera was "*Lock's*," which made it all the worse.

The Château swayed ("This," I explained to my companion, for we were by this time both in the double-bedded room, "is a sure sign of a house being well built.") But what were the foundations? why, on the sand; for every house in Paris-Plage is built on the sand. Then there came into my mind at the moment the parable of the House "built on the sand," and again I murmured to myself quiveringly, "What a fool this builder must have been!"

The beds rocked. I remembered that babies are rocked to sleep, but the storm was not introducing this movement out of kindness to me. Then the frame-work of the beds seemed to separate; then to shake, as if the beds would suddenly take to "making" themselves; furniture cracked, washing-stands rattled, basins and jugs quivered with excitement, the wind—that is, one of the winds, for there were a whole lot of them let loose, whirling about madly everywhere as if they were having a football "scrum" with the chalet for football; every single pane of glass was resisting the attacks of the blustering army with all its might and main; the bolts stood to their guns, stood up bravely to the great guns of the tempest, and held the fort against the desperate assaults of the reckless and wrecking enemy. Brave Bolts! their name should be changed after this! no "bolting" about these iron warriors, although they were violently assaulted all night and had to stand the brunt of the enemy's artillery from minute to minute, with scarce a second's rest, for eight mortal hours, during which dreadful time it seemed that at every fresh attack the iron hinges and every stalwart fastening must break, give way and fly before the enemy. "If the bolts yield and the windows be burst open!" exclaimed my companion, "what shall we do?"

I could only reply, "I'm hanged if I know." And, honestly, I didn't. But, *grâce à Dieu*, the windows resisted successfully to the very last; yet only at about eight in the morning was there the slightest sign noticeable of any diminution in the violence of the assault.

Oh what a night!

No composer or conductor ever made such use of "the wind"—bassoons, ophicleides, the *grosses-caisses* and side drums—as did this rampant *Æolus chef d'orchestre* in his mad drunken revel, leading and directing his ruffianly hordes of inharmonious instrumentalists. And the west wind was in it too!! the mild gentle Zephyr! He too was in this atrocious company, in the utterly disreputable society of roystering winds out on the loose for a whole night, and as bad as the very worst of them. "*Corruptio optimi pessima!*" Never was such a tumultuous orgie of Out-of-Bedlamite Breezes!

Crack! Bang! "here we are again!" howl the winds in a chorus to which that of "*Guerra, Guerra,*" in *Gli Ugonotti* bears some mild resemblance. Beds quiver—crockery quakes—*whack—B-r-r-r*—rolls of drums *fortissimo*—then *bang* with the thump of a giant's fist on the windows—*crack—whack—gr-r-r* (giant foiled, is growling savagely)—*shakissimo—bang—crack—Boom!*

"Something's gone somewhere!" whispered my friend, fearfully. And I devoutly wished that everything connected with the storm *would* go somewhere—somewhere else, and as far off as possible. Then, cautiously, I ventured out of bed, and on to the floor. *Darkness impenetrable.* The ingenious idea of striking a match got over that particular difficulty.

Boom—boom—crack—whack—gr-r-r—Bang!! Had the boards gone? Had the floor?—the walls?

No—the little candle shedding its quiet light around gave me comfort. "So shines a good deed in a naughty world." Oh, what a "good deed" was the lighting of that candle! I saw that all things were in their places. The jugs, glasses, and crockery, were undisturbed, looking as prim as if nothing were happening—but—*Bang—gr-r-r Bom!!* Has a thunderbolt struck the windows? No: yet the bolts and bars are having a most trying time of it. Bravo bars and bolts! The Old Guard will never surrender.

I remember that ancient ruffian in *David Copperfield* with his "O my eyes and limbs! O goroo, goroo!" "O goroo! goroo!"—that is just the expression of the savage despairing cry of the spirits directing the wind-tempest without. I



THE PROGRESS OF EDUCATION.

Fond Mother. "WHY ARE YOU SO LATE, BABBAGE? I'VE BEEN QUITE ANXIOUS ABOUT YOU."

Babbage. "NO NECESSITY FOR ALARM, MOTHER MY PROFESSOR DETAINED ME FOR A SHORT PERIOD BECAUSE HE FANCIED I WAS SLIGHTLY IMPERFECT IN MY LOGARITHMS."

have not an idea what "goroo, goroo" means, but it has a wild weird savage sound—and so *bang, whack, crack, Boom! Boom!! BANG!!! "O goroo—goroo"*—and then for a second there is a sound as of wailing without, as though damage had been done, or were being done, to some living being; or it may be they are cries of distress at sea—but only for a second. While I quickly examine bolts in both rooms, my travelling companion, with bed and bedding, has moved into the next compartment, where, in addition to the howling and growling, banging and blowing, he finds himself with the "additional attraction" of instantaneous flashes of brilliant light recurring every thirty seconds added to the programme, so that he is compelled to keep his eyes shut. It is not lightning, that is a comfort: it is the "searchlight" from the neighbouring Phare, whirling round and round at regular intervals of fifteen seconds, as if it were machine-made lightning doing so many turns a night. "I can't stand this," exclaims my companion, and, with his *impedimenta*, he returns whence he came.

Bang, whack, boom!—the bolts are holding—the fastenings are good. 'Tis outside that unfastened shutters have

turned traitors, and are struggling to get away from their iron hinges in order to join the enemy. They cannot effect their treacherous purpose, and so are simply crazy. Impossible to reach them. They must go on now—they can't quite escape—and they will be carefully tied up in future and not allowed the slightest liberty.

Morning breaks!—many things have broken all over the place, causing much terror, but this breakage brings joy! Oh the blessed light of day! It comes like the sound of the pipes at the relief of Lucknow. "Out, out, brief candle," you have served your purpose well and nobly. Welcome to the day! It is the restoration of sight to the blind man. With the approach of the Forces of Day, we feel that the Black Guards of Night must be compelled, willy nilly, to retreat. And so they do, growlingly, sulkily, gradually. But we, my travelling companion and I, have to return to old England (if old England stands where she did, and has not been blown away), and we will do so—weather permitting.

The Baron's faithful valet appears at seven A.M. He has not had a wink of sleep. Nor has his master the Baron; nor, indeed, has anyone in the Château.

His master makes us his compliments and is sure that to cross the sea to-day will be impossible. He will be delighted if we will remain his guests this day, next, in fact for as long as we like.

A thousand thanks to M. le Baron, but we must return to England at once.

Subsequently we assure the most kind and hospitable Baron that "we have had a rattling time of it here," which statement, remembering the hardly tried window-fastenings and door-latches during the storm, is literally true.

And, looking out of the window on the morning of September 11, what do we see? *Cabines bouleversées*. Huts broken up. Bathing cabins unroofed and knocked silly. *Petits Châteaux* looking all the more wretched from being associated with their fancy names. *Le Berceau* has had a severe rocking; *La Retraite*, a mere bathing cabine, has been knocked over; a window of *Le Bijou* has been blown inwards; dainty *La Cabine Bleue* has got some tiles off; *Au Bon Repos* is smashed about in all directions, hopelessly disturbed by fearful nightmares; and *La Moulinette* has been reduced to matchwood. *Sic transit gloria*.

We drive to Le Touquet. Tents ripped open, knocked over; wooden buildings unroofed; pines and firs unearthed and lying across the road. An army of pioneers has gone out into the forest to clear the way for the tram of civilisation. Then comes the news of wrecks at sea, of passenger boats not crossing, of those that did cross doing the distance in treble the time, and in the face of frightful difficulties. But I must here record the positive triumph, as it subsequently appears, of the *Queen*, the new Turbine steamer which crossed from Dover to Calais within some thirty minutes of her regular crossing. She did the return journey with comparatively little motion (this deponent can personally answer for the fact) and the wind still strong against her, from Calais to Dover in about twenty minutes over her regular time. Bravo, Turbine! espe-

cially when time for catching a late train across country is an object!

And now in calmer moments to return to Le Touquet.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Story of my Life (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) records the marvellous progress a deaf and dumb girl made in the effort to come in closer contact with her articulate kindred. HELEN KELLER writes her story herself, the narrative being supplemented by the lady by whose patient, sympathetic teaching the miracle was wrought. Intellectually richly endowed, with rare force of character, Miss KELLER was not satisfied with overcoming her infirmity just enough to enable her to enjoy the companionship of those around her. She passed an arduous examination that secured her admission to College. The medium of her communication with the silent world beyond her darkened eyes is her hand. "I sometimes wonder," she writes, "if the hand is not more sensitive

to the beauties of sculpture than the eye. I should think the wonderful rhythmical flow of lines and curves could be more subtly felt than seen. Be this as it may, I know that I can feel the heart-throbs of the ancient Greeks in their marble gods and goddesses." She went to the theatre to see IRVING and ELLEN TERRY when they visited America. Admitted later to their dressing-rooms, she touched the face and costume of ELLEN TERRY, who had been playing one of her queenly parts. She "found about her that divinity that hedges sublimest woe." Lightly fingering IRVING's face as he stood in kingly robes, she recognised "a remoteness and inaccessibility of grief which I shall never



Old Gentleman. "WAITER, THIS MEAT IS LIKE LEATHER!"
Waiter. "Yes, SIR. SADDLE OF MUTTON, SIR!"

forget." Of her good friend MARK TWAIN she writes, "I feel the twinkle of his eye in his handshake." My Baronite feels one has to be blind and deaf before he could rise to the graphic imagery of this last sentence.

Most of us have heard of *Strutt's Sports and Pastimes*. The first edition, given to the world a hundred and two years ago, took, and has kept, its place as a classic. It has long been out of print, accessible only in old libraries. Messrs. METHUEN now republish it, cunningly imparting to the volume, by black type and tone of paper, seductive appearance of the original. Under the editorship of Dr. COX the new edition is enlarged and corrected. My Baronite finds it retains all the original matter, including descriptions of the rural and domestic sports and pastimes of the people of England—May games, mummeries, pageants, processions, pompous spectacles and the like. All STRUTT's engravings from ancient paintings are beautifully reproduced. His introduction, dated January, 1801, is a picturesque summary of the recreations of the people as far back as Saxon times. It is a rare treasure of the past, dug up for the edification of people of the Twentieth Century, who play golf by day and bridge by night.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

FISCAL FRENZY.

As I let my spirit wander retrospectively and ponder
On the problems and the marvels of our age,
From the misty past uprising certain incidents surprising
My amazement in particular engage.

I have known a hansom cabby (though he was extremely
shabby)

To refuse a more than statutory fare.

I have seen two Russian poodles in the billiard-room at
BOODLE'S

With wreaths of orange-blossoms in their hair.

I have watched a Shetland pony chewing strings of macaroni;
I have heard a Bishop sing a comic song;

I have seen a Judge endeavour—O it was a joy for ever—
To acquire a back-hand service at ping-pong.

I have seen a Bond Street tailor motor-biking in a trailer;

I have seen an Archimandrite with the mumps;

I have heard Sir ROBERT GIFFEN, as he munched a Norfolk
biffin,

Expatiate upon the phrase, "She bumps."

These incidents were serious, but they were not deleterious
To the calmness and composure of my soul;

For though certainly erratic they were hardly symptomatic
Of the ruin of the nation's self-control.

But when sober evening papers in their preferential capers
Take to quoting MILTON'S *Lycidas* on JOE! *

Well, one feels that things are tending to the cataclysmic
ending

That involves the Empire's utter overthrow.

For, until the recent crisis cut the Unionists to slices

And dislodged the weary wobbler from his fence,

I have never seen my fellows ply exaggeration's bellows
To a climax of inflation so intense.

Such emotion Corybantic, so fanatical and frantic,

Fills my bosom with unutterable pain;

So I'm off to far Glengariff, where, remote from tax and
tariff,

I shall rusticate till editors grow sane.

* See leading article in *St. James's Gazette*, September 18.

PROSPECTUS OF THE DAILY FEMALE.

SPECIAL features will include daily Fashion Forecast (to be read before dressing); "Hats hour by hour," and "The movement in Crinolines"; Shopping Notes (by wire and telephone) dealing with sales and "remnant" days; "Man's Realm"; "The Nursery" (by the Football Editor); "Beauty Competition" (decision of the Fighting Editor final); "Snips about Servants"; and Agony Column (husbands lost and found, umbrellas stolen, etc., etc.).

There will be signed articles on "South Africa as a Field for Decayed Spinsters," "India as a Last Resource," "Australian Test Matches" (brought about through our matrimonial column), and "The Fistic Problem—Should Women Box?"

There will be verbatim reports of all *causes célèbres*.

The "Behind the Grille" column will contain "Last night's Orchids," "Dresses at the Full-dress Debate," and a "special" on "Eligible Bachelors in the House," with incomes and favourite vices.

SPECIMEN WIRE FROM OUR WAR CORRESPONDENT.

Constantinople, Tuesday.—The sun dreadful; my complexion ruined. Hospital Ball immense success, deficit only £53. Been flirting with Colonel of Bash-Bazouks—(passage erased by censor) . . . Lord Gus (attached to Turkish



Uncle. "WELL, BOBBIE, I HEAR YOU'RE LEARNING TO SWIM."

Bobbie. "YES, SO ARE YOU, AIN'T YOU, UNCLE?"

Uncle. "NO, MY LAD. WHY?"

Bobbie. "OH, I HEARD FATHER SAY YESTERDAY THAT YOU HAD A HARD JOB TO KEEP YOUR HEAD ABOVE WATER!"

Staff) in hospital here—such a dear; says "the women are splendid," but deplores insufficient supply Polo ponies and playing cards. Circulation of *Daily Female* much commented on.

P.S.—Awful battle somewhere between Turks and somebody. Thousands of Russians massacred—no, mean Macedonians. My new parasol a dream. Did not accompany column; General speaks of "plague of women correspondents" (!) Yours ever, LADY PUSSIE.

The paper folded makes a baby's bib, unfolded a pretty counterpane, and can be torn into ten full-sized handkerchiefs.

Being exclusively for women, it should have enormous circulation among men.

TO MY AIRSHIP.

[The Poet is being piloted on his aerial flight by a prosaic mechanician. It is to the latter that the interpolations are due]

Thou elfin Puck, thou child of master mind!

(Look out! the ballast's slipping off behind.)

Thou swanlike Siren of the blue sublime!

(Screw up that nut, and never mind the rhyme.)

Thine 'tis to fathom Æther's highest pole!

(This wind will fairly get us in a hole.)

Thine to explore the azure-vaulted dome!

(I wonder how the deuce we're going home.)

Up, up, thou speedest, flaunting, flaunting high,

Thy glist'ring frame emblazon'd 'gainst the sky;

And myriad-minded fancies still pursue

Thy gliding—(Blow! the anchor's fouled the screw!)

Thou stormy petrel, kissing heaven's height,

(Petrol! The rotten stuff declines to light)

Onward thou soarest o'er the City's dust,

Shimmering, triumphant. (Gad! The motor's bust!)

THE GRASS WIDOW'S FAREWELL.

[Dame ARTHURIA, châtelaine of Castel Cabinet, bids godspeed to her better half, the good knight Sir JOSEPH, who is cutting domestic ties and starting as a lonely free lance on his unofficial crusade.]

AND is it fixe l that we should part,
And must you really, really go?
Whv, then, let courage steel my heart
To bear the stupefying blow;
Since Honour bids you seek the battle's press,
What can a woman do but acquiesce?

I would that I might share the shock,
And partially relieve your pains.
Myself I boast a fighting stock,
And BURLEIGH'S blood imbues my veins;
Concealed below an outward lack of nerve
I have a fund of Amazonian verve.

But, though my nature calls to arms,
My duty clearly lies at home;
I may not risk the rude alarms
That surely wait you where you roam;
Your mission keeps you moving; it is cursory;
While mine is straitly bounded by the nursery.

Our restive children claim my care,
And I must mould their plastic limbs,
And teach them tales of what is fair,
And how to hum protective hymns;
Or, should I find their conduct very rank,
Mildly administer the lumbar spank.

There's little DERRY—he must pay
Closer attention to his books;
There's LANNY, so inclined to play
In lesson-hours with fishing-hooks;
And darling DOORY—I could often weep
To see how constantly he falls asleep.

Thank Heaven that AUSTEN, splendid boy
(Your speaking image), stays behind,
For he should prove a lasting joy,
Bringing your features back to mind;
Dear fellow! how he fumed to join the fray,
Yet nobly undertook to stop away!

Go, then, my JOSEPH; have no fears;
Glory and Glasgow call you hence;
And, though the war goes on for years
(No doubt entailing much expense),
Still in my heart, unalterably true,
A warmish corner shall be kept for you.

Here is your shield! Come back with it
In triumph or yourself inside!
And know that I have got the grit
To wait unmoved whate'er betide;
Whether you win or make a howling mess,
Trust me, in any case, to acquiesce. O. S.

A Sad Lapse of Time.

THE Metropolitan District Railway announces that "there is now on Sundays no interval between 11 A.M. and 1 P.M." Up to yesterday the police had heard nothing so far about the missing hours. Meanwhile the journalistic conundrum, "Why don't men go to church?" (or words to that effect) has received an unexpected solution. But to people who breakfast late on Sundays the announcement has been a great shock. Where is their appetite for luncheon to come from?

THE QUICK GRUB STREET CO.

THE QUICK GRUB STREET CO. BEG TO ANNOUNCE THAT THEY HAVE OPENED AN ESTABLISHMENT FOR THE SUPPLY OF LITERATURE IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Every Editor should send for our Prices, and compare them with those of other houses.

POETRY DEPARTMENT.

WE employ experienced poets for the supply of garden verses, war songs, &c., and undertake to fill any order within twenty-four hours of its reaching us. Our Mr. RHYMEESI will be glad to wait upon parties requiring verse of any description, and, if the matter is at all urgent, to execute the order on the spot.

DRAMA DEPARTMENT.

Actor-Managers before going elsewhere should give us a call. Our plays draw wherever they are presented, even if it is only bricks.

Testimonial.—A Manager writes: "The play you kindly supplied, *The Blue Bloodhound of Bletchley*, is universally admitted to be *unlike anything ever before produced on the stage*."

Musical Comedies (guaranteed absolutely free from plot) supplied on shortest notice.

FICTION DEPARTMENT.

For Society Dialogues we use the very best Duchesses; while a first-class Earl's Daughter is retained for Court and Gala Opera.

For our new line of *vie intime* we employ none but valets and confidential maids, who have to serve an apprenticeship with P.A.P.

THE KAILYARD DEPARTMENT

is always up-to-date, and our Mr. STICKIT will be pleased to call on any editor on receipt of post-card.

N.B.—We guarantee our Scotch Idyll to be absolutely unintelligible to any English reader, and undertake to refund money if it can be proved that such is not the case.

Our Speciality, however, is our *Six-Shilling Shocker*, as sold for serial purposes. Editors with papers that won't "go" should ask for one of these. When ordering please state general idea required under one of our recognised sections, as Foreign Office, Police, Mounted Infantry, Cowardice, Rome, &c., &c.

BIOGRAPHY.

Any gentleman wishing to have a biography of himself produced in anticipation of his decease should communicate with us.

The work would, of course, be published with a note to the effect that the writing had been a labour of love; that moreover the subject with his usual modesty had been averse from the idea of a biography.

Testimonial.—Sir SUNNY JAMESON writes: "The Life gives great satisfaction. No reference made, however, to my munificent gift of £50 to the Referees' Hospital. This should be remedied in the next edition. The work, however, has been excellently done. You have made me out to be better than even I ever thought myself."

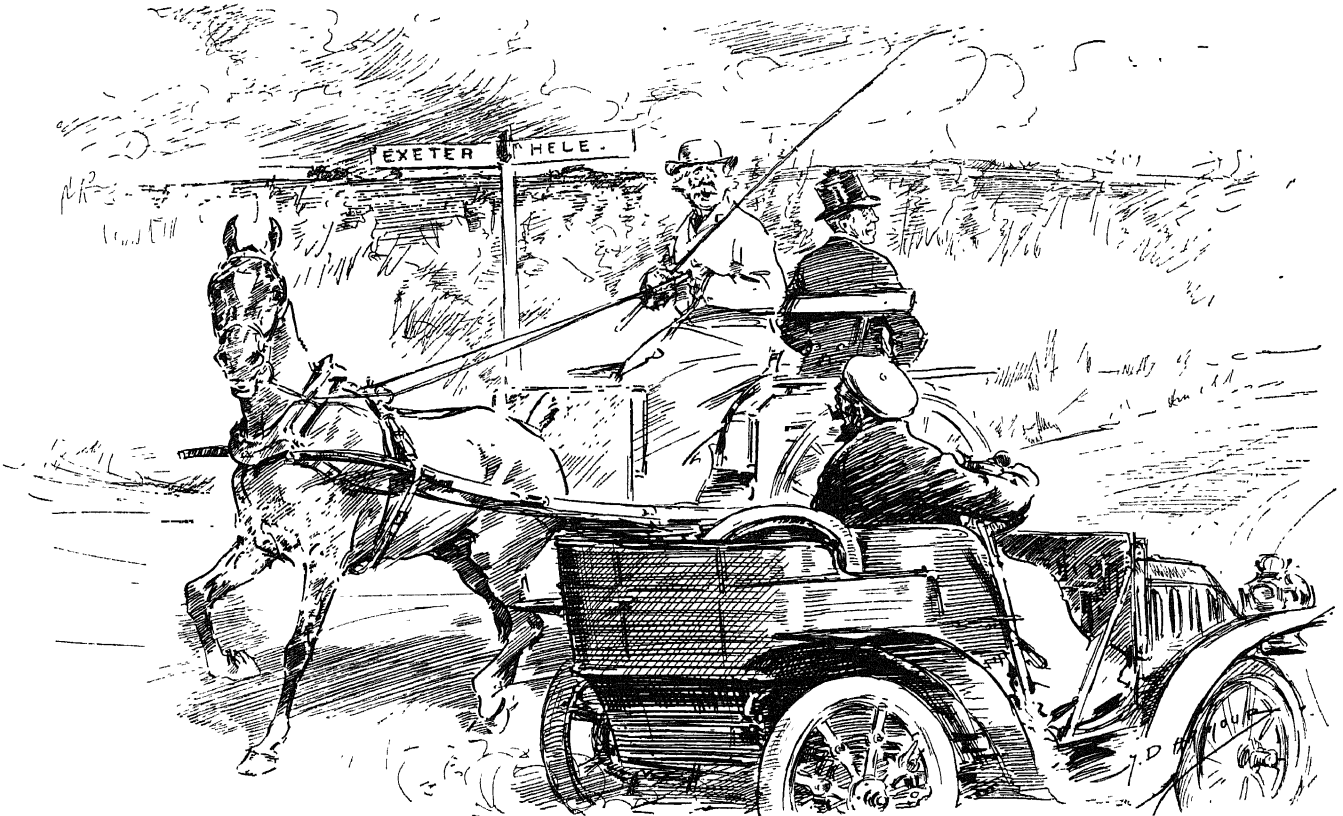
For Love Letters,
For the Elizabethan Vogue,
For every description of Garden Meditations,
GIVE THE QUICK GRUB STREET COMPANY A TRIAL.

OVERLAND ROUTE FOR IRISH STEAMERS.—"On the up journey the steamer which formerly left Dublin (North Wall) at 10.15. A.M., now sails at 11 o'clock, arriving at Euston at 8.50. P.M."—*The Times*.



JOE THE VENTRILOQUIST.

PROFESSOR CH-MB-RL-X. "YOU SEE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, HE TALKS JUST AS WELL
EVEN WHEN I GO RIGHT AWAY!"



Chauffeur. "PARDON, MONSIEUR. THIS WAY, CONDUCTS SHE STRAIGHT TO HELE?"

Major Chili Pepper (a rabid anti-motorist and slightly deaf). "CERTAINLY IT WILL, SIR, IF YOU CONTINUE TO DRIVE ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE ROAD!"

THE WORRY CURE.

(Some Extracts from our Medical Advice Column.)

[The *Family Doctor* (as quoted in last week's *Westminster Gazette*) says:—"When the symptoms of worry begin to manifest themselves, loosen your garments completely and lie down in the most restful position you can assume. Now close your eyes for a few moments and, raising your arms, let them fall and lie loosely and naturally above your head. Lie thus for a minute or two, and then begin to take deep long breaths, as deeply as possible. Keep this up for five minutes, and you will then feel in a physical condition to take up the mental work you need to do."]

Replies to Various Consultants.

"QUARTER-DAY."—You say that, as September 29 is approaching, and your banking account is overdrawn, you are suffering from one of your periodical fits of depression. The treatment is very simple. When the landlord calls, go into the corner, and stand on your head, letting your arms fall as impossibly as possible on the ground by your side. Do not close your eyes, but roll them wildly; gnash your teeth and utter blood-curdling groans, while your breathing apparatus works ninety to the minute. Twist your legs into knots, and let your balance take care of itself. This will have the effect of staving off your unwelcome visitor for a while; or,

at any rate, you stand a good chance of being removed to an establishment where the attendants will relieve you of all further worries.

"YOUNG HOUSEWIFE."—When next the cook is impertinent, or the meat goes bad, or things go wrong in the wash and with the housekeeping generally, proceed as follows: Take all hairpins out of your back-hair, put on a *peignoir*, lie down on a fairly soft rug, face upwards, and drum violently with your heels for ten minutes by the clock. This will create a complete diversion in the household, and matters will rearrange themselves astonishingly. After a few repetitions you will find that you have no staff left to worry you. You will also be so busy with the baby and other etceteras that there will be no opportunity for moody reflections.

"FIANCÉE."—My dear girl, never mind about the colour of your nose, and don't be upset because he did not write to you twice yesterday. Follow this régime: Recline in the easiest chair you can find, interlace the four fingers of your right hand with the corresponding digits of the left hand, and (for seven and a-half minutes exactly) rotate the two thumbs with great rapidity and regularity round each other. This will entirely correct your faulty circulation,

and also deflect the current of your thoughts into less gloomy channels. Persist in the process at intervals until cured, or until the postman comes.

"HARASSED AUTHOR."—You find yourself "written out," or, when a fleeting idea *does* illuminate your brain, it is immediately dissipated by the pianos, barrel-organs and live stock in your vicinity. I fear your case is hopeless; you might, however, repair to the Green Park if the weather is sufficiently fine, and take a lesson in repose from the different "Out-of-works" whose recumbent forms are dotted over that romantic landscape. Lie down and remove your boots, placing them under your head, unbutton your collar (should you have one on), tilt your billycock over your face, and wink forty times in succession; you will then probably be visited by an *al fresco* day-dream (combined with twinges of rheumatism), or else a peripatetic sheep and other pastoral adventures will arrive to distract you from your anxieties and enrol you on Mr. *Punch's* list of "cures."

THE *St. James's Gazette* speaks of the DISRAELI of Mr. MEYNELL'S *Unconventional Biography* as "an apocryphal DIZZY." In fact a BENJAMIN TROVATO DISRAELI.

NIL DESPERANDUM.

[According to the *Picture Post-card and Collectors' Chronicle*, one of the most encouraging signs of the times is the number of publications which devote articles and notes to appreciations of current post-cards.]

O ENGLAND, O my country, how
The dismal croakers rave!
Thy little day is done, they vow;
Thy glory is departed; thou
Art standing, England, even now
With one foot in the grave;
The sweat of death is on thy brow,
Death's wings above thee wave.

Now that thy summer-time is o'er,
Commerce prepares her flight;
The trades that built their nests of
yore
About thy hospitable door
Seek swallow-like a sunnier shore,
They flee the Arctic night
That is to plunge thee evermore
In black and fatal blight.

Thy schools are out of date and dead,
Their systems old and stale.
Decrepit Isis hides his head,
Whilst Camus in his sedgy bed
Babbles of glories long since fled
That can no more avail,
For now the cry is all instead
Charlottenburg and Yale.

Not only do we starve the mind;
The boding croakers frown,
Declaring, if we will be blind,
Our inner man can scarce be lined,
For prices must go up, we'll find,
While wages must go down,
And we shall have to be resigned
To bread at half-a-crown.

Yet though I see the abhorred shears
Uplifted to thy doom,
Though I behold thee, 'mid the sneers
Of two progressive hemispheres,
Sinking beneath the load of years
To thy dishonoured tomb,
One ray of sunlight still appears
Amid the darkling gloom.

Is it that "tradesmen do not cheat?"
That from the baker's door
Comes naught but purest English
wheat?
Or is it hope that we may eat
DICK SEDDON'S "preferential meat"
Still cheaper than before?
Or does CARNEGIE, grown discreet,
Dump libraries no more?

No, 'tis not here one may descry
The hope that springs so fair.
But *picture post-cards*—while men buy
These works of art and bid them fly,
Wafting a plentiful supply
Of culture everywhere,
O, England, of thy future I
At least will not despair.

THE TOWN DAY BY DAY.

(With acknowledgments to the "Daily Mail.")

September 30.—To-day we may search in vain at the poulterer's for English pheasants: but they are there all the same, and ready for eating too, although the poulterer does not produce them until to-morrow. Where do they come from? Ah, where? Dark as are Nature's secrets, the secrets of man are often darker still.

October 1.—To-day, if it is wet, policemen on fixed-point duty will be seen in their waterproof suitings. Mud is thereby kept from soiling their ordinary garb of deep blue. Outside public-houses you may hear street singers at work, and note that the song is not confined to the males. Even if the day be fine you cannot fail to observe that fewer niggers than usual are about. Do niggers migrate?

October 2.—To-day listeners with sharp ears will note the early morning call of the milkman on his rounds, "Milk-O! Milk-O!" mingling pleasantly with the jingling of his cans as he sets them down to pour out a pint or quart of the snowy beverage. The falling leaves in the parks tell us that the season is changing. "Are the seasons changing?" asks the *Westminster Gazette*. Surely.

October 3.—The tiny pink-breasted bullfinch is beginning to perch in great numbers upon the ladies' hats. He is quite dead, and there are wires where his bones should be, but how gay a figure he cuts! Not all are English, for such is the demand that foreign countries are being ransacked for the little feathered fellows. Perhaps our own bullfinches can recognise that these others have an alien air. Who knows? Man and journalistic woman have not all the intelligence.

October 4.—To the red letter-boxes all over the busy metropolis will go to-day, whether the sun shines or not, numberless persons carrying letters which will be projected down the open throat of these receptive objects. Some of the missives will have light green stamps, others a pale red; some will be open at the ends according to the regulations, others closed. Some will have no stamps at all, and dire will be the sounds of woe when they are handed in at their destinations.

The New Play at Wyndham's.

AIR—"Mary, Mary."

"'LITTLE MARY,'"

Light and airy,

How did your slimmness grow?"

"Patent dodge;

I ceased to stodge

On three dinners all of a row!"

HANDICAPPED.

["In one of his essays Mr. BIRRELL, in comparing the influence of the poet of the present day with that of singers of the past, points out that the small hold which the contemporary poet has on the general reader may largely be attributed to the fact that his works, as compared with those of his classical predecessor, are usually 'deadly dear.'"—*Westminster Gazette*.]

I OFTEN used to wonder why,

When poets who were dead
Sold in their hundred thousands, I
Remained unbought, unread.

My slim green volumes on the shelf

Invited one to try them,

Yet not a soul except myself

Was ever known to buy them.

Oft would I take my tomes in hand,

And read with wondering mind;

My eyes would moisten as I scanned

The fancies there enshrined;

And as I conned them, evermore

The thought oppressed me: why do

No others love to linger o'er

These gems of mine as I do?

Love, sorrow, laughter, grief and care,

Each movement of the heart,

I found that I had voiced them there

With all a poet's art.

For every turn and twist of fate

Quotations I provided—

Then why could none appreciate

My excellence as I did?

Although I sang despair and hope,

All that a poet may,

Men still continued quoting POPE,

SCOTT, BYRON, WORDSWORTH, GRAY.

To SHAKESPEARE many and many a page

Of BARTLETT was devoted:

How was it that my noble rage

Was never, never quoted?

Oft, as I lingered o'er a line,

My spirit could not choose

But pause while I contrasted mine

With MILTON's classic muse;

And as a quite impartial man,

Unbiased in the matter,

I found my judgment never ran

In favour of the latter.

Why, then, did MILTON sell, while I

Remained "remainder" so?

For years I puzzled o'er the why,

But now at last I know.

It is not merit which can fix

One's place in letters. No, it

Is simply price. I'm four-and-six,

While he's a "penny poet."

THE *Westminster Gazette*, describing some recent motor efficiency trials, said: "In the Westerham Hill climb there was a rise of 3,175 feet in 3,228 feet." This is surely too steep a story. Is the *Westminster* trying to get a rise out of its faithful readers? Has not the Government sufficiently shattered the country's confidence?

THE POST-PAR-DEPORTMENT SPECIALIST.

I THREW down my paper with a gesture of disgust.

"You find it uninteresting?" asked my fellow traveller.

"There's not a word of truth in it," I exclaimed. "Why, I know personally nearly all the people mentioned in these paragraphs, and everything said about them is a pack of lies!"

"You're a month too soon," said my companion. "Everybody is who reads those par papers. But then you want news, not truth."

"Why, they'd be stale in a month," I said.

"Stale, yes; but true. Let me explain," he added, seeing my look of mystification. "In a month's time the celebrities mentioned there will, if they are brisk, have learned to do some of the things they are credited with. That is where I come in."

"Where you come in?"

"Yes. I am what is called a Post-Par-Deportment Specialist. When a celebrity reads some minute detail of his daily life that he fails entirely to recognise, he writes—frequently wires—to me. Let me give you an instance. You've heard a good deal of late about Bulgarian novelists. They are partly my invention."

"Your invention?"

"Yes. A well-known literary man was interviewed one day, and the published report stated that he had the names of all the novelists of Bulgaria at the tip of his tongue. There was at that time no such thing as a Bulgarian novelist. The interviewer, by a flash of inspiration, had put it in because he was unable to understand something that was said. The man of letters wired to me asking how he was to get out of it. I wired back, 'Don't. There's money in it. Am posting list of Bulgarian novelists.' I then sent him a string of words taken at random from dictionaries of Volapuk and Esperanto, and not only was his fortune made, but scores of younger writers have crept into fame by publishing their own verses as translations from the Bulgarian."

"Did you ever find out what he really said to the interviewer?" I asked.

"Nothing at all. He was suffering from influenza, and trying to suppress a volley of sneezes. That was one of my big successes. I began, of course in a small way, by teaching celebrities the 'graceful smile,' the 'far-away look,' the 'majestic carriage,' the 'rapt expression,' the thousand-and-one things that they were labelled with and never possessed.

"I gradually extended the business and got on to greater things. There



AT A LADIES' CLUB.

'Guest (who rather fancies himself as a fascinator). "BUT ALTHOUGH YOU ARE ALL KNOWN AS MEN-HATERS AREN'T THERE NOW AND AGAIN OCCASIONS WHEN YOU FIND IT VERY HARD TO LIVE UP TO YOUR REPUTATION?"

was GUY BOOTHBY'S Phonomotograph. He frequently dictates a complete book in a journey of a hundred and fifty miles. A novel in two hours! Not bad, eh? That is my doing. I made him live up to the pars. about him. But, bless you, I could give you hundreds of examples. Celebrities are just as celebrated as I choose to make them."

"Had any failures?"

"Well, I'm not always successful. There was one case—this is for your very private ear. You may recollect, some months back, it was announced that there would be great crowds to welcome Mr. CHAMBERLAIN on his return from Africa. He heard of it and wired

me (as I learned afterwards) thus: 'Do what you can. Every seat sold to the public is a vote given to the Conservative Party.' Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is unfortunate with his telegrams. By some such slight error as often arose before Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN got into the Post Office, the telegram reached me thus, 'Prepare new Fiscal scheme.' Well, I prepared one, and you know what happened."

"Then you mean to tell me that there's absolutely nothing at the bottom of this Free Trade scare?" I gasped; "that it is in fact a groundless fiction?"

"After all," he replied, "history is merely fiction grown to maturity."

TO A CAGED LION AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

THOU, whom the craft of evil men
Has prisoned in a narrow den,
The brutes' dishevelled lord,
Who sit'st, in thine imperial woe,
So royally morose, and so
Majestically bored,

Why grieve'st thou? Dost dream per-
chance,
Of derring-do or fond romance
Back in the golden days,
When thou didst truculently win
LEONA of the tawny skin,
And horrifying gaze?

Ay, those were times! Hilarious fights,
Wild sport, and pastoral delights—
A life without a care
Save, ever and anon, to quaff
The brook, or crunch the high giraffe
That formed thy staple fare.

Dost thou recall thy shattered reign?
The grandeur of the broad domain
Whose peoples groaned beneath
One that upheld the jungle's law
With stern, inexorable paw,
Accompanied by teeth?

Then man appeared; and, big with doom,
Came sneaking darkly through the gloom,
And took thee in a lure;
What of the grim LEONA now?
Bagged, I expect. And what art thou?
A shilling Cynosure.

Thou dinest on the dismal horse;
Not much, and what there is, is coarse;
While daily, round thy cage,
Children, whose fatted charms confess
Their lamentable toothsome-ness,
Inspire thy hungry rage.

And better 'twere that thou hadst died;
Better that men had stripped thy hide,
And made thereof a mat;
For, most unkindest cut of all,
They mock thee in thine utter fall
By calling thee a Cat! DUM-DUM.

FOURTH QUARTER.

(From "Young Moore's Almanack for 1903.")

OCTOBER.

HUNDREDS of fish will be caught this month, and a great many will be sent to London, where they will be sold. A prospectus or two may appear about now. Subscribers will also be sold.

Rumours that the Vauxhall Bridge is to be put in hand will be speedily denied, and the equally absurd idea that the Victoria Memorial is at last to be completed, will be dispelled. Weather of infinite variety.

NOVEMBER.

A portion of asphalt paving will be repaired in London, and a large crowd will look on all day with every appearance of interest. YOUNG MOORE

thinks this is a sign of our continued prosperity, that so many people have nothing to do, and is a complete answer to the Bogey of American invasion.

The Prophet is pleased to say that for a change the weather will suit everybody's taste, wet one day, fine the next, sun, snow, and fog—in fact "Varied."

DECEMBER.

YOUNG MOORE is confident in predicting that *Punch's Almanack* will be better than ever, and as nothing else of paramount importance happens this month he begs to take leave of his readers, feeling sure that his prophecies are as good as most, and better than many. Weather for this month will be as varied as the last, only more so.

LOST MASTERPIECES.

(Mr. Punch's Own Collection.)

THE two hitherto unpublished poems of WORDSWORTH which we were able to print last week have naturally excited great interest in the literary world. It was, of course, inevitable that doubts should be cast on their genuineness in some quarters, but on the whole these have been few and unimportant. Mr. CHURTON COLLINS (in the *Saturday Review*) pens a fiery denunciation of them as an impudent imposture which will take in nobody unless it be Professor SAINTSBURY or Mr. EDMUND GOSSE. The *Athenæum*, on the other hand, is convinced that they are the authentic work of the poet. The *Spectator* takes a middle course, and remarks in an Editorial note that, "while their genuineness must not be taken for granted without further investigation, there seems every ground for believing that we have here the actual work of WORDSWORTH. At the same time we must bear in mind the possibility of error in such matters, and, should evidence subsequently be forthcoming of their spuriousness, we must be prepared to give that evidence its due weight."

With this helpful pronouncement we leave the controversy on the subject of the two WORDSWORTH poems and set before our readers another interesting "find," namely, a notable fragment of TENNYSON. Nostudent of "In Memoriam" will fail to notice its truly Tennysonian character. Indeed, some critics have declared that they can fix upon the actual point in the poem from which this passage somehow dropt out. But as the stanzas of "In Memoriam" seem generally to follow one another more or less at random this appears doubtful:

LXVI.

The Spring is here; the daffodils
Peep thro' the grass beside the roads,
The shooting bracken incommodes
The cattle on a thousand hills.

Once more the thrush with feverish
zest

Recalls the worm of other days;
Once more the wandering cuckoo lays
Her egg in someone else's nest.

And, gazing o'er the fruitful plain,
My bosom half forgets its woe;
Till something—what, I do not
know—

Makes me begin to weep again.

LXVII.

When pondering much of 'how' and
'why'

And lost in philosophic lore,
The thought that two and two are
four

Consoles me in my agony.

The sun sinks ever in the West
And ever rises in the East,
I feel that this is sure at least,
And cannot doubt but it is best.

Yet if the sun should change his mind,
Or take his course some other way,
Till no astronomer could say
Where he would turn up next, resigned

To any change that I might see—
Or seeming change—in Nature's laws,
I should be sure it had a cause,
And that would be enough for me!

Mrs. BROWNING is a poet whose work is just now perhaps rather unduly neglected, but a hitherto unpublished fragment from her pen should still be welcome. Though it has been shown to many critics, nobody has yet discovered what it is about, Mrs. BROWNING's habit of dragging in all the gods of Hellas by name on the most inappropriate occasions rendering this often a difficult task in her case. But no one has ventured to deny the intrinsic beauty of the stanzas, while the appalling character of the rhymes is fatally characteristic of the writer:—

Aphrodite, pale with weeping,
Will not hearken to our call,
Zeus is either dead or sleeping,
Homer nods (as usual!)
Deep among the Asphodel
Hera is asleep as well,
And they heed us not at all.

From his sacred shrine in Delos
Doth Apollo speak no more,
Or his oracles might tell us
Things we never heard before.
Ototoi, Olympians!
Ye are fallen from your thrones!
As the old Greek crie! of yore.

Shall your poet's cries not ruffle
Your divine tranquillity,
Though the rhymes are simply awful,
And the meaning's all my eye?
Bacchus shakes his heavy head
(He is drunk as well as dead!)
And none other makes reply.

THE SUN-CHILD.

(Continued.)

Now it happened that on a certain morning quite early the Sun-child was walking along a street in a large town. The Sun had already risen, for it was summer-time, but the blinds were down before most of the windows, and there was little life stirring in the street itself—only an occasional cart was rumbling along, making a great clatter all to itself, as the early morning carts do, and now and again a few working men hurried along, smoking their pipes, with their bags slung over their shoulders. Presently, as the Sun-child walked, he saw in a dark corner something that looked like a bundle of rags, but, as he came nearer, he was aware that it was a dog, a black retriever dog, with a coat that may once have been smooth and beautiful, but was now dusty and untidy. The dog was lying down, but he was not asleep. His mouth was open and his hot dry tongue was lolling out, and he was panting. And, as the Sun-child approached, he raised himself and limped pitifully across the pavement and into the middle of the street, and looked with startled, anxious, despairing eyes, first in one direction and then in another, and ran a little way, tired as he was, and then ran back again and stood, the picture of hopeless misery. So the Sun-child knew that this was a dog upon whom had come the bitterest sorrow that can befall a dog, for he had lost his master, and light and joy had gone out of his life. And in truth this dog, who was a noble and affectionate creature, the beloved favourite of his home, and his master's dear companion, both in town and in the country, had on the previous afternoon, while his master was walking with him, stayed behind for a few moments of conversation with a Dandie Dinmont of his acquaintance, and lo, when the little chat was over, his master had disappeared. They were in a strange neighbourhood, and all that afternoon and through the night the dog had sought his master in vain, until at last he had lain down where the Sun-child first saw him.

As the dog still stood in the street, disconsolate and abject, a policeman appeared, treading sedately on his beat and pausing now and then as policemen on duty do. And, as he came along, he saw the dog, and at that moment the Sun-child fixed his eyes on the policeman and the policeman whistled to the lost and wretched animal. At the sound Rover pricked his ears. Surely, he thought, that is my own master's whistle, and his heart leaped within him, and he crawled to the policeman and sank at his feet.

"Ah," said the policeman, "a lost 'un and no collar on. I wonder where he came from. Poor old chap," he went on, addressing Rover, "poor old chap, you've had a bit of a doing, I can see that," and he bent down and patted him kindly, for though he was a guardian of the law his heart was soft and he loved dogs. Still duty was duty, and he was bound to take Rover to the station-house as a vagrant, and after that Rover's fate was uncertain.

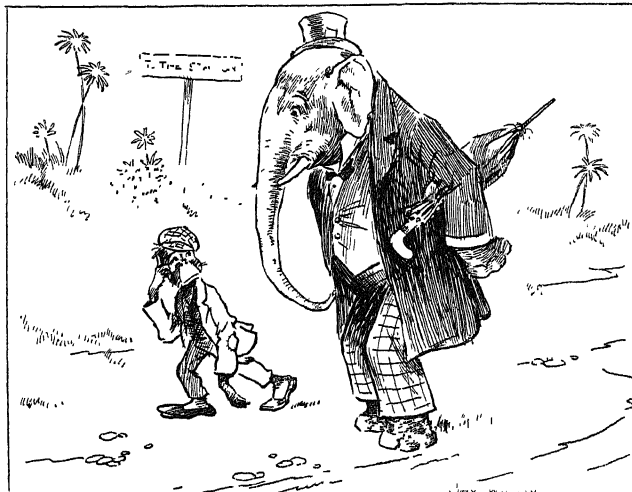
But while the policeman still stooped and patted and Rover licked the kind hand, a house-door was flung open and a neat servant-maid stepped out, and inhaled the fresh morning air. She saw the group at the edge of the pavement—at least she saw the stooping policeman—and her curiosity was aroused:

"Why, whatever have you got there?" she said.

"It's a lost dog," answered the policeman, "and he's pretty near through. A handsome dog he is too."

The servant-maid came down the steps and looked at Rover.

"Why," she said, "if that isn't—but it can't be—yes it is—it's the moral of Rover at any rate—Rover, Rover," she called to the crouching animal.



"CARRY YOUR TRUNK, SIR?"

Then Rover looked up and he saw a friend, and in a moment his weariness was forgotten and he sprang up and placed his dusty paws on the maid's clean print frock, and then he bounded round her and finally he raised his head and barked for joy, and when he had done that he rolled over on his back and stretched his four paws in the air, which was his way of showing deep peace and contentment.

"Seems to know you, Miss," said the policeman.

"Well, he ought to," she replied. "He's Mr. HARRISON'S Rover; he used often to come to my last place, and many's the bit of cake he's had from me. But what brought him here is more than I can say. I'll take him in and give him water downstairs, and you can let Mr. HARRISON know where to find him."

She gave him the address, and the policeman walked off, while Rover, a changed being, was taken below and refreshed and made much of. And the Sun-child walked on very happily.

(To be continued.)

A Philanthropic Pig.

THE following passage is taken from an article in the *Belfast News Letter* on KATHARINE TYNAN'S *Horace Plunkett and his Work* :—

"Dealing with Sir HORACE'S relations with the Irish peasantry, the writer says: His sympathy for the people places him on the level of the simplest peasant. . . . He may be found . . . tramping day after day from one wretched collection of cabins to another, stooping to enter at their low doors into the dense reek of turf smoke, sitting there among the hens and the children, while the pig, if the family be rich enough to possess one, wanders in and out of his own sweet will, encouraging, advising, striving to give hope where there was only apathy and despair!"

SCENE.—Leeds City Square. Statue of the Black Prince about to be unveiled.

Indignant Yorkshireman (jealous of Ranji's County). A'm fair capped why they didn't have STANLEY JACKSON, and him a Leeds man!

THE *Dublin Daily Express* reports the presence of Royalty at a cricket match at Balmoral. But although one of the teams was drawn from the Black Watch guard of honour that is no excuse for heading the paragraph, "The King in Scotland," even if there was a "sweep" on the top scorer.



TAKING NO RISKS.

Nervous Passenger (on her first voyage). "I KNOW I SHAN'T BE ABLE TO SLEEP IN THIS LIFE-BELT!"

CHARIVARIA.

A RUSSIAN officer has killed a Jew for refusing to give him a match. It is rumoured that, in spite of his high rank, he is to be reprimanded.

It appears that ABDUL has at last consented to have the Austro-Russian scheme of reform carried out in those parts of Macedonia where he has exterminated the population.

President ROOSEVELT has justified his description as the most all-round man

in existence by showing a bold back as well as a bold front to his enemies. When on a visit to Ellis Island, a gust of wind blew his coat-tails aside and revealed a revolver.

There has been a sensational fall in the stock of the Steel Trust, and several of the directors are said to be hard hit. But it is thought unlikely that a Mansion House Fund will be started to help them.

A gentleman has written to the Press to point out that "Our American cousins

have defeated a *Thistle* and a *Shamrock*, but they have never had an opportunity of trying conclusions with our beautiful *English Rose*." Why not re-name *Shamrock III.* the *Rose*, and run the race over again?

Major-General Sir CHARLES EGERTON, who is conducting operations in Somaliland, has been appointed to the command of the forces in Bombay. The General still hopes to be able to run over to Somaliland every Friday to Monday to look after the War.

A certain Passive Resister, in his "oration" to the Highgate bench, stated that he had come all the way from Italy on purpose to enjoy the privilege of publicly protesting. It is under consideration whether such persons should not be charged an increased gas-rate.

It is said that the Servant Difficulty is gradually being solved by the introduction of foreigners. We learn from an article on the subject that "The men servants are more amenable than the female. They do not object to undertaking a little washing." This certainly disposes, partially, of a great objection to the alien.

Several illustrated papers which not so long ago published a portrait of the Secretary of State for the Colonies now issue a portrait of the ex-Secretary of State for the Colonies. There is an extraordinary likeness between them.

A well-known meat extract company are offering enlargements of any photograph free of charge in exchange for coupons from their bottles. It is anticipated that the original photograph will be returned with the inscription, "Before taking your extract I was this size," while on the enlargement will be written, "Now I am this."

Owing to the misunderstanding with Mr. BOURCHIER there has been no notice in the *Times* of the new play at the Garrick Theatre. It will be interesting to see whether the *Times* will break *The Golden Silence*.

Our summer may now be said to be at an end. Again we have had no skating.

THE VERY LATEST RESIGNATION!!

—That of the public to the changes in the Cabinet.

A Fine Old Chestnut.

LOST, between Castle and Station, Cherry-headed Gent's Umbrella.—Advert. in the "*Stirling Sentinel*" of Sept. 22.



TAKING COVER.

❖ NOTE.—“This silly bird on the approach of trouble hides its head in the sand and imagines it will escape notice, but——”
Natural History Primer. Article—“Ostrich.”

CHEZ LE COIFFEUR.

THE village of St. Sauveur-les-Bains, in the Hautes Pyrénées, can boast in the season of a hairdresser. He comes from Nice in the summer-time, and installs himself in a wooden *baraque* much frequented by wasps and flies. In this respect it is no worse than any other building in St. Sauveur. However it must be admitted that these Pyrenean wasps are perfectly gentle and inoffensive; they never sting anyone. In a very short time the visitor disregards them, even if they are crawling on his hand or hovering round his nose. The flies are infinitely more irritating.

After déjeuner one roasting day, when the "vent d'Espagne" was blowing strongly, I betook myself to the barber's shed. It was closed. I looked inside; it was empty. I inquired the whereabouts of the barber from his wife, who makes hats in an adjoining *baraque*. "*Il est allé à la pêche,*" said she tranquilly. "*Et il reviendra—?*" said I. "*Oh, vers les sept heures,*" she replied, still more tranquilly. There was no more to be said, and the scorching south wind blew me back to the hotel.

It was, however, intolerable that one could only have one's hair cut at times to suit an idle, piscatorial Niçois. There must certainly be a hairdresser at Luz, lower down the valley, where the little electric railway ends. The people of the hotel assure me that there is one, and that he is not likely to have gone fishing. In view of the heat I should be tempted to drive to Luz, if I were not at St. Sauveur. There can be no place more adapted to encourage pedestrianism, for all the inhabitants worry one to go driving. The *épicié*, who also keeps a circulating library and sells picture post-cards, announces that he has carriages on hire, and even the washerwoman, when she brings back my collars, asks anxiously, "*Est-ce que Monsieur désire une voiture?*" So, just to spite them all, I walk along the hot, dusty road to Luz.

In the hottest and dustiest part of the little town I find the hairdresser. He is opposite the Hôtel de l'Univers. What a grandiose name is that French sign, which almost always adorns a modest

inn! The Hotel of the Universe is usually quite insignificant.

The hair-dressing establishment of Luz is in a wooden shed, baking in the sunshine, but it is trim and neat inside. I look in at the door, and the little proprietor, a perfect type of *coiffeur*, with his black hair curled outwards at each side of his head and upwards at the top—I am sure his Christian name must be ISIDORE—bows me to a chair.

note to the obsequious *coiffeur*, who hastens out to get change. With the flies swarming round us, we three wait. Another would-be customer looks in. But when he sees us, and the flies, and no barber, he wisely retires.

At last, breathless, ISIDORE returns, counts out gold and silver into the customer's hand, bows him out, and with more bows installs the fat man in the armchair. By this time I am nearly driven mad by the heat and the flies. At St. Sauveur they can count the flies by thousands; at Luz by millions. I try sitting in the street, but there clouds of dust only add to my misery. With irritating and over-elaborate care the barber snips at that fat red head. I think he has finished the back. Not he! He discovers yet another hair too long. Then the sides and the top demand equal neatness. Finally even he cannot find a hair astray; he has finished, and the flies have nearly finished me. Then the fat man says calmly, "*Et la barbe,*" and it all begins over again. In fact ISIDORE is even more punctilious with the beard. Time after time he withdraws his artist's hand and stands back satisfied, admiring his work, and then suddenly darts forward again to shorten yet another red hair, perhaps one *millimètre* too long.

If there were any other barber, I would go to him. If I could come another day, I would. If I had not waited for an hour, I would leave my hair uncut for another week. But after so nearly achieving my purpose it would be absurd to give it up. So I continue to sit there, gasping and waving away the flies, and still ISIDORE snips on. Then some

hair-oil, a curl to the moustache with the tongs, a *coup de brosse*, a bow, "*merci, Monsieur!*" more bows, and the fat man strolls out.

I sink into the armchair, and for half an hour I am at the mercy of ISIDORE and the flies. It is impossible to wave them away now. It is impossible to hurry him. He is as painstaking as ever. At intervals he brushes off a specially persistent fly with his comb. I tell him repeatedly that it is very well, that it is admirable, that it is superb. Though I may be satisfied, he is not. At last I tear myself away,



THE TERROR OF THE NEIGHBOURHOOD;

OR, "THE PRIVATEERSMAN ASHORE."

(Adapted with grateful acknowledgments from the picture by Mr. Howard Pyle, U.S.A.)

"PRIVATEER. n.—A private craft, fully armed, cruising under letters of marque, acting in concert with the supreme authority of the country; the object generally being to annoy the commerce of a hostile nation." —See Dictionary.

The place is full of customers—there are two of them—and of flies. I say I will take a little walk, and return. When I get back I find that yet another customer, a fat man with reddish hair, has arrived. There is no room for me; I stand at the door. The industrious hairdresser at last finishes the first-comer, and deftly shaves the next customer. The red-haired man and I think we shall soon be attended to. But no! The man who has been shaved feels in all his pockets. He has no change. Then he produces a thick pocket-book and hands a hundred-franc

with at least three hairs of the wrong length, thrust into his hand the fee, which he has calculated on the generous scale of Paris itself, and fly—oh, ill-omened word!—rush off for ever from Luz and its insect pests to the more serene and airy heights, the charming prospect, the fewer flies and the amiable wasps of St. Sauveur.

ROBINSON THE ROVER.

A VERY SHORT SAIL.

HAULTITE, who sails his own boat, *Nautilus*, and is a really clever amateur yachtsman, met me on the pier at Shrimpton, on the eve of the Town Regatta.

"The very man I want!" he cried, in his rollicking, nautical tones. "There's a race for the little beggars to-morrow, and I've entered my *Nautilus*. Will you sail with me, and act as crew, whilst I take the tiller? All you'll have to do is haul on to any rope I tell you. It's perfectly simple, that, isn't it?"

I agreed. Nothing could be easier.

"That's all right, then. To-morrow, at twelve sharp, be down at the jetty and I'll pull you aboard."

We parted, and for the rest of that day I felt it incumbent on me to walk, or rather, roll, up and down the one street of Shrimpton, with blue serge trousers turned up, hands in jacket pockets, and an eye constantly turned to windward, as though instinctively watching the weather, with a mariner's interest.

We got aboard the *Nautilus* punctually next day. Bunting was gaily flying from all the vessels in the Bay, and the wind-jammers of the town band, stationed on the quay, were already at work, regardless of the human suffering they were causing—let us hope unwittingly. It was a gay scene, and I ventured to say so to HAULTITE.

"What's gay, did you say? The scene? Oh, blow the scene, my dear fellow! Just give me a hand here with all this clutter of ropes, will you? Shove that lot into the locker—no, that's not the locker, that's the cabin."

I apologised, and having stowed the "clutter" indicated took a seat and looked through my glasses at the preparations being made on board our rivals.

"That's a very smart-looking——" I began, when HAULTITE cut me short with:

"Yes, yes. Just get that empty lobster tin and start baling her out, will you?"

I repressed a sigh. Beastly work, baling. Began to wish I hadn't come. No help for it now. Baled till my back ached, and when I left off through sheer exhaustion there was still water in the

bottom to the extent of three or four inches.

"Now then, come and give me a haul on the mainsail!" cries HAULTITE, excitedly.

Do so, and lug at rope till my hands skin.

"We shall get the gun directly!" he cries, looking at his watch.

I glance up, wondering if the "gun" is a new form of disease, when a loud "bang!" from the Committee boat enlightens me.

"Hold your watch and tell me, ten seconds before time's up for the second gun!" says HAULTITE, burning with suppressed passion for the fray.

"But I don't know how long——"

"Five minutes!" he jerks out, his hand on the tiller and his eyes fixed on his six rivals, "jillying" about at the starting-line.

I kept my watch in my hand, counting the seconds, and then I casually announced: "Well, now I think——"

But I never got any further, for a maelstrom of discordant noises, accompanied by personal violence of no mean order, seemed to rush at me from every side at once.

"Bang!" went the starting-gun.

"Break-out-your-foresail!" yelled HAULTITE. "Not that, you idiot! Leggo your main—no, no! Here, catch hold of the tiller. Put her hard up!—no, no! hard up, not hard down—here, by gad, you'll be into the *Dryad*! Leggo your—oh, give it me!"

And with a bound and a yell which would have put to shame a Sioux Indian on the warpath HAULTITE made a wild rush at the tiller, capsizing me completely and tumbling me clean over the lee side into the sea. On swept the boat, and gasping and choking I tried to shout for help, though I assumed, of course, that HAULTITE would manage to get *Nautilus* round quickly enough to rescue me. But I had not reckoned with HAULTITE's yacht-racing enthusiasm. Bobbing up on the top of a cold green wave, I beheld *Nautilus* tearing away in the wake of the other competitors for the "Shrimpton Tradesmen's Cup," and HAULTITE, leaning over the counter, shouted to me:

"Swim to the buoy and hang on there till the race is over. I'll come and pick you up all right, directly afterwards!"

As the race would not terminate for at least two hours I preferred being rescued by a shore boat.

Next morning, on meeting HAULTITE, I tried the "cut direct," but HAULTITE fairly countered me; he said:

"Pretty sort of chap you are, leaving me just as the race was starting. I believe I lost the Cup entirely through that!"

THE CRICKETER IN WINTER.

The days are growing short and cold;
Approaches Autumn, ay and chill Yule:
The latest bowler now has bowled
His latest devastating pillule.
Gone are the creases, gone the "pegs";
The bungling fieldsman now no more errs

By letting balls go through his legs
And giving batsmen needless fourers.

Things of the past are drive and cut,
With which erstwhile we would astound men;

The gay pavilion's doors are shut;
The turf is given up to groundmen;
Gone is the beautiful length-ball,
Gone, too, the batsman who would snick it;

Silent his partner's cheery call.
Football usurps the place of cricket.

Now, as incessantly it pours,
And each succeeding day seems bleaker,

The cricketer remains indoors,
And quaffs mayhap the warming beaker.

Without, the scrummage heaves and slips;

Not his to play the muddled oaf. A
Well-seasoned pipe between his lips,
He reads his *Wisden* on the sofa.

Or, if in vein for gentle toil,
Before he seeks a well-earned pillow,
He takes a flask of linseed oil
And tends his much-enduring willow,
Feeling the while, what time he drops
The luscious fluid by degrees on,
Given half-volleys and long-hops,
How nobly it will drive next season!

Then to his couch, to dream till day
Of fifties when the pitch was sticky,
Of bowling crisply "put away,"
Though it was manifestly tricky,
Of umpires, confident appeals,
Hot shots at point, mid-off, and cover,
Of cricket-lunches (perfect meals!):—
Such dreams attend the cricket-lover.

And, though the streets be deep in snow,
Though slippery pavements make him stumble,
Though rain descends, though blizzards blow,

It matters not: he scorns to grumble.
What if it lightens, thunders, hails,
And common men grow daily glummer,
In him contentment never fails;
To such a man it's always Summer.

"NOLO ARCHIEPISCOPARI."—We have it on unimpeachable authority that the Roman Catholic Bishop of SOUTHWARK, on being informed of his appointment to the Archiepiscopal see of Westminster, exclaimed, "Ah, me! I would I had never been BOURNE!"



G. L. S. CAMPA.

THE AGE OF REASON.

Effie. "MUMMY DEAR, OF COURSE UNCLE JACK IS COMING TO MEET US BY A CIRCLE TRAIN, ISN'T HE?"

Mamma. "NO, EFFIE, HE WILL WALK HERE. WHY DO YOU SAY 'OF COURSE BY A CIRCLE TRAIN'?"

Effie. "WHY, BECAUSE UNCLE JACK TOLD US YESTERDAY THAT HE WOULD COME ROUND TO MEET US AT THE STATION. SO IT MUST BE A CIRCLE TRAIN, MUSTN'T IT, MUMMY DEAR?"

A SHORT VACATION RAMBLE.

(How we discovered Le Touquet.)

WE had bound ourselves to arrive *chez Monsieur le Baron HAMISH DE SEPTÉTOILES* on the evening before the great storm, of which an account has already been given in these vacation papers.

We were dinner-timed to descend at the charming *Villa de Sacaterra*, which at present serves Monsieur le Baron for temporary *logement*. The time is not far distant when the castle, which, I am informed, has been designed in the airy Spanish architectural style, shall dominate the *plage* of Paris (rather sounds like plaster of Paris) just as the *châteaux* of his ancestors in Spain, and in Scotland, have looked out over the Moors. At eight of the clock we, travelling companion and self, were to have arrived. I saw the scene in my mind's eye. Behold! The seneschal and lacqueys with flambeaux are in the hall to welcome us, the master himself, in court attire (as is his wont), is on the topmost step of the brilliantly lighted staircase, the portals are thrown wide open, fanfares sound and gongs clang, as at half-past eight, to the moment, a coachman in gorgeous livery reins in his steaming horses (four splendid Barbaries) before the grand gate of entry, and a courier in breathless haste, jumping down from the seat behind, rushes up the staircase, bends on one knee to his beloved master, as, in accents broken by excessive agitation, he announces, "*Mon maître, très honoré, they ain't come!*"

It was true. We hadn't.

Then the Baron requests his other guests to fall to. There were two of them invited. The flambeaux are extinguished, supernumerary servitors and *laquais d'occasion* are dismissed, the seneschal resumes his ordinary attire, as also does the Baron, and we, the long-expected, are still upon the road.

No matter how or why, suffice it to say that we had missed the station. We had heard only the shout of "*Paris-Plage*," unaware that the porters had commenced softly with "*Étapes*," rising to full blast with "*Paris-Plage*"; and so, when at last we did beamingly descend, and asked, as a mere matter of form, "*C'est Étapes, n'est-ce pas?*" we were not prepared for the answer, "*Non, Monsieur, c'est Montreuil.*"

A facer. You might have prostrated us with a gossamer.

One second's council of war and we had determined on our course of action.

Instead of waiting for the next train at 10 (it was now 7.45) we would drive. Aha! where there's a wagon there's a way, and *vice versa*. But—we must ascend to the town of Montreuil in order to procure the trap. Now Montreuil, as I remembered, is a town fortified by VAUBAN on the summit of an uncommonly steep hill, a situation considered by the aforesaid distinguished military engineer as impregnable, and, ahem, comparatively inaccessible. "*Courage, mon ami! Fils de S. Louis, up you go!*" That walk consisted of climbing a painfully steep hill, stumbling along over big slippery paving stones, with which on more than one occasion the tips of our noses were on the point of making close acquaintance. VAUBAN was right, Montreuil is difficult of approach. "*Excelsior! Excelsior!*"

No matter what we thought or what we said. When one traveller, who is the cause of all this anguish, penitently admits the fact, and loads himself with self-reproaches, and the bags, what can the companion do but pardon him, cheer him, console him? Then the repentant *voyageur*, relieved of the burden of his grief by his friend, and of the *impedimenta* by the *porteur* who carries them cheerfully, took heart of grace, and spoke in praise of the moon for shining out so brightly. The rattle-trap and its driver, when secured, caused merriment; the "going" was easy, rapid, and downhill; all the country lovely; old villages

picturesque; and so, as the clock sounded the hour of ten, we finished the last of our fifteen *kilomètres* in front of the Hôtel du Touquet.

Here the lights were being extinguished, "the last *sarabande* had been danced in the hall," and, as all were about to retire, the polite *maître d'hôtel* placed at our disposal a splendid officer of the establishment, a kind of colonel of commissionaires, who most readily undertook to guide our *calèche* to the very door of the *Villa de Sacaterra*.

As we arrived, the Baron, who was speeding his parting guests, at once welcomed the coming ones most warmly.

No explanations necessary. Sound the trumpet, strike on the gong! Arouse ye then, my merry merry cooks, seneschals, butlers, scullions, *et tous les serviteurs fidèles*—and ere you can utter the name of the *genius loci*, "JACK ROBINSON NAPOLEON" (who, by the way, having "gone nap" at nine o'clock, was now in blissful ignorance of our arrival), there is on the table the first course of a supper fit for a king of *gourmets*. And not a word would our noble host allow us to speak until we had broken our fast!

Cher Baron, à votre santé! May we, companion and self, ever remember that most grateful meal, and your most hospitable welcome.

So we sat up late, and talked; told our travellers' tales, then retired to our delightful dormitories, where we soon fell

"Into that state of blissful sweet repose,
That innocence and virtue only knows;"

and the next morning, it being sunny, bright, and spring-like, we arose early, and accepted our host's invitation to stroll over the "*domaine*" of Le Touquet, view its present state, and note its possibilities.

La Villa de Sacaterra, of which a *Contessa* (the lady is partly French, partly Italian) is the *propriétaire*, is by daylight a perfect little *châlet* in the valley, or rather, right on to the sands.

Le Touquet? What this name means I have not the faintest idea. Nor has JACK ROBINSON NAPOLEON. *Touquet* is just suggestive of "Toupet." *Hé bien!* "*il a du Toupet!*"—we all know what *that* means, and, mind you, it required this moral force, in its very best sense, on the part of ROBINSON NAPOLEON to carry through a big scheme, which, so far as it has been realised, is beyond expectation, successful.

Le Touquet is at the present moment concentrated in its central hotel, charmingly situated in the forest, within fifteen minutes' walk of the sea, and never out of reach of the sands (which is a blessing for health in all varieties of weather), and it is so gifted by nature, and so provided for and improved by Robinsonian-Napoleonic art and pluck, that there is, if not everything, at least as much as any ordinary English bather, golfer, lawn-tennis player, and "sportman" or "sportswoman" can desire.

A more enjoyable *déjeuner à la fourchette à midi* I do not wish for than that served under the broad spreading verandah of the Forest Hotel (this *ought* to be its name, as distinguished from the hotel that is to be "*sur le plage*") on this lovely morning in September of which I speak. *Comme chante le poète* (kept tame on the premises) *Thomas Toqué du Touquet*:

"À l'hiver de la mois de Mai
Nous dansons sur le plage.
Pour ce soir serons-nous gais,
Pour ce soir serons-nous gais (*bis*),
Demain soyons-nous sages!"

Wonders have happened since first I—*moi qui parle*—saw this place. Then (was it three years ago?) it was an old *château* with a rugged forest around it and no future before it. Now, thanks to JOHN ROBINSON NAPOLEON CRUSOE, aided by trusty friends and advisers, of whom genial FRANK ROCKEM and Baron HAMISH are the representatives, it is a

first-rate hotel, with annexes, stables, plenty of baths, and a fine lawn-tennis ground, to which the matches attract residents and visitors for miles around. Neighbouring friendly Paris-Plage sends troops of friends for tennis; while for those who do not play games, but who come to be amused, there are concerts, *petits chevaux* (not put prominently forward, but there they are), and, above all, children's playgrounds where "*nos enfants*" enjoy themselves (as I see they do) by the hour, while their *bonnes* are knitting or nodding, and the parents and guardians are engaged in tennis close at hand, or vigorously striding o'er the golf links just a couple of miles distant.

But, *mes amis*, the air! Here old *Faust* need make no compact with *Mephisto*; he will be young again in twenty-four hours. It is simply perfect, for spring and summer. It is life-giving. Ah! "there's air!" It would be difficult to decide off-hand as to its excellence as a "Winter resort." That remains to be seen.

The *forêt* offers endless picturesque rambles; the river Canche, within easy distance, good fishing; and the sands, for bathing, are just perfect. But as a collection of *châteaux*, *châteaux*, that is as a French Birchington or Westgate-on-Sea, and as regards *maisons et maisonnettes*, Le Touquet as yet *n'existe point*. Its *châteaux* are all *en l'air*; its *châteaux* are *châteaux d'Espagne*. "*Mais ça commence*," as J. R. NAR observes, and already conspirators are making their plots and selecting choice sites with splendid views.

The road from Étaples to Le Touquet Woods is as good as any you might find in the country—and in France, where roads are good they are "werry werry good," *et au contraire*,—but when the traveller has once passed the hotel and is well "out of the wood," then, as Le Touquet possesses neither *maire* nor municipality, as there are no town councillors, and (O blissful sound!) *no rates and taxes*, in fact as Le Touquet is only a name, without a local habitation in it, save the one already described in the *forêt*, the roads, such as they are, have just been left to make themselves, one at a time, at the expense of anybody happening to require one. As specimens of fancy work these roads are a credit to the amateur navvies.

Baron HAMISH selects a likely spot in the Wood with a sea view, and JACK ROBINSON NAR says to me heartily, "Here's the very place for you to build a *châlet*. This is the site. Take it!"

Were I a millowner or a millionaire, or even a bit of one, to whom time (and its equivalent) was no object, I would seize the chance, but as it is I can only meet the proposition by regretfully "taking a site" (spelt in another way) at the proposition, which in action, familiar to the most youthful board-school boy, is expressed by the pantomime of the sacristan in the *Ingoltsby Legends*, who

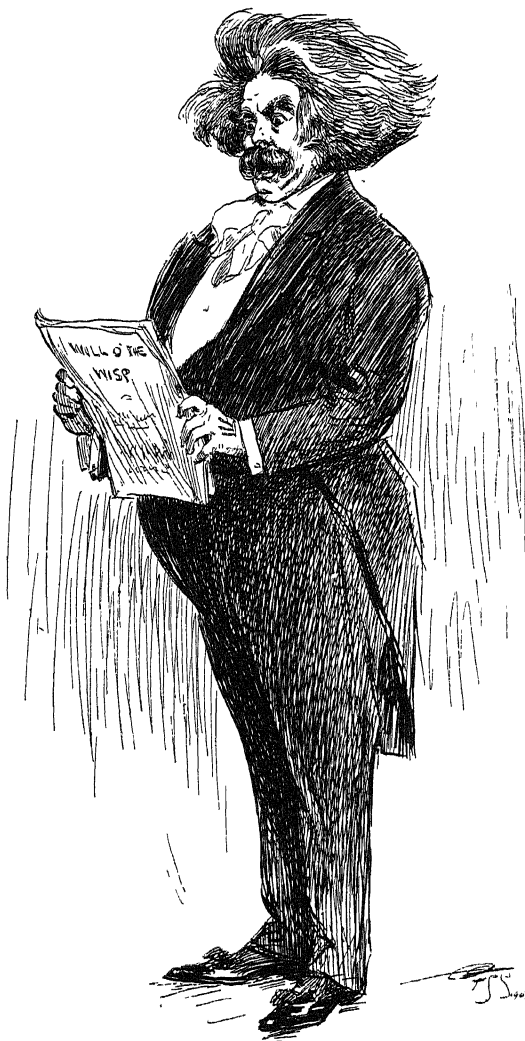
"Spake no word of doubt,

But put his thumb unto his nose and spread his fingers out."

Not for me are the joys of the landed and sanded proprietor. Enough to know of the existence of a new place, easy of access, and presenting to the tired Englishman so complete a change as does this Le Touquet.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Mettle of the Pasture (MACMILLAN) is the title of JAMES LANE ALLEN's last novel, and is almost the only unsatisfactory thing about it. Mr. ALLEN feels it necessary, or at least desirable, to explain that it is a quotation from SHAKESPEARE, which is undeniable though not vindicatory. For the rest the story is excellent, instinct with character, breezy with the atmosphere of wholesome, fresh Kentucky. Charming are the old-fashioned homes described, and lovable some of the people, notably *Judge Morris* and his old love, who in years gone by gave him up at some breath of scandal. One

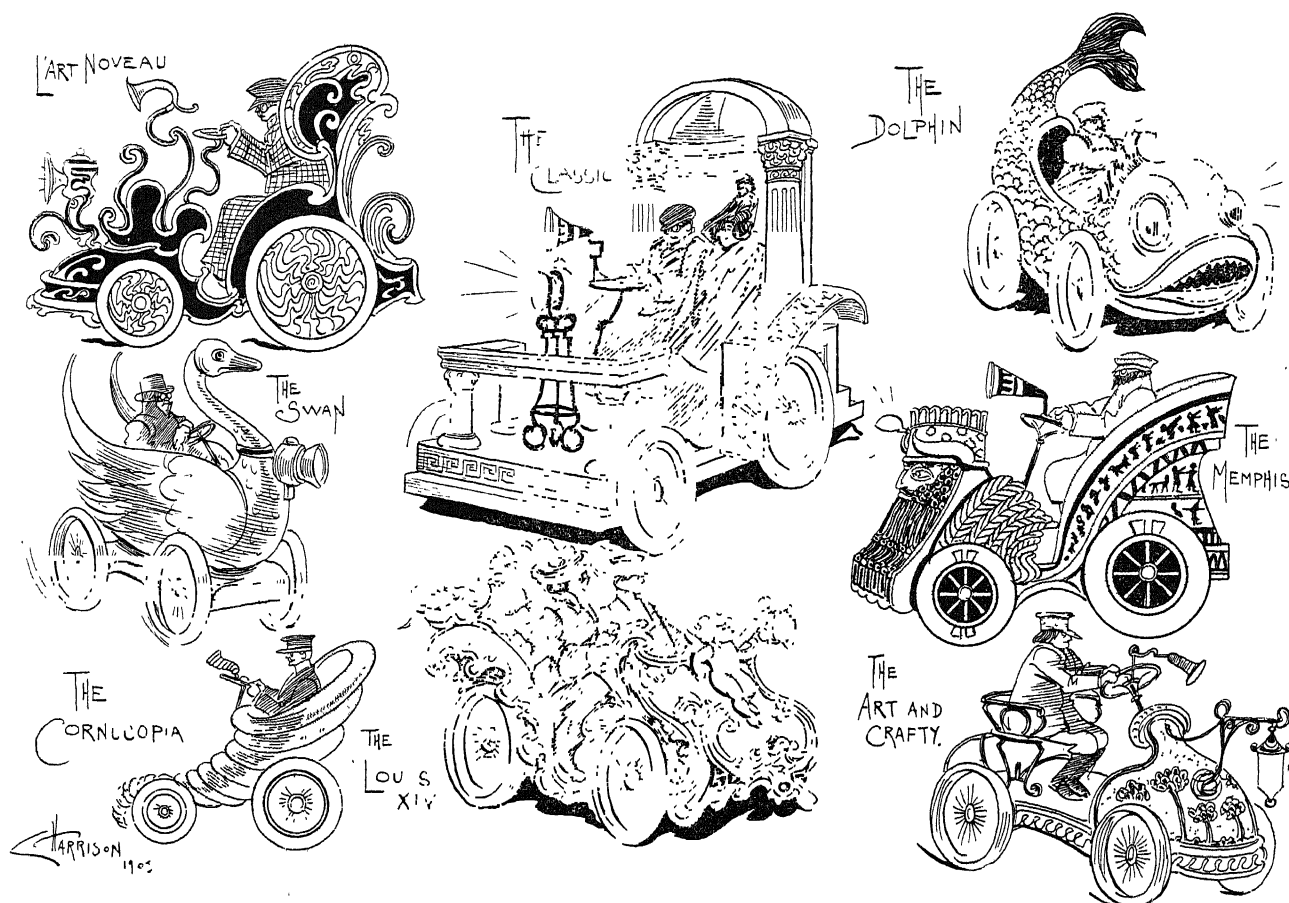


Professor Jawohl obliges in English:

"OO DRIES TO GATCH ME GATCHES BUT AIR!"

day, when the shades of afternoon were closing over the old Judge, *Mrs. Meredith* visited him at his office and told him how the great sorrow in her life had been the wrong she had done him. "If you had married me," he said, looking at her with brimming eyes, "I'd have been a great man. I was not great enough to be great without you." This life story is told with exquisite simplicity in a page, though it contains material for the old-fashioned three-volume novel. It is but an episode in the tragedy of *Rowan* and *Isabel*, separated on the eve of marriage by another scandal, homing with seared hearts in later life. To my Baronite the tale opens up pleasing knowledge of a race apart—high-souled men and noble women living in far-off Kentucky.

In the *Pall Mall Magazine* this month, October, Mr. HALKETT gives us two really excellent specimens in colour of PHIL MAY's art, as well as several in black and white, all showing the hand of the master so recently and at so early an age taken from us. Mr. HALKETT's article is one of the very best, nay, the Baron may honestly say, the very best, of all those he has had the opportunity of reading on this subject. Apart from this special article the number of the *Pall Mall Magazine* is as interesting as it is entertaining, and among the series the Baron would single out the one



SOME DESIGNS WE MAY EXPECT TO SEE IN THE NEAR FUTURE.

["SIR WILLIAM RICHMOND, R.A., æsthetically appealed to motor-car manufacturers to produce something more beautiful than the existing monstrosities."—*Daily Telegraph*.]

by JOHN OLIVER HOBBS; "Priscilla's Maying," by U. L. SILBERRAD; and an amusing adventure in the swindling line by a young writer whom the Baron is glad to recognise in such excellent company.

Alarums and Excursions (METHUEN) comprises a series of stirring stories set in the good old times of GEORGE THE FIRST. The period is marked not less by periwig, swords, card-playing, hard-drinking and duelling than by the reiteration of certain phrases. One is "Damme," another "Rip me!" a third "Slife," and, most reiterated, "Stap me!" These are peppered about the conversation, giving glowing local colour. Of the eight stories my Baronite prefers the shorter ones, the form being more suited to Mr. MARRIOTT WATSON's vivid style. "The Tavern on the Moor" is equal in dramatic interest to its alluring title. "The Squire's Wager" was arranged at BROOKS'S, at the time when CHARLES JAMES FOX used to spend his night gambling. It is improbable in these prosaic days. But Mr. WATSON would possibly be able to reply to this objection that it is founded upon an actual wager recorded in the historic book of another highly respectable Club of contemporaneous fame.

Should anybody during vacation-time (now, alas! drawing to a close) require a thoroughly absorbing story, well and nervously written, by an author who can deftly use sensationalism to his purpose without forcing it for a mere effect, and who can also depict the character of a strong man, as honest as determined, in love with a sweet woman, whose

isolation has made her proud and her position suspicious, let such an one set himself down to the perusal of *His Master Purpose*, by HAROLD BINDLOSS (JOHN LONG), and the Baron will warrant him amusement, excitement, and general contentment. The plot is that of a first-rate melodrama, the scene being laid amid the grand and wild scenery of British Columbia. Nor are there wanting some roughly humorous as well as good light comedy touches, deftly introduced, which, though apparently accessories, are yet essential to the plot. The natural pathos which the author unexpectedly puts into the apparently farcical character of a certain *Mrs. Savine* is an instance in point, as, through *her* action, the author arrives at a satisfactory *dénouement*. The scenic descriptions are picturesque and never wearisome, while no attempt at merely fine writing delays the dramatic action for a single second. Most decidedly *His Master Purpose* is a book strongly recommended by the faculty in the person of

THE BARON DE B.-W.

News from a Moore.

["Last week Mr. GEORGE MOORE wrote to the *Irish Times* announcing that "on learning that the R. C. Archbishop of DUBLIN had attended the KING'S LEVEE" he "had decided to leave the Church of Rome and become a Protestant."]

No Pope henceforth GEORGE MOORE may bless;
Shall we the fact deplore,
If Catholics have got one less,
And Protestants one MOORE?

A BILLY DOUX.

THOSE who enjoy a good hearty laugh, several of 'em in fact, and a play that will thoroughly amuse and interest them for two quickly fleeting hours, let them go to the Criterion Theatre and see H. V. ESMOND'S *Billy's Little Love Affair*, a genuine light comedy in three crisp, sparkling Acts. Capitally played all round; we won't grudge a superlative to any one of the company, from the waiting-maids, carefully rendered by Miss EILEEN WARREN and Miss EDITH CARTWRIGHT, up to the heroine, *Wilhelmina Marr*, alias "*Billy*," of whom Miss EVA MOORE makes the most delightful person, and with whom we all fall in love straight away; and on the inferior, or male, side, from the footman, Mr. J. ABBOTT, ascending per *Jenkins*, a valet, and *Ford*, a butler, ably impersonated by Mr. HORTON COOPER, up to the *Jack Frere* of Mr. ALLAN AYNESWORTH, a character to which he gives all the essential vivacity, while here and there imparting that touch of pathos or of severity, that just preserves the true balance of comedy.

Mr. SAM SOTHERN'S silly, honest *Jim Greaves* is excellent; while for the cautious, middle-aged *Sir Harry Harmon*, true friend and experienced bachelor, no better representative could be found than that thorough artist Mr. CHARLES GROVES.

As the hearty but vulgar American millionairess, wife of *Jim Greaves*, Miss FLORENCE ST. JOHN is at her very best in a thoroughly low-comedy part; while from Miss GRANVILLE, as "the villain of the piece," we get that essential shade that this very bright comedy artistically demands. As *Hagson* the discreet servant who looks a scoundrel (of the *Littimer* order in *David Copperfield*), but is an honest man, showing uncommonly proper pride in refusing any pecuniary reward for his virtue, Mr. MACLAREN is impressively good. There are, of course, some faults, and the repetition of a catch phrase has a tendency to become tiresome, but on the whole, we should doubt if there be a more amusing "light comedy" than this in London at this present time, be the other where it may. So, "*advice gratis*," don't fail to see it.

THE THEATRICAL "PAR" OF THE FUTURE.

["When the curtain went down on *Claudian* at the Grand Theatre (Leeds), Mr. WILSON BARRETT, in response to cries for a speech suggested that he should talk about the *Question* . . . and for several minutes the resuscitated Byzantine nobleman, in all the dignity of a toga, talked about the Colonies being one family, &c., &c."—*Yorkshire Post*.]

A GREAT many interesting speeches—in addition, of course, to those set down for them—have been delivered by our



Lady. "HAVE YOU LOST YOURSELF, LITTLE BOY?"

Little Boy. "No—BOO-HOO—I'VE FOUND A STREET I DON'T KNOW!"

prominent actors during the week. The remarks of Mr. WILLIAMS, however, on Alien Immigration, at the conclusion of *The Real Cake-Walk* at the Shaftesbury, and those of *King Richard the Second* on Passive Resistance, though entitled to respect, are considered to arise a little too obviously out of the situation of the respective speakers, and to be hardly sufficiently surprising and gratuitous. A much more palpable hit was made the other night by the popular exponent of *Monsieur Beaucaire*, who, upon being deservedly recalled into the Pump Room at Bath, said he should like to give the audience his views on the Motor Problem. The incongruity of the eighteenth-century entourage of the orator was in harmony with the best (recent) practice of the leaders of the profession, and created quite a sensation.

But even this was eclipsed on Saturday by Miss LOUIE FREEAR'S unexpected substitution of a serious little lecture on Home Defence for her usual encore verses. An elderly gentleman in the audience, who said he had not been inside a theatre for years, created some disturbance by demanding his money back. He raised the amazing contention that at the play he ought to be allowed to forget the questions that tortured him elsewhere. As far as could be made out from his incoherent ravings, the name of this eccentric person was SUTOR CREPIDAM—syllables similar to which, with an accent on the last, he was constantly repeating.

Something like an Appetite.

WANTED, Daimler or other good motor, also reversing gear, suitable for lunch. Address &c.—From the "*Motor Cycle*."

THE SUN-CHILD.

(Continued.)

Now in the course of his wanderings the Sun-child one day came to a dark and smoky town. I must tell you here that I cannot fix the date with any accuracy, for the Sun-child kept no diary. Indeed, as he was to live for ever it did not matter to him whether a day came in one month or year or in another. These things could not trouble him, only he remembered—this was long, long afterwards when he had returned to his home, as you shall learn in good time, and when all the old happy sights and sounds from which he was parted for a space had come about him once again—he remembered, I say, what he had seen and heard during the days he had spent below, and he told the tale of them with perfect truth and simplicity. How I came to hear about it all I shall not say at present.

Well, he came to a dark and smoky town. He had never thought it possible there could be so much smoke in the world. It poured out from the tall slender chimneys in thick black rolls and spread about in the air and over the town like a cloak. And all day there was the whirr of machinery, and hammers clanged and furnaces glowed with a white fire. And the men had stern and grimy faces, and the women were peaked and pale and anxious looking, and the children who played about the pavement or trudged to work or school were thin and wizened and stunted.

There were rows and rows of houses all precisely alike, all of them built solidly enough, but none of them having, on the outside at least, any distinctive character of its own. Into one of these the Sun-child stepped—why, he knew not, but his fancy moved him and he went in. It was half-past six o'clock in the evening and the sun had not yet set but was hanging low down near the tops of the houses, a huge, smoky, orange-coloured circle of dim light.

The front room was empty. It was a tidy room, almost painfully tidy, for it was kept for Sunday afternoons and other occasions of state, and it looked as if no human being ever had or ever would set foot in it. The chairs had worsted covers, and they were ranged at fixed intervals against the walls and at the table which stood in the centre of the room. On the table were four books symmetrically arranged. On the mantelpiece stood a clock and two china monsters, and two vases containing paper flowers. On a bracket fixed to the opposite wall was an elaborate arrangement of wax flowers under a glass cover, and in the fire-place was a cheap paper grate-screen of red, white and blue flounces. The clock ticked merrily enough, but everything else was silent and trim and rigidly immovable to the point of affliction.

The back room, however, which was kitchen and sitting-room in one, showed a different scene. There was plenty of life there, for there were in it a pale busy woman and six children, ranging in age from a baby in a cot to a little girl of ten, who was trying to help her mother.

"I don't know where your father can be," the woman was saying; "doing no good, I'll be bound. Of course he must get into trouble just now, and the rent not paid, and me working my fingers to the bone all day. What's to become of us I don't know. MARY, whatever are you standing there for, looking at me and doing nothing? Bustle along or you'll have to get the strap. Lor' bless me, whatever are children made for—and them that wants 'em least gets the most. Here, you TOMMY, give over pulling BILLY's hair, won't you, or I'll dust both of your jackets."

All this time she was hurrying about the room, moving plates and dishes, dabbing here and wiping there, attending to the kettle, delivering an occasional slap to one of the children, and never ceasing from the flow of her loud talk. This woman had once been pretty and amiable, but time and

anxieties and the care of many children had faded her beauty and taken sweetness out of her temper. And now her man was in trouble at the works, and her poor subsistence, she feared, was to be taken from her, and she, with her brood and her unhappy husband, was to be turned adrift in the world.

But while she still rated and bustled a step was heard, the door opened, and a big man, his hands and face covered with oily grime, came into the room heavily. Little MARY ran to him and he took her in his arms and kissed her.

"Ah, you're here at last," said his wife; "why can't you leave the child alone, dirtying her face so? What have you got to say for yourself? All's over, I suppose, and we've got to be moving. Why did I ever marry such a——"

"Take care, Mother," said the man; "you don't know what you're saying."

"Ah, but I do, and you'll have to hear me whether you like it or not."

"You can talk when I've finished," he said, sitting down and taking MARY on his knee. "Now what would you say if——" he stopped and looked at his wife.

"If what? Be quick with it. I've got my work to do and can't stand listening all day. Out with it."

"Only this," said her man, smiling and placing his hand on MARY's golden head, "only this. The trouble's over. It didn't take long to settle that; and DICK BLATCHFORD's going to Sheffield, and I'm——" he paused again.

"Oh Tom, speak," said his wife with a gasp.

"I'm to be foreman in his place, that's all."

"Tom!" said the woman.

"It's gospel," said the man.

With that the woman sat down, and her tears began to flow and she upbraided herself bitterly, and, going to her man, she fell on her knees beside him.

"Never mind, POLLY, old girl," said he, "you shall have a new dress. And look here, boys and girls, we'll take your mother to the circus to-night."

At this the Sun-child went softly out, for he felt that his work was done.

(To be continued.)

TO OLD TOM.

(On his resignation of the post of Green-keeper to the Royal and Ancient Golf Club.)

ROYAL and ancient friend, whose honoured name
Is dear to all who love the ancient game,
Though others keep the green (ay, there's the rub!)
Which you so long have tended for the Club,—
TOM, of the lion heart and gentle mien,
Your memory we'll keep for ever green.

Well, have you borne your four-score years and two,
Faithful in service, as in friendship true;
Now, pacing slowly homewards from the Turn,
Long may it be before you cross the Burn.
And ere you tread your well-loved links no more,
May eighty-two (*plus twenty*) be your score.

MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH used to sing a capital song called "*The Duke of Seven Dials*." Is it possible that this worthy was any relation of the "DUC DE NEVERS," *alias* C. J. FRANÇOIS, who last week was sent for eighteen months to prison for having obtained a motor-car by false pretences? This new specimen of an "unfortunate nobleman" will have leisure to reflect on the truth of the proverb, "*Nevers too late to mend*." At all events it is to be hoped he will not in future give any police magistrate the opportunity of exclaiming "*Nevers again!*"



RICKETY.

B-L-F-R (Cabinet-maker). "THERE! IT LOOKS LOVELY!—I ONLY HOPE IT 'LL HOLD TOGETHER!"



Doctor. "WELL, MRS. O'BRIEN, I HOPE YOUR HUSBAND HAS TAKEN HIS MEDICINE REGULARLY, EH?"

Mrs. O'Brien. "SURE, THEN, DOCTOR, I'VE BEEN SORELY PUZZLED. THE LABEL SAYS, 'ONE PILL TO BE TAKEN THREE TIMES A DAY,' AND FOR THE LIFE OF ME I DON'T SEE HOW IT CAN BE TAKEN MORE THAN ONCE!"

THE TOWN DAY BY DAY.

(With acknowledgments to the "Daily Mail.")

II.

October 8.—To-day we may confidently look out at the chief termini for returning migrants. Cabs loaded with luggage are common objects in the streets, as train after train deposits its load of Londoners once again seeking their winter quarters. Note how bronzed some of them are. The colour, however, will not long endure under the blighting influence of fog and mist and the city's sunlessness. Violets are reappearing in the streets once more—not, alas, the purple blossoms of March, the harbingers of spring, but the autumn anachronisms that rain regrets and naught can serve to allay that sweet sorrow. The ordinary bunch costs a penny (two halfpennies would be considered legal tender, but probably not four farthings); the larger bunches are tuppence.

Oct. 9.—In Bloomsbury may now be seen, even by the most casual observer,

our dark but punctual visitors from India's coral strand on their way to the shady groves of the Temple. For powerful is the fascination exerted by the law over our dusky feudatories, and powerful also is the attraction of the Russell Square neighbourhood, sweetly named the bury of the bloom, upon these little brown figures. Strange variegated life of the London streets, what pen can do thee justice?

Oct. 10.—The firm flesh of the salmon no longer touches the fishmonger's window with a gracious roseate tinge; but the coarse ruddiness of the lobster still challenges the gaze amid a cool white environment of halibut and hake. Blue-aproned the fishmonger stands, a triton among the minnows, guaranteeing freshness to all his store, even in the face of nasal testimony. Note how the homing clerk emerges, rush-basket in hand, and runs with short swift steps to his train. Nature has few phenomena more persistent than this.

Oct. 11.—To-day if it is fine many new and gay costumes will be visible

in the Parks. Winter is upon us, it is true, yet reluctant are the paraders to abandon the pretence of summer's heyday. Summer do I say? But what summer have we had? Though the hedge-sparrow has begun to sing again, migrant rooks and jackdaws overhead are noisy of the north and its chill presage, and the wild geese are here;—is it because Nature abhors a vacuum and would fill the gaps caused by the ravages of the Michaelmas appetites?

Oct. 12.—Soon now will the Lord Mayor doff his gaudy plumage and return to his old larva state, making room for his successor. For this is ever Nature's way; rhythmical is she as the tides. The new is ever giving place to the old. There are already signs of the great change, but the complete transformation is not to be expected until November 9, according to the best naturalists. Meanwhile, turtles are becoming restless, and aldermen return daily from Homburg, Ems and Aix, where they have been gathering strength.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Love and Lovers of the Past (CHATTO AND WINDUS) is a book of modest pretensions. The material is frankly extracted from the National Record Office at Paris. It is, nevertheless, a valuable contribution to the inner history of the French Revolution. When the apostles of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity dragged man or woman to the guillotine and there made short work of them, their emissaries had a habit of pouncing down on the domicile of the doomed and taking possession of their private papers. Stored in the Record Office, M. PAUL GAULOT comes upon them a century later and edits a selection. Written with the freedom of lovers little dreaming of a prying Twentieth Century thumbing the faded leaves, my Baronite finds in them the special charm of the immortal work of PEPYS. Sad to say, they do not display anything more icy than the morality observed by our old friend at the Admiralty. The story of the Duchesse DE BERRY, and the state of things it discloses at the Court of LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH, justified the Revolution which followed in due time. Asmodeus-like, M. GAULOT conducts the reader over Paris under Bourbon rule and revolutionary terror. Unroofing the houses, he shows us how people lived and loved and died in those good old times.

An awful storm at sea during which the phantom ship was first sighted, the details of the bustle on board, the brief energetic conversations between the officers and the captain, and the working of the vessel, are all most powerfully described by Mr. J. C. HUTCHESON in his exciting and nervously written story entitled *The Ghost Ship, a Mystery of the Sea* (WARD AND LOCK). Through over a hundred pages and in the midst of all the stirring events that are necessarily crowded into a short space of time, the individuality of every character is admirably preserved. The boarding of the pirate vessel, the hand-to-hand "free fight," the slaughter and the triumph of right, with might on its side, are all so well told that the Baron does not recall anything better, in this particular line, since the *Toilers of the Sea*, or one of Mr. LOUIS STEVENSON'S earlier works, say *Treasure Island*.

My Nautical Retainer writes: Even when he is not, in the person of Toby M.P., distilling that Essence of Parliament whose purpose is primarily to amuse and only incidentally to instruct, it is astonishing what freshness and buoyancy of mood Mr. LUCY brings to the making of his political sketches. Other men—though they must be very few indeed—may share his intimate knowledge of the last thirty years of Parliamentary history; but with this knowledge to unite his sure instinct for the seizing of characteristics, his certainty of touch in the realising of impressions, and, withal, his easy gaiety, too resourceful to weary, and too gentle to wound—these are charms of which Mr. LUCY holds the lonely secret.

In *Peeps at Parliament* (NEWNES) he opens with a chapter on his own early associations with the Press Gallery, and then plunges into the midst of the GLADSTONE-ROSEBURY Administration; but though, for some reason not disclosed, he pretends to confine himself to the years 1893 to 1895, he always diverges with charming garrulity into just any reminiscence that occurs to him. The book, in fact, is a collection of random notes drawn from incident or personality, and to these literary sketches, always vivid and suggestive, Mr. GOULD'S delightful pen-and-ink drawings form the exact complement that only another art could supply. May one dare to add that in this generous gallery of portraits we enjoy a certain relief from the reiterated caricatures of that particular figure which of recent times has become an obsession with "F. C. G.?" A little fault

that I have to find with the book is that there is no author's note setting forth the reason for its apparently arbitrary limits; nor so much as a hint that it is only an instalment (as I sincerely hope) of a long series of similar volumes from the same felicitous pen.

A *Metamorphosis* (METHUEN) is a rattling good story, of the kind for which a busy man is thankful on a long railway journey, or over a post-prandial cigar. In its vitality, its resources of invention, its trick of starting afresh when writers less imaginative than Mr. RICHARD MARSH would be played out, it reminds my Baronite of the immortal *Monte Cristo*. It is obvious that *George Otway*, the millionaire who changes clothes and identity with a murderer who commits suicide by jumping off Southwark Bridge, might any day have put matters right by calling on his banker or his solicitor. If he had done so, we should not have had this story, palpitating with interest on every page. So, if Mr. OTWAY doesn't mind, and he doesn't seem to, we are glad he never thought of so simple a procedure.

The two initialled (E. V. L. and C. L. G.) but otherwise anonymous authors of *Wisdom While You Wait* have performed a feat which their previous achievement seemed to render impossible: they have surpassed themselves. For rollicking fun with a spice of devilry to flavour it my Assistant Reader can remember nothing that quite equals *England Day by Day: A Guide to Efficiency and Prophetic Calendar for 1904* (METHUEN). The advertisements (admirably illustrated, by the way, by GEORGE MORROW) are almost a sufficient treat by themselves, and the matter of the book is as good or better.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

"THE UNTILLED FIELD."

["M. JACQUES LEBAUDY, the 'Emperor of the Sahara,' is now in London, and busy buying implements of war and husbandry." *Daily Paper.*]

O, I WOULD be an Emperor upon a golden throne;

I would wear a gay tiara

With the rarest gems of Para,

And I'd rule the wide Sahara

On my own.

I'd sit in my oasis where the palm trees' shade is sweet,
With all the Courts of Europe paying homage at my feet,
And every day from ten to four the heralds should repeat,

"Vive l'Empereur! Vive Jacques of the Sahara!"

Across the trackless desert on my camel I would bump,

And although it might be rougher

Than is pleasant for a buffer,

Still my soul should never suffer

From the hump;

But my heart would leap within me with the wildest of delights

As I beheld to rear of me my train of dusky wights,

O, how I'd joy to tell my tale of true Arabian knights—

The true Arabian knights of the Sahara!

My people I would educate in useful kinds of lore,

For in culture they are narrow

As a vegetable marrow,

So I'd send them off to harrow

By the score;

And all the new machinery for cultivating land

I'd ship across to Africa, and wouldn't it be grand

When all my loving subjects had been taught to plough the sand,

The never-ending sand of the Sahara!

PRIMITIVE PUNSTERS.

["Mr AUBERON HERBERT deduces from his collection of carved flints the fact that the men of the Stone Age possessed a keen sense of humour."—*Evening Paper*.]

WHEN life was strenuous and young,
The chase found man a raw beginner;
A hundred futile flints he flung
Before he could procure a dinner;
Each year the mammoth warrier grew,
The bison more expert at running—
Which makes it strange, to me and you,
That man could spare the time for punning!

But, though his days were full of dread,
No idle fretter he nor fumer;
He'd often leave his arrow-head
To fashion little shafts of humour;
So in his crudely playful way
He brightened up his sombre cavern,
Just as the funny man to-day
Will scintillate in club or tavern!

Gay youth began with jest and jibe,
And all the jokes it knew it crack'd,
till

By some JOE MILLER of the tribe
The Chasing of the Pterodactyl
Was told anew. This always "took,"
And men's and maiden's blended
laughter

Resounded through the cave, and shook
The stalactite, which served for rafter!

Anon, the merriment waxed hot
Around the skin-clad dandy's raiment,
And Palæolithic punsters got
What they deserved, a stone for pay-
ment;

A jolly dog was early man
(We trust to geologic rumour),
Until the New Stone Age began
And quenched his gladness with—
New Humour!

FROM AN EARNEST INQUIRER.

SIR,—I admit myself an ignoramus and should be indignant were anyone to apply to me the term that BORACHIO used to *Master Constable Dogberry*. Yet when I read of an exalted Reverend personage honoured as "Dean of the Order of the Thistle," I cannot refrain from inquiring if this distinction ought not to be conferred *only* on the Vicar of Bray? Yours, H. E. HAW.

Overheard at Chamonix.

Stout British Matron (in a broad British accent, to a slim diligence driver). Êtes-vous la diligence?

Driver. Non, Madame, mais j'en suis le cocher.

Matron (with conviction). C'est la même chose; gardez pour moi trois places dans votre intérieur demain.



BLOWING THEIR OWN TRUMPET.

"SOMETHING FOR A PRESENT, NOT TOO EXPENSIVE? YES, MADAM. THESE PHONOGRAPHS ARE VERY POPULAR."

"BUT ARE THEY GOOD?"

"I'VE SOLD A GREAT MANY, AND HAD NO COMPLAINTS. I NEED HARDLY SAY MORE, MADAM. THEY SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES!"

THE NUMERAL SERIES.

Mr. Punch has been investigating the question of literary successes, and he has arrived at the surprisingly novel conclusion that much depends on the name of the book. He believes, for instance, that Mr. KIPLING owes much of his fame to his habit of including a numeral in the titles of his volumes. Having the welfare of authors and publishers at heart, Mr. Punch selects the following titles from his Christmas announcement list, as an aid to finding suitable names:

The Two Too Solid Flesh: a Vegetarian Romance. By G. BERNARD SHAW.

The Three Bridges. By the Inventor of Ping-Pong.

The Four Corners. By J. PIERPONT MORGAN.

The Seven Dials. By BIG BEN.

The Nine Helms. By W. W. JACOBS.

The Hundred Best Cooks. By Lieut.-Col. NEWNHAM DAVIS.

The Three Hundred and Sixty-five Days. By ZADKIEL.

The Thousand and One Knights. By DEBRETT.

THE PATH TO GLORY.

[Mr. J. B. BADDELEY, in a letter to the *Standard*, observes, "My housemaid has done Scawfell Pike."]

VARIED indeed are the modes by which
Mortals endeavour themselves to raise
Out of obscurity's darksome ditch
Into publicity's grateful blaze.
BROWN with a hyphen adorns his name,
JONES drives a tandem along Pall Mall;
I've a more durable title to fame;
I have a housemaid who climbed
Scawfell.

Some are renowned for their strong
cigars,

Some for the excellence of their cooks;
Some for the speed of their motor-cars,
Some for their wives' or their daughters'
looks.

Some are exalted by skill at a game,
Some by the oil that exudes from a
well;

I've a more durable title to fame;
I have a housemaid who climbed
Scawfell.

What do I care if my uncle Dick
Boasts of his priceless apostle spoons?
What if my nephew with spade and pick
Digs up the dollars interred by
NEWNES?

Scorning achievements so dull and tame
I have a record that none can excel;
I've a more durable title to fame;
I have a housemaid who climbed
Scawfell.

Honours I covet not, rank I scorn;
Personal paragraphs I disdain;
Envy of those in the purple born
Never has caused me a moment's pain.
Heroes, whom mafficking mobs acclaim,
Suffer eclipse when their craniums
swell;

I've a more durable title to fame;
I have a housemaid who climbed
Scawfell!

CHARIVARIA.

THE British Ambassador has informed the Porte that the Austro-Russian scheme of reform is the minimum, and that Turkey must be prompt in carrying it out. The Porte is said to have replied expressing its willingness to adopt the maximum, provided the condition as to promptness is waived.

Statistics prove that centenarians are increasing in numbers. This is supposed to be due to a determined attempt to avoid the heavy death duties.

The Lord-Lieutenant of Berkshire has publicly awarded a prize to a boy for killing 251 wasps. The report that the youth is now suffering from swelled head will surprise no one.

To celebrate the 21st birthday of a Southend gentleman, one of our half-penny papers tells us, there have been rejoicings on the line of "21 of everything." At 21 minutes past nine, 21 rockets went up to summon to the house 21 people of the age of 21. The guests sat down to 21 dishes, and the young gentleman's father presented him with £21. There were 21 dances, and 21 songs, and 21 kisses. The party lasted 21 times 21 minutes. But 21 papers could not be found to print this momentous intelligence.

Universal relief will be felt at the announcement that Ensign HUESSNER, who killed a German private soldier, has declared himself satisfied with his sentence of 2 years and 7 days imprisonment, and says that he will make no further appeal. *Noblesse oblige.*

At a time when so much that is ill-natured is urged against Russia, it is pleasing to be able to report an act of kindness on the part of that Power. The Armenian clergy themselves having managed their lands in a most unbusiness-like manner, the State has now offered to look after them. The Armenian clergy do not know how to express their gratitude.

Over four hundred persons were killed by accidents caused by horse-drawn vehicles during the past twelve months, and it is under consideration whether a measure shall not be passed rendering it imperative for every such conveyance to be preceded by a man with a red flag—an innovation, by the by, which would add immensely to the gaiety of our streets.

No one will be sorry to hear that the four-wheeled cab is doomed to extinction. The Commissioner of Police has decided that all streets are to be open to cabs provided the horses trot.

We would direct the attention of our young officers to a new series of books published by Messrs. DEAN & Co., entitled "Rag Books for Children."

If ever a book was aptly named it is "Called Back." This novel is, according to advertisement, now to do work as a serial in the "London Reader."

M. LEBAUDY, the Emperor of Sahara, during his recent stay in London, was much annoyed by the importunities of enterprising tradesmen. He was especially incensed by one who wasted his time by showing him a model of a collapsible house.

There is apparently no limit to the enterprise of our newspapers. The *Daily Mail* now proposes to save Great Britain the expense of a General Election by itself canvassing the inhabitants. It is said that Mr. BALFOUR would consent to be bound by a decision arrived at in this manner, but there is some doubt as to the attitude of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, and the Editor of the *Daily Express*.

FEARFUL WILDFOWL.

["The Custom House officers of Louisville, Kentucky, U.S.A., unable to find live snails on their classified lists, entered a painful of them under the head of 'wild animals.'"]—*Westminster Gazette*.

HUMBLE mollusc on the wall,
Wont, disdaining vulgar speed,
Very leisurely to crawl,
Are you wild indeed?

Are you proud and passionate?
Do you when you have to bear
Whips and scorns from adverse fate,
Murmur and despair?

Do you long in vain to rise
Upward to forbidden heights,
Envy the bees or flies
In their airy flights?

Would that we might hear the tale
That your jealous shells conceal!
Could some mute inglorious snail
Tell us all you feel!

Haply in a future age
Epic poets shall rehearse
Stories of the slug's fierce rage
Or the wrinkle's curse.

A "Conscientious Objector."

Tutor at Theological College (finishing his instructions to youthful student). And before your ordination, subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles is absolutely essential. I may take it for granted that you are prepared to subscribe?

Brilliant Student (hesitatingly). Oh yes, Sir, certainly. Only—I was going to ask—is the subscription *extra*, or is it included in the usual fees?

"THE stock of BARABBAS," to quote *Shylock*, who knew all that could be known as to the "markets" in Venice, seems to be pretty well in evidence just now in the Hungarian Chamber. It is noteworthy that this modern Radical representative of the ancient BARABBASES apologised for, or at least explained away, his recent outburst against the Hungarian Monarch.

PROPER PLACE FOR A FEMALE PRISON.—Dungeness.

MR. PUNCH'S SPECTRAL ANALYSES.

VII.—A JOKE AND A SEQUEL.

THE Headless Man seemed pained at the very suggestion. "No," he said. "No. It was not I who placed the wet sponge on top of your door. I should scorn such an action."

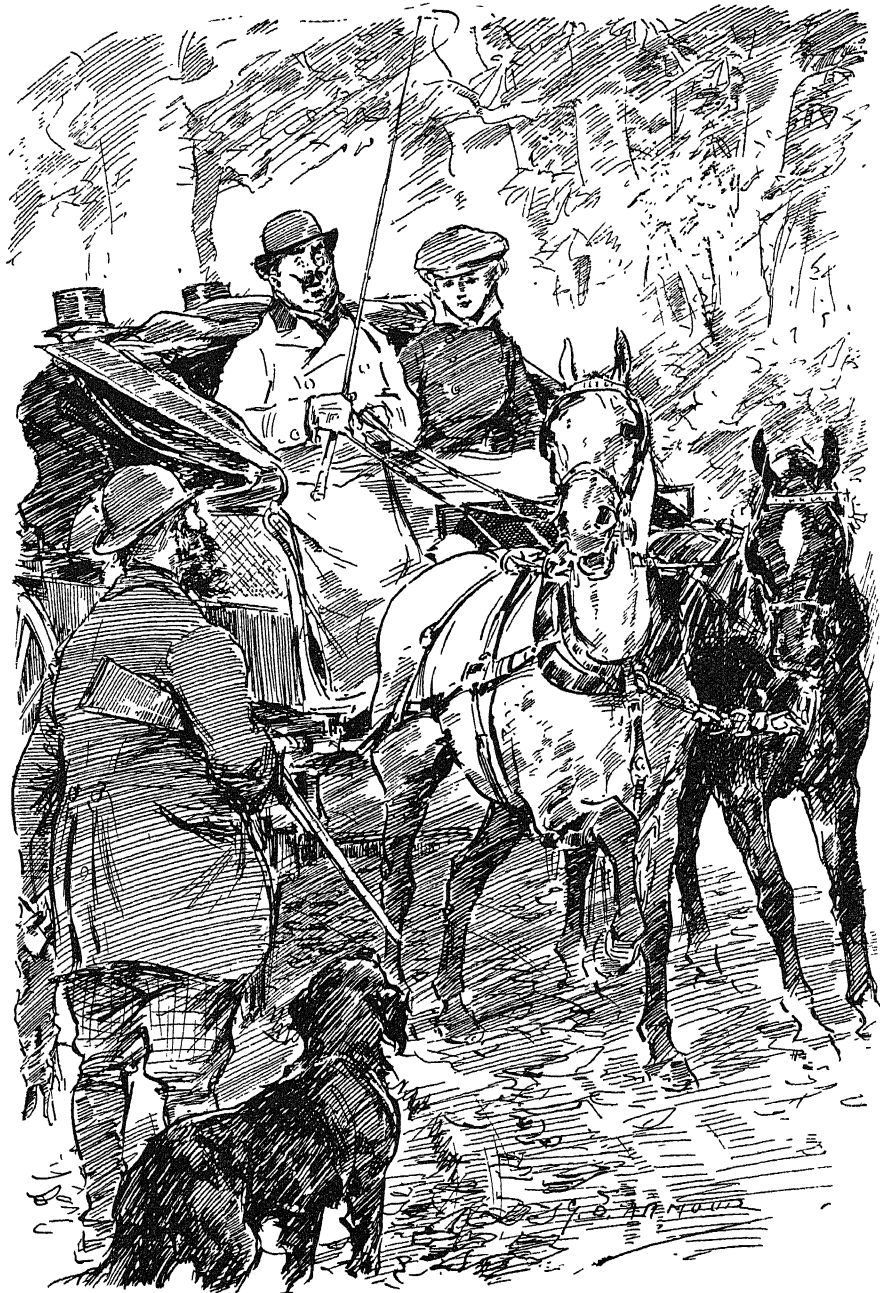
"My dear Sir," I stammered, hastening to make amends, "I trust you will forgive—unjust suspicions—cumulative mass of circumstantial ev—"

"Say no more, say no more. The episode is forgotten, forgotten. Not," he added with a snigger, "but what we do play practical jokes at the Back of Beyond. You know what GILBERT says of us, 'We spectres are a jollier crew than you perhaps suppose.' Shrewd man, GILBERT. Puts the matter in a nutshell. But we don't annoy human beings. We confine our pleasantries to our fellow spectres. I remember——"

"Yes?"

"Oh, only a curious little story. If you're sure it wouldn't bore you? Very well, then. A young fellow came over one autumn; he was evidently as unsophisticated and innocent as he could possibly be. Guileless, if you understand me. And some of the frivolous set determined to see if they could not take him in somehow. They thought and thought, and at last their victim himself suggested an idea to them. He was always talking of his ambitions, and how he hoped, if he stuck to his work, to be given a responsible post some day as haunter somewhere, so the conspirators hit on the notion of sending him a fictitious appointment. As their ringleader put it rather neatly, 'He wants a bogey's appointment. We will give him a bogus one.' So they got hold of a ghost who had been a forger in his lifetime, and drew up what looked like an official document, appointing No. 428351 Avenue (that was the young fellow's number) to a certain house in the East End of London. No. 428351 felt that this was not quite what he had hoped for—he wanted a castle or an Elizabethan manor house—but he accepted the commission, and left to go into residence. How the conspirators chuckled! The place they had sent him to haunt was a waxworks show! And whenever they thought of him plodding patiently away at the inanimate figures, and pictured his growing surprise and dismay at their unresponsiveness, they roared and fell over one another with laughter.

"Well, No. 428351 toiled along, until one day he discovered everything, and realised how he had been taken in. But he was too proud to go back and be laughed at. He stayed on amongst the waxworks, and at last he attracted the attention of the proprietor, who forth-



John P. Hogenheimer (the celebrated pork-packer, U.S.A., who has taken a shooting on "this side"). "SAY, KEEPER, I GUESS WE'LL SHOOT THESE COVERS TO-MORROW."

Keeper. "IT WON'T DO, SIR. THERE'S TOO MUCH LEAF ABOUT YET."

J. P. H. "HAVE 'EM SWEEPED UP, THEN. SPARE NO EXPENSE!"

with advertised him all over London, so that crowds flocked to see him. Now, mark the conclusion. Among the crowds was a certain millionaire who had recently built a great house in the country. All that it needed to make it complete was a ghost, and how to get one had long been a puzzle to him. He had thought of murdering a friend in the best spare bedroom, but had felt that the friend might after all not stay to haunt, in which case all his trouble and the consequent unpleasantness would have been for nothing. When he heard of No. 428351 Avenue he was overjoyed.

The very limitations of the young fellow were in his favour. He did not want a ghost that would scare his guests. One who could only groan and rattle chains would be just the thing. The negotiations were speedily carried through. No. 428351 signed the agreement, and is now the proud haunter of one of the very finest houses in England.

"And so," concluded the Headless Man unctuously, shifting his head from his right hand to his left, and preparing to vanish through the floor, "we see that Virtue triumphs over all obstacles. Indeed, yes."



THE POET GOETH GUNNING.

HOT WORK.

"HARE UP!"

THE NEW EULOGY.

In a publisher's list *Mr. Punch* notes this strong recommendation of a novel by a popular author, culled from a weekly contemporary:—"The book is vigorous, better written, and less tedious than its forerunner, *Lorna Doone*." In the interests of both author and publisher some such telling sentence should be found in all well-meaning reviews. *Mr. Punch* has much pleasure in offering a few formulæ of moderate eulogy which he is sure will be useful.

.... This play has the excellences of *Hamlet* without any of its defects. In its portrayal of harassed human nature struggling in the meshes of the net of circumstance it is far more vivid and convincing than the earlier effort.

.... Those who have been accustomed to regard GIBBON'S *Roman Empire* as a work showing some industry and talent will be compelled to reconsider their attitude on making the acquaintance of this monument of historical research. Though, after the newer plan of historians, it only covers a period of two years.

.... *Paradise Lost* certainly showed some feeling for religion, but in comparison with this new poem it pales almost to agnosticism, while from the point of view of the student of epic the *Odyssey* is by its side but a children's jingle of verse.

.... As a tale of adventure *The Three Musketeers* bears to this engrossing story much the same relation that the wooden sword of infancy bears to the cavalry sabre dripping with the blood of

.... This stern new pessimist makes the trifles of SCHOPENHAUER and JAMES THOMSON appear to us the most complacent expressions of the after-dinner mood.

.... We might say with the greatest truth that the lot of Midas of the golden touch, of CÆSAR who bestrode half the world, of all those whose fortune has made them the envy of centuries, will be but miserable squalor beside the happy fate of the competitors who are successful in this competition. They will have all the advantages of their prototypes without any of their anxieties, and without having to give up any present occupation in which they

THE GIFT OF THE GAB.

WERE I offer'd whate'er I might wish
By the queen of the fairies, Queen MAB,
I would ask no one's head in a dish—
I would ask for the gift of the gab.

To the modest, the meek, the morose,
The hues of the world turn to drab;
But life is all *couleur de rose*,
If you have but the gift of the gab.

Silent ROBINSON pays third-class fare:
Bolder BROWN now and then takes a cab:

But SMITH drives his carriage and pair—
For SMITH has the gift of the gab.

In the use of his tongue and his pen
An Oxonian beats a Cantáb;
And by this ye may know Oxford men:
One and all have the gift of the gab.

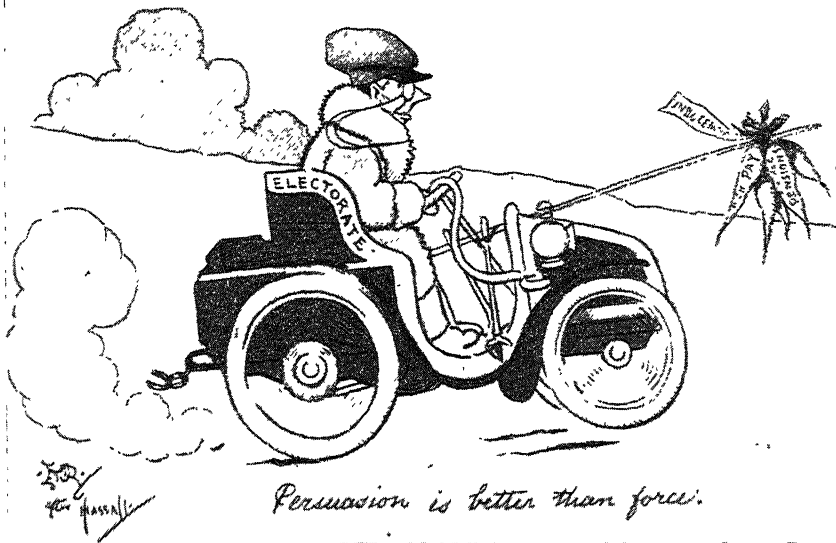
The Empire of Britain, 'tis said,
Has been won by a habit of "grab":
But for painting a hemisphere red,
Recommend me the gift of the gab.

Now when you've perused the above,
You may think me at rhyming a dab:
But I'm bless'd if for money or love
I can purchase the gift of the gab.



PAINFULLY REDUCED.

POOR OLD MR. CONSOLS. "NOBODY SEEMS TO KNOW WHAT'S THE MATTER. I'M VERY DEPRESSED. I DO FEEL SUCH A SINKING. I'M AFRAID THEY'RE LOSING INTEREST IN ME. I DON'T KNOW WHEN I'VE FELT SO LOW AS I DID LAST WEEK."



(With grateful acknowledgments to Mr. John Hassall's Picture Post-card.)

"ENDINGS LTD."

It has often been noticed by us, that many young writers find a difficulty in fixing a fitting conclusion to their works. As this is a matter of some importance, since in fiction everything depends upon the last word, we have decided to come to the assistance of the youthful novelist by stocking a large and varied selection of endings formed upon the best possible models. The fit is in each instance guaranteed. In ordering, simply state number of pattern required, and goods will be forwarded ready for immediate attachment. Samples below:

No. 4638. *The Sentimentally-Sensational.*

"Years have come and gone since then, and Sir JASPER and his wife are verging upon middle age. Despite, however, the silver threads among the gold, MIRIAM retains much of her old beauty, and in her husband's eyes at least is as fair as ever. Old JOHN, a little feebler than when we knew him, is still an inmate of the Grange, and the inseparable companion of his mistress. And, every year, as the fifteenth of December comes round, Sir JASPER calls the old man into his presence, and while MIRIAM's cheeks grow pale with recollected terror the two men pledge a bumper to the memory of that wild night spent in 'The Cave of Death'—(or wherever it happens to be, preferably the title of the book).

No. 7709. *The Vaguely-Vacuous.*

"And now, at last, now that you have heard this true story of the loves of PAUL and PAULINA, tell me, if you can,

whether or not their ending was a sad one," or whether indeed any end to such a story were a cause of thanksgiving. For who may say whether, if it had been

otherwise, it would have been so, or if not, why not or anything at all. For is not this in a way the real ending, or, rather, only the beginning of the end?"

The above is highly recommended, since it will go with almost any class of story, and can be made to mean anything (or nothing), according to the taste and fancy of the reader.

Somewhat similar is the following, for which we have had many inquiries lately:—

No. 46203. *The Insolubly Indeterminate.*

"She was very calm now; only the whites of her eyes (as she caught the reflection of them in a mirror) seemed strangely pale. It was time. She heard the sharp step of the postman, and the dull click of a letter falling. Slowly, almost mechanically, she opened the box. In that one moment her whole life was to be decided: either he had written, or it was a reminder from the gas company. Then she drew forth the letter—which?"

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IN THE SHEFFIELD MUSEUM.

Distinguished Visitor. "FREE TRADE. DEAR ME! OF COURSE, I REMEMBER PERFECTLY. HOW VERY INTERESTING! QUITE HISTORICAL!"

LOST MASTERPIECES.

(*Mr. Punch's own Collection.*)

It is one of the weak points about collecting unpublished masterpieces that the value of even the choicest specimens fluctuates alarmingly. For example, we will suppose that KEATS is at the moment the poet most acclaimed by the critics. Then even the smallest fragment of KEATS'S work will arouse the keenest attention and, if put up at CHRISTIE'S, will command a fancy price. Ten years later KEATS may be temporarily out of vogue. The fragment will then be comparatively valueless. The work of THOMAS MOORE, for instance, is just now quite out of fashion. Perhaps he is too sentimental for the present age. Whatever be the reason, the discovery of a new lyric by him possesses at the moment merely an archæological interest. And yet fifty years ago the following touching "Irish Melody" would have brought delight to thousands, and been sung in half the drawing-rooms in the country:—

OH, ASK ME NO MORE!

Oh, ask me no more for the cause of my sadness,

Nor seek to discover the grief that I feel,

Enough that this breast hath no room now for gladness,

Enough that its wounds thou art pow'rless to heal!

As the bright sun at noonday by clouds may be hidden,

This heart is oppress'd by the waters of grief,

Oh, let not its weakness too rashly be chidden!

Oh, check not the tear that alone brings relief!

There is never in Erin a sea-breeze that ruffles,

And never a cloud that o'ershadows her skies,

But her poet in anguish convulsively snuffles

While floods of emotion gush forth from his eyes!

But if MOORE is no longer in fashion there has been of late, at least among the critical, something of a boom in CRABBE; and the following beautiful lines will win a host of admirers:—

Behold how Nature doth exert her might
To keep mankind upon the path of Right.
While on the contrary observe how strong
Her efforts to repress him when he's wrong.
Each petty fault she visits with her wrath
And makes him strictly follow virtue's path.
The Highest Good she ever keeps in view,
But Moderation she enforces too.
The slothful man to energy is spurr'd
By the example of the early bird,
While the too early worm's untimely fate
Shows the advantages of being late.
Thus all her lessons are beneficent
If only we are certain what is meant,
And the whole world, correctly understood,
Gives every satisfaction to the Good.

Mr. Punch's collection also includes about a hundred yards of a narrative poem by Sir WALTER SCOTT. The following characteristic excerpt is, unhappily, all he can find space for:—

McTAVISH gazed along the lake
As if a last farewell to take.
He watched the fair moon shed her light
Refulgent on Ben Lomond's height,
And now Loch Katrine's waters gleam
Beneath her chaste and silvery beam.
Around his foot the heather springs,
The bracken too and other things,
A river's murmur fills the air—
The usual stag is drinking there—
And never, stranger, hath it been
Thy lot to view so fair a scene!

PHIL MAY'S PICTURES.

DURING the coming weeks all the world and his wife will be flocking to the Leicester Galleries in Leicester Square to bid good-bye (alas! that it should be so!) to the prince of graphic humorists, our own PHIL MAY. It will be the last chance of seeing a truly representative gathering of that strong and tender work which has charmed us all—sometimes to tears as well as laughter. Here in their spacious new galleries (which enter at the junction of Leicester Square and Green Street, where, Mr. Punch notes, lived both HOGARTH and REYNOLDS), MESSRS. BROWN AND PHILLIPS have collected not only the drawings which we have all seen, but others which are new (a fine set of political character portraits among these last), and many brilliant studies, the foundations of that patient and dexterous work of which the printed picture gave only the essence. Here, with many early drawings, are those last things done in the dark days of sickness, and yet worthy to be favourably compared with the best.

And here, finally, the visitor will have a rare opportunity—certainly the last—of becoming the possessor of a sketch or a study as it left the hand of the master. Even the most thrifty may do this with an easy conscience, for the collector is already on the track, and a pen-and-ink picture by PHIL MAY is a rising investment, soon to become priceless, for the hand that traced it is at rest.

G. R. H.

P. I. P.

(*Perfectly Impossible Pulp.*)

A CHAT ABOUT THE CLOCK TOWER.

MANY of our readers have doubtless noticed that something unusual is going on at the Clock Tower, Westminster. Some 300 feet up from the ground, tiny figures, resembling flies in white jackets, can be seen threading their way in and out of a bristling forest of scaffolding which surmounts the familiar face of Big Ben. On closer inspection these figures resolve themselves into painters, and they are painting the roof with paint!

To most people it is no doubt a mystery how the scaffolding was ever got up to such a height. I am informed by the contractors that it was hoisted from the ground bit by bit, and each piece of timber was then fixed in its allotted place, care being taken that no two pieces should be fixed in the same place at the same time.

Naturally the painters are all picked men. Confirmed drunkards, passive resisters, and men with only one leg were rejected at once by His Majesty's Office of Works; so also were blind men and men who had no knowledge of painting.

Great care of course has to be exercised in working at such a height, and although it was found that the quickest way to reach the ground was simply to drop from the scaffold, the men seem to prefer the more conventional method of descending.

The timber for this huge scaffolding is all made of wood, and originally grew in the form of trees.

On a clear day, a magnificent panorama can be enjoyed from the top of the scaffolding, and many unusual views of some of London's famous landmarks can be obtained.

The roof of the Houses of Parliament can be distinctly seen by the keen-eyed observer, who will also notice the river Thames winding its sinuous way to ocean. On a foggy day, however, little can be seen save fog.

In conclusion I may state, on the authority of one of the painters, that the boom of Big Ben when he strikes noon can be distinctly heard by the men, to whom it is a signal that the welcome hour of the midday meal has arrived once more.



DUMPYLAND.

"England has now become the dumping ground of the Universe."—Daily Paper.]

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

XXV.—THE COMING PLACE.

I CAN'T say I'm exactly prepossessed with the place so far, but then I suppose anywhere the road from the railway station is not everything that can be desired. Besides, I have the assurance of the young lady with the adhesive fringe, who served me with thin tea in a thick cup in the Junction Refreshment Room, that Newtown-on-Sea is the coming place. Encouraged by this I hold on tighter to my hat, and make my way forward between parallel wire fences, enjoying an uninterrupted prospect of patchy grass and initiatory building operations.

In course of time the wire fences give place to rows of new shops, each flying its name triumphantly in the gale in white letters on a red flag. I catch a glimpse of the sea at the further end and press on, mentally recapitulating the instructions given me by my sister as she started me on this reconnoitring expedition.

"A pretty place you know, with no niggers or anything of that sort but not a dead and alive place for Heaven's sake and a pier only not one of those horrid long ones and bracing but not a windy place because we don't want to have our heads blown off either and there positively must be some good shops and something rather quaint you know with fishing nets and all that and a decent theatre and you know the sort of place I mean."

With these requirements in mind I reach the end of the High Street, and am suddenly blown on to the front.

I gaze on the scene with emotion. Before me for the whole length of the front lie the beach gardens, luxuriant with undersized shrubs, asphalté paths, and openwork iron. To the north the prospect ends abruptly with a huge building of surpassing modernity; to the south a long low coast line, sparsely dotted with red-brick villas, extends into the distance. The road that separates the gardens from the beach is up, disclosing a huge drain-pipe to the view, so that the holiday seeker who would reach the beach has to thread his way through scattered rubble and gangs of workmen. Jutting out into an angry sea, which plainly resents its intrusion, is the unfinished framework of a long iron pier. But such things as these, I take it, are inseparable from a coming place. For the rest, Newtown-on-Sea is as pleasing to the eye as asphalté paths, ornamental wooden fencing, and festooned iron spikes can make it.—I think I should like a little brandy.

I make my way to the huge modern building that I have already observed at the north end of the front only to

find—I give the information for what it is worth—that it is a Home for the Blind. With an effort, I overtake a stout man who is chasing a billycock hat, and by him am directed to the Hotel Ozone.

On the way I suddenly bethink me of my sister, and turning up the High Street, manage to make discovery of a post-office cunningly concealed inside a grocer's shop. Here I write out a telegram in which (being of an economical turn) I content myself with deploring the gale and expressing dissatisfaction with the drapers' shops in a few pithy words, which the young lady behind the cage bars counts with hardly suppressed indignation—an indignation which becomes altogether too much for her on my venturing mildly to inquire for the time of the next train back to London. However, an accommodating man in an ear-flap cap comes to my rescue, and I learn that the next train leaves for London in twenty minutes.

Hurrying off to the Hotel Ozone I enter the bar and order a brandy-and-soda and a sandwich. I am served by a good-humoured man with a red face who, after inquiring cheerfully if I have been having a bit of a blow (to which I answer emphatically in the affirmative), resumes conversation with an aggressively prosperous-looking man in the corner.

"Picturesque, I grant yer," he observes.

"It's the picturesquest place on the coast," affirms the prosperous man with conviction.

"Picturesqueness ain't everything," says the barman. "I grant yer it's picturesque. But it's a bit slow fer me."

"Select," enunciates the other emphatically.

"Select, of course," assents the barman. "Of course I'm new 'ere, an' no doubt the place strikes a bit strange, but I 'ave a sorter feelin' I wanter get inter somethin'."

The prosperous man apparently has no sympathy for these vague yearnings on the part of the barman.

"Select," he repeats with unction. "What d'you want?—Niggers, I suppose."

"I won't go so far as that," cedes the barman apologetically.

"I should think not," says the other. "We mean to keep Newtown select; that's what we mean to keep it. It's the coming place. Look at the air."

"Splendid air," assents the barman, trying to retrieve his reputation. The prosperous man goes so far as to appeal to me on the subject of the air, and I admit that I have never known anything like it.

"Look at the pier," he says, filling

his pipe. "It's going to be half a mile long."

"So I 'ear say," admits the barman.

"Look at the gardens," continues the other; "just look at the way those gardens have been laid out."

"The gardens affronting the sea, you mean?" remarks the barman (rather felicitously, I think). "Yes, they're picturesque, I will grant."

"It's the coming place," says the prosperous man, and strikes a match with finality.

Mindful of my train I take advantage of the pause to make my departure. The prosperous man stops in the act of lighting his pipe to address me.

"Staying in Newtown long, Sir?" he inquires.

"Well—er—no, I'm just going back to town," I admit from the door.

"Oh!—Been here long?"

I am in for it now.

"Three-quarters of an hour," I answer.

The prosperous man loses none of his pomposity.

"Oh, well, never mind, never mind. You've seen enough of the place to judge."

"Quite," I assure him.

"And having seen Newtown-on-Sea," he continues, with one triumphant eye on the barman, "can you think of any improvement in it?"

The prosperous man's corner is the one furthest from the door, which I have already opened.

"A slight change," I suggest, "in the preposition," and leaving him to digest the remark, beat a hurried retreat towards the railway station.

A PUZZLER.

This is from the *Pembrokeshire Herald* of September 25:

WANTED AN ELDERLY MAN to live in, able to manage a Pony, Trap and Garden. State wages required, &c

It is to be feared that the advertiser will have to wait some considerable time ere he finds the sort of Elderly Man who will exactly suit these strangely exceptional requirements.

CORRECTION (as to last week's "Short Vacation Ramble").—The Tame Poet, calling himself "THOMAS TOQUÉ DU TOUQUET," writes to me from his home in the Forest and says, "I never composed such a line as 'À l'hiver de la mois de Mai.' *Jamais de la vie!* Why try to ruin my reputation? I shall lose my post; and I shall lose *this* post if I don't hurry up before it leaves. Of course 'en hiver au mois de Mai.' And can't you scan? No matter, you shall scan my features soon when you again meet yours forgivingly, "THOMAS."

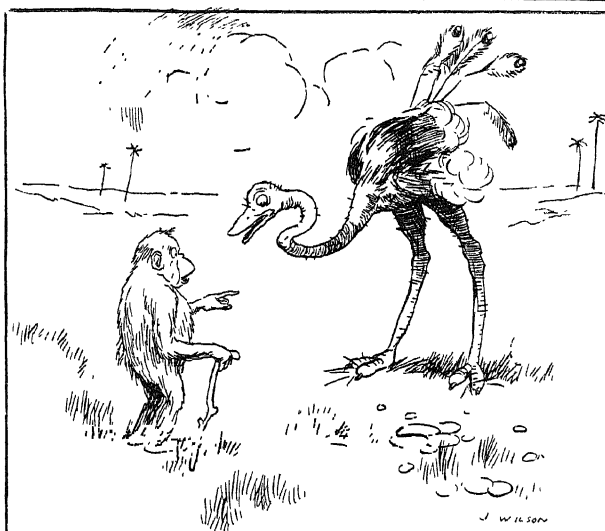
THE MELO-FARCICAL FLOOD-TIDE.

WHAT is a "melo-farce?" Mr. Melo-farcical CECIL RALEIGH replies, "My piece entitled *The Flood Tide*, now being played at Drury Lane, is a specimen of what I understand by 'melo-farce.'" Admitted. But, as there is a flood in it which washes away a house and swamps the plains, just such an one as, in fact, you may read of in *The Master Purpose* by HAROLD BINDLOSS (to which incident, by the way, it does not appear that Mr. RALEIGH is indebted), would it not have been more in character with the farcical nature of the play had he called it *The Flood Loosed*? Then the melo-farcical author might have dropped in a quite up-to-date jest appropriate to "the Tide House," as a jocular description of the building at Blackmere which the Lunatic-at-Large, cleverly rendered by Mr. SOMERSET, patronises, where he is followed by *George Wellington Clipp*, a character portrayed by Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH with dry humour, so as to be artistically contrasted with the spirit-sodden *MacNaughton*. To this lonely spot comes also one *Menotti*, a reckless desperado, with precious little to say for himself, played for all it is worth by Mr. N. MCKINNEL, intending to kill the Lunatic, who, however, proving one too many for him, knocks him on the head, giving him heel-taps with a heavy pair of boots, which action, as he has always been carrying these boots about with him throughout the piece up till now, shows that these properties were not introduced for a mere bootless errand. But that the author of *Bombastes* had nearly a hundred years ago forestalled him, the ruffianly Italian, when threatened by the lunatic, might have exclaimed, "I'll make thy threats as bootless as thyself!" Of course such familiar pleasantries as these belong naturally to a "melo-farce."

This letting loose of the flood is the only really "sensational" effect in this drama, which, as a matter of fact, has in it nothing more farcical than is ordinarily to be found in every good melodrama of the Drury Lane or old Adelphi type. Mr. COLLINS has given us an admirably contrived effect, or series of effects, in the rising of the waters (or "rice-ing" of the waters, for isn't that how it's done?), in the yielding of the sluices, and the sudden sinking of the wooden chalet in the deluge. The dams burst: and the biggest of them is, it may be supposed, uttered by the wicked villain who perishes in his murderous attempt. Disclaiming any intention of throwing cold water on this "situation," it may occur to not a few to ask, is not this well contrived "sensation" somewhat thrown away on three men, about not one of whom do any of us care a single rap? Is it not a waste of water? "Oh!" moans Mr. Weller, Senior, "vy worn't there a alleybi?" And we say to Mr. RALEIGH, "Why worn't there a female in distress as the persecuted heroine in this scene?" This is what is lacking; even "melo-farce" cannot get along successfully without our sympathies being enlisted for the virtuous, ill-treated, cruelly persecuted heroine who, with her lover, triumphs before the final fall of the curtain.

Years ago Mr. WATTS PHILLIPS tried to mix up burlesque, farce and drama in a concoction written for the eccentric EDWARD SOTHERN in a piece called *The Woman in Mauve*. It did not "catch on," and to revive such an attempt, especially at Drury Lane, where everything, including the audience, must be taken seriously, is surely not what experience would suggest nor wisdom counsel. There is nothing melo-farcical about the too realistic "ragging" scene, which, as being unessential to the plot, might, even now, be omitted.

That certain plausible, superficially honest, and more or less sporting or comic individuals as are the members of the *Champion* family, represented by Miss CLAIRE ROMAINE as the impulsive *Polly*, by J. H. BARNES as her really



QUEER CUSTOMERS.

The Monkey. "WHAT ON EARTH HAVE YOU STUCK THOSE FEATHERS IN YOUR TAIL FOR?"

Ostrich. "HUSH! I'M TRAVELLING INCOGNITO. I WANT TO BE MISTAKEN FOR A PEACOCK."

scoundrelly but genial and affectionate father, and by Mr. ROBERT MINSTER, as rather uppish *Captain Jack Champion*, V.C., should (the Captain excepted) "do evil that good may come of it," is a state of affairs that can never be popular with the patrons of the drama; and yet the gods, treating this as an exceptional case, take kindly to all the well-intentioned evil-doers, and cheer them heartily when recalled before the curtain, extending their charitable consideration to graceful Miss MARGARET HALSTAN as *Marie Pitchioli*, as being the victim of her unprincipled mamma, *Baroness Pitchioli*, in which last-named character Mrs. BEERBOHM TREE (acting presumably under "melo-farcical" orders from the author) so breaks her English, without giving any Italian, as to render her speech rather less intelligible than if she had been representing a lady from Fiji speaking her own charming vernacular. "I do not know your beautiful language, but I admire him," as Mr. HERBERT, the celebrated artist, observed in an effort to interpret clearly to a French Academician his own particular meaning. And this in effect is what an artistically gratified, but considerably puzzled, audience say to Mrs. TREE in acknowledging her clever rendering of this "broken melody."

As the uninteresting villain (of sorts), named the *Earl of Sutton*, first cousin to the *Marquis of Mitcham*, Mr. JOHN TRESAHAR is far better than the part, while Mr. DAVY BURNABY well seconds his superior as *Roderick O'Grieff*, and indeed stands out from among his fellow-officers, who are at present somewhat deficient in military bearing; but they have, it may be, only recently joined, and after a month's drill they will be as fine and soldierlike a set as may be found in any theatrical corps in London.

For the Saloon Deck, the Interior of the *Hôtel Métropole*, Brighton, the Paddock, Kempton Park, and the L. C. & D. Terminus at the time of the starting of the "Boat Train," which are all marvels of scene-painting and mechanism, Messrs. R. CANEY and BRUCE SMITH may claim "honours divided;" while Mr. JAMES GLOVER is to be congratulated on the incidental music that aptly illustrates the situations with a quietly humorous recognition of the general "melo-farcical" idea. His *entr'acte* situations, as "refreshment bars," are always welcome to a parched-with-excitement audience. May this piece be "the tide that, taken at its flood, leads on to fortune." *Soit.*

RHYMES OF THE EAST.

A SOMBRE RETROSPECT.

LONG, long ago, in that heroic time
 When I, a coy and modest youth, was
 shot
 Out on this dust-head of careers and
 crime
 To try and learn what's what,
 I had a servitor, a dusky knave
 Who showed an almost irreligious
 taste
 For wearing nothing but a turban, save
 A kerchief round his waist.
 This apparition gave me such a start
 That I endowed him with a cast-off
 pair
 Of inexpressibles, and said, "Depart,
 And be no longer bare."
 He took the offering with broken thanks;
 But day succeeded day, and still
 revealed
 Those sombre and attenuated shanks
 Intensely unconcealed;

Until at last the climax came when I
 Resolved to bring this matter to an
 end,
 And when I saw him passing, shouted,
 "Hi!
 Where are your trousers, friend?"
 Halting, he gave a deferential bow;
 Then, to my horror, beamingly replied,
 "Master not see? I wearing trousers
 now!"
 I would have said he lied,
 But could not. As I shaped the glowing
 phrase,
 I looked upon his turban—looked
 again—
 Mine own familiar pattern met my gaze,
 And all the truth was plain!
 Th' ingenious creature, Eastern to the
 core,
 Holding my gift in superstitious
 dread,
 Had made a turban out of it, and wore
 His trousers—on his head!

DUM-DUM.

FOOD TO MAKE GIANTS.

[“Dr. HATAI, Professor of Neurology in Chicago University, claims to have discovered a wonderful food substance called Lecithin, capable of transforming men into giants.”—*Daily Mail*.]

As the result of careful inquiry *Mr. Punch* is enabled to announce that Lecithin has been on the English market for six months, and that numerous testimonials to its efficacy have already been received.

An Editor writes: “I took one bottle of Lecithin, and my circulation greatly improved. By the time I had finished my third bottle I was five times as large



A PROGRESSIVE.

Teacher. “NOW THEN, WHAT DO WE MEAN BY COMPOSITION?”

Little Girl (eagerly). “PLEASE, MISS, COMPOSITION IS THE ART OF BRINGING SIMPLE IDEAS INTO COMPLICATION.”

as the editor of any London penny morning paper.”

A distinguished novelist (who whilst desiring to advertise the virtues of Lecithin does not wish to advertise himself) writes: “I have only taken half a bottle of Lecithin, but it is already evident that I shall have to enlarge my island.”

Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, in his latest fiscal leaflet, says: “No more striking proof is needed of the hold which American Trusts are gaining on the British Market than the fact that it is impossible to make Big Englanders without using Lecithin.”

“Only alternate doses of Lecithin and London's Best,” writes the Editor of the *Daily News*, “are needed to change the working man of the present day from an idle, gambling, drunken scoundrel into a Large Loafer.”

Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT says: “I took one dose of your abominable mixture, and to my utter disgust found myself a High Churchman.”

The President of the Local Government Board writes humorously, “Since the days of King ALFRED the name of LONG has been famous in Wiltshire (though never more famous than to-day), but one dose of your medicine has made me Longer. My audiences sometimes grew a little impatient when I was LONG. What will they do now I am Longer?”

Lord GEORGE HAMILTON, in explaining his resignation to a constituent, writes: “I very much regret having to abandon the great political principle which has hitherto been the guiding star of my career—‘Always stick to office’—but I have been taking Lecithin, and three doses made me far too large for any office.”

Mr. BRODRICK writes: “Your medicine is if anything too good. I ordered it to be administered to all the ‘Brodricks’ (as ignorant journalists term under-sized recruits). It worked like magic, but unfortunately seventeen thousand men of the First Army Corps are confined to barracks because they are unable to get into their regulation uniforms. A War Office Committee is now sitting to consider whether larger uniforms should be provided at the men's expense.”

Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON remarks, in the course of a lengthy letter, “Some years since, in anticipation of the day when my letters to editors will come through the Dead Letter Office, I purchased for my own use and enjoyment a commodious vault. Unfortunately a friend induced me to try Lecithin, and now, to my utter dismay, I find myself too big for my vault. If Dr. HATAI has any occasion for a handsome brick vault I can let him have one at a very considerable reduction.”

A Member of Parliament, who modestly conceals his identity, sends the following testimonial:—“For some time I have suffered from Chronic Hydrocephalus (Inflation of the Head), which made me unpleasantly conspicuous. One dose of your excellent medicine made my body swell proportionately. With the aid of Lecithin I have no doubt that I shall be able to reach to the top of the poll at the next Oldham Election.”

“Formerly,” says Dr. CLIFFORD, “I was five feet six inches in height, and could only speak for a bare three hours. Now, thanks to Lecithin, I need no platform to stand on, and can out-shout three auctioneers, a brass band, and a division of constabulary for six hours on end.”

"MR. G."

(By Toby, M.P.)

ONE of the distinctions of Mr. JOHN MORLEY's *Life of Gladstone*—Mr. G. his colleagues always called him—is the fewness of the letters given. In ordinary biographies of public men, letters loom large in proportion to the letterpress. Mr. MORLEY, seated in the Octagon at Hawarden, a fire-proof room, a modern adjunct to the building, shrank from grappling with its contents. Here were stored the letters and papers of a career rare equally by its length and by the range and importance of affairs it dealt with. With his own hand, Mr. GLADSTONE selected 60,000 letters as worth keeping. Beyond these there were tens of thousands, including copies of his own, that had not come under revision. There are five or six hundred in the handwriting of Queen VICTORIA, bequeathed as an heir-loom by her illustrious but, wherever royalty was concerned, almost extravagantly humble servitor.

In one of the most charming chapters in a fascinating book, Mr. MORLEY rapidly turns over the contents of this colossal letter-bag. It is interesting to find, quoted in full, a correspondence that passed between GLADSTONE and DISRAELI. It was characteristic of the former that the occasion which forced upon him approach to a man he was never able to respect was first, the illness, later the death, of Mrs. DISRAELI. Any chord that struck the note of home was irresistible in its call to Mr. G.

One letter to which Mr. MORLEY makes passing reference will be interesting reading. The MEMBER FOR SARK well remembers a scene in the Commons one July night in the year 1874. The Public Worship Regulation Bill, defended by DIZZY on the ground that it was devised to "put down Mass in masquerade," was before the House on its second reading. GLADSTONE, making one of his rare appearances on a scene from which he had formally retired, delivered a vigorous speech against the Bill. Up gat the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD and, to the intense delight of the crowded Ministerial Benches, assailed the fallen captain, one of whose last acts had been to make him Solicitor-General. "A dangerous doctrine of optional conformity," was his epigrammatic description of his late leader's argument. Dealing with this epoch, Mr. MORLEY, turning over the letters in the Octagon, says, "Mr. GLADSTONE writes to his wife a trenchant account of his vigorous dealing with a prominent colleague who had rashly ventured to mark him for assault."

Whilst this letter is withheld there is given the text of a delightful one addressed to Mr. LOWE in days when, partly owing to that statesman's unfortunate manner, GLADSTONE's first Administration was tottering to a fall.

Alluding to the letters, extracts from diaries, and autobiographic extracts quoted, Mr. MORLEY says, "The asterisks denoting an omitted passage hide no piquant hit, no personality, no indiscretion. The omission is in every case due to consideration of space." This is a casual business-like remark that throws a flood of light on the character the Biographer portrays:

Whatever record leaps to light,
He never shall be shamed.

Mr. MORLEY does not spare record of certain little weaknesses, as for example, Mr. G.'s habit of resort to qualifying words, "a disproportionate impressiveness in verbal shadings without real difference." This enabled him from time to time to show provoking skill, the effort not worth the triumph, in demonstrating that an attitude assumed to-day was reconcilable with a contrary one defended a year or a decade passed. The narrative reveals in strong light the paradox of the simplicity and the subtlety of this complex character. From the morning of Eton days to the



THE MARABOUT.

"Hi, Miss, yer boar's slipped down!"

twilight hour when, at the age of eighty-four, to the marvel even of those familiar with his capacity for work, he sat hour after hour through hot summer nights shouldering his second Home Rule Bill through Committee, he was always working and learning.

The forty double-column diaries which contain the record of his life from day to day, supply amazing testimony to his hunger for work. Just before going to Oxford he made in Edinburgh the acquaintance of Dr. CHALMERS. Between the old man and the young, warm friendship sprang up. They used to take long walks together. "I remember," GLADSTONE wrote, "we went into one or more of the cottages in his district. He went in with smiling countenance, greeting and being greeted by the people, and sat down. But he had nothing to say. He sat smiling, but he had no small talk." Young GLADSTONE had. Here is an entry in his diary of Jan. 23rd, 1834, being then in his 25th year: "Much of to-day spent in conversation of an interesting kind with BRANDRETH and PEARSON on eternal punishment; with WILLIAMS on Baptism; with CHURTON on faith and religion in the University; with HARRISON on prophecy and the papacy."

That GLADSTONE was a man of deep devotional feeling all the world knew. How profoundly, first and last and all day long, religion was the mainspring of his life, is by this book for the first time made known beyond the family circle and a narrow range of intimate friends. We learn from entries made in his private diary how, like the Cove-nanter, he went into battle with passages from the Bible on his lips. He records in his diary many critical occasions of political warfare when he was comforted, sustained,

encouraged, by the flashing back on his memory of some line from the Psalms.

The MEMBER FOR SARK has been told by colleagues of Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, that when seated on the Treasury Bench listening to debate, the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer has been heard murmuring remarks, which, judging from a word caught here and there, seemed to be of a devotional character. Only they were evidently drawn exclusively from the Athanasian Creed.

The task Mr. MORLEY set himself is among the most stupendous ever undertaken by a literary man. It covers more than the life of a many-sided character of meteoric brilliancy. It is part of the history of England for more than sixty years. Only consummate skill could marshal, and assign proper proportions to, the illimitable host of materials. The result is a lucid, graphic narrative, warmed by keen sympathy, never deviating into slavish acquiescence or repellent eulogy.

THE WARNINGS OF YUSSUF.

(Glasgow, October 7.)

AWAKE! and arm you for a Tariff war:
Dream not, but view your pale and lessening star!

Note all the cracks and crevices that scar
The mould'ring walls of your once packed Bazár!

Still loyal are the lips that rouse you so:
Before the Caravan a scout I go;

But still I reverence the GRAND VIZIER,
Still will I follow—down the path I show.

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
COPDEN and BRIGHT and ADAM SMITH—yea! went

Where now the aliens of the Cobden Club
Carp peevishly at "Squalid argument."

I sometimes think that there is no such aid
To merchants as of Tariffs fitly made;

That every battleship the Germans build
Dropt in their lap at cost of British trade.

So let Free Fooders wrangle—heed not you!
Leave outworn shibboleths and take a new;

And upon Gaul and Teuton learn from me
(Who should know better?) how to put the Screw.

What though the Loaf be something small and dear?
Sweet is tobacco, large the cups that cheer.

Still rubies kindle in Colonial wine—
Combine to trust Protection; never fear!

Ah! drink the cup of wisdom that I pour;

Two pigs will fatten where one throve before;

He that had nineteen farthings, more or less,
Will still have nineteen farthings—less or more.

LOST MASTERPIECES.

(Mr. Punch's own Collection.)

THE appearance of Mr. KIPLING's new volume of poems entitled *The Five Nations* has of course directed public attention to his work at the moment. Any hitherto unpublished fragments of verse from his pen therefore will be peculiarly interesting just now. Fortunately Mr. Punch's collection of Lost Masterpieces includes two of these. The history of these fragments is so interesting that it is worth relating in detail.

It will be remembered that when "Recessional" (which, by the by, is now republished in *The Five Nations*) was first printed and at once achieved the widest popularity, a story went the round of the Press that Mr. KIPLING himself had

so entirely failed to gauge the merit of the poem that he had actually thrown it into the waste-paper basket. From this it was rescued by chance by a member of the poet's family, who at once recognised its merit and urged its publication. But for that rescuing hand "Recessional" might have been lost to the world for ever.

Spurred to energetic action by this story, and determined to prevent the possible loss of further masterpieces to the world, Mr. Punch has recently employed a trusty agent to ferret from time to time in Mr. KIPLING's waste-paper basket. He has not, alas, been fortunate enough to salvage another "Recessional," but he has secured two interesting and very characteristic fragments which might well have been intended to appear in *The Five Nations*.

One of them is a part of a barrack-room ballad in Mr. KIPLING's most rollicking vein. The chorus is written in italics, why, it is impossible to say, but Mr. KIPLING's verse often does start off into italics for no very clear reason. Here is the fragment:

MARCHIN' ORDERS.

'Ere's luck to the bloomin' reg'ment! 'Ere's luck to the
'ole brigade!

'Ere's luck to the British Army! Fix bay'nits. 'Oo's
afraid?

We're goin' on active service, wotever the papers say,
So give us a cheer an' toss off your beer. We're off to the
front to-day.

*Up boys, off boys, Fourteen thousan' strong,
Fourteen thousan', 'orse an' foot, singin' this ghastly
song!*

*'Tisn't a 'bloomin' anthim. 'Tain't what you'd call
refined.*

*But Tommy's all right. 'E's tipsy to-night. An' 'e
don't mind!*

Why Mr. KIPLING decided 'against including this spirited stave in his new volume will never be known. Perhaps it did not fit in with the generally sombre character of most of its contents.

The second fragment is more serious in tone, and from internal evidence Mr. Punch is inclined to think it was originally intended to be cabled to the *Times*. It may be about Mr. BRODRICK's Army scheme, but it may be only a plea for Preferential Tariffs for the Colonies. It is always difficult to be quite sure what Mr. KIPLING's Muse is really driving at:—

None shall arise to help you, none shall come to your aid,
When your Princes pale for terror and the People are sore
afraid.

Ye shall be slaves and bondmen, ye shall be bought and
sold,

Yea in the open market they shall buy your sons for gold.

Tempests shall sink your shipping, founder it far and
wide,

From Land's End to the Orkneys, from Portland Bill to the
Clyde.

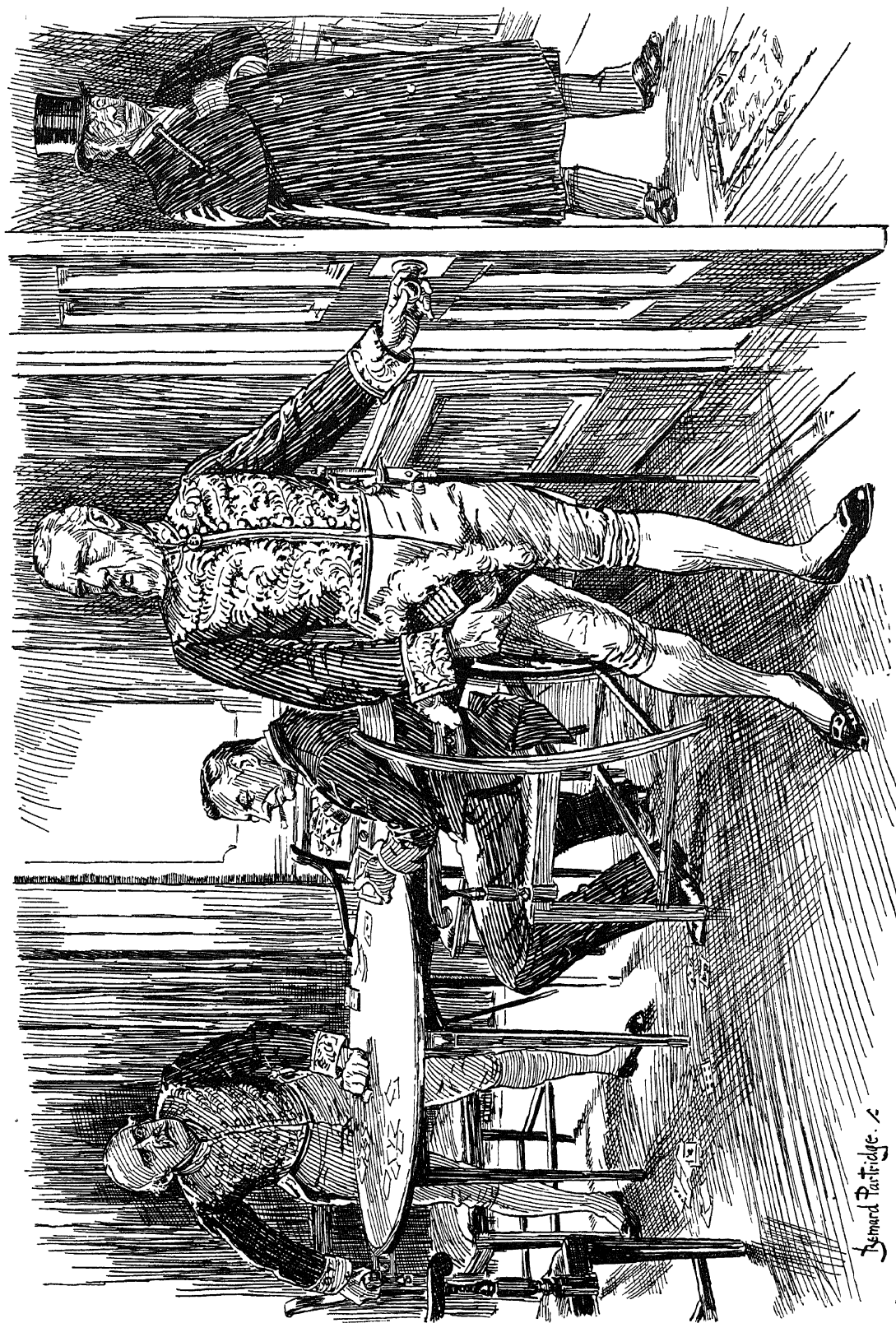
Ye shall hide your bloodless faces, ye shall tremble and turn
to flight,

When the Star of War, like a comet, flares full on your fields
by night,

When the face of the sun is hidden and the stars wax weak
and wan,

When the thunder's voice is upon you, and I keep bellowing
on!

Riddled with all disaster, wrecked past hope shall ye be,
Ruined beyond redemption—unless ye listen to *ME!*



THE "ACCOMPLISHED WHIST-PLAYERS."

(NOT according to Cavendish.)

D-KE OF D-V-NSH-RE. "RITCHE WAS QUITE RIGHT. YOU'RE NOT PLAYING THE GAME. I'M OFF!
[See "Times" Leader, October 3.]

MR. CHAMBERLAIN, STATION BY STATION.

["When the train pulled up at the High Level Station, Wolverhampton, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was wearing a tall hat, and during the time the train was waiting in the station he was intently occupied reading the *Morning Post*. He seemed to be paler than usual."—*Midland Evening News*, Oct. 6]

WHEN Mr. CHAMBERLAIN arrived at Preston he was wearing a Gibus, and while the train was waiting in the station he was observed to be reading the *Westminster Gazette*. He seemed to be greener than usual.

When Mr. CHAMBERLAIN arrived at Carlisle he was wearing a cricket-cap, and was reading *Coke upon Littleton*. He seemed to be more resigned than usual.

When Mr. CHAMBERLAIN arrived at Carstairs he was wearing a turban, and was reading the *Sphere*. He seemed to be Shorter than usual.

VICTIMS OF SCIENCE.

[Mr. SHINEY LEE, while lecturing recently at the Working Men's College on BACON, recalled the unexpected fact that he died ten years after SHAKESPEARE from the effects of a cold caught while stuffing a dead chicken with snow in order to observe the effect of cold on the preservation of flesh. The science of refrigeration indirectly owed something to his death, and BACON may therefore be claimed as a pioneer of the "cold-storage" system, of which so much is heard nowadays]

It may not be generally known that when King HENRY I. partook of his fatal surfeit of lampreys, he was on the eve of bringing to perfection his scheme for supplying England with the quick lunch.

The ordinary impression of the death of SOCRATES was that, to put it briefly, he took time by the hemlock and drank himself to death. But the recently published memoirs of XANTHIPPE, edited by Sir J. CRICHTON-BROWNE, place a totally different construction on his demise. He was, it now appears, experimenting with a new summer drink or Veuve Xantipple, as he facetiously termed it, and in the absence of a straw through which to imbibe it, he inadvertently employed a stalk of hemlock. It was this that broke his back.

Historians have entirely missed the point of the death of Earl GODWIN, who was choked by a crust. His end was, of course, the first glorious martyrdom in the cause of the big loaf.

Researches in the British Record Office have at last removed an aspersion, painful alike to Englishmen and to wine-growers. The unfortunate Duke who, at the time of his death by drowning in a butt of Malmsey, is generally



Jones (who has decided to go in for the Hercules system) reads—"EXERCISE I. HOLD THE DUMB-BELLS FIRMLY ABOVE THE HEAD, AND, WITHOUT BENDING THE KNEES, INCLINE THE BODY GRADUALLY FORWARD UNTIL THE FINGERS TOUCH THE TOES"

supposed to have been endeavouring to obtain a further supply of that insidious and intoxicating beverage, was really anticipating the scientific triumph of the Prince of MONACO in the realm of submarine investigation.

The death of Sir ISAAC NEWTON from the impact of a falling apple on his distinguished cranium was the means of discovering not—as is generally supposed—the law of gravitation, but that the earth is round: for the apple fell from Tasmania.

While clearing out the cellars of the War Office, preparatory to moving to those of the India Office, Mr. BRODRICK

has just lighted on an extraordinary instance of history repeating itself in advance. It turns out to have been not an arrow but a dum-dum bullet which put a full stop to the activities of WILLIAM RUFUS. It seems that he and Professor TYRRELL were the real inaugurators of the Sunday afternoon air rifle clubs which are the despair of the Birmingham magistrates.

ALFRED THE GREAT, when he burnt the cakes, and thus contracted the injuries from which he ultimately died, was, as Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN has recently proved in a masterly monograph, experimenting in the preparation of Triscuit.

DR. BARRIE'S "LITTLE MINISTER" OF THE INTERIOR.

AN "uncomfortable play" Mr. J. M. BARRIE styles his latest production, *Little Mary*, at Wyndham's Theatre. The epithet he has employed, in order to distinguish it from any other comedy, is not ill-chosen: evidently he had his doubts as to the nature of its reception by a first-night's representative audience, and subsequently by the Theatre-going public in general. By this time, when it will have been running for a fortnight, there can be in Mr. BARRIE'S mind "no probable possible sort of a doubt, no possible doubt whatever," to quote W. S. GILBERT'S rhythmic line, of the success it has achieved, and of its being in for a long run. If Mr. BARRIE has "drawn his bow at a venter" he has certainly "touched the spot" anciently known as the *œsophagus*. Being fond of queer descriptions he might have explained it as an *œsophagus Fable*.

But is it a play at all? "Marry, that it is, because," as the Shakspearian clown might have answered, "it is played"; and it may be at once conceded that had it not been "cast" as it is, with Miss NINA BOUCAULT and Mr. JOHN HARE in the two principal parts, and the other personages represented by most able "character actors," the piece, in spite of its exceptional brilliancy of dialogue, might have come to a miserable conclusion when the cat is let out of the bag in the last Act. Everything is in this last Act: with this the piece triumphs or fails: and, but for NINA BOUCAULT'S admirable impersonation of the heroine, first as a Dickensian character, "the Little Mother" of twelve years old, and then as the dreamy enthusiastic girl of eighteen, who believes entirely in her mission to put the world's digestive organs in order—but, we repeat, for her playing this part throughout with such intense conviction and impressive earnestness, the final revelation of the secret meaning of the words *Little Mary* would never have been tolerated, save by a most indulgent audience. Its success on the stage, apart from its undeniable brilliancy as a dramatic work, is due to the marvellous self-restraint and tact, as well as to the true artistic instinct as to effect; innate in this great little actress, NINA BOUCAULT.

And what is the subject of the piece? Who is *Little Mary*? It is nobody: it is simply a nursery name that the child-doctor invents as a kind of polite equivalent to what children ordinarily allude to as their "tum-tum." The dialogue is, to quote an apt illustration, "brilliant embroidery on a dish-clout." It was an oversight on the part of the conscientiously consistent dramatist, Mr. BARRIE, that only two out of the three scenes that suffice for this play are "interiors."

The dialogue sparkles with the happiest inspirations, and there is not a dull line in it from beginning to end, though, as has been already intimated, *Moirá Loney's* address and the absurdly extravagant action of the *dramatis personæ* in the final scene might, in less favourable conditions, have wrecked the piece. But when two Acts and a-half have gained our hearts, and all the characters have won our admiration and compelled our sympathies, should we be harshly severe on one *lapsus lingue*? Is this to be for us a *casus belli* against Mr. BARRIE? Decidedly not. Good-natured British audiences have strong *Little Maries*. It is enough that the absurd persons on the stage should turn up their noses and resent the utterance of the objectionable word so simply and prettily pronounced by innocent dainty *Moirá*, without the audience imitating their stupid example. So the delighted "friends in front" receive with shouts of surprised and approving laughter, the word that, as *Mrs. Gamp* would say, "aperiently" disgusts the *dramatis personæ*. Excellent! Mr. BARRIE, you owe unspeakable gratitude to Miss NINA, and Miss NINA to you for having chosen her for the part. Therefore you are quits.

Earnestness again is the keynote of Mr. JOHN HARE'S acting; his *Earl of Carlton* being a perfected study. He is not on the stage for two minutes ere you know what sort of man he is, without quite foreseeing what course he will take in certain given circumstances. His son, *Lord Rolfe*, lets the audience into this secret, and, while showing his own character, develops his father's. These scenes between Mr. HARE and Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER, as *Lord Rolfe*, are played with consummate art; they are excellent in dialogue, and just sufficiently probable to give them the desired touch of nature.

Mr. HENRY VIBART'S old chemist, *Terence Reilly*, is a well-conceived and artistically executed portrait in the Dickensian First Act, recalling the dreamy chemist in *The Haunted Man*, just as the children under the care of *Moirá*, the "Little Mother," recall a somewhat similar episode in *Little Dorrit*.

As the eminent doctor from London, *Sir Jennings Pyke*, who comes down for a special fee to be consulted on *Lady Milly's* case, Mr. ERIC LEWIS has a chance of which he makes the very most. His "bedside manner" is delightfully professional, but it is questionable whether his somewhat over-evident anxiety as to his fees, and his manner of taking and pocketing them, is not rather too *outré* and dangerously near the line of Molièresque broad farce. These two medicos are only types of possible exceptions to the general rule.

As *Dr. Topping*, the country practitioner, Mr. CLARENCE BLAKISTON, capitally made up, is necessarily compelled to follow Mr. ERIC LEWIS'S lead, and he seconds him to the greatest advantage.

Mr. A. E. MATTHEWS shines in the character of the youthful *Earl of Plumleigh*, home from some public school.

As *Mr. Deighton*, the highly respectable and very homely old family servant, Mr. COMPTON COURTS is admirable. His expressive pantomime is most natural. He is as seriously in earnest as is Miss NINA BOUCAULT, and be it remembered that, in the last Act, for a few seconds the whole burden of the piece, in three heavy volumes containing the secret, is in his hands. These books he places on the table previous to *Moirá's* lecture on *Little Mary* that is to make or mar the fortunes of the play.

Miss FIFE ALEXANDER, as the invalid *Lady Milly*, warily practises her dangerous deception on the audience, who are as surprised at her recovery as are the doctors when the frail creature suddenly leaves her chair and becomes a sprightly dancing girl. Miss MARGARET FRASER, as representing some sort of a professional actress, is as good as the rather hazy part will permit; while Miss ENID SPENCER-BRUNTON does satisfactorily all that the commonplace character of the *Countess of Plumleigh* demands of her.

The management, represented by Messrs. FRANK CURZON and CHARLES FROHMAN, may congratulate themselves on the very healthy signs of Mr. BARRIE'S *Little Mary* shown at the booking-office and in the nightly receipts at the doors. It should be added that the "uncomfortable play" is preceded by a brightly written piece by FRANK STAYTON, vivaciously acted by Mr. SAM SOTHERN (who is also at the Criterion Theatre), Miss FLORENCE LLOYD—very clever as his wife—with Miss JANET EVELYN as the sprightly maid. If at any time it were found necessary to commence earlier and add to the bill, *Little Mary* might be aptly followed by *A Quiet Rubber*, in which, as everyone knows, Mr. HARE is admirable and unequalled. However, this is only a question of theatrical *massage*, and, of course, Dr. BARRIE'S professional consent must be first obtained for such treatment.

FOXHUNTERS to a man support Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S proposals. The *Lex Tallyhonis* has always been one of their cardinal tenets.

"LITTLE MARY."

Twice twenty years are well nigh done,
Twice twenty years of rain and sun,
Since kindly Fortune made us one,
My MARY!

And now—ah me, that it is so!—
I see thee daily weaker grow;
It was my folly brought thee low,
My MARY!

In boyhood's rash and careless mood,
Alas, I little understood
How much in thee was wrapped my good,
My MARY!

But if 'twas I that caused thy dole,
Remorse has since refined my soul
A thousand times in fires of coal,
My MARY!

And if thou feel'st a twinge of pain,
The choicest wines of France and Spain,
The costliest feasts are spread in vain,
My MARY!

Better a thousand times to me
The slice of toast, the cup of tea
Or simple arrowroot with thee,
My MARY!

On thee depends my point of view:
If thou art happy, I am too;
If aught distress thee, I am blue,
My MARY!

Ever I watch with loving care
Each morsel which shall be thy share,
For as thou farest, so I fare,
My MARY!

In all the changing scenes of life,
In joy and sorrow, peace and strife,
Thou art more near to me than wife,
My MARY!

And till the hour when we must part
I still shall use love's every art
To cherish thee beside my heart,
My MARY!

JOURNALISM UP-TO-DATE.

In addition to the *Daily Mirror*, a journal for gentlewomen, we understand that the following new ventures will be shortly planted on the public:—

The *Daily Perambulator*, a journal for gentlebabies. The proprietors have been fortunate enough to secure the services of **HARDICANUTE HARMSON** (aged two years and three months), who will wield the editorial rattle. Among the attractions of the first number will be a *feuilleton* entitled "The Doll's House," by **ARCHER IBSEN HARMSON**; a complete story entitled "Tee-things," by **DODO BENSON HARMSON**; articles on Baldness by **DAGONET TATCHO HARMSON**; on Bibs, by **A. TUCKER HARMSON**; on Infantry Manœuvres, by **ROBERTS BULLER HARMSON**; and a poem entitled "The Lait of



Auntie. "DO YOU KNOW YOU ARE PLAYING WITH TWO VERY NAUGHTY LITTLE BOYS, JOHNNY?"

Johnny. "YES."

Auntie. "YOU DO! I'M SURPRISED. WHY DON'T YOU PLAY WITH GOOD LITTLE BOYS?"

Johnny. "BECAUSE THEIR MOTHERS WON'T LET THEM!"

the *Last Minstrel*," specially condensed by **NESTLÉ HARMSON**, etc., etc.

The *Daily Pipelighter*, a journal for gentlesmokers. The editorship will be in the hands of **MR. NICOLAS O'TEENE**. The first number will include the following attractions:—"The Career of a Barrieton," by **MISS ARCADIA CRAVEN**; "The Three Castles," by **FREEMAN WILLS**; "The Baccy of Euripides," translated by **VIRGINIA FAGG**; "Beside the Bonnie Briar Patch," by **WEEDA**; and a thrilling detective story entitled "The Great Cigar Case," by **UNEEDA NEMETTICK**.

The *Daily Snooze*, a journal for Cabinet Ministers, past, present, and future. The Editor's sofa will be occupied by the Duke of DEVONSHIRE. The

following articles have already been promised for the first number:—"Forceful Joe," by **A. J. B.** ("JIM DUMPS"); "The Rising Son," by **MR. AUSTEN**; "An Exchequered Career," by **MR. RITCHIE**; and "Thou art passing hence, my Brodder," by **GENERAL DESIRE**.

"FACIT EXALTATIO VERSUM."—*Reuter*, reporting the banquet to the H.A.C. at Boston, breaks into the following couplet:
"The cost was 60,000 dollars, or about 75 dollars a head.

The flowers cost 3,000 dollars. The prevailing colour was red."

After this we may expect to find **MARCONI** lisping in wireless numbers.

PICKY BACK.

(Being Passages from the Re-inconanation of Picklock Holes.)

I.

I WAS sitting gloomily in my study at 259, Peckham Road, reflecting, as was my invariable habit at this hour of the evening, on the curious and alarming decrease in the statistics of crime since the melancholy disappearance of my super-human friend PICKLOCK HOLES in January, 1894. My life from that moment had been, I felt, a mis-spent one. What had I done to replace, even in a small way, the gorgeous murders, the dexterous and convincing burglaries, and the ingeniously perpetrated frauds which, before that dreadful event, had made me a happy and, to some extent, a useful man? I ought to have done something—assault and battery or arson or even embezzlement would have been better than nothing—but, as a matter of fact, I had not found energy to turn my hands to a single felony or misdemeanour since HOLES had left me. The reflection necessarily made me sad. What would I not have given to hear him say with a touch of unwonted asperity, "Potson, you're a fool," or, "Potson, you're a numskull," as, together, we tracked out the hidden mazes of some terrible mystery hitherto unsuspected, or brought the conviction of guilt home to some blood-stained and prematurely triumphant ruffian. To be sure I still possessed my incomparable collection of clues, all carefully labelled and filed in the secret drawer of my roller-top desk, but for the last nine years or more I had not had the heart to use them, even in so simple a matter as the unexplained decrease of my cold legs of mutton or the gradual disappearance of my cambric handkerchiefs. No; HOLES had vanished, and the clues, the revolver, the handcuffs, the black silk mask, the foot-prints, the thumb-marks and all the other paraphernalia of detection should remain undisturbed for ever.

Musing thus I suddenly heard the unmistakable explosion of a pom-pom shell in the street outside, followed immediately by the fall of a heavy body and a succession of shrill screams. In the old happy days I should not have hesitated as to my course. HOLES would have been on the spot, and we should without any delay have proceeded to discover the author of the murder, for murder I could not doubt that it was. But now, I am free to confess, the occurrence excited but a languid interest in my mind. However, I rose and went out at the front door, impelled by I know not what mysterious prompting. As I did so a tall figure with a calm impassive face, a marble brow and a meditative aspect, suddenly rose from the pavement on which it had been lying and confronted me at full length. Great heavens! could I believe my eyes? It was—yes—no—it could be no other—it must be—but before I had time to finish my thought my emotion became too great and I fell headlong on to the kamptulicon floor of the passage.

When I came to myself I was once more in my study, and PICKLOCK HOLES was bending over me and bathing my temples with brandy-and-water as if nothing had happened.

"You seem surprised, my dear Potson," he said, when I had at length resumed my place in my arm-chair, "you seem surprised to see me. Nerves a little unstrung, eh? Bad sign, bad sign."

I confessed that his appearance had, under the circumstances, unmanned me.

"I know," I added, "that such weakness was unworthy of one who has been honoured with the intimacy of the greatest man of this or any other age. But I trust, HOLES, you will not remember it against me."

"Tush, tush," he replied in the kindest possible tone, "you mean well, POTSON; you always did, but emergencies (which are by their very nature events of a startling and unexpected nature)"—no words of mine can express how

lovingly he dwelt on this parenthesis—"emergencies sometimes overwhelm the strongest of us. And pray, how is Mrs. POTSON?"

"Mrs. POTSON," I said, "is no more."

"Ah, yes," he mused, "of course. I heard of her death in Khiva."

"In Khiva!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, while I was staying with the KHAN—a capital fellow, but no detective. You must know that when I pretended to disappear in the Serpentine about nine years ago—"

"Pretended!" I gasped. "But I thought you were drowned—you and your enemy SHERLOCK HOLMES. How came it that, in spite of all the proofs of your death, you—"

"Still the same old POTSON, I perceive," he murmured, without moving a muscle in his ascetic face. "Amiable, but—well, yes, I suppose we may say so—a fool."

"Then it is indeed you, HOLES, and no other," I cried, "back from the grave and prepared once more to lead me into crime."

"Yes," he said calmly, "I am no other. Since leaving you I have been personally conducted through Maoriland by Mr. SEDDON; have enjoyed three rounds with bare knuckles with President ROOSEVELT in the White House; have dined with President KRÜGER (this was some years back) on a stoep and onions; have given Lord CURZON a course of induction lessons in Calcutta, and helped to provide mules and Whitstable oysters for Mr. CHAMBERLAIN on the illimitable veld."

"And now," I exclaimed, after the silence produced by this astounding narration had come to an end, "now you have returned and will once more take me with you wherever you go. Oh, HOLES, I have been so lonely."

"No matter," said HOLES abruptly. "But stay, there has been a murder outside."

"There has," I said; "who could have—"

"Pshaw," he ejaculated, "don't you know? It was SHERLOCK, the most accomplished and dashing ruffian in London. He brought the pom-pom from Pretoria. But I have already handed him over. He is safely bound—"

"In cloth?" I ventured to suggest.

"And will certainly be remanded till next month," said HOLES, paying no attention to my witticism.

And that is how my matchless friend returned.

(To be continued at intervals.)

UNSETTLED CONVICTIONS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—I have recently noticed in shop windows and on bookstalls a pamphlet bearing the following inscription:—"Economic Notes on Insular Free Trade. By the Rt. Hon. A. J. B-L-F-R. Fifth Impression." We are not great readers in this district; nevertheless this pamphlet has caused a dispute between myself and a friend, which we have been advised to refer to you for settlement. One of us is quite certain that the words "Fifth impression" have reference to the pamphlet, while the other is convinced that they concern its author. Might I most humbly ask you, Sir, which of us is right? The fate of the new fiscal policy in this district hangs upon your answer.

I am, dear Mr. Punch, your obedient servant,

Upper Slowcombe, Muddleshire.

ADAM SMITHERS.

A Long Hop.

FROM the *Stirling Journal and Advertiser* of Friday, October 2:—

"The annual County Ball was held in the Albert Halls on Tuesday evening [September 29]. . . . Dancing began shortly after ten o'clock, and was continued with spirit till an early hour this morning."

Who says that the vitality of the race is degenerating?



A POLICE TRAP.

"I SAY, BILL, WE CAN'T BE GOING MORE THAN TWENTY MILES AN HOUR! WHAT DO YOU THINK?"

THE NEW CABINET.

"WHAT I want to know," said the small man in the opposite corner of the carriage, "is, what are they going to do for C. B. Fry!" He put down his *Sportsman* as he spoke, and looked at me interrogatively.

I returned the question of his gaze. "For Fry?" I echoed. It had not occurred to me that Mr. Fry needed anything, now that the cricket season was over, except rest and perhaps a football or so.

"The new Colonial Secretary's all right," he continued, "but he's not C. B. Fry." I admitted his point, and this encouraged him to repeat his question, which I was still unable to answer.

"Now my idea is this," he said confidentially. "Let Fry go to the Home Office. That's the place for him. He's a literary man and all that—I read his articles in the *Daily Express* myself—and he knows as much about English wickets as any man in this country."

It began to dawn on me that the small man was reconstructing the Cabinet on the lines indicated by Mr. Balfour. "Not a bad idea at all," I admitted.

"And then there's MacLaren," he went on. "He's the man for the Colonial Office really. Name me the man who knows more about Australian wickets. Lyttelton could move on to the Foreign Office."

"But," I objected, "there's Warner to be considered—and Lord Lansdowne. The country can't spare him; he knows French."

"Warner must be recalled," the small man agreed, "but he can have the Exchequer. They needn't clash. As for Lansdowne, all the old lot must go. I daresay Lyttelton knows enough French for Continental cricket; they don't play much over there, I'm told. Then," he went on, "there's Ranjitsinghji for the India Office—couldn't have a better appointment. For the War Office . . ." he hesitated.

"Major Poore," I suggested tentatively.

"That's the man," he said with enthusiasm. "But where is Poore? That's what I want to know. What has he disappeared for like a—like a—" he paused for a word.

"Meteor," I suggested.

He accepted the word.

"Yes, what have they sent a man like that out of the country for?"

There's gross mismanagement of the War Office for you. He's the man for reform. He's suffered himself, so he'll know what to do. Then there's Lord Hawke for Lord President of the Council, and Jessop and Jackson—the little man ran on till he had filled up all the posts that occurred to him.

"What about Mr. Balfour?" I asked with some curiosity.

"Oh, he can stay where he is," said my interlocutor generously. "His golf's a qualification. But he'll be a weak spot in the team," he added, with a note of regret in his voice.

"The team?" I repeated in surprise. "You mean Cabinet surely."

"Same thing," he replied. "All the Colonies will send elevens over to play the Cabinet, and I defy you to find a better cement for the Empire. And they'll take a lot of beating. But I'm not sure of Balfour." He shook his head gravely.

"Perhaps Mr. Balfour will be content to umpire," I suggested, as I rose to get out at my station. "He's not been very lucky as captain so far."

MOTTO FOR SHERLOCK HOLMES REDIVIVUS.
—"Non omnis Moriar(ity)."



"A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE," &c.

Fair Visitor (with a thirst for military knowledge). "SO ALL THE KITCHENS ARE BEHIND THOSE BUILDINGS. HOW VERY INTERESTING! AND HOW MANY POUNDS OF MEAT DO YOUR MEN EAT A DAY?"

Gallant Major. "REALLY—ER—I'VE NO—ER—IDEA, I'M SURE, DON'T Y'KNOW."

Fair Visitor. "BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE IN THE PROVISIONAL BATTALION!"

THE TOWN DAY BY DAY.

(With acknowledgments to the "Daily Mail.")

III.

October 15.—Sad, inexpressibly sad, are the reiterated proofs of winter's relentless advance. In Kensington Gardens the human olive branches have abandoned their sandals and reverted to their ordinary foot-gear. To-day but one Panama hat was seen in the Row, and a rash intruder who invaded that august promenade wearing a cummerbund was immediately arrested by the police and taken to St. George's

Hospital. Dark blue flannel suits with the regulation stripe are becoming almost extinct, and, surest sign of all of the waning year, our stalwart guardians of the peace have shed their summer tunics and donned once more the garb of broadcloth which so admirably shows off their rounded and opulent contours. Why, asks the poet, are policemen so plump? No adequate explanation is forthcoming at Scotland Yard. Oh, *Madre Natura*, how poignant, how insufferably poignant are thy enigmas!

Oct. 16.—The call of the cats'-meat

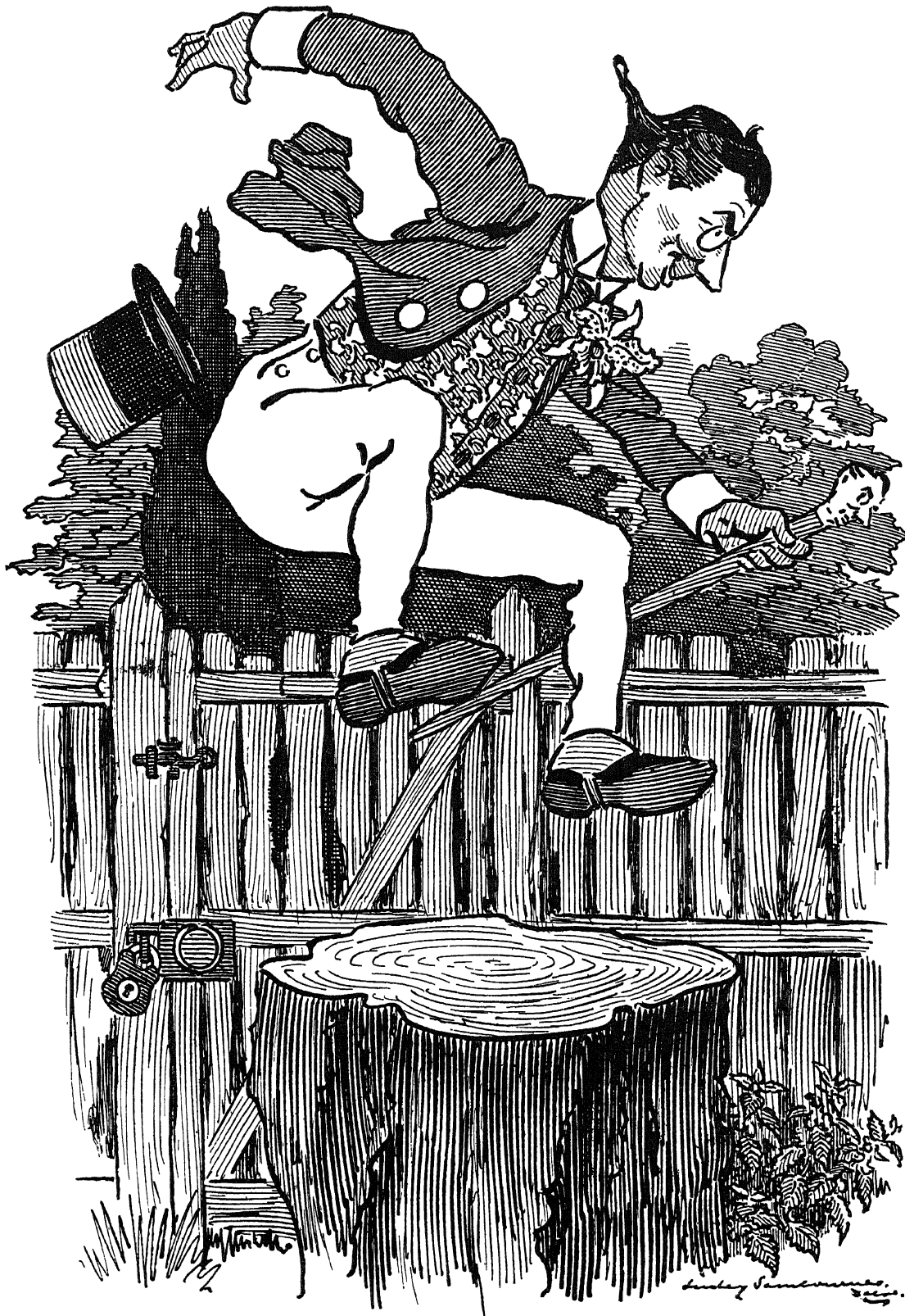
man, one of the most plaintive and suggestive of our urban voices, is to-day nearly a minor third lower than it was in the dog-days. Some ardent students of natural history have sought to establish a ratio between the altitude of the note and the quality of the wares, but there is no mention of this theory in THOREAU, and the crossing-sweeper in St. James's Square, perhaps the greatest living authority on feline amenities, has not lent it the weight of her endorsement. As we recede further from the equinox the days steadily shorten at both ends, the harvest moon is already a thing of the past, and the feeding of the ducks in the ornamental water of St. James's Park by benevolent passers-by is seldom indulged in after 8 P.M. Strawberries are now seldom seen growing in the squares, and asparagus has shrunk into the seclusion of the bottle, but the perennial banana still maintains a bold front.

Oct. 17.—How sempiternally suggestive is the life of the London streets! To-day a bluejacket was seen watching the relaying of the roadway in Oxford Street with rapt attention and dilated nostril. The workmen were pouring tar out of a bucket, and the honest seaman, as he snuffed up its familiar and delicious savour, was once more watching the good ship bilge ahead, while the albatrosses circled round the crow's nest, and the merry dolphins, harbingers of halcyon days, chattered gaily in the rigging. As the poet beautifully puts it:—

Nature asks not whence or how,
Nature cares not why,
'Tis enough that thou art thou,
And that I am I.

A BURNS MEMORIAL.

ONE day last week Sir HENRY THOMPSON was at Perry Bar, which is on the outskirts of Birmingham. The eminent surgeon was not there to lecture on temperate drinking nor on the superiority of the Perry to be obtained at that particular Bar over the perry to be procured elsewhere, but to open formally a new crematorium and to read letters from the Bishops of Worcester, Lichfield and Coventry highly commending cremation as one of those burning questions of the day on which Sir HENRY, above all men, could throw considerable light. These progressive ecclesiastics, it is reported, "signified their approval of the undertaking," though "undertaking" has nothing to do with the matter. But what do the undertakers say? Will there be, as the old song had it, "no more work for the undertaker?" Maybe the purveyor of mutes, feathers, and weepers, is already undertaking cremation professionally, and urning his money by it.



BRUMMY JOE.

“UP ON THE STUMP LEAPS BRUMMY JOE,
IT'S TAXING FOOD THAT MAKES HIM GO!”

[With profound apologies to a well-known Poster.]



"HANDED OVER TO THE SENIOR SUBALTERN."

War Office (panic-stricken). "Arnold-Forster, by Jingo! Here, help!—Murder!—Let me out!"

A POLITICAL BABY PARTY.

["The latest Society craze at Hot Springs, Virginia, is the holding of social functions, dubbed baby parties (says the New York correspondent of the *Express*), it being a necessary qualification for entrance to these parties that each guest shall be dressed in infantine attire. Miss ETHEL LEWIS, of Philadelphia, gave such a party the other evening, and naturally, as hostess, her garb was essentially childish. She wore a short white dress with red sash, red socks, and white slippers."]

FOLLOWING the latest American society craze, Mr. BALFOUR last night gave his first "Political Baby Party," which was voted a great success. Mr. BALFOUR, who confessed he was a "child in these matters," looked particularly winning in his little red socks. It was quite a treat to watch him playing with a "clique," and pretending that a large Cabinet was a bunker! Sir H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN looked sweet in pale blue and a dark blue sash. A large rosette was cunningly arranged to hide his hyphen, so that, as someone remarked, "You really would hardly notice that he *had* a hyphen if you didn't know." He sat on a small portable fence looking moodily at Mr. BALFOUR all the evening (sometimes saying, "You've got a 'bad lie' there, ARTHUR"). Everyone else seemed to be enjoying himself except,

perhaps, Lord GEORGE HAMILTON and Mr. C. T. RITCHIE, who never spoke, but looked very "resigned." Just at first Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN was inclined to be sulky because nobody would play at "General Post," but he brightened up at once when his father helped him on to the Cabinet, on which he immediately began to carve his name in large letters, just as his father had done before him. The Party then presented a tableau called *The-Babes-in-the-Wood-and-will-they-ever-get-out-of-it?* Everybody thought the Duke of DEVONSHIRE was too natural for words as one of the sleeping children, until it was found that he really *was* fast asleep! The children were then covered with leaflets (mostly from Birmingham, and, it was rumoured, in German-made envelopes), but even the weight of these awoke the Duke, who thereupon refused to take any further part in the performance. At this point Mr. BRODRICK suggested playing at soldiers, but everybody seemed tired of the game, "because it wasn't a *bit* like real soldiers, you know," and Lord ROSEBERY said that KITCHENER was the only one who could play soldiers properly.

This made Mr. BRODRICK very angry, and he began to tear the buttons and braid off his pretty khaki frock and put them on again in totally different places

—a game which seemed to soothe him at once!

It was noticed that when Mr. BALFOUR suggested "Follow my Leader," some of the party immediately sought the Protection of their nurse, who at last sent everyone to sleep (except the Duke, who, having previously retired, had probably put himself to bed) by repeating over and over again:—

What I have said I have said;
If I put a small tax upon bread
Food will be just as cheap,
(Though this sounds rather steep),
For I'll take it off sugar instead!

ITEMS OF GENERAL FUTILITY.

LIVE Bees should never be kept in the same room with a sleeping child.

Headless horsemen are practically immune from toothache.

Toast can be made at an ordinary gas jet, but it takes longer.

The brains of the ordinary wild boar, if eaten in moderation, are perfectly harmless.

On Christmas Day, 1875, there were seven turkeys at the G.P.O. insufficiently addressed. They have since been destroyed.

A good way to stop a headache is to bite the tongue till it bleeds. This takes the attention from the headache.

Moths, for some unknown reason, will not visit treacle if spread on burning hot chestnuts.



ALFRED LYTTELTON TAKES THE (COLONIAL) WICKET.
(Vice Joe retired)

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

In these days of education on the "higher system," when the only chorus the rising generation, in spectacles, is encouraged to sing is, "Here we go up, up, up," the ladder of superfluous learning, it is refreshing to find so gifted a lady as Mrs. M. H. SPIELMANN, still believing in the love of children for fairy lore, anticipating Christmastime with her *Littlefolk Castle, and Other Tales* (ROUTLEDGE), a collection of new and original fairy stories fashioned on ancient and, the Baron sincerely hopes, undying models. With the old Etonian motto "*Esto perpetua*" the Baron salutes Titania, and may the light of the fairies and all tricky sprites never suffer diminution. The artistic spirits whose handiwork illustrates this bright and amusing volume, from which to select one story as better than the others would be no easy task where all are so good, bear such names of high renown as that of our dear KATE GREENAWAY, whose last drawings here appear; of PHIL MAY, R.I. (alas, that we must add another letter to these initials, R.I.P., a "past-master" indeed!); of HUGH THOMSON, R.I., Madame RONNER, R.I., ROSIE PITMAN, JESSIE M. KING; and lastly we have some delightfully rollicking characteristic work by HARRY FURNISS. One picture, however, the Baron would single out from the rest for a reason which will be at once obvious to all readers of this book who may, with regretful and discriminating admiration, remember the peculiarities of that gifted and eccentric artist, AUBREY BEARDSLEY, and this is the illustration by Miss JESSIE KING to *The Magic Garret*, for here is exemplified to what good, healthy, honest purpose the Beardsley-like grotesque method can be turned.

In two sumptuous volumes the present fair Castellaine relates the history of *Warwick Castle and its Earls* (HUTCHINSON). To tell it fully is to re-write the History of England. The splendid structure has its foundations in the days of the Heptarchy, growing up through Norman sway into and beyond the spacious times of Queen ELIZABETH. Its Earls were as stalwart and as prominent as its towers. Not always the same race has ruled in Warwick Castle. There were in succession BEAUCHAMPS, NEVILLES, DUDLEYS, RICHES and GREVILLES. The BEAUCHAMPS came over with the CONQUEROR, and the present Earl of WARWICK, as the Countess proudly records, "has on several occasions been Mayor of the Borough of Warwick." In the meanwhile there has been an Earl of WARWICK who won the proud title of "King Maker." He was the Last of the Barons, whose story was told by Lord LYTON. ROBERT DUDLEY was Queen ELIZABETH's favourite Earl of WARWICK, who entertained Her Majesty at Kenilworth and, according to Sir WALTER SCOTT, under the same bewitching influence did away with AMY ROBSART. Lady WARWICK has not been content with cataloguing the storied treasures of Warwick Castle, nor with compiling a merely antiquarian record of events centring round it. The place is old; but the Countess, with glowing literary style, manages to invest it with new life. Daringly iconoclastic, she makes light of relics stored in the Castle associated with the famous GUY of Warwick. It is with more poignant regret my Baronite finds her demonstrating the impossibility of Peeping Tom during the ride of Lady GODIVA through the streets of Coventry. On the other hand, in a notable passage, she has discovered close resemblance between ROBERT GREVILLE, to whom in 1759 the earldom passed, and—Mr. JOHN MORLEY! The two sumptuous volumes, alive with interest on every page, are studded by nearly two hundred illustrations, mostly after rare prints or paintings.

But that the name of BARRY PAIN is on the cover of an amusing little work, entitled *Eliza's Husband* (CHATTO AND

WINDUS), the Baron would have credited it offhand to Messrs. GEORGE and WEEDON GROSSMITH, who scored so genuinely original a success, some time since, with *The Diary of a Nobody*, which, having made its mark in Mr. Punch's pages, was subsequently published as a "booklet," and in this form went through, as well as the Baron can remember, several editions. *Eliza's Husband* lacks the note of tenderness and simplicity that characterised *The Diary of a Nobody*, and may probably recall to those who care to remember such small matters the somewhat unpleasant tone, in this case somewhat modified by the slanginess of the wife and the self-conceit of the absurd little bourgeois, of *The Naggletons*, by SHIRLEY BROOKS, which in itself was a variant of JERROLD's *Candle Lectures*.

MESSRS. BRIMLEY JOHNSON are issuing a series of small books entitled *Carpet Plays*. Not a good title, being suggestive of *Carpet Bags*.—As no play can exist without a title, the series might have been appropriately dedicated to *Carpet Knights*. However, this by the way; too late to alter it now. The first is a classical trifle by LUCY SNOWE (evidently for winter evenings), under the editorship of LUCIAN OLDERSHAW. There are Kindergarten Plays, Nos. I. and II., by CLEMENTINA BLACK, under the same editorship. There are plans to illustrate stage directions, but there should also have been coloured plates of the characters in costume. The lines are occasionally somewhat awkward. For instance, the King says

"Perhaps I'd better take the chair?"

and Mrs. Hubbard replies,

"I hoped you'd condescend to do."

And on another occasion a peasant says to the King,

"Your orders were
To hold my tongue until I'd seen
Your face a hundred times between;"

to which the Baron makes so bold as to add a line of interrogation, viz.,

"Now what on earth do those lines mean?"

To educate children on indifferent verse, even in play, is not the best form of combining amusement with instruction, at least, such is the opinion of the experienced

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

HYMEN, HYMENÆE!

AT the end of an announcement of a forthcoming wedding in the *Times* one day last week, it was added that Mr. So-and-So, no matter for the name, "will sing an anthem." It used to take quite six men and as many boys to do justice to any anthem in most collegiate and Cathedral churches. What a *tour de force* this solo must be! and, *ergo*, what an attraction! Especially as no collection is mentioned. What form will future public announcements of such musical additions as these to the marriage service take? Will "Signor VOCALINI kindly consent to give us a little thing of his own," or, will it be announced that Signora CONNIE TRALTO will sing a chorus from *Le Mariage de Figaro*, and that the great violoncellist Herr OBERGRÖN will play the entire orchestral score of the first part of WAGNER's *Ring*? Great chances for robust tenors.

THE London United Electrical Tramcars are known as "the Whizzers." The seats are placed so that the passengers can be "whizzer-wee" to one another. Probably the Company will be able to build small cars to be hired by the hour by those who wish to go out whizzerting. During the time that any one of these cars is at the door the peculiar noise it ordinarily makes will cease. It is whizzpered that this novel idea is due to the inventive powers of the authors of *Whizz-Dumb While You Wait*.



PROSPECTIVE HAPPINESS.

"ISN'T IT DELIGHTFUL WE SHALL ALWAYS BE TOGETHER? I AM NOT THE SORT OF FELLOW TO BORE YOU WITH RECITING SHAKSPEARE OR PLAYING CLASSICAL BOSH ON THE PIANO; BUT MY FARMYARD IMITATIONS ARE RIPPING!"

CHARIVARIA.

It is rumoured that Mr. BALFOUR's sharp letter to the Duke of DEVONSHIRE caused his Grace to spend a sleepless day.

A movement is on foot for presenting a testimonial to Mr. BALFOUR for his pluck in appointing Mr. BRODRICK to the India Office after being requested not to do so by the *Daily Mail*.

There are two political rumours of great interest afoot. One is that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is coming round to the *Daily Mail*; the other is that the *Daily Mail* is coming round to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN.

We learn from some notes headed "Items and Incidents" in one of our halfpenny contemporaries that, on the day of the great speech at Glasgow, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN travelled down in a special saloon, and Mrs. CHAMBERLAIN in a straw hat.

The gentleman who pretended he was the Duke of NEVERS has been sentenced at the Clerkenwell Sessions to become a Duke of Portland.

It is expected that a forward movement will be made against the MULLAH before the end of the month. That is, provided, of course, that he retreats.

Mr. HALL CAINE has discovered a large cave 200 feet long in the Plain of Thingvellin, Iceland. This is not the first discovery the popular author has made. It will be remembered that he discovered a likeness of SHAKESPEARE the existence of which no one had suspected.

It has just been re-affirmed in a Court of Law that a "Workman" is one who does manual labour, and that none other is allowed to take advantage of the special cheap train and tram fares. This, no doubt, accounts for the British Workman's coyness in using his brain.

Apparently cleanliness is on the increase in South London. It is announced that a recent Baby Show in those parts did not produce a single entry for the class for Black Babies.

Meanwhile, the current number of *Useful Home Hints* points out that little boys make admirable book-markers and blotters.

Expected Publications.

A Leaf for a Thirsty Bluebottle, by the author of *The Book of the Dry Fly*.
The Short Cavalier, by the author of *The Long Night*.

"UNCONVENTIONAL BIOGRAPHIES."

(With acknowledgments to Mr. Wilfrid Meynell.)

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

"THE place where I was born? Who knows. I have had so many berths, and more than once I've had *no berth at all!*"

Such was the witty answer once accorded by the subject of these lines to an inquiring interviewer.

"A day will come."—These were the words addressed to a schoolfellow by young CHAMBERLAIN, more years ago than the ex-Colonial Secretary would perhaps care to remember. And what a rare prophetic instinct those few words revealed. "A day will come"—and, true enough, *days have come*—many days, hundreds of days, nay thousands of days—since that little boy, who was eventually to grow into manhood, and become one of the foremost of British statesmen, uttered that pregnant truth—"A day will come!"

As a child CHAMBERLAIN had a preternaturally ready tongue. Here is a delicious tale of the nursery:—

One day little JOSEPH had inadvertently upset a flower-vase, and his nurse, a good-hearted, but possibly much harassed soul (for Master JOE was, like many clever children, somewhat mischievous) rebuked the little lad sharply for his carelessness.

"Master JOE," she said, "you seem to grow more aw'ard every day."

In an instant the witty retort came—and there was a prophetic gleam in the child's eyes:

"Perhaps, nurse, I shall some day be quite a famous orchid (aw'ard) grower."

Nor did the same happy wit desert the child grown into man's estate. An eminent statesman once ventured to hint that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN had been a political "turncoat."

"And why not?" said the abused, with a smile of ineffable complacency and good nature, characteristic of the man at all such moments—"And why not? Who knows the coat may have a *silver lining!*"

How rich—how exquisitely rich! A rebuke, a retort, and a jest at one and the same moment. How very rich!

"You tax my patience beyond endurance," cried an irate free-trader to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN.

"Tax your *patience*? My friend, had I my way, I'd tax *everything*."

Asked by an admirer what he considered the guiding principle of his

life, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN promptly replied, "Protection—absolute protection. As a helpless cradled infant, maternal protection fended me from harm. As a child a faithful nurse supplied a like protection—and now that I am a man, I put away all childish things save one—Protection!"

One has heard much of JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, the politician and the statesman—and perhaps one is naturally apt to forget at times that beneath that stern official exterior there beats the heart of a brother and a man. Let me, then, illuminate another side of that complex personality, who, in his supreme modesty, is content to be known merely as the humble servant of a mighty Empire.

The scene is the crowded deck of an ocean liner, bound for Capetown. All is bustle and confusion. A bell sounds—a warning voice is heard, "Any more for the shore?" In the centre of that busy scene, two men stand gazing with painful intensity into each other's eyes, their hands tightly clasped.

"JOSEPH, I dread this parting more than words can tell."

"ARTHUR, I hate the thought of leaving you—*alone*."

A tightened grip of the hands. The final bell for "all ashore" is heard, and in another moment the friends are parted.

As the steamer slowly slips from the quay, an anguished cry from one on the shore is heard.

"What shall I do if—? What shall I say if—? Oh, JOSEPH, what?"

"Do? Say? Nothing! but wait, ARTHUR, *till I come back*," and there is a note of warning and command in the voice that reaches the shore from o'er the waste of waters.

Once more, ere I close these lines, let me lift the veil.

Again the scene is one of parting. Again it is the same two friends that part.

The words are few, and spoken low.

"Must we then part at last, JOSEPH?"

"ARTHUR, we must. 'Tis better so for both."

"But shall I never see you—?"

"Ssh!"

"Nor hear from you?"

"Ssh! My AUSTEN shall remain with you."

A long pause, and then in a broken voice:—

"Then, JOSEPH, all is well. And we may meet again."

"All shall be well—and we shall meet again."

VIRGIL AS AN ADVERTISER.—"*Sed revoCarey gradum—ho opus . . . est.*"

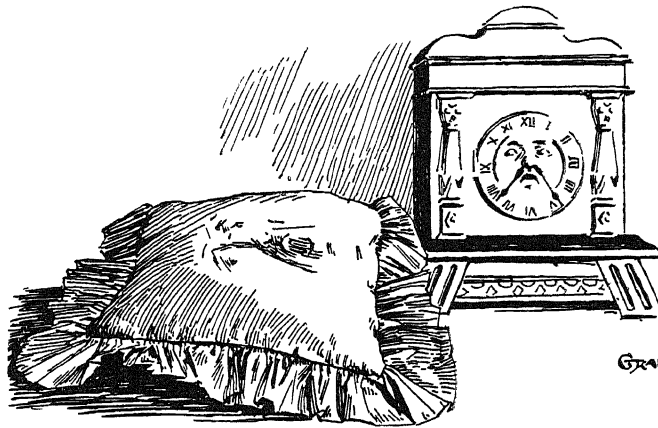
A GRAVE MOTOR SCANDAL.

BUNTING v. EPPSTEIN.

Damages claimed against a Motorist for Destruction of Poultry.

THIS was an action brought by the owner of a Minorca hen of the name of Dorcas against a motorist who had caused her death by running over her. The plaintiff claimed for £1000. The defendant admitted having killed the fowl, but pleaded that the claim was excessive, and had paid three and sixpence into Court.

Counsel for the plaintiff, in opening his case, said that his client was the proprietor of that well-known hostelry on the Pipleway Road, "The Three Merry Mutes," as well as of the deceased hen Dorcas, which had for some years been a considerable source of profit to him. Not only had it steadily laid an average of two exceptionally good eggs per diem, wet or dry, for twenty years, but when its labours in this direction were over for the day it had been trained to get in the way of motor-cars, appear to be run over and lie in the road, apparently dead, until the subsequent discussions were over. Its owner had thus sometimes made as much as two pounds a week in the way of compensations from automobilists. On Saturday afternoon, June 20, at 4.27 P.M., the plaintiff was standing in front of his hotel when he noticed a motor-car, driven by the defendant considerably above the legal limit, approaching from the direction of London. He whistled to the hen, who immediately ran out from the stable yard and hurled herself in front of the oncoming car, which went over her and left her stretched on the road. The defendant turned round with a cynical sneer and would have driven off had not Mr. BUNTING whistled to two labourers farther up the road whom he employed for the purpose of stopping motorists who made off after running over Dorcas. By this means the defendant was brought to book, and after considerable vituperation had passed between the two parties offered ninepence for the loss of the hen, and, when this was not accepted, left his name and address, saying that he would see the plaintiff further before he would pay anything more. It was not until he had been allowed to depart that his client discovered that the hen was in reality dead, and not shamming, as he had cleverly trained her to do. His grief and that of his family, to which the fowl had become endeared, could be better imagined than described. The hen was afforded burial later on in the day, and steps taken with commendable promptitude to bring this action forthwith. Counsel trusted that



OUR SERVANTS; OR, MURMURS FROM THE INANIMATE.

Cushion. "I SHALL LEAVE THIS PLACE. I AM CONTINUALLY BEING SAT UPON!"

Clock. "I'M GOING TOO!"

this dastardly outrage on an innocent and intelligent bird would not go unpunished, but that the exceedingly moderate amount claimed for her loss by his client would be awarded him without any demur.

The plaintiff, Mr. JOHN WILLIAM BUNTING, examined, said that the earnings of the fowl, exclusive of her egg-laying, averaged £70 a year. This was since the advent of motor-cars about six years ago. Before that time she had been trained to pursue the same course with horse-driven carriages, and had made less. The amount had increased year by year, and for the twelvemonth past was as high as £87 10s. 11d. She had become expert at her performance, and had shown great intrepidity in adapting herself to novel methods of transport. He did not consider that the damages he claimed were in any way excessive. In fact, they would not equal the capitalised earnings of the fowl.

Cross-examined: The hen was twenty years old and a family pet. It did not lay hard-boiled eggs or sleep in his little boy's bed. It showed no signs of age and was not insured. He did not think that the course he had trained it to pursue was an immoral one, nor did he consider that he was doing wrong in allowing it to associate with young children. He would swear to the defendant anywhere. No, he did not mean that he would swear at him, although he might have done so on the occasion in question. He might have told the defendant that if he had a face resembling his he would iron it out; he did not remember. He had not fricasséed the hen, Dorcas, but had buried her.

Dr. WILLIAM BRIGHT, L.R.C.P., said that he had been called in professionally after the death of the fowl, Dorcas. He pronounced life to have been extinct for some time. The bird's organs were

sound, and she had evidently met her death by being run over by some heavy body such as a motor-car.

Cross-examined: He could not swear to the make of car that had caused the fowl's death, nor to its horse-power. It might have been the defendant's 7-h.p. Panhard or it might not. There was nothing to show.

The Rev. J. PORTER testified to the excellent character borne by the late hen.

Cross-examined: The fowl had not attended his Cinematograph treats.

This closed the plaintiff's case.

Counsel for the defendant contended that a hen of the admitted age of the deceased Dorcas could not have been expected to live long in any case, and that as she had led a double life for many years her moral value was nil. His client admitted having run over her, but as she was kept for the sole purpose of being run over, that was nothing against him. He had only apparently done what the plaintiff wished him to do. That the fowl had met her death was a misfortune, but it was one for which his client was in no way to blame. It might have happened to anybody.

The defendant, Mr. MOSES CHOLMONDELEY EPPSTEIN, said that he was the famous diamond broker of that name. He was an expert motorist, and knew the Pipleway Road and plaintiff's inn well, although he had never before had occasion to run over the hen Dorcas. He had run over and killed other fowls, and when caught had usually satisfied the owners with the ninepence he had offered the plaintiff in this instance. He had paid three-and-sixpence into Court because he had learnt that the hen was dear to the plaintiff's children, and he wished to compensate them for the loss.

Cross-examined: He was not a reckless driver. He had never run over old



OUR CLERKS BECOME NAVAL VOLUNTEERS.

Probable Effect on Commercial Life. "Before long London will witness the novel spectacle of young City men in the garb of British Bluejackets, R.N.V."—Daily Telegraph.

1. Jenkins, clerk at Messrs. Jiggs & Co., joins Naval Volunteers. Nautical "rig-out" very effective. 2. Jones, of Tubb Bros., reports himself to chief officer, i.e., head clerk—"Come aboard, Sir." 3. *Head of Firm.* "What's the meaning of this, Smith?" Smith. "I'm just a swabbin' the main deck, Sir." 4. Slump in the City. Good time for cashier to practise hornpipe. Mouth-organ accompaniment by office-boy. 5. *Our Mr. Dun of Grabbe & Co.* "Belay, Sir. I've called for our account, and if it isn't paid by to-morrow, why splice my mainbrace if I don't County Court ye!" 6. "What cheer, messmates?" 7. Practice in office. Heave ahoy! 8. Sailor's return, i.e., Brown, of Tooting, after day's cruise off Wapping. "What, See-usan!" 9. Grog, pipe and lass.

women and children. He might on one occasion have run over a dog. He did not stop to see. He denied that he was a reckless driver, although he had been fined more than once for excess of speed.

He might have been fined three or four times, certainly not twenty times. He had not lost his temper with the plaintiff, though he might have called him a swindling swine. He had not meant to imply by these words that the plaintiff was either a cheat or a pig.

EDWARD MERCH, 28, mechanician to Mr. EPPSTEIN, said that the wheels of the car had not passed over the fowl. The body had done so, but it was a foot or more above the ground, and could not possibly have struck the hen so as to have caused its death.

Cross-examined: He did not deny

that the hen was dead. He could not imagine how it had been killed. He did not suppose that it was suffering from whooping-cough or from appendicitis.

The Judge, in summing up, said it was for the jury to say whether in their opinion the fowl in question had died after or before the motor-car had struck it, if in their opinion it had been struck by the car at all. It was not for him to influence their minds on the subject, but he felt bound to point out that there was nothing in the evidence they had heard to show that the hen, which was of a certain age, would not have died at the moment it did if the defendant and his automobile had not been there at all. They must disabuse their minds entirely of any prejudice they had formed as to the character of the

hen Dorcas. It had been clearly laid down that character, or the lack of it, was no excuse for crime if crime there should be. If they thought that the defendant was guilty they would say so. And equally they would say so if they thought that plaintiff or his fowl was to blame.

The jury, after deliberating for an hour and forty minutes, returned a verdict of manslaughter against the plaintiff for whistling to his hen, and assessed the damages as against the defendant at the sum claimed for. Mr. Justice STARBOTTLE, in passing sentence of five years' penal servitude in the second division, said he did not see how in view of the evidence before them they could have decided otherwise. The costs of both parties would come out of the estate of the fowl Dorcas.

JUSTIFIABLE HOMICIDE.

Sherlock Holmes, by kindly fate
 Rescued from a frightful danger,
 Once more to investigate
 Other mysteries, and stranger.
 Still as perils, dread and vast,
 Close you round, but cannot hurt
 Each unravelled thread at last [you,
 Scores another point for virtue.

While new villains to arrest
 Gives you sport and occupation;
 Just one crime we might suggest
 For your speedy perpetration:

Yes, though still your subtle brain
 With its old adroitness plots on,
 Double merit you might gain
 If you'd only strangle *Watson*.

OUR INTREPID ARTISTS.

[“JOSEF HOFMANN, the celebrated pianist, is a keen and daring sportsman, and has recently taken to polo.”—*Daily Paper*.]

M. PADEREWSKI, as is well known, is a fearless aeronaut, and nothing gives him greater pleasure, when rusticating on his beautiful Galician estate, than to take out his week-end house party for a cruise in his air-ship the *Manru*, so called from his successful opera. The other day the gifted Polish virtuoso, when hovering some 1,500 feet above the picturesque little town of Przeczyn, determined to descend in his parachute in order to call on the Voivode, a great friend of his and a wonderful performer on the Pianola. M. PADEREWSKI handed the tiller to his *chauffeur* and leapt from the car. To the horror of the onlookers the parachute failed to open, but as he had omitted to have his hair trimmed for a rather longer period than usual, M. PADEREWSKI'S chrysanthemum-like tresses, standing out at right angles to his head, acted as a perfect substitute, and the heroic *maestro* alighted unhurt on the roof of an Aërated Bread shop amid the stentorian cheers of the enthusiastic populace.

Mr. ELGAR, the famous composer, is a fervent devotee of the Royal and Ancient Game, and has dedicated a new set of Symphonic Variations to TOM MORRIS. The other day, when playing over the Malvern Links with Sir CHARLES STANFORD, Mr. ELGAR gave a wonderful exhibition of his power as a driver. Slicing his tee shot at the short hole over the railway, Mr. ELGAR managed to land his ball in a passing motor-car, which was not stopped until it had gone half a mile, thus surpassing all Mr. BLACKWELL'S records.

KUBELIK, who, as readers of the illustrated papers are well aware, is a swimmer second only to MONTAGUE HOLBEIN in endurance, recently had a remarkable experience at Southsea. Diving from the pier with his wonted grace, and in



HARD LUCK.

Small Child (to Mr. Sparkin, who had come out at an unusually early hour in order to meet his innamorata at the guide-post, and pilot her out cub-hunting). "I WAS TO TELL YOU SHE HAS SUCH A BAD COLD SHE COULDN'T COME. BUT I'M GOING WITH YOU INSTEAD, IF YOU PROMISE TO TAKE CARE OF ME. I'M HER COUSIN, YOU KNOW!"

an accordion-pleated costume of quite ravishing picturesqueness, the eminent violinist—who holds the Bohemian record for the long plunge—collided with a passing submarine. Happily, beyond a slight contusion of the cerebellum, KUBELIK escaped without any untoward consequences, but the submarine has not since been heard of.

We understand that Herr EMIL SAUER, whose passion for cricket almost amounts to a mania, is qualifying for Middlesex, in which team he will probably appear as wicket-keeper when Mr. MCGREGOR is unable to assist his county. Herr EMIL SAUER is said to be a stylish bat, and to make his runs with remarkable speed.

MISS MAUDE VALÉRIE WHITE, it is an open secret, is passionately addicted to tiger-shooting. On a recent expedition in the Bengal jungle, armed only with a rook rifle and a Mauser pistol, she brought home the following remarkable mixed bag: three Elephants, two Red Eagles, fourteen brace of Humming Birds and one Cobra a *cappella*.

Mr. LEONARD BORWICK'S recent absence from the concert platform is accounted for by the fact that he has always paid a divided allegiance to art and athletics. His prowess at lawn tennis is notorious, and at the recent tournament at Nijni Novgorod he and M. SABELNIKOFF carried all before them in the mixed double.

A FRONTIER AFFAIR.

Throwing a Significant Light on the Great Fiscal Problem.

AT Riva, lying close under the bastioned crags of Monte Giumela at the northern end of Garda, the Italian aborigines are even uglier than the fat honeymooning *forestieri* from the Fatherland; but the wild beauty of lake and shore, with their harmonies of steel-blue and grey, retrieves this defect; and here the Anglo-Saxon tripper ceases from troubling. His taste, instinctively oleographic, is better pleased with Como and Maggiore, where also he can gambol with his kind; or, if he comes to Garda at all, he will just "do" the lake from end to end all in a spring or autumn afternoon on his way north from Venice, by Desenzano and Riva, hurrying on by the toy railway to Mori (*vedi Riva e poi Mori!*) and so over Trento and the Brenner to Innsbruck.

At Riva officialdom is "*Kaiserlich-Königlich*;" but the native speech is still Italian. South, some few miles beyond the roar of Ponale's cascade, beyond Pregasina, set high in a green hollow between the shore-cliffs and the landward ridges, the frontier runs invisible across the lake. I always find a strange fascination about frontiers; and to-day the dominant question of the hour gives to this fascination a fresh fiscal piquancy. I might sail down one morning and have my midday *pranzo* in Italy, and mock with impunity the floating customs, and take, on some more impotent official, my revenge for the behaviour of the vulgar brigand that prodded me in the tobacco-pouch the other day at Chiasso. Half-way home, in Austrian territory again, I could land and penetrate the gorge of Ponale and return by the tunnelled road sheer over the lake. It seemed so easy. And the winds, I heard, were always accommodating in their changes. Every morning the punctual Boreas is prepared to blow you south; and every noon the punctual Auster comes on to waft you back to the land that bears his name. If any accident occurs to modify this arrangement, or if there is a flapping in your lateen sails, you have a sculler in the bows, and in the stern a gondolier.

So, *remis velisque*, we came one day, under a blazing sun, to the frontier, brought up at the *dogana* wherry, and were reluctantly allowed to proceed, under the grave suspicion which always attaches itself to an Englishman who omits to declare the contents of the pipe which he is visibly smoking. Then to Limone, where the white columns of the lemon plantations go tier on tier up the hillside, a little like the temples at Benares that rise above the sacred river—to Limone and the midday breakfast, cooked "*subito*," that is, within the hour, and served under a spreading medlar tree. By the landing-stage lies the revenue-launch—that Polyphemus of the lake, who nightly, with the one eye of his searchlight, rakes the harmless shadows of the shore for the contraband that never comes. I have known him, in recurring spasms of curiosity, even penetrate my privacy on the terrace of the Hotel Sole d'Oro at Riva, possibly taking official note of the brand of my intolerable Teuton cigar for purposes of future identification in the event of my attempting to smuggle the article over the border. I suppose that, like virtue, the quest must be its own reward; for I cannot conceive, at least in the matter of tobacco, why any sane person should desire, whether under cover of darkness or in plain day, to transport from one country to the other the indistinguishably nauseous fabrics of either monopoly.

These are Italian methods; but Austria, too, if she does not run to a rival revenue-launch with search-light, or an oared barge stationary on the frontier, has international courtesies of her own. When the occupant of a boat has the air of having come from Italy (this is recognisable rather by the direction of his course than by the aureole in his hair, or the classic mould of his torso), he is strictly defended

from landing at any point on Austrian territory save Riva or Torbole, the only places where there are facilities for examining him. It is true that the precipitous character of much of the shore would in any case discourage debarkation; still there is Ponale, the proposed point of departure for our *promenade à pied*; Ponale has its little haven. But, branded as we were with the mark of Italy, no self-respecting Austrian boatman would have dared the experiment of landing us there. Carbineer sentries, disposed for this express purpose on the cliff's face, would have reduced our raid to a fiasco. Ourselves unarmed, and therefore outside temptation, it seemed cowardly for us to provoke these brave fellows to the shedding of blood. And so, abandoning all hope of entering here, we let the south wind blow us back to Riva, there to report ourselves at the customs-wharf, with nothing to declare but the *débris* of our pouches, a topic on which we permitted ourselves to lie vicariously through the agency of the boatman. Then, and not till then, were we free to land and play about in Austria at large.

This little frontier episode might seem a mere personal triviality but for its suggestive bearing on the great problem, which I find, on my return to England, to be still engaging the public imagination. In none of the fiscal speeches that I have read, all teeming with oratory not less noble than vague, could I detect so much as the lightest allusion to what I have come to regard as the most potent argument against the indefinite multiplication of tariffs, protective, preferential, or retaliative—namely, the extreme inconvenience they would cause to people in pleasure-boats.

Under the new conditions advocated by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, I take, let us say, a small skiff at Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight, and row round the point to Alum Bay. I invite myself to land and lunch at the hotel on the cliffs. But in the absence of all evidence (apart from the fluency of my English expletives—in itself an inconclusive argument) to show that I am not just arrived round the corner from France, a preferential coastguard, armed to the teeth, disputes my landing, and directs me to the nearest customs-house—at Cowes. I elect to row back to Freshwater, where my boat and my figure will be recognised and I can demonstrate that I have not had time for direct dealings with the continent of Europe. Here, however, I find that I can adduce no sufficient proof that I have not been in communication with a Dutch schooner just behind the Needles; and another armed coast-protector disputes my landing, and directs me to the nearest customs-house—Ventnor, this time.

I arrive there, greatly exhausted, at 1.30 A.M., having for the last five miles been the cynosure of a very galaxy of search-lights. An armed retaliator disputes my landing, and instructs me to lie off-shore till 7 o'clock, the hour of the opening of the customs-house. Having ultimately paid a preferential tariff on my body (raw material, but, in my present enervated condition, not to be regarded as food-stuff), and a retaliative *ad valorem* duty on the clothes (manufactured articles) in which I can no longer stand up, I am free to play about the Island at large. There can, of course, be no means of getting my boat back to Freshwater except by road or rail.

With deference, and without any claim for royalty, I offer the use of this harrowing picture to Free Trade orators who may happen to be addressing audiences in the neighbourhood of our sea-board.

O. S.

WE gather from the *Glasgow Herald* that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, when visiting that city, wore an orchard in his coat. But the horticultural record is still held by the lady in "*Cherry Ripe*," who had "a garden in her face."

A WOMAN'S TOAST.—"Modes, mirrors, and men!"



HOW IT STRIKES AN ALLY.

JOHN BULL. "HULLO! READING *THAT*, ARE YOU? I'D ALMOST FORGOTTEN IT."

LITTLE JAP. "OH, JUST GLANCING THROUGH IT." (*Aside*) "WELL, THANK GOODNESS, IF I DO WANT HIS HELP, IT'LL BE A QUESTION OF *SHIPS*!"

OUR BOYS.—II.

["At a Sunday school at Wellington, Somerset, some weeks ago each of the boys was presented with a strong cigar, and they were promised that if they attended regularly they would all be presented with cigarettes. On the following Sunday each boy present received a packet of ten or a dozen."—*Daily Mail*.]

THERE was a timid knock at the study door. The head boy, absorbed in a novel, took no notice. The knock was repeated, louder but still nervous.

"Come in," he growled, taking his meerschaum from his mouth.

It was the house master. He sidled into the study and sat down, looking nervous and uncomfortable, on the extreme edge of a chair.

"Well?" said the head of the house, "what is it *now*?"

"Er—how nice your study looks, BROWN. What a pretty tobacco-pouch. May I examine it? Thank you, thank you. Very nice, very nice."

"Come to the point. What do you want?"

The master cleared his throat, and hesitated for a moment.

"The fact is, BROWN," he said, speaking rapidly,—“well, to put it briefly, were you thinking of coming over to school this afternoon?"

"What the—well, I'm—well, this takes it. Isn't the staff of St. Asterisk's capable of minding its own business for a single day with an effort?"

"Well, the fact is, BROWN, that it—er—well, really, you know, it is almost my business. The headmaster has sent over to ask me to find out if possible what are your plans for this afternoon. I think, you know, really I think he would like to see you there to-day. You have not been to the form-room for nearly three weeks now."

"Oh, I can't," said the head of the house, yawning. "It's such a beastly bore sitting there on beastly hard uncomfortable forms with no cushions or anything. Won't some other day do?"

"Well, to-day would be very convenient if you could manage it. The sixth form are going to do Homer for the first hour. I know you like Homer, BROWN. That master of description, that expert in vigour!"

"Homer," said the head of the house succinctly, relighting his pipe, "is rot."

"But it will only last for an hour, and then you will do Aristophanes. You must enjoy Aristophanes, BROWN. What verve! What wit! What esprit! Do come, BROWN."

"Aristophanes," said the head of the house, "is a man I particularly bar. His wit is simply puerile, and would disgrace a Surrey-side music-hall. If that's the best you can offer me, I certainly shan't think of coming."



QUOTATIONS GONE WRONG.

"THERE'S A DIVINITY THAT SHAPES OUR ENDS."—*Hamlet*.

"But it isn't all. The headmaster told me to tell you that he had just got a new brand of tobacco, and he wanted you to try it."

"Ah," said BROWN, with awakening interest. "That so? What is it?"

"He called it 'Belgravia Mixture.'"

"Muck," said the head of the house, briefly. "You'd much better run along now. Good-bye."

Then the house master played his ace of trumps.

"He also told me to tell you that a friend of his had sent him a box of really good cigars, splendid cigars, and if you will come, he will put the box on his desk, and you can have as many as you like."

"H'm. Cigars. What brand?"

"Cabanas. A special crop."

"In that case," replied the head of the house thoughtfully, "I'm not half sure I won't look in. Yes, you can tell him to expect me some time between three and four, unless it rains."

"Oh, *thank* you," said the house master joyfully, "he *will* be pleased. How good you are to us, BROWN!"

"Not at all," the head of the house murmured, picking up his book; "shut the door after you."

A CORRESPONDENT reports the following advertisement, written in chalk on the box of a Swiss shoeblack:—

"ENGLISH SPOKEN. AMERICAN UNDERSTOOD."

THE FUTURE ATKINS.

[It is suggested that, as "brains will in future take the place of great armaments," more attention should be paid to the education of soldiers.]

Oh, we take him from the city or the plough,
And we give him Latin grammars of his own;
We teach him to distinguish $\mu\acute{\iota}$ from $\sigma\acute{\iota}$,
And how to use the works of Mr. BOHN.
We don't pay much attention to physique,
We are working now on quite another plan;
If his prose correct and terse is,
And he writes good Latin verses,
He's the model of a military man.
O-oh, TOMMY, TOMMY ATKINS,
You're a scholar, you've a brain:
Any crux or doubtful reading
You are able to explain.
You're a student of the Classics,
May you stick to them like glue!
Oh, TOMMY, TOMMY ATKINS,
Here's our best respects to you.

I admit the smell of powder makes you faint,
I own you are not handy with a gun,
Perhaps your views on drill are rather quaint,
But what is that when all is said and done?
The merest dullard knows enough to fight:
A fool is bright enough to save his skin:
All those Generals in the past erred,
What we want are men who've mastered
The various intricacies of *πρὶν*.
O-oh, TOMMY, TOMMY ATKINS,
You're not dashing—no; but still
You're a sort of Dr. PORSON
With a touch of STUART MILL.
Though you stoop when you are marching,
Though your aim is far from true,
Oh, TOMMY, TOMMY ATKINS,
Here's our best respects to you.

The battles that we fought in days of yore
Were absolutely lacking in *finesse*,
Coarse, vulgar saturnalia of gore,
When courage won, and learning counted less.
A certain skill and pluck was needed then;
All that, however, we're about to change.
No need to stab or shoot, your
Battles, TOMMY, in the future
Will be fought with dictionaries at long range.
O-oh, TOMMY, TOMMY ATKINS,
Keep your mind alert and bright;
On the field of Armageddon
You will shortly have to fight.
You will have to guard our Empire,
Stock your brain with knowledge, do—
Oh, TOMMY, TOMMY ATKINS,
We civilians lean on you.

So though perhaps you're not exactly tall,
What need for us to cavil at your height?
What matter if a warrior be small,
If he can construe *Æschylus* at sight?
Though your back is not so straight as we could wish,
Though your eyesight isn't all that it might be,
Though you're puny, meagre, skinny,
You can make short work of *Pliny*,
You are fit to take a classical degree.
O-oh, TOMMY, TOMMY ATKINS,
You're a good 'un, no mistake;

False quantities and howlers
You are never known to make.
Vastly different from the dunces
Brawling loud at Waterloo,
Oh, TOMMY, TOMMY ATKINS,
We are very proud of you.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

My Memoirs, by HENRI STEPIANE DE BLOWITZ (ARNOLD), is a most extraordinary book, written by an exceptionally remarkable man. What M. DE BLOWITZ did not know of the foreign diplomacy of his time was not worth the trouble of learning, and what he did know was always worth reading. Whatever the nature of the work he may have had on hand at any particular time, he is never prosaic in his account of his own share in it. He was in the highest rank of artistically descriptive journalists, gaining his ends by such methods as a MACHIAVELLI would have thoroughly appreciated and FOUCHÉ would have envied. The incident of the mysterious lady whom neither M. DE BLOWITZ nor the superioress of a convent, nor two powerful Cardinals, nor even Pope LEO THE THIRTEENTH himself could save from the hand of destiny, and who vanished into thin air, or into the sea whence perhaps she had originally arisen, leaving not a wrack behind save a hat of feathers floating on the wave, is a most thrillingly sensational story, told with the firm and honest conviction of a religious man who is not attempting to explain but is "simply telling you." To single out this one startling episode is only to whet the reader's appetite for the strange stories provided for him in this wondrous book. These Memoirs have all the fascination of an exciting romance.

Denslow's Night before Christmas (HEINEMANN) is a book full of grotesquely conceived illustrations, brightly coloured, thoroughly amusing in themselves without reference to the nursery rhymes that accompany them, which are not so brilliant as the colouring of the pictures. The kindly purchaser of gift-books may put it aside till Christmas Eve.

The Silver Bullet, by FERGUS HUME (JOHN LONG), is just the very story that Sherlock Holmesites will read with avidity. It is a most ingeniously contrived hunt-the-slipper sort of plot, as when the reader thinks he has hit off the scent, it is not long before he discovers that the secret is concealed in a place totally different from where he is searching. After two or three failures the reader becomes nervously excited, and regards with suspicion every fresh character introduced to him by the author. Often is he sorely tempted to read the last chapter and have done with it, but a second's deliberation causes him to regard this impulse as a snare and a delusion. With his *Silver Bullet* Mr. FERGUS HUME has made a palpable hit.

Exceptionally interesting is the *Magazine of Art* (CASSELL) for October on account of the "Personal Recollections of JAMES McNEIL WHISTLER," written by VAL PRINSEP, R.A., although the reproductions of WHISTLER'S "Sarasate" and of the "Portrait of the Painter's Mother" are not so perfect as most of the reproductions that have previously appeared in this Magazine.

Amazing Adventures (SKEFFINGTON) is a bookful of comic adventures drawn in true burlesque vein by H. B. NEILSON, the story being written by S. B. GOULD. Whether the pictures suggested the story or the story the pictures, when once the illustrations were settled upon, the written story became superfluous. *Facta non verba* should have been the motto of the combined talents. The pictures are decidedly funny and of a somewhat old style of quaint humour.

Phil May's Illustrated Winter Annual for 1903-1904 (THACKER AND Co.), one of the very best of all his annuals and, to many, one of the saddest. It has already, as we hear, had a larger sale than any of its predecessors. Delightful is the humour in *The Welsh Farmer and the Dean*, which can only be thoroughly appreciated after reading the "legend," but still better is the humour of *The Lodging-house Keeper and a Professional Lady*, which is intelligible to anyone without reference to the "legend." For "*Sauce Hollandaise*" and "*H.M.S. Furious*" no legend is required, and it is in such inimitable specimens of his work that the artist's dramatic power shows itself.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

THE PERFECT LOVER.

"I have come in contact with many foreigners, and the Englishman is the most perfect lover I have as yet met."—*Correspondent in "Daily Mail."*

OUTHUSTLED by the pushful Yank,
Outdone in foreign trading,
We see our revenues grow lank,
Our reputation fading;
While "*Rule Britannia*," goes the way
Of all forgotten tunes:
Still Englishmen can proudly say
"We make the finest spoons."

AFTER LITTLE MARY.

WE understand that Mr. J. M. BARRIE, greatly encouraged by the striking success of his latest play, is preparing another on the same lines, to be entitled *Sentimental Tummy and Gristle: A Plea for Plainer Living*. Herein he again lays great stress upon the dangers of over-eating.

In Mr. PINERO we have yet another dramatist who is keenly solicitous for the welfare of the "best people." His panacea, however, differs somewhat from that of Mr. BARRIE, being in fact nothing less than vegetarianism. He is at present engaged in collaboration with Mr. SPRING ONIONS upon a play embodying his new theory. This vegetarian drama he proposes to call *Lettuce*.

Sir GILBERT PARKER is the latest recruit to the ranks of playwrights with a purpose. His new melodrama, *The Sites of the Meaty*, is a stage version of one of his most famous novels. It is said to contain a powerful plea on behalf of Mr. SEDDON's scheme of opening New Zealand meat shops in England and Wales.

Mr. TREE intends, on the ultimate withdrawal of *King Richard the Second* from His Majesty's Theatre, to present a new and revised version of what is perhaps BACON's greatest drama, under



THE TENANTS' DINNER.

Lady Bountiful (to *Farmer Stuff*, who has done rather more than justice to the fare). "AND WHAT WILL YOU TAKE NOW, MR. STUFF?"
Mr. Stuff. "I THINK, MUM, THAT NOW I'LL TAKE A BIT OF—A REST."

the title of *Ham Let Alone at Breakfast*. In its revised form the play contains numerous references to the dietetic advantages of the light French *déjeuner* of coffee and rolls. Mr. TREE will of course take the title rôle of *Ham*, while *Sausage Polonius* will in all probability be played by Mr. OSCAR ASCHE.

Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING, having exhausted the potentialities of Imperialism and the Colonies, is said to be turning his attention to our internal arrangements at home. His next volume of verse will bear the name of *The Five Rations*. The title, like that of his latest work, is perhaps a little obscure, but we understand that it refers to the five daily meals of the "best people," i.e. breakfast, luncheon, tea, dinner and supper.

A reply by the Leader of the Opposition to Mr. BALFOUR's fiscal pamphlet is announced for early publication. In

his *Gastronomic Notes on Insides Betrayed* Sir HENRY will demonstrate, even more clearly than has been done by the famous *Daily News* poster, the utter futility of being content to accept the stomach tax and the Little Loaf.

Mr. C. A. VINCE, whose fiscal leaflets are calculated to outnumber the sands, may be interested to know that the ancient Buddhists, among other methods of numeration, had one which seems to have been designed to copewith just such a case as his. In the words of Sir EDWIN ARNOLD (*Light of Asia*):—

"The Katha, used to note the stars of night;
The Kôti-Katha, for the ocean-drops;
Jugga, the calculus of circulars."

RAW MATERIAL.—Strenuous opposition may be expected from the bootmaking industry to a prohibitive duty on brown paper.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

XXVI.—THE BUTTERSCOTCH.

WHY the train won't start I really can't imagine. It's quite full up already, and the regatta crowd is still swarming on to the platform. It will only mean that we shall have people standing on our feet the whole way back to town. As it is I'm certain half the people in this first-class carriage have got third-class tickets. The scrubby man in the peak cap, for instance, dozing in the opposite corner—I'll swear to him. It's disgusting. I might just as well have saved the money and got a third-class ticket myself—instead of a second.

Thank goodness we're off. Peculiarly drowsy effect the river always has on me. I feel I can just sleep till Waterloo. I wish the young man on the other side in the elaborately rakish Panama hat would talk to his mother less for the benefit of the whole compartment. I for one am not interested in the fact that he is personally acquainted with two Oxford men.—A brief silence at last. The rattle of the train is soothing.

"'E won 'is 'eat in the Sculls."

I open my eyes. The man in the peak cap is beaming round the compartment, while everybody avoids his gaze. He catches my eye.

"MABEL's young man won 'is 'eat all right," he observes. "In the Sculls."

I murmur my congratulations and shut my eyes again. Something presses my knee. The man in the peak cap is leaning forward, supporting himself with one grubby hand on my white flannel trousers.

"I said that MABEL's young man won 'is 'eat in the Sculls."

I inform him that I have not the pleasure of MABEL's young man's acquaintance. He regards me with a kind of numbly pained astonishment.

"Don't—know—MABEL's young man?" he repeats mechanically. "T-t-t-t-t," and relapses into his corner again, plainly finding it difficult to realise the full force of the blow that has fallen upon him. I, for my part, am too pre-occupied with a first impression of five grimy fingers on my trouser-knee to be able to compose myself for sleep again. The man in the peak cap is ruminating darkly in his corner. After a time he seems to get over his blow somewhat, and begins to beam round the compartment again. Suddenly his eye lights on the young man in the Panama hat by his side, who is again addressing the compartment through the medium of his mother.

"I don't know really what makes one come to these potty little regattas. One doesn't see anybody one knows rowing, like at Henley. I remember NICKMANNBURY (the Leander man, you know) saying

to me when I was introduced to him in the Leander enclosure that the decent clubs simply won't——"

"Wot,—Sm!" suddenly interrupts the man in the peak cap.

The young man breaks off suddenly in confusion.

"Sm!" repeats the man in the peak cap, seizing his hand, "shake 'ands, my boy, I 'ardly knew yer."

The young man pulls away his hand indignantly.

"Why, Sm," exclaims his neighbour reproachfully, "doncher know yer ole boss?"

"I don't know you," says the flushed young man.

The man in the peak cap surveys him hazily.

"My mistake," he says eventually.

"Thort I knew yer. You're the very livin' imidge of a young man that used ter work fer me at Greenwich. Sm Cox 'is name was."

The young man has turned to his mother again, and is making a pitiable show of resuming his remarks about NICKMANNBURY.

"My mistake," remarks the man in the peak cap.

The young man takes no notice. His neighbour nudges him in the ribs with his elbow.

"I say it was my mistake," he repeats.

The young man turns on him angrily.

"Yes," he snaps.

"You're qui' ri'," says his neighbour.

"MABEL's young man won 'is 'eat."

The young man turns from him without answering, only to receive another nudge in the ribs.

"I say MABEL's young man won 'is 'eat."

Here the young man turns his back square to his neighbour, who stares vaguely at it for a time, then sinks back into his corner and gazes moodily into space.

"In the Sculls," he observes at last meditatively, and drops into a doze once more.

I endeavour to follow his example, but my drowsiness has altogether left me. For a time there is silence in the compartment, then the man in the peak cap opens his eyes slowly, fumbles in his pocket, and in course of time produces a repulsive-looking black bottle. He removes the cork, and nudges his neighbour once more.

"'Ere's good 'ealth," he remarks—drinks, and holds the bottle beneath the young man's nose.

"'Ave a drop?" he invites.

The young man makes no answer.

"Don't be afraid of it," he says, "it ain't none of yer cheap stuff. Real Ole Tom. 'Ave a drop."

Dignified silence from the young man.

His neighbour nudges him cheerily again with his elbow.

"Ask your ole granmother if she'd like a drop," he suggests. "Real Ole Tom."

Still no response. I observe the young man's companion stiffen in her seat. The man in the peak cap withdraws the bottle from under the young man's nose, corks it, and replaces it in his pocket.

"'Ave a birrerburrerscotch?" he suggests, and spends a few minutes groping in his pocket. Then he has a gradual inspiration, and screwing slowly round on his seat stares for a time at the rack. Next he turns to the young man again.

"You ain't seen my burrrerscotch?" he inquires.

"No," says the young man shortly.

"No," repeats his neighbour vaguely, and ruminates for a time over the reply. Again he turns to the young man.

"Ask the ole girl," he suggests, after which, the other making no movement, he leans across and addresses his companion.

"'Ave you seen my burrrerscotch?" he inquires.

The lady, painfully rigid, makes no reply. There is a pause; then a marked change comes over the features beneath the peak cap. He focuses the lady with a hostile eye.

"If anyone's taken my burrrerscotch," he says meaningly, "they'll get a bloomin' good 'idin'."

"Confound you," begins the young man nervously, "what d'you mean by——"

His neighbour takes no notice of the interruption.

"A bloomin' good 'idin'," he repeats, still fixing the lady with an accusing eye. "D'yer think I'm afraid of yer?"

Here several passengers interfere.

"Wot's she wanten go takin' my burrrerscotch for?" demands the man in the peak cap. "Does she think I'm afraid of 'er? I'd take 'er with one 'and, an' many like 'er. I'm an Englishman, I am, an' no one ain't goin' ter take my burrrerscotch."

"If you're an Englishman," suddenly breaks in a voice—that of a red-haired man with a thin nose in the further corner, "you ought to be ashamed to threaten a woman."

The man in the peak cap stares mistily for a while at the latest speaker.

"I'm a man," he remarks eventually.

"Yes, you're a man," admits the other with an expectantly argumentative air.

"An' she's a woman," continues the man in the peak cap.

"Yes, she's a woman," assents the red-haired man guardedly.—"A lady."

"An' ole lady," states the man in the peak cap.

"The older she is," says the red-haired man triumphantly, "the more shame to you for threatening her."

I notice that the lady does not seem fully appreciative of the point that has been scored by her champion.

"I say I'm a man an' she's a woman," maintains the man in the peak cap vaguely.

"You've said that already," puts in his opponent, who seems to be enjoying himself immensely.

"An' anyone that steals my burrerscotch 'll get a bloomin' good 'idin'," concludes the man in the peak cap.

"Wait a minute, wait a minute," cries the red-haired man, "that's not the point. You said——"

"Guard!" suddenly calls the lady, half rising.

The train has stopped at a station, and the guard is just passing the window. He puts in his head.

"Will you please have this man turned out?" says the lady, pointing to her aggressor. "He's intoxicated and has been using abusive language."

The rest of the compartment support the accusation, though I cannot help observing a certain lack of enthusiasm on the part of the red-haired man, who gives the impression of a man quite irritated about something. The guard turns to the man in the peak cap.

"Come on—come out of it," he says.

The man in the peak cap regards him with dignity.

"I 'cuse this lady stealin' my burrerscotch," he observes.

Here the young man in the Panama hat goes so far as to button up his jacket and observe, "I'm with you, guard, if necessary," which no doubt must be reassuring to the official. He is a well-built man with a widely opened eye.

"Are you coming?" he demands shortly.

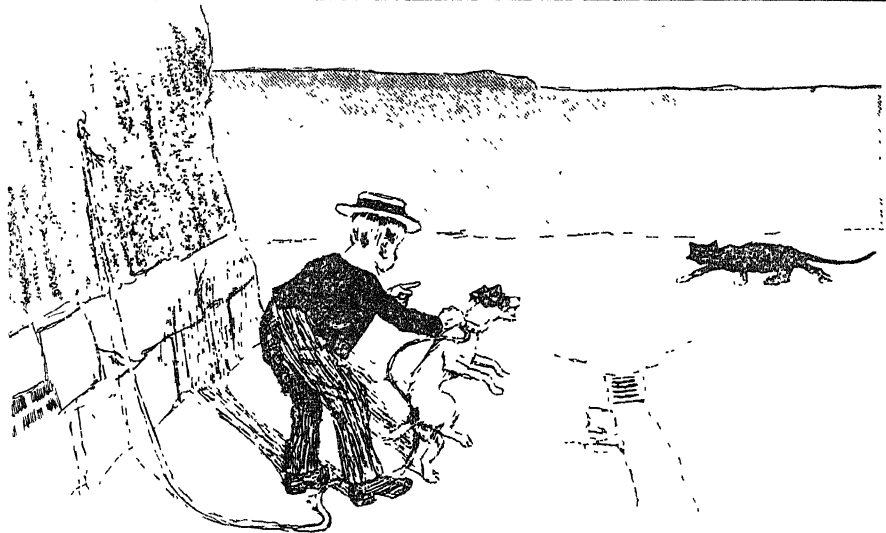
The man in the peak cap rises and stumbles out of the door, affording us as he does so a view of a sticky yellow mass adhering to the seat of his trousers. Still with his back to us, he addresses the guard.

"I'm a man an' an Englishman——" he begins.

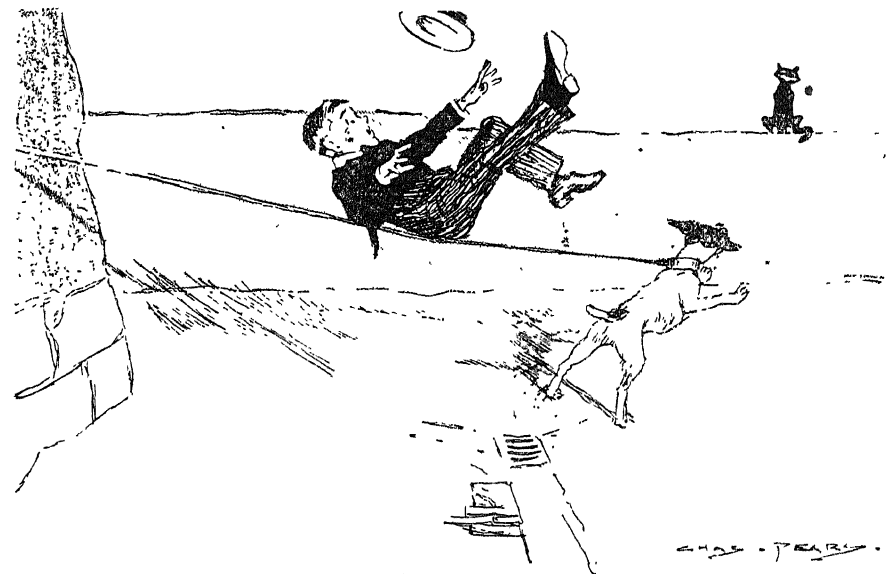
The guard has waved his flag and the train begins to move.

"I'm a man an' a—'Ere, you 'll 'ear of this!" he shouts, incensed by our merriment. "I've bin robbed of my burrerscotch. Where's my rights as an Englishman?"

And we are borne on laughing, leaving him alone on the platform, still unconscious of the fidelity of his unseen adherent.



ACT I.



ACT II.

RHYMES OF THE EAST.

THE FINEST VIEW.

AWAY, away! The plains of Ind
Have set their victim free;
I cast my sorrows to the wind,
My sun-hat in the sea;
And, standing with a chosen few,
I watch a dying glow,
The passing of the Finest View
That all the world can show.

It would not fire an artist's eye,
This View whereof I sing;
Poets, no doubt, would pass it by
As quite a common thing;
Tourists would heave a scornful
sniff,

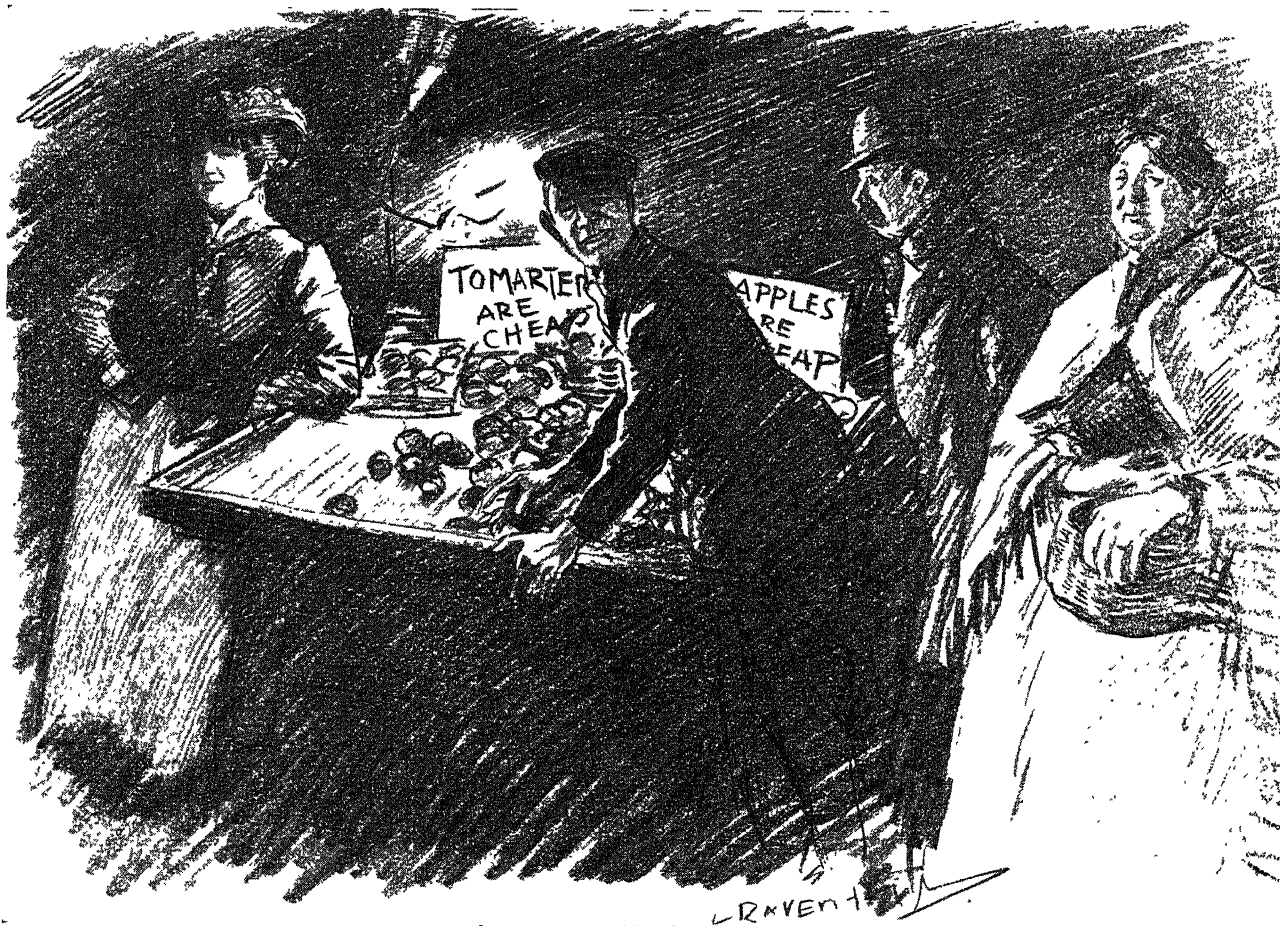
And find no beauties there—
They couldn't if they would, and if
They could they wouldn't care.

Only for him that turns the back
On dark and evil days

It throws a glory down his track
That sets his heart ablaze;
A charm to make the wounded whole,
Which wearied eyes may draw
Luxuriously through the soul,
Like cocktails through a straw.

I have seen strong men moved to tears
When gazing o'er the deep,
Hard men, whom I have known for years,
Nor dreamt that they could weep;
Even myself, though stern and cold
Beyond the common line,
Cannot, for very joy, withhold
The tribute of my brine.

Farewell, farewell, thou best of Views!
I leave thee to thy pain,
And, while I have the power to choose,
We shall not meet again;
But, 'mid the scenes of joy and mirth,
My fancies oft will turn
Back to the Finest Sight on Earth,
The Bombay Lights—*astern!*
DUM-DUM.



UP TO DATE.

Customer (in search of tomatoes). "GOT ANY TUPPENNY 'MARTERS, MATE?"

Coster. "'MARTERS, COCKY? WE WAS SOLD OUT O' PASSIVE RESISTERS 'ARF-HOUR AGO!"

"SHAM EDUCATION."

A CORRESPONDENCE has recently been raging in the columns of the *Daily Telegraph* under the above title. The ball was set rolling by "A Shipping Merchant," who invited some would-be clerks to calculate the cost of 5 tons 11 cwt. 3 qrs. 23 lbs. at £5 11s. 6d. per ton. Their results were various and incorrect, while the problem-setter himself failed to give the final fraction in the true answer, £31 4s. 1 $\frac{11}{16}$ d.

This is a national scandal. *Mr. Punch*, therefore, proposes to complete the *Daily Mail* referendum on the great fiscal question of the hour by a door-to-door and out-in-the-road canvass of the entire population of the United Kingdom, juveniles as well as adults, on the subject of Education and Things in General.

All members of the public are accordingly invited to place their mark on the subjoined voting paper.

And we further invite the assistance of ladies and gentlemen and Others to

collect these votes, so that when the *Punch* general election is complete it will be representative of every possessor or borrower of 3d. in the country.

Words and figures fail us when we endeavour to enumerate briefly the various Cash Prizes, Annuities, Season-ticketships, Advowsons, Nuncupative Legacies, Cabinet-ministerhips, and posts of Office Boy which we propose to confer on the most industrious collectors of votes. We therefore give it up, and ask our canvassers to take it all in one big Trust.

The questions on which *Mr. Punch* desires to collect the universal opinion are as follows:—

1. How do you do?
2. How is (a) the missus, (b) your husband, (c) the baby, (d) your father, (e) your mother (as the case may be).
3. How do you like this weather?
4. How did you enjoy, (a) your holiday, (b) the last beanfeast, (c) school-treat, (d) football-match?
5. Can you write your name?
6. Do you mind writing it here?

7. Do you approve of journalistic plebiscites? (Explain this word very carefully, and write it as you think it ought to be pronounced.)

8. Will you excuse my inquisitiveness?

9. How many stars do I see?

10. Where is the nearest ambulance?

11. Great heavens, where am I, and what's the matter with my head?

N.B.—The last three questions are to be put by male canvassers only.

Mr. Punch will not hold himself responsible for any damage to persons or property in pursuance of the foregoing inquiry. He is, however, anxiously awaiting results of his attempt to feel the popular pulse and pull the collective leg. It has nothing particular to do with Education, Sham or Otherwise, but any peg will serve to hang an Inquiry on during the present epidemic of fiscal and arithmetical conundrums.

"AN AWFUL BOUNDER!"—My youngest boy's india-rubber ball.



HOVE TO.

PERTURBED OLD LADY (to LORD R-S-B-RY). "EXCUSE ME, SIR. ARE YOU THE PILOT, OR ONLY A PASSENGER?"



BOILING OIL; OR, MORGIANA JOE:

Arhab-al-Phur. "ARE YOU QUITE SURE YOU'VE SETTLED THEM, MORGEY?"

("We are prepared to work together without Jars."—*Mr. Balfour at Sheffield.*)

THE ALL-PERVADING.

[America is clearly bent on restoring the vanishing national costumes of Europe. Three Americans are at present in Athens, their mission being to prove the superiority of the costume of Pericles and Aspasia over the undistinctive dress of the modern Athenian.]

I ROAM the rugged Highlands,
From Sutherland I come
Through all the Outer Islands
To Eigg and Muck and Rum;
But wheresoe'er my footsteps bear,
In vain I seek a kilt;
There is in Eigg no philabeg,
Nor sporran in Glen Tilt.
But everywhere upon my route
I see the cheap East-ENDER suit,
On every man and boy and brat
The all-pervading bowler hat.
From Mandal and Stavanger
With lingering steps I stray
To far remote Veranger
Where night is turned to day;

In every vale and fiord and dale
I seek without success,
For nowhere can I meet a man
In full Norwegian dress.
The peasants harvesting the crops
Wear ready-made Whitechapel slops,
The shepherds pasturing their flocks
Objectionable billycocks.

Through Germany and Prussia
I vainly ply my quest,
And even distant Russia
Deceives me like the rest.
Go where I will, before me still
These ugly nightmares loom;
I cannot meet a man complete
In national costume.
Upon the steppes the Cossack strides
In cheap and nasty "ready-mides,"
And common as the household cat
In Tiflis is the bowler hat.

When disappointments smother
The hope within my heart,

I turn to Athens—mother
Of beauty and of art.
Where MYRON wrought, where PHEIDIAS
taught,
And POLYCLEITUS carved,
Here, here at least I yet may feast
My soul so sadly starved.
Vain hope! In Athens tramcars run,
The men are trousered, every one,
And I behold the sacred rock
Pervaded by the billycock.

But lo! the prospect brightens,
And suddenly I see
Arrayed in flowing chitons
And peplons, figures three.
True Greeks at last! They wander past.
I prick each listening ear
For any word that may be heard,
And this is what I hear:
"I guess we're fixed up all complete;
You bet, we're c'rect from head to feet.
My! ain't these Greeks a lot of flats
To sport slop-suits and bowler hats!"

PINERO v. PINERO.

IF it be true to say of Mr. PINERO that at the present moment "none but himself can be his parallel," then it is certainly equally true that, as a dramatist, he has, in his own line, no successful rival, and no enemy save himself. As SHERIDAN'S *Rivals* disputed the palm with his *School for Scandal*, so to the vogue of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* was opposed the success of *The Gay Lord Quex*, and though it be granted that the first of these was a tragedy and the second a comedy yet as both were dramas of powerful interest, with characters distinctly marked and dialogue alternately lively or severe, but always to the point, they may be fairly quoted as equally upholding the dramatist's well-earned reputation. But *Letty* is another matter; here is PINERO at his best, up to a certain point, *versus* PINERO led away by an Ibsenitish delusion and by such a monologuing declamatory spirit as possessed VICTORIEN SARDOU in the longest-winded period of his successful melodramatic career. For *Letty*, a drama in four Acts and an Epilogue, say plainly five Acts and have done with it, now being played at the Duke of York's Theatre between a quarter to eight and something after eleven, is a specimen of this "queer mixture," when it ought to have been unadulterated PINERO.

Not the best French company of the much-lauded Français could have given this play a more forcible or a more attractive rendering than do the actors engaged for the purpose at this theatre. In Mr. H. B. IRVING'S *Nevill Letchmere*, who inherits all the fatal devilment of the Letchmere family, no improvement could be suggested; while as to the heroine, *Letty Shell*, the author is to be congratulated on having secured the services of Miss IRENE VANBRUGH, as it is not by any means a part that is likely to be prominent in a *répertoire* of her own selection.

But honestly, though the success of the plot is meant to depend on these two protagonists, yet the success of the piece, that is, the success of the drama as acted on the boards (not as read in the study) is with Miss NANCY PRICE, who, though unsuited to *Calypso*, and to the wicked nurse in *A Snug Little Kingdom* at the Royalty, is simply inimitable as *Hilda Gurney*, an assistant at a fashionable dress-maker's; with Mr. FRED KERR as *Bernard Mandeville*, perfect in his representation of an utter cad; with Miss BEATRICE FORBES ROBERTSON as the earnest and rigidly moral *Marion Allardyce*, a fellow clerk with *Letty* in the same house of business; and with Mr. DION BOUCAULT, whose impersonation of the honest little commonplace photographer, *Richard Perry*, is excellent.

Again, in the case of *Mrs. Ivor Crosbie*, (a part admirably represented by Miss SARAH BROOKE,) the author creates for her a far greater interest than he has aroused for the heroine. She is *Nevill Letchmere's* favourite sister; on her bias to the right or the left depends the future of the *Letchmere* family for good or for ill. *Nevill* undertakes to direct that bias, and to bring her out of her great temptation, triumphantly, "on the side of the angels." And he fails her. Yielding to his own selfish, sensual passion, which he has so far by an effort repressed, he lets his sister, who relies upon him for her salvation, cut herself adrift and go under. *Chassez le naturel et il reviendra au galop*: this is the old proverb that *Nevill*, in himself, illustrates. The interest of the story is in the fall of *Nevill's* sister, and whether *Letty*, the sentimental shop-girl and dreamy invalid, or anybody else, known or unknown to the audience, is to be his victim, is a matter of very little importance.

We weary of *Nevill's* long soliloquies, as we do of the rhapsodies of the anæmic heroine, and so little has *Letty Shell* gained upon our sympathies that nobody cares what becomes of her. We are glad, for *Nevill Letchmere's* sake, that he allows her to escape, because we rather like *Nevill*

and pity him; but as to feeling any sort of surprise at *Letty's* settling down as the commonplace wife of the above-mentioned good-natured little photographer, we need no "epilogue" to tell us this, nor indeed are we concerned for the future of any one of the *dramatis personæ*.

All the scenes between Mr. H. B. IRVING, as *Nevill*, and Miss IRENE VANBRUGH, as *Letty*, are as finely played as heart of author could desire. If only something could have prevented the elopement of *Mrs. Ivor Crosbie* (Miss SARAH BROOKE) with that young masher of married women, *Coppinger Drake*, carefully played by Mr. D. GRIMSTON, and if, after the exit of *Letty* (omitting that highly dangerous last embrace) when *Nevill* is at his very wretchedest, if, we say, at this critical moment, *Mrs. Ivor Crosbie*, his sister, safe and sound, and triumphant over temptation, could have rushed in and thrown herself into her brother's arms, owing her rescue from degradation entirely to the will to resist that his previous advice and conduct had strengthened in her, then the termination would have been satisfactory, and the curtain would have fallen, at the reasonable hour of five minutes to eleven, to the hearty applause of an unwearied audience.

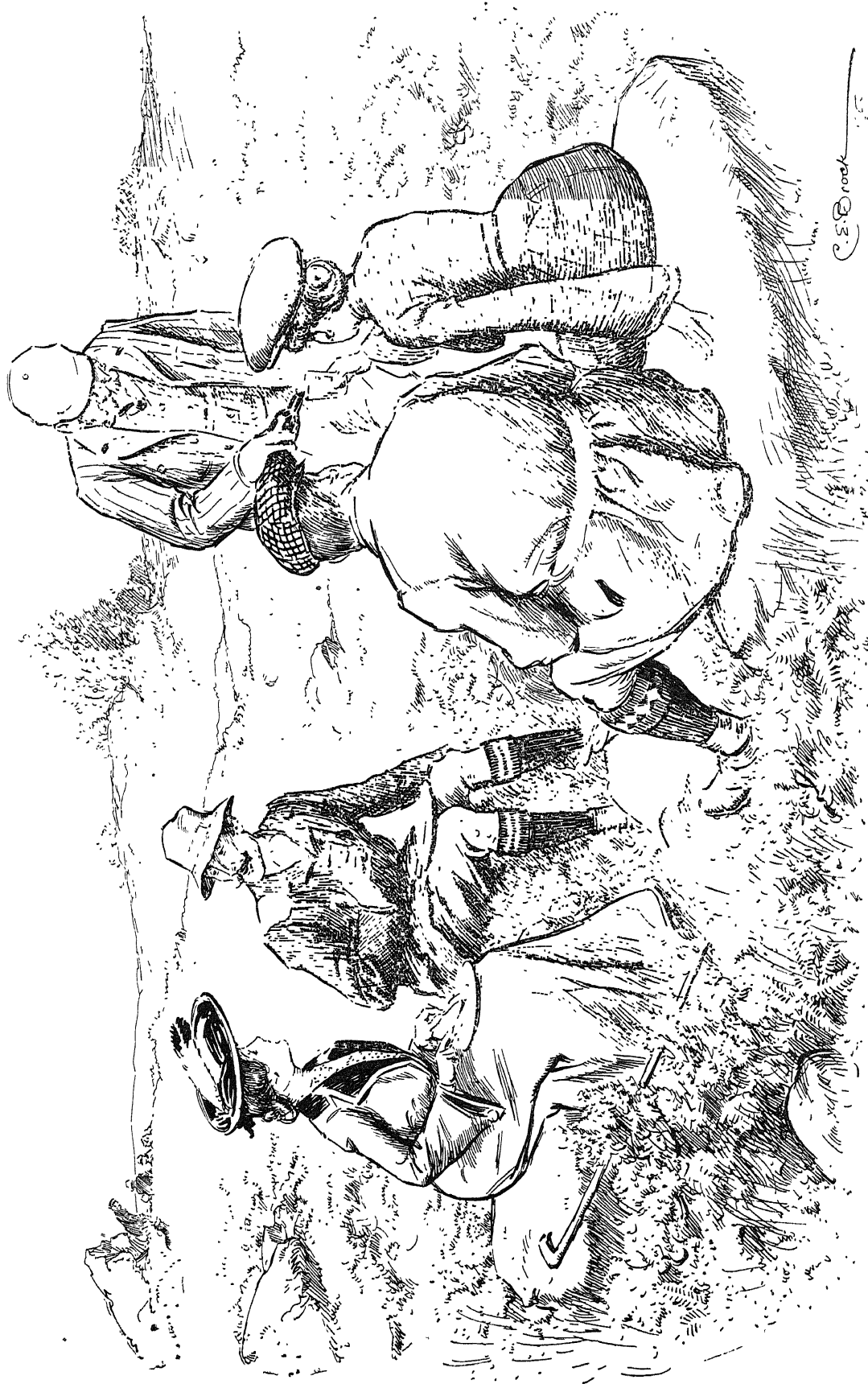
It is never too late to mend, except perhaps for the *Letchmere* family. But we forget, there is still hope for the *Letchmeres* in *Nevill's* son, who, as his father informs us, comes to see him once a week; but unfortunately the last Act does not take place on one of the little chap's visiting days. We should like to have made his acquaintance; and to have known something of his mother, concerning whom we have only the *ex parte* statement of her husband, from whom she is separated. Perhaps when their little son has grown up and when his mother is a grey-haired widow, Mr. PINERO will give us the story of another generation of the *Letchmeres*.

PILGRIMS AND STRANGERS.

LAST Thursday the Pilgrims' temporary halting-place was at Claridge's in a grand saloon, where, with Field-Marshal Lord ROBERTS at their head, they entertained strangers who soon found themselves in the "Society of Friends." KING and President were enthusiastically toasted, and there were no bounds to the cordiality with which the subject of the Alaska boundaries was received, when the reply to the toast of "the Commissioners" was commenced by Lord ALVERSTONE, "the PIERPONT MORGAN of the Commission," as Senator TURNER, speaking after his lordship, styled him, and continued by Senator the Hon. CLIFFORD SIFTON, representing Canada, who completed the trio of thanks-returning guests. Then Mr. BRITAIN, the honorary secretary, who, in spite of the frequently reiterated and highly popular assertion that "Britons never will be slaves," was at everybody's service on this particular evening, read aloud a cablegram from the Pilgrim Brothers in New York, expressing the hope that "whatever the result of the Alaska Boundary Commission might be, no boundaries might ever be set to English and American friendship," a sentiment received with enthusiastic cheers.

The evening was a big success, the speakers restricted themselves to the main subject, and not a single Pilgrim or Stranger wandered beyond the boundaries; nor was there even so much as one subtle reference made either to tariffs or to a certain (or uncertain) ex-Minister. Protection is in the air, and there, on this occasion, the Boundary Brothers of Alaska were content to let it remain.

The Alhambra Theatre is going in heavily for politics. Recent novelties include the burlesque jugglers known as the SEDDONS, and the RITCHIE cyclists—with free wheels, of course.

**SO SYMPATHETIC!**

Sportsman (wishing for fresh fields to conquer). "I SHOULD LIKE TO TRY MY HAND AT BIG GAME."
Fair Ignoramus. "YES, I SUPPOSE YOU FIND IT VERY HARD TO HIT THESE LITTLE BIRDS!"

THE SUN-CHILD.

(Continued.)

It was early on a certain afternoon in January that the Sun-child found himself in a Palace. He had strayed in almost unconsciously, paying no heed to the sentries with fixed bayonets who trudged up and down in the courts below, or to the various gorgeous footmen and other impressive retainers who lined the passages and hung about in the ante-rooms. This Palace was not like the bright and shining Palace which had once been his home. It was roofed in and heavily curtained and carpeted instead of lying open to the sparkling violet-tinted air, and there were no crystal staircases or opal banisters, and such light as there was came in fitful and almost dingy gleams through the dull windows. Still it was a Palace, and a beautiful Princess, the darling of her friends and of the people amongst whom her lot was cast, lived there with the Prince, her husband, and their little boy.

Walking on, the Sun-child came to a door through which he passed into a comfortably furnished room, evidently the boudoir of the Princess, for there was a pleasant *négligé* about it and there were cushions lying in cosy corners and photographs and pretty knick-knacks were strewn about the tables. The Sun-child slipped behind a screen that hid his light, and, peeping out thence, he beheld the Princess. A beautiful vision she was, but her lovely face was clouded over, and deep misery was in her eyes. She was sitting on a chair, her hands tightly clenched, and was speaking to the Prince, a heavy ungainly man, with a vacuous flushed face, who was standing up over against her.

"But, RUPERT, you can't mean that, surely you can't. Consider for a moment. Oh, it's impossible," and she gave a shudder and put her hand to her eyes as if to shut out some painful sight.

"I've had quite enough of these appeals," said the Prince gruffly. "You heard what I said, and you know well enough what I mean. Let there be no more of this nonsense. Oh, yes, I know," he continued, as she half rose from her chair, "you've got a fine spirit and all that, but you've got to obey me, do you hear, you've got to obey me," and as she rose up and faced him he seized her arm violently and thrust her back into her chair. "No tantrums, please; I hate a scene. I'm going out now, and when I return I hope to find you in a better frame of mind."

With that he turned on his heels and went out, slamming the door behind him.

Left to herself, the Princess still sat in her chair, her face pale and set, and her hands clasping one another in her lap. Then she rose, a tall and stately figure, and began pacing about the room. And these were her thoughts:—

"What have I done to deserve this? Oh, he's cruel, brutal and unmanly. Things cannot go on like this. I should kill myself or him. No, my mind's made up. It must end."

Thinking thus, she sat down at her writing-table and hastily scribbled a note:—

"I have thought over what you said," she wrote, "and I am sorry I repulsed you so abruptly. I will meet you at four o'clock to-day and go with you."

She slipped it into an envelope, addressed it, and rang the bell.

"Take this," she said to the servant, "at once. There is no answer."

The servant bowed and went out and the Princess sank again into her chair, and sat without moving, the prey to dreadful thoughts. And the clock ticked away the time and the hands moved steadily over the dial, and still she sat and sat. At last she looked up and saw that it was half-past three, and at this moment the Sun-child

came from behind his screen and stood before her and looked into her eyes. And, as he did so, the door opened and a pretty little boy came into the room and ran to the Princess:—

"Mummy," he said, "where have you been? You promised

to come to me and I've been waiting for you."

At this the Princess could control herself no longer. She flung her arms round the boy and burst into tears:—

"My darling," she cried, "of course I ought to have come to you. No matter, you're here, and I'll never, never leave you. Don't be afraid, don't be afraid," and the black cloud faded from her mind and her true strength returned, and a great resolve to endure and to be patient grew upon her.

While she still embraced her little boy and made much of the wondering child, a strange confused rumour grew without and there were hurried steps in the passage. At last the door opened and a lady came in and stood before the group, as if not knowing what to say:

"Compose yourself, ANGELA," she stammered at last, "compose yourself and be strong. There has been a terrible accident, and the Prince——"

"Say it at once," said the Princess, in a cold and measured voice that seemed to come from far away, "he is dead."

"Yes," said the lady, "dead."

But the Princess heard no more, and the Sun-child went out again on his wanderings.

(To be continued.)

THE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER.



IT IS RATHER A BLOW TO ONE'S VANITY AND TEMPER WHEN, AFTER POSING PATIENTLY BEFORE A VERY SLOW PLATE, ONE COMES OUT LIKE—

THIS!

CROSS QUESTIONERS AND CROOKED ANSWERERS.

By Mr. Punch's own Keltic Poet.

[See "The Questioners" in this month's *Fortnightly Review*.]

READER, oh, gentle reader, may I not pass?

Not till you make more clear

What the Dickens you mean.

Grovelling Reader! Can you not feel the joy
Of my vague sonorous phrases, elusive, obscure,
About my proud one arrayed in dreams and roses?
How can I tell what I mean any more than you . . .

Get out, get out!

Critic, Sassenach critic, may I not pass?

What do you mean?

Dull-witted critic, canst thou not understand
That I am a Keltic bard and a Symbolist to boot?
My song is of nightingales and a silken-haired stranger
Whose presence certainly seems to require explanation. . . .

Get out, get out!

Public, oh British Public, may I not pass?

What do you mean?

Idiot Public! But here in the vast evening
On the head of his pale companion and plighted friend
A man I remember inflicted his lordly anger.
I trust you will not prove equally violent . . .

Get out, get out!

LOST MASTERPIECES.

(Mr. Punch's own Collection.)

THE long unpublished narrative poem by Sir WALTER SCOTT (called, for lack of a better name, *The Lay of the Very Last Minstrel*) from which Mr. Punch printed an extract two weeks ago, is by no means the only specimen of this class of verse which figures in his collection. A poem in the same genre by BYRON, with the usual Oriental background, is one of his most prized possessions. It opens finely thus:—

The Night is dark. No moonlight shines
Along the Moslem's battle-lines;
And jewelled mosque and stern *serai*
Lie darkling 'neath an Eastern sky.
The fair ZAREEFA in her bower
Trembling awaits the fatal hour
When CASSIM, on his fiery horse,
Will carry her away of course.

The elopement, which is narrated in very spirited style, but at too great length to be quoted here, is duly carried out, and the wrath of ZAREEFA's injured lord when the news reaches him is as easily described as imagined:—

NOUREDDIN's eyeballs blazed with ire,
His bondmen trembled at their fire.
Across the chamber's length he paced
And to and fro his steps retraced
While, musing o'er ZAREEFA's guilt,
His right hand sought his dagger hilt.
At moments too his favourite page
Declares his whiskers curl with rage.
Fiercely he scowls to left and right.
Bismillah! 'tis a shocking sight.

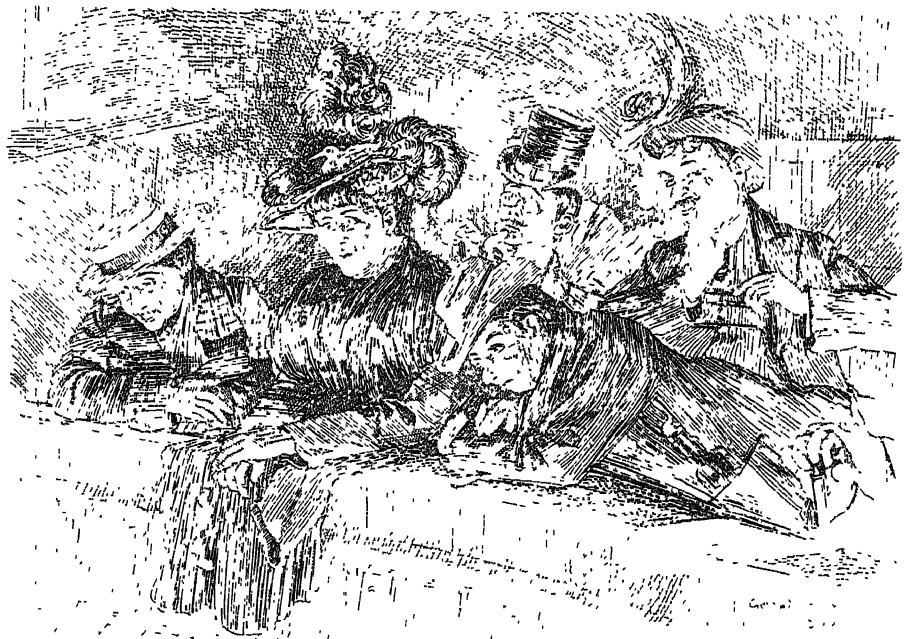
Ultimately poor ZAREEFA and her lover are captured, and all ends happily—in the Bosphorus.

By way of corrective to the easy jog-trot style of Byronic narrative, the following lyric of BROWNING's, hitherto unknown even to BROWNING Societies, should be greatly appreciated. It is in the poet's most abrupt and tortuous style, with all his well-marked eccentricity of rhyme and rhythm, and is called:—

YET ANOTHER WAY OF LOVE.

You see this rose,
Its calyx, its petals?
Since fair it shows
Could you forget, all's
Well with your heart to the heart's confusion
And the mind's disjointure. What's
conclusion?
Look on her blossom half white, half
pinkie.
Would you choose her, the choice yours,
think ye?

But if, depressed
With all this fooling,
Rose and the rest,
You 'scape your schooling,



HEARD AT A PROVINCIAL CIRCUS.

Wag (to unfortunate small gent, who has vainly endeavoured to persuade lady to remove her hat). "DON'T YOU SEE SHE'S GOT A BIRD IN HER HAT, SITTING? YOU WOULDN'T HAVE THE LADY ADDLE-HEADED, WOULD YOU?"

And, stooping low to her sweet shoe's
latchet
(Since truth's the truth if you can but
catch it!)
You risk conjecture "Why yes?" or
"Why no?"—
Lord love you, I'm hanged if I know.

But there are some people so constituted that they are unable really to appreciate this rugged order of lyric. They prefer a softer and more sensuous style of poetry. For them Mr. Punch's collection contains a moment of pure joy in the shape of an unpublished poem by ROSSETTI—one of those vague elusive sonnets full of exquisite imagery and jewelled phrases which are so infuriating to the Philistine, so adored by the cultured. Like many of ROSSETTI's, this sonnet has a mysterious and high-sounding title which, however, seems to have no particular connection with the lines which follow:—

SOUL-SEVERANCE.

Because the cithole hath a thousand
tones
Inwrought with many subtle harmonies
Of lute and flute wherein sweet music
dies,
Yea, all the bitter-sweet that love dis-
owns,
Mournful are they and full of heavy
moans
And tears and interpenetrative sighs,
Soul-stirred with ultimate immen-
sities,
And incommunicable antiphones!

So is the soul fulfilled of saddest things,
Of multitudinous sighs more sad than
they
Whereof Earth hears no sound, yet
nothing may
Drown the deep murmur of its echoings:
Even so of soul and soul the poet sings
And what on earth he means can no
man say. St. J. H.

FIRST MENTIONS.

IN order to save correspondents of the *Westminster Gazette* unnecessary trouble, Mr. Punch has drawn up the following list of phrases with authentic origins:—

"Billy O!"—HENSLOWE's diary (preserved at Dulwich College) relates that Lord Chancellor BACON, on being asked by EDWARD ALLEYN, the actor, if he could write plays, replied darkly, "Like Billy O!"

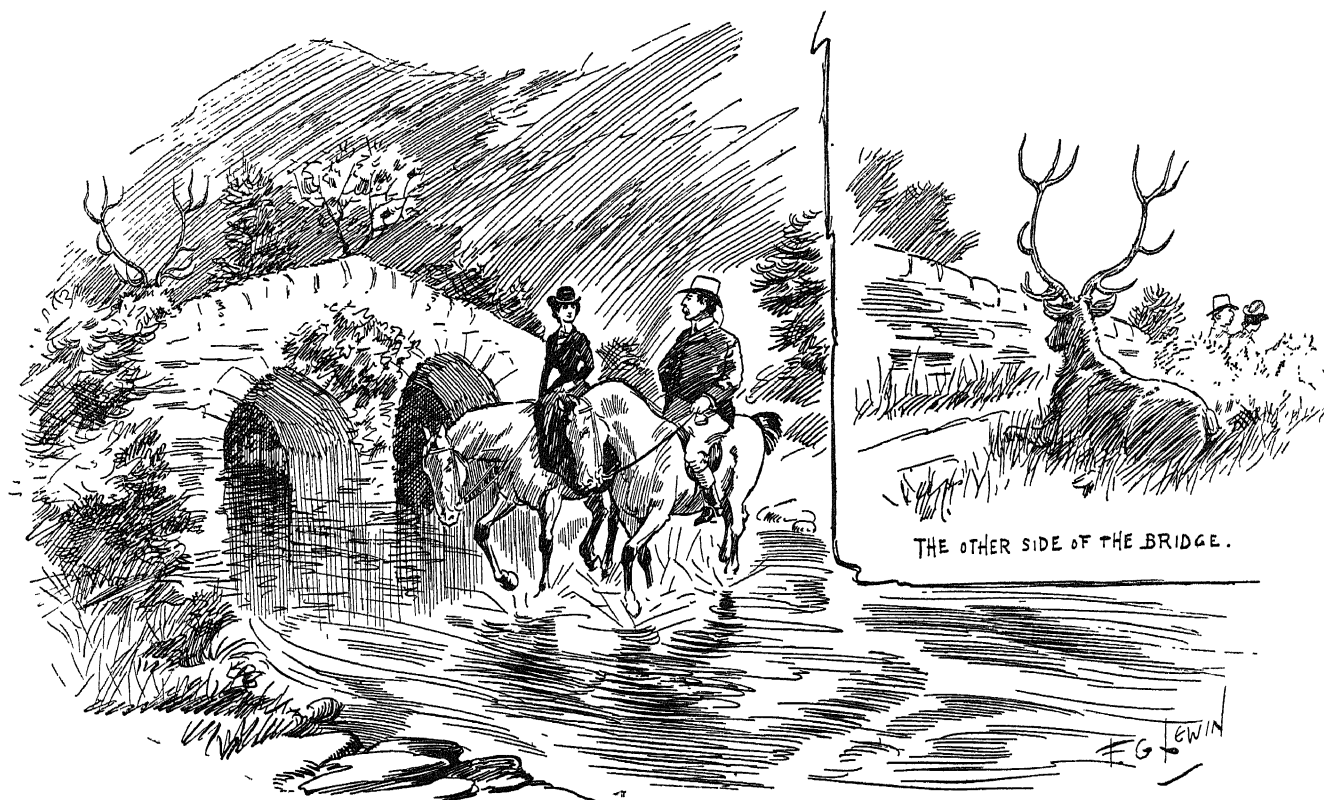
"Giving them beans," was first used by BACON in his "Pot-pourri from a Stratford Garden."

"Marry come up!" was employed for the first time by HENRY THE EIGHTH, on the eve of his embarking on matrimony. He used it subsequently five times on similar occasions.

"Rats!"—This was first used by the Pied Piper of Hamelin.

"Facing the music."—SIGNOR HANDEL TURNERELLI, in the year 1624, on the evening on which he perfected the mechanism of the hurdy-gurdy, first used this classic phrase.

"Lay on, MacDuff," was first used by Lord ROSEBURY as a tip to the Duke of FIFE as *Ladas* left the paddock.



ON THE WAY HOME FROM THE EXMOOR HUNT—NO KILL.

Fair Huntress. "WHAT A PITY THE HOUNDS LET THAT SPLENDID STAG GET AWAY, COLONEL, WASN'T IT?"

Colonel. "PITY! HA, IF THEY'D ONLY TAKEN MY ADVICE WE SHOULD HAVE BEEN UP WITH HIM NOW, INSTEAD OF BEING MILES AWAY ON THE WRONG TRACK!"

CHARIVARIA.

A STARTLING increase in the number of lunatics in the British Isles is again recorded. Our asylums are overcrowded, and it is becoming necessary to send Passive Resisters to the prisons.

We hear that there are quite a number of persons, entirely in sympathy with the new Education Act, who would be willing to become Passive Resisters if they were absolutely sure that some anonymous gentleman would come forward to pay their rates. It is only the uncertainty that prevents the movement assuming huge proportions.

We learn from the *Pall Mall Gazette* that, "Another new carriage drive leading from the Mall into the Palace road-way has been opened this week. It takes a grand sweep to the right of the circle in the centre of which the monument of the QUEEN will be erected." We assume that the "grand sweep," whose drive is here described, has already retired from his obscure profession.

Mrs. SKEFFINGTON SMYTH has just returned from a lonely tour round the world. The only trouble she had was

on the Yang-tsze-Kiang river, where the natives would insist on calling her Mrs. SMITH.

There is likely to be trouble at Dundee. The medical men in that town have been insulted by the Visiting Medical Officer of the Poorhouses. He has recommended the establishment of a laboratory for the Poorhouse Hospital, and, according to the *Dundee Advertiser*, he has stated that "as a means of reducing the number of patients long resident, the expenditure would prove in the long run economical." This slight on their laboratory work is declared by the local doctors to be quite unjustifiable.

Those who sneered at cordite as useless have received a nasty slap in the face. It has been found to be possible to get drunk by eating it.

The discovery is stated to have aroused much interest among such persons as have taken the pledge to abstain from intoxicating liquors only.

The Servian Chargé d'Affaires has expressed himself as much annoyed that he continues to be officially ignored by the British Government. "You must remember we are a young and

rising nation," he says. It was, of course, just this upward mobility which created the difficulty.

We hear that an Imperial Rescript will shortly be issued by the Czar ordering Evacuation Day to be observed each year as a Fête Day by the Russian troops in Manchuria.

The quarrel between Rear-Admiral LAMTON and Sir ARCHIBALD HUNTER has not been long in bearing fruit. An Admiralty man has been made Minister of War, and an Army man has been appointed Civil Lord of the Admiralty.

It is announced that Volunteers will take the place of the Allegorical Cars in the approaching Lord Mayor's Show. But the Allegorical idea will still be kept up, as the Volunteers are to symbolise the Efficiency of the War Office.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN now recognises in Lord ROSEBURY his most dangerous opponent in the Fiscal Fight. His Lordship's jaunty opening, "Well, what do you think of it all?" was such a success that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's next speech is to begin with, "Here we are again!"



THE ADVANTAGES OF CUB-HUNTING FOR A YOUNG HORSE.

OUR BOYS.—III.

[A correspondent of the *Daily Mail* suggests that public-school boys should be taught to play Bridge, as it would be better if they employed their evenings in games of skill than in "idle talk."]

From the "Christmas Book Reviewer" of next year.

IN *The Boys of St. Asterisk's* Mr. THINGUMMY has written one of the best stories of public-school life that it has been our good fortune to read for a long time. The error into which the majority of books of this type fall is that they fail to keep abreast of the times. Nothing changes so rapidly as a public school. Mr. THINGUMMY has avoided this error. His plot is not only exciting, but thoroughly true to life. Vincent Trevelyan, his hero, is a finely-drawn character, and few boys will read without a thrill the chapter which relates how, having lost all his pocket-money at shilling nap in the dormitory of which he is prefect, he goes to dinner with the Headmaster and wins from that gentleman at unlimited Loo enough to recoup himself twice over.

But many of the other chapters are equally good. Here is an example of Mr. THINGUMMY's style. A card party has just broken up in confusion. The scene is the Bully's study.

"Fetch me my red-hot poker," roared the Bully, with a hideous imprecation, seizing the Little-Delicate-One by the

heels and dashing his head with frightful violence against the study wall. The Sneak, who did odd jobs of this sort for the Bully in exchange for three kicks a day and a comfortable home, bounded off to execute the commission. 'You little brute, you,' he continued, addressing the limp and unconscious form on the floor. 'What do you mean by it, eh? I'll teach you to trump my ace. Where's that poker?'

"Where you won't get it," cried a clear, musical voice, and a lithe young form, with blue eyes and curly yellow hair, sprang into the room.

"TREVELYAN!" roared the Bully (with a hideous imprecation). 'What do you want? Get out of my study.'

"Not till we have settled accounts," JASPER GROGSMITH, replied our hero, in a firm, quiet voice.

For the subsequent proceedings, which are of the most exciting nature, we must refer our readers to the book itself. The Bully is defeated, but speedily obtains his revenge. The chief event of the year, the competition for the Jones Bridge Prize, is to be decided, and the hero and his friend CHARLES meet the Bully and the Sneak in the last round. The excitement is intense, but to the general disappointment the hero and his friend CHARLES are defeated. They attribute their reverse in their sportsmanlike way to the superior skill of their opponents, but

it is remarked by the spectators that every time the Bully or his partner declares, they invariably have all the trumps or else all the aces between them. This gives rise to suspicions, and after a series of enthralling incidents it is discovered that they have cheated, and they are unmasked and publicly expelled by the Headmaster, who forthwith hands over the prize to CHARLES and the hero, and the book ends.

In addition to the more important *dramatis personæ* there are a host of entertaining minor characters. The Eccentric Boy, who plays cricket and football, is a capital study, as is the Headmaster, who on one occasion canes a boy for making clubs trumps with a No Trump hand. We can cordially recommend *The Boys of St. Asterisk's* to all parents who wish to give their sons the opportunity of reading healthy, manly literature. The book is sure to be widely popular.

The Newcastle Programme.

TIME—Prior to Mr. Chamberlain's Speech.

First Pitman (to colleague, who is stripped to the waist and pummelling a sack of peas). Wey, GEORDIE, whaat are ye trainin' for? Wheeare ye matched wi'?

Second Pitman. Aa'm ganna hae a skelp at the Brummagem Pet, or wheeiver he is, when 'e comes. They say 'e's a Fistal Polis, or summuck o' that.

MAIDEN MEDITATION.

(Manner of Wordsworth.)

[A poster of *The Girl's Own Paper* recommends "Every girl from 16 to 60" to read that organ.]

SOME fifty years or more have rolled
Over this head now void of hair,
And yet with joy I still behold
What Nature yields of young and fair.

Three objects make my spirit dance :—
A lark upsoaring in the sky,
A buttercuplet, and the glance
Emitted from a maiden's eye.

* * * *

As o'er her page she sat inclined,
A vision full of girlish grace,
I came upon her from behind,
And therefore could not see her face.

But something told me (nay, I would
Have offered three to one—in pence)
That in her eye, serene and good,
Reposed a virgin innocence.

"Dear Girl," I said (for I am used
To start in this informal way,
Not stopping to be introduced)
"What are you reading? Tell me, pray."

She showed a maiden's proper pride,
And, keeping on with bended head,
"The Girl's Own Paper," she replied,
And that was really all she said.

"Dear Girl, your speech is somewhat bald :
Yon tale, whatever it may be,
Appears to hold you so enthralled
You take no interest in me !

"Yet maidens trust me, not a few ;
I prattle, even after dark,
To perfect strangers such as you
Without occasioning remark."

Again her manner seemed abrupt ;
She answered with a fretful air,
"I wish you would not interrupt ;
I've hardly any time to spare.

"My years are yet but fifty-nine ;
They soon will touch a full three-score ;
To-morrow draws the fatal line,
And I shall be a girl no more !"

"Young thing," I said, "I must begone ;
I will not wantonly intrude,
Nor pry with curious gaze upon
The sacred dawn of Womanhood !" O. S.

GOING ONE LESS.

["The new Paris paper, which is entitled the *Carte Journal*, is the outcome of the postcard craze. The *Carte Journal* is, in fact, printed on a postcard, one side containing the usual space for the name and address, while on the other side is a reproduction of a sketch or photograph illustrating the most interesting event of the day, accompanied by half a dozen brief telegrams giving the world's news."]

THE very latest thing in journalism, telegraphs our Bedlam correspondent, is the *Daily Stamp*, which is already having an enormous circulation. The penny edition is printed on pretty pink perforated paper, and bears a striking medallion

portrait of His Majesty the KING. The halfpenny edition is similar, but is printed on green paper, and although cheaper, the portrait is in no wise inferior. It is claimed for the new journal that it will appeal to every man and woman in the land, and that no one need be afraid of taking it into the family circle. It publishes no advertisements, and scorns to print false news of any description.

By arrangement with H. M. Government, it is possible to send the *Daily Stamp* to one's friends by merely affixing it to an addressed envelope. Gum of superior quality has been provided with this object in view. The new paper is of convenient size for the pocket, and, measuring as it does nearly one inch in length, it can be used in an emergency as a foot-rule. Blank sheets will sometimes be issued with the paper when buying a quantity, and these sheets are specially adapted for mending music, binding up small wounds, &c. In short, as our correspondent winds up, the *Daily Stamp* has come to STICK!!!

AN IMPERIALIST ENTERTAINMENT.

LET any one, whether belonging to the Free-trading, Retaliating, or Protectionist party, or if still possessing an open mind, make up his own party, the pleasantest possible, and visit the Empire in Leicester Square, whence he will issue forth a more convinced Imperialist than ever, and so will remain as long as this favourite place of evening resort sustains its ancient reputation, as it is doing during this present season, especially with its fantastic ballet in four tableaux, entitled *Vineland*. Everybody concerned in its production, Director Gaiety EDWARDES, Designer and Supervisor WILHELM, a real Wilhelm Meister of this particular art, Madame KATTI LANNER, clever as ever, Musical Composer WENZEL, with his orchestra, and scenic artist HARKER, have done their very best to contribute towards the success. The costumes, brought fresh from Hastings with the assistance of an ANGEL & Co., are most effective.

Mlle. ZANFRETTE, who, if we remember aright, was so excellent as the mercenary coquette in *L'Enfant Prodigue*, is a refined representative of *Bacchus*, in this instance a rather amatory and intensely polite divinity, not in the least given to vinous excess, but chiefly remarkable for excellent pantomimic action, which, if you come to think of it, is quite in keeping with the character of *Bacchus*, as all the wine shops used to be known by their signs.

Mlle. ADELINÉ GENÉE, a very perfect and elegant *danseuse*, without the slightest touch of vulgarity, appears as *The Spirit of Champagne*, with a charming "phiz," popping on and off, and, free of all wires, proceeding by leaps and bounds.

Previous to the grand ballet, the old favourites, known as *The Manhattan Comedy Four*, who prefer to remain anonymous, kept the audience, which had just finished applauding the NEISS Sisters (is it pronounced "Nice"?—it ought to be) in their graceful gymnastic feats of arms and legs, in a roar of laughter.

The entertainment, which is altogether on an Imperial scale, as befitting the Empire, must be pronounced a capital one; and, as an investment, it offers points of great interest to the public crowding the house some time before the commencement of the ballet.

Conversation overheard between two Swallows.

"HALLO, HAROLD, you still here? What are you going to do all winter?"

"Oh, I'm engaged as a model for WILLIE RICHMOND's new art motor-car. And you?"

"I'm going to fly high all day and see if I can't improve this wretched climate."



NOT CAUGHT YET !

OR, TARIFF JOE, THE COW-PUNCHER.

THE TWO TOPICS.

SCENE—Any railway carriage. In it any two citizens conversing in shouts, with the usual interruptions and continuous rattling.

First Citizen. After reading CHAMBERLAIN'S speeches, and ROSEBERY'S, what I want to know is whether—

[Prolonged whistle from engine.]

Second Citizen. Weather! I never knew such weather. It's awful. And such howling winds, too. An umbrella's no protection.

First C. Protection, do you say? You don't mean to say you're in favour of Protection? Why look at all the controversies of the last reign—

[Under a bridge, clatter.]

Second C. The last rain, my dear fellow? I've forgotten that. This one's been going on for three months or more. Think of the effect on trade.

First C. There you've hit it. That's just what I say. What about the trade of the country? How will it affect our corn? [Under another bridge, clatter.]

Second C. Got a corn? That's curious, so have I. In this sort of weather mine shoots like anything. Don't you put anything on it?

First C. On what?

Second C. On your corn.

First C. Why, that's just what CHAMBERLAIN wants to do. Out-and-out Protection I call it. He's publishing leaflets by the million, and the whole country will be flooded—

[A train passes in the opposite direction, fearful hubbub.]

Second C. I should think it jolly soon would be. Up the Thames they've been in an awful state three times already this year. But then those riverside houses are all just out of the water, or just in it, according to the weather. Hang the rain! If only the weather was bright—

[Through a station, whistle, clatter.]

First C. Ah, he was something like a man, he and COBDEN! None of your new-fangled notions, none of your Protection—

Second C. No, nothing's any use but a macintosh.

First C. What's he got to do with it?

Second C. Who?

First C. MACINTOSH.

Second C. I don't know. I suppose he invented it.

First C. Invented what?

Second C. A waterproof coat.

First C. What's he got to do with BRIGHT and COBDEN? I never heard of him. I've not read much of this sort of thing. I've got MILL—

[Over a girder bridge, rumble.]

Second C. Well, I hope it isn't a water-mill, or it may be washed away



"GETTING ON."

"WELL, TOMMY, HOW ARE YOU GETTING ON AT SCHOOL?"

"FIRST-RATE. I AIN'T DOING SO WELL AS SOME OF THE OTHER BOYS, THOUGH I MY HEAD; BUT I HAVE TO PUT MY FEET AGAINST THE WALL. I WANT TO DO IT WITH AT ALL!"

any time. A windmill's the only sort. Suit this weather to a T.

First C. Ah yes, tea. That's another of CHAMBERLAIN'S ideas. Take away the poor man's bread and give him tea instead. That's what you Protectionists propose. The most unwholesome drink in the world. Look what a fine country this was in QUEEN ELIZABETH'S time, and nobody drank tea then. By Jove, they didn't drink tea, DRAKE and RALEIGH and SHAKESPEARE.

Second C. And BACON.

First C. Exactly. Just what all you fellows say. Tea and bacon. Awful rot! How can a man live on tea and bacon? I really believe CHAMBERLAIN and the rest of you want to tax everything else, except water. So far he proposes to let the poor have plenty of that.

[Under a bridge, clatter.]

Second C. Plenty of what?

First C. Plenty of water.

Second C. Good heavens, if there's anybody in this country we haven't got plenty of water I should just like to see heartily sick of it. I hear there's no rain in Nice for months. I shall run over to Monte Carlo just to get dry. I wish the lot weren't so infernally dear. I want one for a tariff.

First C. Ah, they'll soon tariff for you.

Second C. I doubt it. You must be for nothing there, except Pain à discrétion is all right bread.

First C. What? You fellows are the most awful rot. How can you have free—(through whistle, clatter)—can you have

ful hubbub)—hang the noise! How can you have free bread if you put a tax on corn? Free bread, indeed! why—*(tunnel, prolonged roar. The First Citizen moves his lips and waves his arms, but no sound can be heard).* Hullo, here we are!

[Jolt, the train stops, they get out.]

Second C. I'll come round and see you some time and have a talk about CHAMBERLAIN'S ideas. Good-bye.

First C. Why, I've been shouting that all the way. Glad to see you any time. What do you think of the weather these last few months? Awful, hasn't it been? Good-bye.

BEAGLING.

"DORA, what's a beagle?" I said. DORA was fitting on a sequin transparency, and I waited while she took the pins out of her mouth.

"A beagle?" she replied; "let me see now, it's a small wild animal thing—they hunt it when there are no foxes. It's soft and furry, something between a beaver and a ferret."

"Is it?" I replied; "well, it doesn't appeal to me anyhow. I don't know what KITTY'S thinking about. Look here," and I tossed the note across the table.

"DEAREST DOLLY,—Do come beagling on Saturday. 2 o'clock at the kennels. Great sport. I'm most frightfully keen.

"In terrific haste,

"KITTY.

"Of course I shan't go. She knows it's not in my line," I said.

"But have you seen the postscript over the page?" asked DORA. I had not. It was short and sweet—"P.S. Heaps of men."

"But what shall I wear?" I said after a pause. DORA never fails me, she's the best informed girl I know.

"Your white frieze," she said; "the short one, pale blue Tammy and smart boots."

Saturday was beautifully fine, and KITTY greeted me with enthusiasm when I arrived at the kennels. She was standing among a group of interesting-looking beings in moss-green coats, black velvet hunt-caps and white breeches. However she didn't introduce them—KITTY never does. She took my arm. "Aren't they perfectly sweet?" she cried.

"They'll hear!" I remonstrated.

"Come and stroke them," she continued, and then I noticed for the first time a lot of speckled dogs cropping up all over the place—in fact the ground seemed alive with them. There were a good many sporting-looking men hanging about, and a sprinkling of girls all carrying whips, and presently we all

went a walk across the fields, taking the speckled dogs, which were a bit of a nuisance, with us. I suggested to KITTY that it would be much more comfortable to keep to the road, as my feet were getting wet, but she laughed, and said I should be up to my neck presently.

One of the men in white breeches and green coats kept blowing a penny trumpet thing, and making a noise like a milkman. He was evidently the funny man of the party, and I felt sorry for him when nobody laughed, for he was doing his best, and we were all dreadfully dull.

I asked KITTY where we were going; she said she didn't know. I asked who *did* know, and she said, "Nobody," and went on talking to the man next to her.

All at once a lot of the dogs must have had their tails trampled on by accident, for they began to scream and cry dreadfully, and ran away through the hedge. The green-coated men rushed after them, slashing their whips and shouting at them as if it was their fault, poor things! KITTY cried, "Come on," and began to run—but my boot-lace was untied, and by the time I had fastened it everybody had disappeared after the dogs through the hedge, and when at last I found a gate they were a whole field away. The dogs had escaped, I was glad to see, except one poor little thing, who was running along the far hedge pursued by a green-coated man with a whip. I climbed the gate and struggled through the next field, which was a simple swamp, and tried to push my way through the next hedge, worn out and muddy, and exceedingly annoyed with KITTY for so basely deserting me.

Just as I was getting through nicely a bramble branch sprang back and got so tangled in my fringe-net that I could not move. Just at that moment I heard a man's voice just behind me shouting in ferocious tones:—

"Get on, you little fool, will you, or do you want the biggest thrashing you ever had?"

Then came the dreadful crack of a whip and I screamed with terror, as a little speckled dog pushed through the hedge close by, followed by the green-coated man. He seemed very surprised to see me, but when he saw the fix I was in he was quite nice, and dropped his whip and began to disentangle my hair. He had such nice blue eyes, and was so gentle and kind that I was quite comforted; but as soon as he had set me at liberty he rushed off again, cracking his whip and chasing his wretched little dog in front of him.

I followed him as fast as I could, but he soon disappeared and I was alone once more, except for a dear little rabbit which jumped through the fence close by me and disappeared into the spinney.

Then came a great noise, and I had only just time to get out of the way when back they all came, still chasing those wretched dogs—the men with the whips, my blue-eyed man first, then all the crowd, with KITTY among them, simply purple in the face and gasping for breath. I called to her, but she would not hear, and when I saw her follow the others, first through a running stream as if it was dry ground, and then throw herself on the wet grass and squirm through a hole in the fence no bigger than a croquet hoop, I felt the best thing I could do was to find the first dry path and the way back to the kennels, and see if the tea was ready.

I found a dry path, but nothing else, till, once more hearing the dogs quite close and seeing some men in green coats in the next field, I ran towards them, fearing they would go before I could ask my way. But they were grouped together, talking excitedly, and judge my astonishment when they all came crowding round me, and were most awfully nice. They said I was a marvel, it was a record run, and I had done a wonderful performance. I smiled sweetly and said, "Not at all," and half thought they were making fun of me, till the jealous expression on KITTY'S face when she rushed up later on with the rest of the crowd convinced me they were in earnest.

I think KITTY was at the bottom of my blue-eyed whip's unexpected rudeness. In the midst of the congratulations he drew me aside, and—looking critically at my face, which I admit may have been flushed from my recent exertions—offered me—a hare's foot!

I drew myself up and said haughtily, "Thanks, I never use one."

"Well," he replied, "personally, I think you ought to have a mask."

However, I'm sure he was quite mad, as everyone is, I think, who goes beagling—and talking of beagling reminds me that I never caught sight of the beagle after all.

A FREE (TRADE) PARAPHRASE.

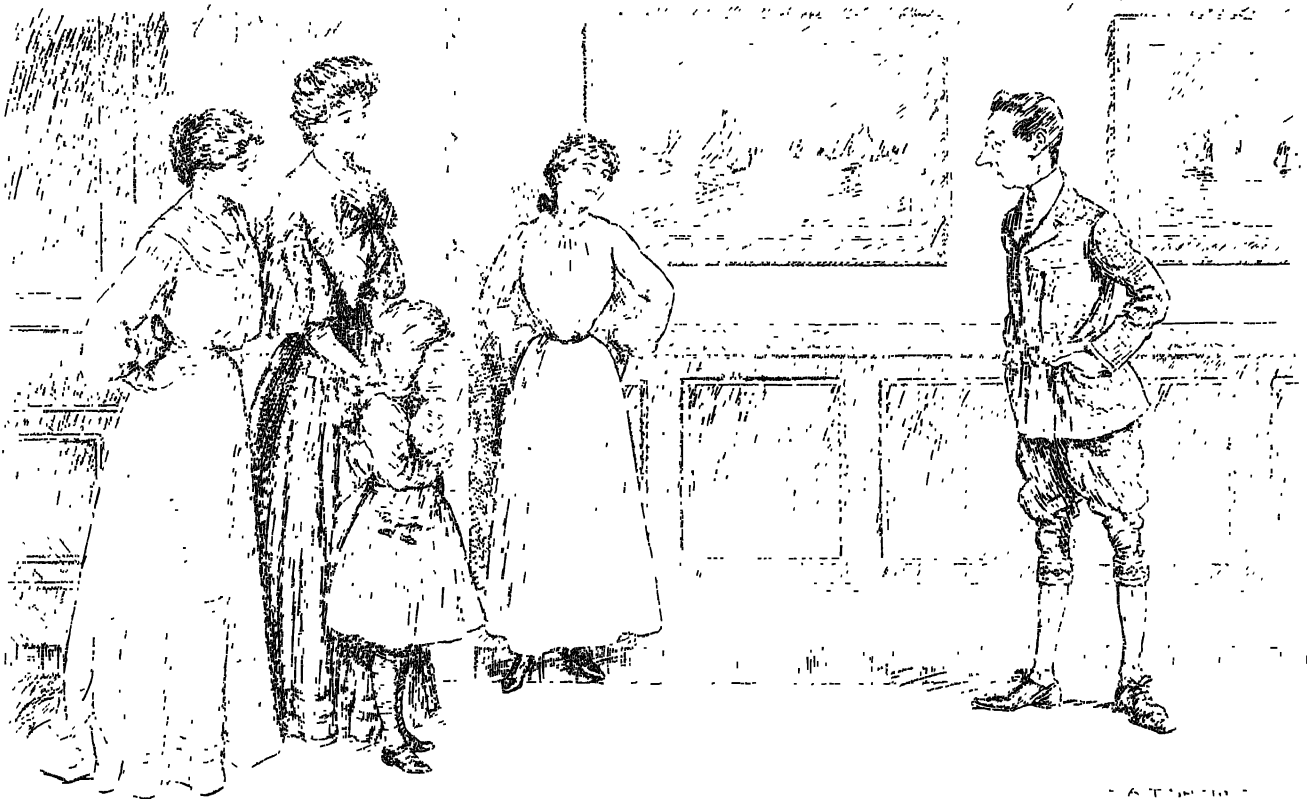
SING no more ditties, traders sing no more

Of "dumps" so dull and heavy;
Let 'em all come upon your shore,
And taxes do not levy.

Then sigh not so,
Sing "not for JOE,"
And be you blithe and bonny.

Converting all your sounds of woe
To hey nonny nonny.

SUGGESTED TITLE FOR NEW PLAY.—
Sweet Knell of Old Gaiety.



CALFLESS LAUGHTER.

Little Thomas Titmuss (in all the glory of a new suit). "WHAT ON EARTH'S THE MATTER? I DON'T SEE ANYTHING TO LAUGH AT!"
His Sisters and Cousins (together). "ABSOLUTELY NOTHING!"

THE SUN-CHILD.

THE STORY OF THE SCHOOL TREAT.

ON a beautiful afternoon, late in July, the Sun-child was walking along a country road, and, coming to a gateway that stood open, he passed through it into a broad and shady avenue which swept round till it brought him to a handsome red-brick house built in the old style, with overhanging gables and black beams crossing them. He did not go in, but walked round the house on a gravel path till he came to a fair expanse of level lawn. Here great preparations were making. A large tent stood near one edge of the lawn, and in it long tables were laid for tea. In other parts of the lawn swings had been erected, and a maypole with ropes hanging from it rose in the centre. A Punch and Judy show with its skirts tucked up was lying on its side in another part, and two depressed showmen were sitting by it, one of them occasionally piping a reedy stave for a fat and entirely nondescript dog Toby, who was enjoying himself by rolling on his broad back on the soft grass, and behaving generally as though he were a real dog and not a mere feature in a dramatic performance. Long use, to be sure, had blunted the edge of his appreciation of his part. It was as much as he could do to pump up a very mild growl when Punch threatened him, and to seize that autocrat's staff in his teeth. Even the pleasure that he had once taken in his frill had faded. He was beginning to think it a mere indignity. Still, there he was, prepared to do his part like his human companions when the time should come. In the meantime, as I say, he was rolling ecstatically on the grass, and occasionally making short excursions into the neighbouring bushes.

Two ladies were sitting under a clump of trees some little distance away from the tent and the swings and the Punch and Judy show. One was quite young, the other might have been thirty-five, but her tall figure still had the grace and elasticity that belong of right to girls. Her face was beautiful, not with mere regularity of feature, but with a serene and restful beauty of expression that seemed to breathe out kindness and peace. Her eyes were blue, and there was in them a clear depth through which you seemed to look into a calm and beautiful mind. And every now and then she would pause and think, and then, it might be, there came across the gentle noble face the shadow of some past but unforgotten sorrow.

"It is good of you, MABEL," she was saying to her young companion, "to stay and help me with these children. MAUD GREY and CICELY SAUNDERS are coming too, and HARRY PARKER. He's a great child entertainer, and I rely on him for the Athletic Sports."

"Yes," said MABEL, enthusiastically, "he told me he wouldn't miss it for worlds. He always enjoys himself so much, he says."

"He hasn't missed one so far," the older lady continued, "and you know we have had them every year since——"

"Yes, I know," interrupted MABEL hastily, "I know."

"Every year since little ALGY died, and always on this day. I call it his day, and I try to think, indeed I do always think, and am sure, that he can enjoy their pleasure, poor little soul! But look, here they come."

Sure enough the head of a great and orderly procession of girls and boys had appeared at the far end of the lawn, marshalled by the schoolmaster and his wife and two

assistant teachers. The two ladies walked across the grass to meet them, and the elder shook hands with the school-master and mistress:—

"Punctual, as you always are, Mr. REYNOLDS," she said. "How well they all look. It does me good to see their bright faces. I hope Mr. GRAHAM will be here soon. He had to go to a meeting, but we'll begin at once. I suppose they're all here."

"Well, all but one, Mrs. GRAHAM. Little TOMMY COLLUM hasn't turned up, and I can't make it out. He was counting on it like the rest of them. They've all been talking of nothing else for a week past. Now"—he addressed his procession—"do any of you children know anything about TOMMY COLLUM?"

"I know, teacher," said a little apple-cheeked girl, "he went home to put on his new jacket. I ain't seen him since."

"Well, well, I suppose he'll come in later," said Mrs. GRAHAM. "We'll begin with tea as usual."

In a very few minutes the children were seated and the tea began. Tea, indeed! It was a banquet of huge cakes that vanished as if by magic, of buns that disappeared into eternity with an enchanted swiftness, of bread and jam that grew less and less till only a few red patches on cheeks and mouths remained to point the way the joyful preserve had gone. And shrill tongues chattered, and there was a clatter of plates, and the steam ascended from a hundred and fifty tea-cups.

Into this scene of gorgeous revelry the figure of a distraught and shame-faced little boy suddenly made its way. He was dressed in knickerbockers and a waistcoat, and a bright blue silk bow adorned his throat, but he had no jacket on. He stood for a moment at the entrance to the tent, not knowing what to do.

"It's TOMMY COLLUM," cried twenty voices; "where's your jacket? You mustn't come here without a jacket."

The little fellow looked round imploringly, and at last the master saw him, and went up to him.

"What's this, TOMMY?" he said; "you can't come in without a jacket. It'll never do; you must go home."

"Please, Sir, I got frowed down on my back in the mud, and my jacket's dirty, and I tried to clean it, and I couldn't, so I hid it away and come on here."

The master paused irresolutely. He was a good man, but he hardly knew how to deal with TOMMY's breach of decorum. And at this moment the Sun-child stepped out, and Mrs. GRAHAM, who was busily distributing slices of cake, saw the poor little delinquent and went up to him. She heard the story from the master, and she looked at TOMMY, who stood bravely there, though his cup of bitterness was almost full, and a beautiful light of gentle pity came into her eyes:—

"Come with me, my little man," she said; "I have a jacket that will just fit you, and you shall wear it and have your tea like the rest."

She took him with her into the house and up the stairs to a little room, where the curtain was drawn before the window, and a small bed stood against the wall. There she opened a cupboard, and from a pile of clothes she picked a jacket and put it on Tommy. It fitted him perfectly.

All this TOMMY understood, but he did not then understand why the eyes of his hostess filled with tears, or why she clasped him in her arms with a passionate embrace and called him ALGY—her darling ALGY.

But he was a very proud and a much envied boy when he went back to his tea, and during all his life afterwards he worshipped the kind and beautiful lady who had pitied his misfortune and had lent him her dead boy's jacket.

LOST MASTERPIECES.

(Mr. Punch's own Collection.)

THOSE persons who have read Mr. WILLIAM WATSON's lean volume of verse entitled *For England* will have judged from its dimensions that a great many poems which ought to have figured in it have somehow been omitted. Fortunately the omitted poems will not be lost altogether to mankind, for Mr. Punch has secured several of them for his collection, and, in response to an earnest request from the *Spectator*, has consented to publish them.

The contents of *For England* are described in a sub-title by their author as "Poems written during estrangement," and consist almost wholly of sonnets and other verses contributed to Radical newspapers during the past four years denouncing the action of England in the Boer War. In a prefatory letter to Mr. COURTNEY, Mr. WATSON complains that this political attitude of his has been misunderstood. People there are so deaf to all the niceties of patriotic feeling that they have taken his denunciations of his country and his enthusiasm for her enemies as indicating a certain lack of affection for her. But this is a mistake. Mr. WATSON was merely dissembling his love, and when he was kicking his country downstairs it was invariably in the most loyal and devoted spirit. Mr. WATSON's particular brand of patriotic fervour is well illustrated in the following sequence of sonnets:—

THE SHRILL, SMALL VOICE.

England, how noble are thine enemies
And how unutterably base art thou!
Put sackcloth therefore on thy loins and bow
Thine head before the lightnings of mine eyes.
Round the orb'd world the tale of rapine flies
Of how thou slew'st the peasant at his plough,
Rased'st his farm and dravest off his cow,
With many similar enormities.

But while the ignoble mob, with senseless cheer,
Applaud thy tardy victories and bless
The bloody men who taught thy foes to fear
And crowned thy recreant banners with success,
Listen attentively and thou shalt hear
My shrill voice crying in the wilderness!

IN SORROW, NOT IN ANGER.

There is no country, England, 'neath the sky
So abject as thyself! Thou hast been led
By voice of baneful counsellors to shed
Thine enemy's blood. What wonder then if I
Stand not, as other singers, tamely by,
But am by patriotic impulse led
To hurl denunciations on thine head
With what might almost seem acerbity?

But though my deep and burning love for thee,
The passionate attachment that I feel,
At times are somewhat acidly expressed,
'Tis sorrow wrings these bitter words from me
Which, to the heedful eye, more clear reveal
The genuine affection in my breast.

THE REMEDY.

WATSON, thou should'st be Laureate at this hour!
England hath need of thee. She is a wen
Upon Earth's epidermis

Unhappily the third sonnet is a mere fragment, a splendid burst of patriotic fervour blazing out upon the page, but, alas! extinguished before its full majesty could be revealed. Its loss is an irreparable gain to literature.

Besides these imperishable sonnets Mr. Punch has secured the following exquisite little poem, which might almost seem to have been written as a dedication to Mr. WATSON's volume.

Why the poet decided to omit it, and to put in its place the letter to Mr. COURTNEY, will never now be known. Like the whole volume, it is called

FOR ENGLAND.

England, my well-loved native land,
How strange it seems that we
Who might be walking hand in hand
Should thus estranged be!

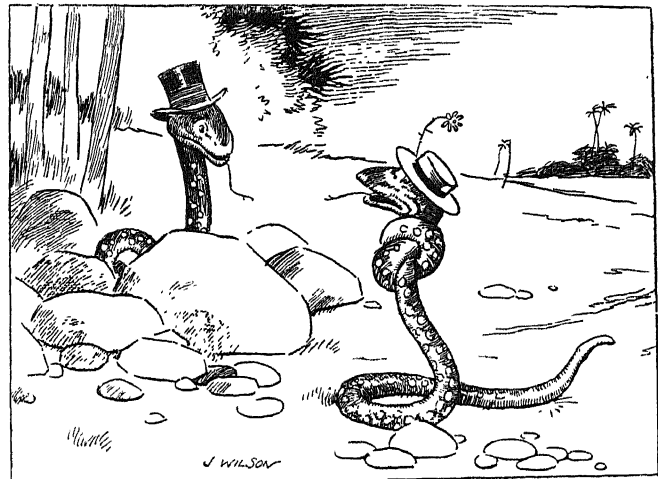
'Tis true I've called thee every name
Invective's armoury lends,
But still I love thee all the same,
So why can't we be friends?

Forgive the words I used, forget
The wrath I could not check,
Come to my arms, dear land, and let
Me weep upon thy neck!

A DAY AT HIGHBURY.

THE Private Secretary smiled as he said: "You will never drag from Mr. CHAMBERLAIN the details of his private life. He detests advertising politicians. But I might give you a few essential facts. Perhaps if I simply tell you what Mr. CHAMBERLAIN did yesterday it will give you a fair idea of his usual routine. Yesterday Mr. CHAMBERLAIN rose at eight o'clock and breakfasted on Grape-Force. After breakfast answered Mr. SEDDON's morning wire. Mr. SEDDON wires every morning to know whether he is to resign too, or whether the Empire is to be allowed to go on a little longer. I may tell you in confidence that if anything happened to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, the new butchering business would put up its shutters at once. Then he went to take exercise. It's quite a mistake to imagine that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN never takes exercise. He practises air-gun shooting in the large orchid-house every morning. The target at present is Mr. ASQUITH. You need not start—it's only a dummy. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN was shot to pieces long since. Sometimes Mr. CHAMBERLAIN shoots at a vanishing target—that of course is Lord ROSEBERY. After exercise Mr. CHAMBERLAIN chose the Cabinet for the week, and the Aston Villa team for next Saturday's match. It's really absurd to say that Mr. LYTTELTON's name was put in the wrong list. Mr. LYTTELTON is altogether unsuitable for first-class football. Then Mr. CHAMBERLAIN supervised Mr. AUSTEN's education for half an hour. Then he declined to see the Secretary of the Cobden Club. He calls every morning for an apology, and we have to turn the hosepipe on him to get rid of him. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN always takes a cup of Sedovis at lunch. Never heard of it? It's the invention of a Colonial Premier—a Colonial sheep in an English tea-cup. After lunch Mr. CHAMBERLAIN gave an address to the students of Birmingham University on 'Patriotic Self-Culture.' Then he spent an hour with Mr. VINCE at the Tariff League Office, making fresh statistics. They have to be made every day, for statistics so soon get threadbare. Two deputations were waiting to see him when he returned to Highbury. One from the Perry Bar Publicans, and the other from the Amalgamated Association of Bottle Manufacturers. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN in a few fervid words promised to protect them both. Before dinner Mr. CHAMBERLAIN went to the stables for his usual chat with Mr. COLLINGS. Why to the stables? Because Mr. COLLINGS is always milking there between six and seven. After dinner Mr. CHAMBERLAIN dictated to me a new scheme for Old Age Pensions, his daily letter of instructions for the PREMIER, forty-two acknowledgments of votes of confidence, nine new jibes at COBDEN (to be inserted in his next speech), and then settled down for a little quiet, with a cigar and a book, after a strenuous day. 'What was the book?'—you journalists are insatiable. Why, *The Great Protector* of course."

"THAT'S FOR REMEMBRANCE."



"WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO YOUR NECK?"

"OH, MY WIFE PUT THAT KNOT IN IT, SO'S I'D REMEMBER TO GET SOME THINGS FROM TOWN."

THE SAFE SIDE.



"SAY, WHAT'S YOUR IDEA ABOUT THIS FISCAL POLICY?"

"OH, SAME AS YOURS."

POLITENESS.



"AFTER YOU, MADAM."



L. RAVEN HILL

He. "AND SO, AS I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT THE LEOPARD WOULD BE UP TO NEXT, I SHOT HIM ON THE SPOT."
She. "HOW VERY EXCITING! AND WHICH SPOT DID YOU SHOOT HIM ON?"

THE UNEMPLOYED.

(A Solution of the Problem.)

[MR. PAGE FOX, an American writer who is introduced to public notice on this side of the Atlantic by the Apocalyptic Publishing Company, has written a monumental work entitled *One Thousand Ways to Make Money*. He recommends people in want of funds to take to literature; how much can be made in this way may be guessed from the enormous sale of M. FEUILLETON'S (*sic*) works in France. He offers many other suggestions, of which the following are perhaps the most practicable.]

O, WHY are you contented with your rags,
Unemployed,
And to kennel on inhospitable flags?
Why so meekly undergo
Summer sun and winter snow,
Never knowing aught but woe
Unalloyed,
While beneath your tightened belt
There is nothing to be felt
But the pangs and the fangs
Of the void?

Is it poverty that crushes out your soul?

If it be,
Bid the briny bitter tear no longer
roll!

And away with all your care!
Fortunes wait you everywhere;
Gold in plenty and to spare

I can see.
Then, ye loafers, sigh no more!
In your pockets I will pour
Yellow gold all untold—

List to me!

Can you paint at all? They say
One may easily grow flush
In the portrait-painting way,
When the sitters to you rush;
There are painters who can clear
Many thousands every year;
Why not set to work right here
With your brush?

You are up in classic lore?
Well, to fill your empty purse

Do the *Iliad* once more—

You might easily do worse.
It was in that very style
ALEXANDER POPE "struck ile";
Why not go and make a pile
With your verse?

Is your muse dramatic? Write
For the stage and you will raise
Forty—fifty pounds a night
To provide for rainy days.
There are playwrights I could name
Who have won both wealth and fame:
Why not go and do the same
With your plays?

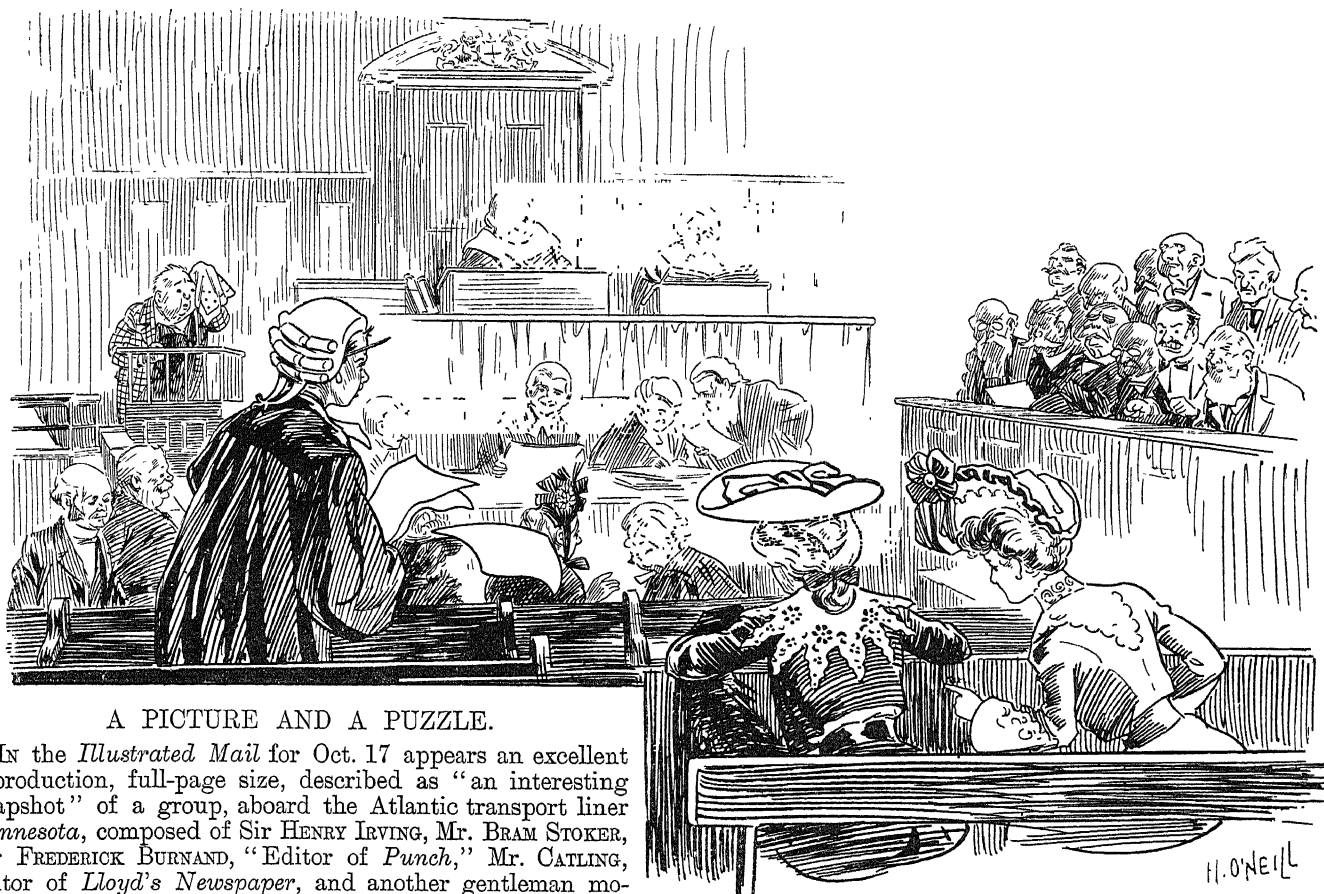
Can you write a thrilling tale
That shall move, enchain, entrance?
Only think how great a sale
M. FEUILLETON finds in France!
Go and do what he has done
In the *Mail*, *Express* and *Sun*;
There's a fortune to be won
In romance.



THE ALASKA CRACKER.

UNCLE SAM. "WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THIS?"
MISS CANADA. "ROTTEN, I SAY."

HIS FIRST BRIEF TOO!



A PICTURE AND A PUZZLE.

In the *Illustrated Mail* for Oct. 17 appears an excellent reproduction, full-page size, described as "an interesting snapshot" of a group, aboard the Atlantic transport liner *Minnesota*, composed of Sir HENRY IRVING, Mr. BRAM STOKER, Sir FREDERICK BURNAND, "Editor of *Punch*," Mr. CATLING, editor of *Lloyd's Newspaper*, and another gentleman modestly keeping himself in the background, probably Mr. LOVEDAY, who has been Sir HENRY's invaluable companion and stage-manager for many years past. But who is "Sir FREDERICK BURNAND"?

Mr. *Punch's* staff to a man swear that this gentleman in the picture, be he who he may, is most certainly not their editor: and so on oath affirms Mr. *Punch* himself. Moreover, with regard to the existence of "FREDERICK," they declare, as *Betsey Prig* did of *Mrs. Harris*, that they "don't believe there's no such a person!" That there is a "FRANK" of that ilk, dealer in "Happy Thoughts," is a fact as sure and certain as Quarter Day; but this amiable gentleman, whose smiling lineaments are portrayed in this *Illustrated Mail* picture, and whose cheerful alertness compares so favourably with the grave and somewhat sardonic expression worn by Sir HENRY, and is in such marked contrast with the sad yet truculent seriousness that characterises the remainder of the party, this amiable gentleman, we repeat, and declare as SHAKESPEARE'S *Dancer* does concerning the supposed resemblance between *Sir John Oldcastle* and *Falstaff*, "This is not the man."

Now the truth of the matter is that, if by "Sir FREDERICK" be meant "Sir FRANK," the latter was, as a matter of fact, "not in the picture," though placed there by the artist as a matter of fancy. In spirit, of course, he was with Sir HENRY's friends, joining heartily and hopefully in the "send off" given to our illustrious histrion.

Such is contemporary history "as she is wrote" and illustrated. And who, then, is the "alter ego," who winks "the other eye" at the outside world as if in most intense enjoyment of the joke? His name, too, begins with a "B," and, to sum it up in full, he is in himself "the *Be* all and *end* all" of this strange affair. And though here he be look-

"GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY," SAID A FLUSTERED YOUNG COUNSEL, "THERE WERE TWENTY-FOUR HOGS IN THAT DROVE. PLEASE TO REMEMBER THAT. TWENTY-FOUR PIGS—JUST EXACTLY DOUBLE THE NUMBER THERE ARE IN THAT JURY-BOX, GENTLEMEN!"

ing so jocose and merry, with eyes twinkling and lips smiling merrily, yet is he thoroughly earnest. And deciphering this cryptogram, if you bet that this is a really excellent likeness of "ERNEST BENDALL," you will win.

A DYSPEPTIC'S ROUNDEL.

(To his Cook.)

LITTLE, MARY, I deny
Your resources culinary—
Yet I'm pining little by
Little, MARY!

Now with trifles, light and airy,
Now with some delicious pie,
You would tempt me all unwary;

But as each in turn I try—
(I *should* be, I own, more chary,
Ah! the pangs I feel in my
"Little MARY!"

MARKET RUMOUR.—We are in a position to give an unqualified denial to the report that owing to the low state of Consols the Stock Exchange Committee propose to transfer the dealings in this security to the Deep Level Market.

MR. PUNCH'S SYMPOSIA.

I.—RETALIATION.

SCENE—*The Editor's Room, "Daily Mail" Office, Carmelite Street.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. Alfred Harmsworth.
Lord George Sanger.
Sir Thomas Lipton.
Dr. Williams.
Mr. William Whiteley.
Mr. Imre Kiralfy.
Mr. Catesby, Jun.
Mr. George Edwardes.
Mr. William Harris.

Mr. Harmsworth (to Office Boy). A few more chairs, please. Mr. CATESBY, do you mind sitting on the cork linotype machine? Thank you. There, now we are all seated. As you know, gentlemen, I invited you here to discuss Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's scheme purely as men of affairs. (To Office Boy) Just bring that leader I wrote the other day—the signed one—two columns of it. I won't read all this, gentlemen, because I have had a few copies printed off in gold on white satin as souvenirs of this afternoon's pleasant talk, but I will read enough to show what we are driving at. (*Reads enough to show what they are driving at.*) Discussion is now invited.

Lord George Sanger. With respect to wild animals, my experience has been that there's nothing which a tiger so much resents as a tax on food. Retaliation is his first thought. His chops and steaks must be free from duty. I remember—

Sir Thomas Lipton. With all due deference to his lordship, I must remind him that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's proposals, far reaching as they are, are not designed to extend to what I might call the larger felidæ. Tea now—

Mr. Whiteley. But why restrict the discussion to tea? All things surely that can universally be required or provided—

Lord George Sanger. The great yachtsman spoke too soon. I was going to say that a tiger—

Mr. Harmsworth. But before Lord GEORGE SANGER continues, might I suggest that we are departing a little from the point. What we are here to consider is the desirability of reforming our fiscal policy, particularly with regard to retaliation.

Mr. Catesby (drolly). Lex talionis.

Mr. Harmsworth. Precisely.

Lord George Sanger. To resume my argument. A tiger—

Dr. Williams. May I say a few words?

Mr. Catesby (drolly). Strike me pink.

Dr. Williams. Our object, we are told, is to benefit the Colonies. But—

Mr. Imre Kiralfy. If ze benefid of ze Golonies were really ze only end we

wished to gompas we are going about it in a very clomzy way. A huge Golonial Exhibition, with zootable zide-shows, would do more for ze Golonies than a thousand wild-cat schemes such as this.

Lord George Sanger. Your mention of wild cats reminds me of an adventure in—

Mr. Harmsworth. Gentlemen, gentlemen!

Mr. William Harris. Speaking *ex cathedra* as the Sausage King, and therefore as a business man of some weight, I would point out to our host and chairman that only when speech is free can the truth be found. Would he tax speech, too? Would he reduce our conclave to a silence in which you might hear a sausage drop? Personally I have no doubt that the anecdotage of Lord GEORGE will reveal a number of solutions of the present problem.

Lord George Sanger. Thank you, your Majesty. To resume then—

Mr. Whiteley. It distresses me, as one of the few commoners present, to interrupt a member of the Upper House, but here we are dealing not with animals but men and brothers. Retaliation is simply Retailiation, and as a wholesale dealer in jam, pickles, tea and sugar, as well as bread and meat, I oppose it tooth and nail.

Mr. Harris. We understand, however, that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN promises a great increase in the supply of home-grown pork.

Sir Thomas Lipton. Yes, and the Protectionists say that the country is bleeding to death.

Mr. Catesby (drolly). Too much cupping, I fear.

Sir Thomas Lipton. At Oyster Bay the President and I were like brothers, but I draw the line at dumping.

Lord George Sanger. The Americans are fine fellows, but twisting the lion's tail may be carried too far. Whimsical Walker once tried it on—

Mr. Whiteley. Well, if it comes to that, I once kept an elephant in Westbourne Grove, and he got loose in the trunk department.

Mr. Harmsworth. My Lords and Gentlemen, I must beg of you to cut the elephants and come to the cackle. Remember that according to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN the working man will have twopence to threepence more per week to spend under his scheme. Let us endeavour to see the bearing of this on retaliation. The working man, I take it, will refuse to drink Pilsener lager beer or subsidize German bands, and will be able to buy four more halfpenny papers in the week!

Mr. Harris. No more German sausages!

Sir Thomas Lipton. I must say that I like a good Westphalia ham!

[At this point Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES

entered hurriedly, saying that he was sorry he was late, but could not stay more than a minute.

Mr. Harmsworth. Before you go, would you mind summarising your views on the Fiscal Problem?

Mr. Edwardes. Certainly. I am convinced that while trade should be Free, LOUIE should be FREEAR. [Exit.

[Enter Office Boy with a cablegram for Mr. IMRE KIRALFY, who reads it hastily.

Mr. Imre Kiralfy. It iz from mein brodder BOLOSSY. He broboses an eggsibeeshun at Olympia to zugzeed Buffalo BILL and be called Juggernaut JOE's Congress of Rough and Ready Reckoners, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN to tak ze leading bart.

Sir Thomas Lipton. Do you mean me?

Dr. Williams. How many times a day does he take it?

Mr. Imre Kiralfy. And Mr. BALFOUR to drill and discharge ze supers. Mein brodder BOLOSSY asks for a strong Directorate. Will ze gentlemen bresent help on ze great cause by taking zeason tickets?

Lord George Sanger. Apropos of pythons, I recollect—

Mr. Harmsworth. Well, Gentlemen, this proposal needs careful consideration, and I do not think our symposium can be profitably prolonged, especially as I must now go and write another signed leader.

[At this point the Symposium dissolved, the Sausage King, in virtue of the law of precedence, departing, in Mr. KIRALFY's phrase, "wurst and foremost."

(Next Week's Symposium, Mr. PINERO's HIGH TEA.)

GO, LOVELY BIRD.

[“The ‘bullfinch hat’ is in evidence . . . and a leading ladies’ newspaper tells its readers that this is to be a bird season.”—*Daily Paper.*]

Go, lovely bird,

Speed from my lady warily,

For she hath heard

That finches dainty decking be, [thee! And her sweet charms mean death to

Cares she that's young,
And seeks to have her graces spied,
That thou hast sung

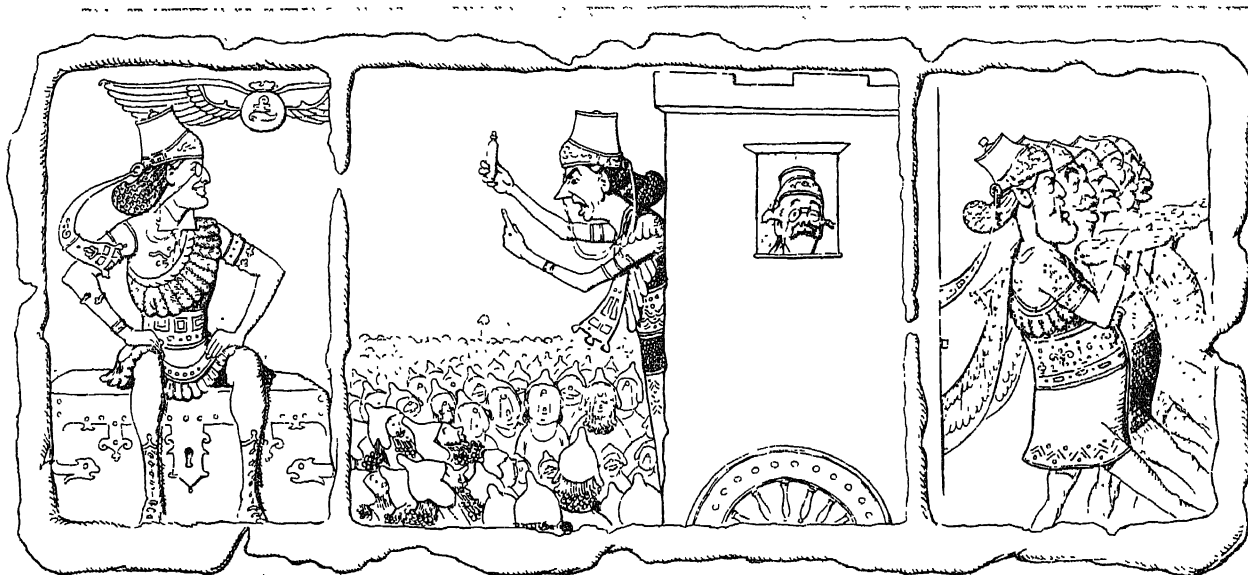
In woodlands where the violets hide?
She loves thee better stuffed and dyed!

For at the sight
Of ruffled breast and stiffened limb
Her eyes grow bright.

A wreath of death will bravely trim
The circlet of my lady's brim!

So fly! for she
Would claim in service all things rare,
Including thee.
And thy short life she will not spare
When Fashion says that thou art fair.

THE TABLETS OF AZIT-TIGLETH-MĪPHANSI, THE SCRIBE.



SIXTEENTH FRAGMENT.

1. IN the third year of the reign of Im
2. (who succeeded to Er) . . the king of
3. strange peoples who sing *Rūl-británya*
4. and don't bother, *lorbléssyah*, their heads about
5. trifles, like damning reports of *Komishanz*
6. *etsettrah*—not for three weeks together: lord of *tákhtphul-bonommi* and
7. *búkinampális*
8. (the charmer of *loubeh*, and the *táini-délcásseh*)
9. who scours about *Úrap*, like another
10. *persimmon*,—like a *daïmlah* or *pánhât*—
11. with a keen eye to business, . . . to possible treaties,
12. did the great *Shuv-menébar*
13. (whose eye looks through crystal, —and brick-walls
14. for that matter, with its *okkula-eksréh*
15. seeing things that are hidden from
16. ordinary mortals) discover an illness
17. a national ailment which no one
18. suspected that threatened aspeedy
19. and mighty unpleasant . . .
20. agonised dissolution. He neatly extracted
21. a quivering *maïkrōb*—a *phiskal-basilluz*.
22. Then did he also devise a
23. specific partly distilled from
24. the *zolverain-orkhid*—a *phórin-ekzotikh*—
25. (he'd a taste for *ekzotikhz*, almost lived in glass-houses
26. artificially heated) . . and partly red-herring.
27. A species of *serum* so novel
28. and nauseous to *insul-ar-phōgiz*
29. that some of his colleagues—conscientious objectors,
30. at the sight of the lancet, straight-way left
31. the building . . . *Mistaritji* the sturdy.
32. *Artha-élyat* and *Balphur*
33. of *Bherli* *Jor-Jehám-el-tân* also.
34. The *Djúkh*, who was dozing upstairs in a
35. bedroom . . woke up just in time
36. to catch *Arthab-ál-phur*
37. with the slim *Shuv-menébar* in the act of preparing
38. to roll up his coat-sleeve . . . and insert
39. the injection He saved them
40. the trouble . . (not quite so *lymph-áttikh*
41. as people had thought him) by baring his
42. biceps (from quite other motives) and knocking them
43. sideways They stuck on to his leg but
44. He kicked himself free Half of his
45. calf though got glycerinated.
46. . . . Then poor *Arthab-ál-phur*
47. did shriek down the staircase at the
48. sight of their victim
49. escaping off to join the *Phri-phūdaz*.
50. While his agile companion nipped into
51. the open and collared instanter
52. the *van* of the party. With a touch of
53. the whip across the head-quarters he
54. started the horses, for a tour round the country . . .
55. to boom his specific
56. and as someone—the lord of the *Dhérdunz*, said
57. "Well! what d' you think of it?"
58. . . . With his usual forethought
59. *Shuv-menébar* the Urgent, who sticks
60. not at trifles, arranged before leaving to fill up
61. with promising infants and others
62. the voids that were aching
63. —all tractable people who'd taken the
64. shilling of the *Haibari-Mahdi*—
65. . . —A nice lot of *Khertékaz*!
66. His *djuvenail-dubbal*
67. young *Orstin-thaperkih*
68. by pressure *dáinamikh*, — for reasons
69. *dáinastikh*, — was planted by *Ispar*
70. on top of the gold-chest (with an eye to
71. the *Bujjit*)—he is plainly the son who
72. as some one has put it (I rather think I did)

73. never sets on the Empire,—what-
ever may happen

74. to Ispar.

75. And *Alphrad-thegorkih*, the
keeper of wickets;

76. tries to fill the armchair of the
great Shuv-menébar

77. —perhaps he *may* do it . . . by
spreading his

78. coat-tails,

79. while the eminent statesman,
with the aid of a Bradshaw

80. goes from Dan to Beershéba
talking imports and

81. exports,—with a casual passing
allusion to . . . “mudsquirts”

82. (selected opponents).

83. Brodrikh the war-lord, . . . he's

84. got the *Push-tu* It's
rumoured

85. his six *armikhors* will be pre-
sently

86. wanted,—what there is of them,
on custom-house duty (*pace* Cobden,
exploded) . . . E. T. R.

KOOM-POSH.

[*Vide* Lord LYTON'S *Coming Race*, Ch. XII.]

A “VRIL-YA CLUB” was inaugurated on October 14 by Mr. ARTHUR LOVELL at the Modern Gallery, to “study organic force in all its aspects,” and to “generate more vril than has hitherto been apparent.” Incidentally there will be dramatic representations to illustrate the stages of individual and racial development, and for those who desire to penetrate more deeply into occult science facilities will be afforded for theoretical and practical instruction.

We view the prospect with alarm, especially as the period of “Glek-Nas,” or “universal strife-rot,” appears to be setting in for the average “Tish,” or Man-in-the-Crowd. If the favoured “Ana” and “Gy-ei” (male and female Modern-Galleryites) elect to form a corner in “vril”—a commodity which has not been greatly in evidence lately, especially at the War Office and in the Cabinet—where will Mr. *Punch* and the rest of us come in? We shall have a select number of SUNNY JIMS and COSMIC JANES among us, leaping gaily over the conventions that bind less forceful mortals. We shall find them “passively resisting” the ordinary law-abiding citizen's attempt to protect his life and property, and forming a gigantic Vril Trust with the proceeds. This will be most disconcerting and un-Lovelly. We cannot contemplate with equanimity the notion of being vrilled—no, thrilled—into applauding dramatic representations which we most decidedly ought to “boo,” and which the Censor will have been constrained, against his better judgment, to pass. All the actor-managers and leading ladies will become

members of the Club and put on “vrills,” as they have never done before, and we shall be coerced into imitating the Tur (or president of the Club) as the Vrillain of a Vrilo-farce at Drury Lane.

No, we must guy the Gy-ei, and nip the new organisation in the bud. Besides, we have to keep all our sanity and independence of thought for the Fiscal Ques—



FANCY SKETCH OF MR. PINERO'S
“HIGH TEE.”

[The eminent dramatist in a speech at the Munching House suggested the abolition of late dinner, and the commencement of all theatrical entertainments at seven to last till half-past ten.]

CHARIVARIA.

In Canada, where they don't seem able to take a beating in the proper spirit, Lord ALVERSTONE is now known as the Great Arbitrator.

Since the publication of the award the necessity for binding our Colonies closer to us has become more urgent than ever.

We are in a position to deny the report that Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN is now so busy that his son AUSTEN has to sit for all his father's photographs.

A correspondent having objected to Dean PIGOU being compared to SYDNEY SMITH because the Dean's book merely records other persons' *mots*, the Dean has written to the *Daily Mail* to say that he often says very good things.

It is rumoured that “bottle-shoulders” for women are coming in again. We hope the hideous fashion of bottle-noses for men is not a necessary corollary.

Mrs. DOWIE, on her arrival in New York, was robbed of a brooch worth £300. According to one account the modern ELLJAH issued a powerful appeal to the thief to have the decency anyhow

to invest the proceeds in Zion City Securities.

In reply to a courteous request from Mr. DOWIE to be allowed to convert him, that busy man Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN is stated to have sent a message to the effect that he had no objection so long as it was done through his secretary.

Mr. DOWIE is much amused at the statement that Dowieism is a failure. According to an expert accountant, Mr. DOWIE is to-day worth £7,000,000.

According to the *Lady's Pictorial*, “Last summer we were better dressed than we had been for years. Almost every woman made somewhat of a picture.” If not for the art magazines, then for the comic papers.

By the by, the expression “last summer” must refer to the year 1902.

We do not like to suggest plagiarism, but the titles of the leading features of the *Daily Mail* and the *Daily Express* show a remarkable similarity at the moment. In the *Daily Express* it is “The Parrot,” and in the *Daily Mail*, “The Great Poll.”

A scheme is on foot for providing London with a theatre where no piece shall run more than four weeks. There should be no difficulty in finding the requisite plays.

Mr. PINERO has suggested that serious dramas should commence and end earlier than they do at present. Many modern plays would certainly be more enjoyable if the latter half of the proposition were carried out.

Meanwhile, as a way out of the “High Tea” difficulty, we would humbly suggest that the occupants of the boxes, stalls, and dress-circle, might bring sandwiches with them. The patrons of the gallery have long been in the habit of taking dessert in the theatre.

Lord CARRINGTON has written to the Liberal candidate at Warwick that the time is coming when a workman's child will be incapable of saying, “Thank Heaven for my good dinner.” Even Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has not yet hinted at the possibility of the workman's family being able, under the new conditions, to over-eat themselves to the extent here implied.

A well-known French admiral went into a tailor's shop one day last week, and ordered fifty-two pairs of trousers and sixteen overcoats. As he had not a cold, his relatives were sent for.

LES ANGLAIS CHEZ EUX.

(Par Emile Bonhomme.)

LES "POLICES."

C'EST en se promenant dans les rues d'une ville anglaise que l'on aperçoit à tout bout de champ combien nous sommes différents de nos voisins d'Outre-Manche. Mais il ne faut pas croire que tout ce qui est anglais est mauvais. Bien au contraire, on n'a qu'à étudier les aimables colosses qui s'appellent "*polices*" ou "*policemans*" (agents de police) pour s'assurer qu'il y a du bon dans un système qui produit de tels mentors pour aider notre pauvre humanité. Il y a un proverbe anglais qui dit, "si vous voulez savoir l'heure, adressez-vous à un *police*," et il est textuellement vrai que les sergents de ville vous fournissent, sans sourciller et sans s'offenser, tous les renseignements imaginables. S'agit-il du meilleur hôtel, ou d'une petite pension où la vie n'est pas trop chère, voire même de la pluie ou du beau temps qu'il fera probablement le lendemain, c'est le *policer* qui donnera ses conseils gratuits, quoiqu'il soit d'usage de lui accorder un petit pourboire au cas où l'on profite de son opinion. Somme toute, le *policemans* est le serviteur de *alltheworldandhiswife*. C'est bien le mot "*his wife*," car si une mère en train de visiter les magasins de la ville se trouve embarrassée de porter son *baby*, elle le met tout bonnement entre les bras d'un gardien de la paix, quitte à retrouver son petit chou sain et sauf quand elle aura fini de faire ses achats.

Mais pour réaliser toute la majesté dont le *policer* soit capable, il faut le voir dans les rues, dans les carrefours, en train de diriger la circulation des voitures et des piétons. S'il est permis de le dire, c'est le "majordome" de la rue. Il lève la main, et la plus féroce des automobiles fait patte de velours; il la lève encore, et l'automédon qui avait l'air de vouloir écraser le monde entier sous les fers de ses chevaux, s'arrête instantanément. Cette "*hand*" (main) est toute puissante — elle est aussi énorme, c'est le cas de le dire! Tout lui obéit, et l'on s'en trouve très bien. A Paris on se croirait le dernier des imbéciles de se soumettre ainsi aux représentants de la loi municipale, mais là-bas à Londres on a plus de sens commun — au dire des Anglais.

Ordinairement les agents anglais ont une démarche lourde, et se promènent par les rues portant des chaussures vraiment gigantesques qui ne se prêtent pas à la vitesse, mais c'est une tradition qu'ils savent courir à l'occasion avec une rapidité étonnante. Il y a même des courses à pied qui portent le nom de "*goasyoupolice*." Bref, il n'y a que



Little Boy. "IT SAYS HERE, MAMMA, THAT PREHISTORIC MEN WORE BIRDS' FEATHERS, AND WHOLE SKINS OF ANIMALS."

Mamma. "WELL, DEAR?"

Little Boy (seeing Auntie, a very chilly person, who is so wrapped up in herself). "THEN, MAMMA, IS AUNTIE A PREHISTORIC WOMAN?"

les malfaiteurs qui n'adorent pas les *polices*. Je n'oublie pas pourtant qu'à la campagne ils font la guerre à outrance aux automobiles. Mais cela est considéré des deux côtés comme un jeu, comme se rattachant au *sport*, et les chauffeurs qui en veulent à leurs adversaires sont introuvables. Les Anglais sont fous de tout ce qui est chasse en plein air, et la chasse aux automobiles est reconnue comme légitime.

Seulement, tout le monde a son faible, et il ne faut pas s'étonner que les *polices* soient comme "tout le monde" sous ce rapport-là. Ils ont la velléité de manger du *rosbif of old england* ou du *cold roasted chick*, mets traditionnels qui leur sont offerts par toutes les cuisinières qui se respectent. On a bien essayé de faire cesser cet usage, mais il est tellement enraciné dans les mœurs anglaises qu'il a fallu renoncer à des efforts qui n'aboutissaient jamais. Tout de même, c'est une drôle d'idée, n'est-ce pas? Et maintenant pour en finir. Les *policemans* ont toujours été on ne peut plus aimables envers moi pendant mon séjour de quinze jours en Angleterre. Vivent les *polices*!

OWING to the floods the inhabitants of Burlington, in New Jersey, have been cut off from the mainland. Would it not be a cousinly act to send them Burlington Ark-aid?

PROVERBS · REVISED.

["The burnt child is proverbially a dissenter from the form of religion established by ZORASTER."]

THIS quotation from the latest work of one of our talented lady novelists has opened our eyes to the fact that the language of many of our proverbial sayings is singularly crude and out of date. We have therefore established a bureau for their revision, and shall be glad to supply authors with proverbs in the new form on very reasonable terms.

A few examples are here selected from our already large stock:—

It is proverbially unwise to enter into prognostications as to the numerical strength of your hen-run before the period of incubation has come to a finale.

The feathered biped which practises the virtue of matutinal punctuality proverbially secures the vermiform delicacy for which it has a predilection.

The moiety of a loaf is proverbially more acceptable than the total absence of cereal comestibles likely to eventuate from the fiscal policy propounded by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN.

FASHIONS FOR MEN.—"Calves are best under cover at night now."—*The Profitable Farm and Garden*.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MESSRS. SMITH, ELDER have commenced to publish a collected edition of Sir CONAN DOYLE'S novels. Of their charm it is not necessary, indeed possible, to say more than has been written through twenty years by many pens. Of the form of the new edition my Baronite finds it up to the highest standard of the workmanship of the famous house in Waterloo Place. It will be completed in twelve volumes, each containing an introductory preface and two photogravure illustrations. The edition is limited to a thousand sets, the first volume of each being signed and numbered. In a preface to the edition the novelist writes, "For better for worse, I have expended all pains in putting these books into their final form, and so I leave them. Outside this edition there is no work of mine up to this date which I do not willingly suppress."

In *The Long Night* (LONGMANS & Co.) Mr. STANLEY WEYMAN, who ought to illuminate it, does not shine at his best—he only twinkles and twinkles as doth the little star. There are some stirring scenes, but interest is fitfully, not continuously aroused.

The Haymarket Theatre, by CYRIL MAUDE, edited by RALPH MAUDE, and published by GRANT RICHARDS, will be found by all theatrically inclined, a most entertaining and interesting book. By the way, the ancient and well-known repartee made by young SHERIDAN to RICHARD BRINSLEY about "being cut off with a shilling," Mr. MAUDE attributes to young BANNISTER in reply to his father's threat. He introduces it as something which "will bear repetition." But why rob the SHERIDANS of it? The majority of the stories, if not precisely new, are invariably well told.

The Three Musketeers going for a shilling, with an introduction by ANDREW LANG thrown in. Here is a marvellous product of the still young twentieth century. The immortal work fittingly stands at the head of a new edition of DUMAS' works which Messrs. METHUEN have in hand. The price of a shilling is exceptionally extravagant, the charge for the novels of ordinary length being sixpence. The books are in paper covers, printed in legible type, comfortable to hold, luxurious in the reading. As far as my Baronite knows, there is no complete series of translations of DUMAS into the English language. This marvellously cheap work, excellently done, will supply a long-felt want.

Hurrying on the spurs of *The Three Musketeers* at a shilling the lot, that is fourpence per musketeer, come ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S *Three Clerks*. It is the first volume of JOHN LONG'S Library of Modern Classics. *The Three Clerks*, in maroon-coloured leather, of a flexible quality, seem a bit limp, yet the Baron is pretty sure that they are as fresh as ever they were, and bound to go strong.

A Deal in Wheat (GRANT RICHARDS), by FRANK NORRIS. It is thus styled after the name of the first tale—by no means one of the best of the ten more or less powerful, but always entertaining and dramatically told stories that go to make up this collection. An ordinary English untravelled reader, totally ignorant of Southwestern Kansas and the language of those parts, is likely to be somewhat staggered by the language; but this difficulty is soon overcome. Read carefully, and be sure to pause and picture to yourself the true style, manner, and costume of the majority of Mr. FRANK NORRIS'S characters.

Mr. Punch's New Book for Children (BRADBURY, AGNEW & Co.), edited and illustrated by CHARLES PEARS, is a "book dedicated to children who *can* read and to children who



HE HAD BEEN KICKED OUT ONCE.

She. "WOT TIME BE YOU A-COMING ROUND TO-NIGHT, JOCK?"

Jock. "WOT TIME DOES Y'R OLD MAN PUT 'IS SLIPPERS ON?"

can't read," and at first it is difficult to decide which division has the better of it. However as the pictures, mostly coloured, and well coloured too, are all full of "go," and alive with *vis comica*, and as the majority of them by telling their own funny story render the letterpress superfluous, the Baron decides that the "lower division" that "can't read" has decidedly the advantage over the "upper," whose imagination is fettered by the bonds imposed by the writer. Pictures are the thing by which we catch the holiday child at Christmas.

And in illustration of the above dictum of the Baron's here is *Tim and the Dusty Man* (GRANT RICHARDS), by Mrs. ERNEST AMES, whose two earnest aims in this book are to amuse by letterpress and picture. But the pictures take the cake. They are delightfully absurd and need no letterpress, except perhaps an occasional line.

The Crimson Fairy Book (LONGMANS & Co.), by ANDREW LANG, when Christmas has passed will be able to drop its distinctive colour-title of crimson and style itself the *Very Much Read Book*. They are delightfully fantastic fairy stories, new in themselves, but formed from the best ancient models, and some of the Aubrey Beardsley-like illustrations, uncoloured, by H. S. FORD, are excellent. Altogether a charming book of fairy fancies in this school-boarded, Gradgrinded, material age. Thank Heaven for Christmas!

A Two-fold Inheritance (WARD, LOCK & Co.) by GUY BOOTHBY, is just the very book that a hard-working man should read for genuine relaxation. The story is modern, interesting, and exciting; the characters are well drawn, the action is rapid and simple, and no time is wasted over unnecessary descriptions. This novel is strongly recommended by the

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

A CHARMING GIRL.

For very nearly a year *The Girl from Kay's* has been "running," that is, dancing, singing, and acting, at the Apollo Theatre, in one of the brightest and most irresponsible of all musical pieces now being played in London. The "plot?" Well,—a bride catches her husband being kissed by the "girl from Kay's," and commences the honeymoon by refusing to be reconciled to him. In the Third Act they are reconciled. That is all. Besides these two there is a ridiculous millionaire who marries the artful milliner, and a modern representative of *Mr. Tools* who marries the bride's ladies' maid just as his prototype married *Susan Nipper*, the faithful maid in the service of *Florence Dombey*. The above "dramatic motive" provided by Mr. OWEN HALL suffices as the pivot upon which all the action, including dances, turns. As for the lyrics by "Messrs. ROSS, AVELING and Others" (clever writer of song-words this Mr. "Others"), they are all well fitted to lively tunes by Mr. IVAN CARYLL, whose music, if he has given us nothing particularly "catchy," is at all events light, bright and full of "go" from beginning to end.

As for WILLIE EDOUIN as *Max Hoggheimer*, he is immense; his eccentricities are irresistibly comic, his fun never forced, and the type of character preserved throughout. His humour is spontaneous; in his hands the "business" of the part grows, and as he comes up scene after scene fresher than ever, we should be inclined to doubt whether his companions are ever quite certain what novelty he may be going to introduce. Yet is he a thorough artist, always in the picture, and never allowing his own "private business" to interfere with what is legitimately the "*jeu de scène*."

Miss MILLIE LEGARDE as "*The Girl*" contrasts admirably with Miss KATE CUTLER as *Norah Chambers*, the bride of *Harry Gordon* (cleverly rendered by Mr. LOUIS BRADFIELD), and both are charming. In dance and song Miss CARRIE MOORE and Miss MARION WINCHESTER divide the honours between them, while the most telling "concerted piece" in the whole entertainment is sung (and danced) by Misses RUTH LINCOLN, JESSIE BROUGHTON and Mr. J. THOMPSON, got up as a "Pierrot troupe," merely an "accident" in the piece.

Mr. AUBREY FITZGERALD, whose idiotic laugh was one of the great hits in ANSTEY GUTHRIE'S *Man from Blankney's*, keeps the house in spasmodic fits of laughter by his absurd impersonation of the *Hon. Percy Fitzthistle*. Mr. FRED EMNEY, as the hall porter at Flacton Hotel, with his inimitably dry manner,



NOVEMBER THE FIFTH.

"MET ANY GUYS THIS MORNING, MISS ROBINSON?"

makes every line tell. Not a whit behind the foregoing are Mr. E. W. GARDEN and Mr. CHEESMAN, as *Mr. Chalmers* and *Theodore Quench, K.C.* That *The Girl from Kay's* seems to have taken out a new lease of her merry life is evident, judging from her present attractiveness.

THE *Western Morning News* describes an accident that occurred at Plympton to a lady who was "driving past the station as an up train was leaving in a victoria drawn by a pair of horses." No wonder her own horses took fright at this unusual spectacle.

A Record Morning's Work.

"AFTER a successful tour in Canada . . . the band of the Coldstream Guards returned to London in the afternoon."—*Daily Telegraph* ("London Day by Day.")

THE *Athenæum*, in a recent criticism of the performance of *The Golden Legend* at Birmingham, thought that perhaps the final jubilant chorus, describing the heavenly "messenger, the rain," was not given "with the necessary *vis viva*." But surely, under recent atmospheric conditions, a certain lack of enthusiasm was pardonable.

LOCKS ON THE IMAGINATION.

[A Birmingham barber, who counts Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. JESSE COLLINGS among his *clientèle* and possesses samples of their hair in his collection of personal relics, has been the victim of a violent assault by highwaymen, in the course of which he was robbed of a bag containing the implements of his profession.]

AIR—CALVERLEY'S "*My cherry stones, I prize them.*"

LET other gifted misers,
Attached to purple thrones,
Secure the busts of Kaisers,
Or princely cherry-stones;
For them I feel no jealous gall,
No trace of bile I bear,
Who have upon my parlour wall
A slice of JOSEPH'S hair.

The Thing is sleek and raven,
Yet unbedewed with dye,
And o'er it, fairly graven,
His image, eye to eye;
And, from the pen whose lightest whim
Can make the world to rock,
My letters-patent, signed by him
Who grew the actual lock.

Hard by, a bunch of tresses,
Culled from a kindred soul,
Recalls the crop of JESSE'S
Superbly ashen poll;
And in a missive, very rare,
This epoch-making mem.:—
"*You are to come and cut my hair
Next Friday, 10 a.m.*"

I sport no fiscal favour,
Follow no chieftain's charge;
My business is to shave or
To shear the race at large;
Concerned with outward form, as such,
I pouch impartial fees,
And yet it needs a statesman's touch
To handle heads like these.

Dear Relics Round you lingers
A not unnatural pride!
How near my scissored fingers
Came to your scalps' inside!—
The brain that broached the Tariff schemes,
The thoughts that swelled the brow
Which harboured once that dream of dreams,
Three acres and a cow.

And you, ye rude garroters,
Knights of a lawless quest,
Who jumped with craven trotters
Full on my fallen chest;
I grudge you not your paltry swag;
Ye dealt me grievous knocks,
Ye raked my bones, ye reaved my bag,
Ye dared not rape those locks!

O. S.

THERE is a pretty little place with a station on the Elham Valley line, L. C. D. and S. E., *en route* for Dover, which should offer a great attraction to players of the present most popular of all games at cards. The name of the station in question is "Bridge." Property in this neighbourhood is rapidly becoming very valuable.

It is said that a commercial scare has been created in Germany by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S tariffing speeches.

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RHETORIC.

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STATISTICS.

We have these in every variety and to prove everything. We only ask our clients to say what they want them for. It is difficult to fill orders satisfactorily unless we have some knowledge of our client's point of view. At the present time all our statistics are divided into three sets—Free Trade, Preferential Trade, and Retaliatory Statistics. Thus a wire to us, "Waterbutts—Free Trade," would instantly secure statistics showing that the prosperity of England was bound up in the foreign waterbutt. A wire, "Waterbutts—Preferential," and we should send statistics showing the damaging influence of foreign waterbutt importations on English manufacturers, and the great Colonial waterbutt market which might be secured. Our Retaliatory waterbutt statistics would prove that so long as the water was untaxed it would be very desirable to tax the butt. We recommend our clients to have a complete change of statistics for every speech. We do not (like unscrupulous rivals) guarantee our statistics to wear.

HUMOUR.

In this department we are without a rival. The great election repartee, "Does your mother know you're out?"—"Yes, and to-morrow night she'll know I'm in," is the sole property of the Political Stores. So is the awkward-question-repartee, "Have you left off beating your wife? Yes or no?" At an inclusive charge of 10s., and railway-fare, washed men will be sent to clients' meetings to give openings for these and similar telling remarks.

Sir HENRY C-MP-B-LL-B-NN-RM-N writes: "Your delightful conundrum, 'When is a war not a war?' suited splendidly. Could you let me have one or two on the Fiscal Question? If you could work up a good answer to 'When is a loaf not a loaf?' I should be much obliged."

Sir W-LFR-D L-WS-N says: "A few more rhymes if you please. I should like a verse in which JOE CHAMBERLAIN is made to rhyme with GUINNESS if possible."

The Stores have provided this valued client with rhymes for twenty-five years.

Mr. T. B-WL-S writes: "Could you let me have an epigram on the new Cabinet on your 'Hotel Cecil' lines?" Mr. BOWLES afterwards wrote, "Your 'Cabinet of Caretakers' is just the thing."



EVER READY TO OBLIGE !

ABDUL HAMID. "DEAR ME ! OUGHT I TO BE FRIGHTENED ? "

NOTORIETY.

Many public men are a failure because they have no idea how to gain prominence. It was on our advice that Mr. PERKS purchased the Aquarium, that Mr. BRYCE climbed Ararat, and that Lord GEORGE HAMILTON resigned. Thus all three gentlemen in very simple ways were made known to the public. Mr. BOWLES' white duck trousers and Mr. ROTHSCHILD's straw topper were both due to our suggestion. At the present moment a client has made a great impression on a Yorkshire constituency which he is to contest at the next election by (on our advice) colouring his nose a brilliant crimson. "Go it, owd Rednose," is already a popular cry at his meetings. The voters can form a distinct mental image of his personality, and he will walk in at the next election.

Special Offer for this week only.
—To all new clients applying this week we will grant the sole copyright in their constituency of our famous placard, "Vote for — and Better Weather." This will win any by-election in England at the present moment.

CHARIVARIA.

It is interesting to notice how class differences are showing a tendency to disappear. Mr. KEIR HARDIE, who for many years was a hater of all things fashionable, has recently undergone (with happy results, as we are glad to hear) an operation for appendicitis.

An anti-swearing league has been formed in Hammersmith. On the other hand experiments are being carried on in Durham with a new process for blasting in coal mines.

The proposal to provide an additional Zoo for London has been rejected by the L.C.C. But we see no reason why greater opportunities should not be given to the public to attend the meetings of the Council.

A motion in favour of providing increased facilities for bathing in London was also dismissed, as being inopportune at a time when decreased facilities were being asked for in the flooded districts.

A remarkable phenomenon was witnessed in many parts of England on Thursday last. For several hours there was a clear sky and no rain. Crowds thronged the streets and the highways to witness it.

Meanwhile it is reported from Lincolnshire that a baby has been born with an umbrella in its hand.



AMENITIES.

Mabel. "DID HE STUTTER WHEN HE PROPOSED?"

Ethel. "No, I DON'T THINK SO."

Mabel. "REALLY? HE MUST HAVE IMPROVED!"

It is announced that a dinner is to be given to a large number of Passive Resisters, and their sympathisers, by the Milton Society. MILTON, it will be remembered, was blind.

A pacific *communiqué* has been issued by the Russian Government stating that that Power has no intention of resorting to force if she can obtain all she requires by peaceful means.

It has been estimated that the *Daily Mail* canvass is the most expensive method that has ever been adopted by a newspaper to decide what policy it shall advocate.

The flood of fiscal literature shows no signs of abating, and it is reported that Mr. GRANT RICHARDS is about to issue, under the editorship of a distinguished

statesman, a new "Dumping Book Series."

Few newspapers advertise their own "inaccuracies." The placards of the *Westminster Gazette*, however, regularly announce "Our Saturday Story."

The announcement that the SULTAN was seriously ill turns out to have been an exaggeration. He was only indisposed—to grant reforms.

A diplomatist who more than once proved himself too much for the wily Afghan has been promoted to the post of British Ambassador at Washington.

The new Ambassador's name, by the by, indicates that he is also a possible successor to Lord MILNER. Sir MORTIMER DU RAND has a prophetic ring about it.

MR. PUNCH'S SYMPOSIA.

II.—MR. PINERO'S HIGH TEA.

SCENE—*The Smoking-Room in a Strand A. B. C. Shop.*

PRESENT.

*Mr. Pinero.**Mons. Walkley.**Mr. Adrian Ross.**Mr. Horace Hutchinson.**Mr. Andrew Kirkaldy.**M. Escoffier (of the Carlton).**Miss Connie Ediss.**Captain Kettle.**Mr. Andrew Lang.**Mr. H. G. Wells.**Mr. J. Holt Schooling.**Mr. Charles Morton.**Mr. Algernon Ashton.*

Mr. Pinero. As I remarked at the Mansion House the other evening, plays begin too late. A dinner is no preparation for the serious drama: High Tea and High Thought are the watchwords of the new stage. It is to discuss this proposition that we are met here this evening.

Mr. Andrew Lang. Who is Mr. PINERO?

Mr. Wells. I think first that we ought to have it clearly understood that the tea is China tea. Only China tea can properly prepare the mind for the educational properties of the drama.

M. Escoffier. But where then is the dinner? The dinner crowns the day; what does the high tea do for one except ruin the dinner? As for the stage, it is merely a digestive: an additional liqueur and coffee.

Mr. Adrian Ross. M. ESCOFFIER is undoubtedly right. Only after a sufficient dinner can *The Orchid* be rightly appreciated. It should be considered as one long draught of Benedictine.

Mons. Walkley. Or—in the case of *In Dahomey*—café noir. Le cake walk, c'est moi! Je suis le Cake Walkley.

Mr. Pinero. The very word theatre supports my contention. How is it derived? From the French word for tea, *thé*, and from eater, pronounced *Hibernicè, tea eater*. I call upon Mons. WALKLEY to support the high tea.

Mons. Walkley. Je n'aime pas votre "igh tea." Je préfère Loti.

Mr. J. Holt Schooling. Some interesting curves contrasting the height of Mr. PINERO's tea and the profundity of his drama are being prepared for me at the Meteorological Office, but they are not quite ready. I may say, however, that the one is equalled only by the other. In *Letty*, for example—

Miss Connie Ediss. Well, what I say is I like a cup o' tea, and I like my dinner too; but I prefer to act to people who are full of dinner rather than to those who are full of tea.

Mr. Pinero. He who sleeps, dines; he who thinks, teas.

Mons. Walkley. Oui, oui; and he who writes problem plays, teases.

Mr. Pinero. All the strong men are on my side. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is about to take the tax off tea.

Captain Kettle. And my blood boils in your interests.

Mr. Charles Morton. An audience with nothing but tea in it would be worth nothing. Tea never won an encore; tea never joined in a chorus.

Mr. Pinero. Then suppose I give way for the moment in the matter of tea. Are you not agreed that seven is a better hour than eight for a play to begin?

Mr. Kirkaldy. Play canna begin so airy as 7. The gentlemen have not breakfasted. A guid hour for teeing off is 9.30.

Mr. Hutchinson. Or even later. Some of my best games have been in the afternoon.

Mr. Andrew Lang. I know who KIRKALDY is.

Mr. Wells. The last two speakers seem to have been confusing golf and the drama.

Mr. Kirkaldy. Are ye no discussing gowf?

Mr. Pinero. Certainly not. We are discussing the advantages of tea over dinner as a preparation for dramatic performances.

Mr. Kirkaldy. Come awa, Mr. HORACE. This is no place for us. We're juist bunkered. [Exit.]

Mr. Schooling. Statistics show that the eating-houses in the neighbourhood of theatres that close early supply more suppers than those in the neighbourhood of theatres that close late. The deduction would seem to be that the high tea leads to the late supper—to dyspepsia and the tomb.

Mr. Algernon Ashton. That is precisely why, if I may be permitted the word, I plump for the high tea.

Mr. Andrew Lang. I have tried to make it clear that I don't know who Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON is. I still don't know.

Mr. Wells. As I have already endeavoured to show, it all depends on the amount of tannin in the tea. *Othello*, if acted before an audience exclusively refreshed with Indian tea, sausages and mashed, cannot conduce to longevity.

M. Escoffier (bursting into tears). Pardon me, gentlemen, but to mention that terrible dish in my presence is more than I can bear. [Exit.]

Mr. Andrew Lang. Who is that gentleman?

Mr. Pinero. M. ESCOFFIER, the renowned chef.

Mr. Andrew Lang. How strange are the limitations of omniscience! I have never even heard of him till now.

Mr. Adrian Ross. An important point occurs to me. What is to be done if no tea is available? For example I see that *Charley's Aunt* has recently been performed in the Arctic Circle, where at present even the name of LIPTON is unknown.

Mr. Andrew Lang (sotto voce). Who in the name of wonder is LIPTON?

Captain Kettle. When I last visited Iceland I boiled my billy on the Great Geyser. In Greenland they have excellent green tea. But the only preparation for a tragedy among the Esquimaux is a hearty meal of blubber.

Mr. Pinero. I think it as well to make it clear that when I recommended a high tea, I did not commit myself to advocating that it should be heavy as well. For instance, I should lay a strict embargo on cold meat and pickles.

Mr. Andrew Lang (dreamily). The only pickle I ever heard of is Pickle the Spy.

Mr. Wells. Mr. PINERO is on the right track. The ideal meal, as I have shown in my treatise on "Tea in the Making," should endeavour to anticipate the Utopian repasts of the middle-class millennium. The less money you spend on food, the more you can devote to culture and efficiency.

Mr. Schooling. I have estimated that if meat be eliminated from the principal meal of the day, the lower middle-classes will have at least two shillings a week more to spend on recreation. In other words the harassed bank clerk instead of going to the gallery on Saturday night will be able to afford the pit, more working-men will frequent the gallery, larger theatres will have to be built, more employment will be given to masons, and all the subsidiary industries connected with the theatre will be correspondingly benefited.

Mr. Pinero. Miss CONNIE EDISS and gentlemen,—I think that after Mr. SCHOOLING's masterly exposition of the economic advantages of my new policy, no further argument is necessary or even possible. No alternative scheme holds the field, and I am confident that we shall win. You will excuse me if I cut short my remarks, as I am due to address a mass meeting of Mazawattee employees at Cadishead at 8 P.M. on High Tea and High Tariffs.

Mr. Andrew Lang (abstractedly, as the company breaks up). Te veniente die te decedente caneabat.

Miss Connie Ediss (to Mr. CHARLES MORTON). Who is that jossler with the Scotch accent and the brindled mane?

Mr. Morton. I believe his name is WALTER LONG, and he writes "At the Sign of the Snip" for the *Tailor and Cutter*, but I never heard of him till this afternoon.

THE HANDY CADDIE.

Why Jones sold his big St. Bernard and substituted a tame Caribou, which a friend brought him home from Canada.



IT WAS SO HANDY
WHEN GOING OUT GOLFING.



IT MADE SUCH A CAPITAL CADDY.



AND JONES
COULD INDULGE IN EXPLETIVES
WITHOUT BEING A BAD EXAMPLE



IF THE WEATHER SUDDENLY TURNED
OFF COLD HE HAD ONLY TO HELP HIMSELF
TO A TOP COAT;



& IF IT RAINED
TO AN UMBRELLA
AND SOU' WESTER.



ALSO IT GAVE
QUITE A PARK-LIKE APPEARANCE
TO JONES' BACK GARDEN.

UTOPIA.

("Let us pay our authors as much not to write as though they wrote."—Mr. H. G. WELLS.)

THERE are who sigh for treasure,
And gold desiderate;
There are whom titles pleasure
And friendship with the great;
On others mad ambition
Enjoins an arduous mission
To win themselves position
And rule in Church and State.

To me such aspirations
But vain and empty seem;
The wealth of all the nations
But so much dross I deem;
No coronet nor mitre
Would make my heart the lighter,
But I would be a writer
In Mr. WELLS' régime.

No longer would I worry
When disinclined to think;
No more my pen would hurry
Through tales of crime and drink;
No more would I sit toiling
To keep the pot a-boiling
Through half the sleep-time, spoiling
Good paper, pens and ink.

In Spring-time I would wander
About the waking Earth,
And sweetly would I ponder
Its glorious new birth;
I'd roam where fancy beckoned,
Nor would each sordid second
Be marred with having reckoned
How much my thoughts were worth.

Or, stretched upon the heather,
Beside some gurgling fount,
Through all the summer weather
I'd watch the laverocks mount.

Ah, this would please me dearly,
Content with knowing clearly
That sundry hundreds yearly
Were paid to my account.

Then too how very joyous
To feel that others who
At intervals annoy us
Have all been silenced too!
Ah, how the thought engages—
No more eternal pages,
Nor Damsels with their Sages
Awaiting our review!

This land of peace and plenty
Where quiet reigns supreme,
This *dolce far niente*—
How oft of it I dream!
Alas, that we have here a
Delectable chimæra
That waits the distant era
Of Mr. WELLS' régime!

AFTER REHEARSAL.

(An object-lesson for would-be Playwrights.)

SCENE—The interior of the Vacuity Theatre, which is to open shortly under the management of that enterprising and popular young actor, Mr. SIDNEY SANGWIN. TIME—The fog end of a November afternoon. On the stage—which is lit by a few electric lights in the flies, and is bare, except for sundry pieces of furniture placed to mark the entrances—the rehearsal of “A House of Cards,” the comedy by a hitherto unacted dramatist with which Mr. S. S. has decided to tempt Fortune, is slowly dragging to a close.

Mr. AIKENHEAD, the author, is seated in an unshrouded section of the stalls, drowsily wondering how he could ever have deluded himself into a belief that his dialogue was humorous. Next to him is Miss ARDLEIGH, who, not being on in the final Act, is kindly endeavouring to relieve his obvious depression.

Miss Ardleigh (referring to her part—a baronet's wife who has been on the Music-hall stage). The only thing I'm afraid of is that I shall be too refined in it—that's reely how I feel! (Mr. A. hastens to reassure her on this score.) Oh, it's very sweet of you to say so, I'm sure—and of course it's wonderful what one can do with technique—still, vulgarity doesn't seem to come easy to me, somehow. I should love to play Lady Cynthia. Now, Miss DAINTREY—well, I don't know what you think—but to me, her style isn't distangay enough, —she seems to fall just short of the real lady, if you understand my meaning!

Mr. Aikenhead (for whom Miss PHYLLIS DAINTREY is the one bright star in his clouded horizon). Afraid I can't agree with you—Miss DAINTREY is everything I could wish.

Miss A. Well, if you're satisfied, that's everything, isn't it? But I'm understudying her, as p'raps you know, so, if anything should occur to prevent her playing—

Mr. A. (watching Miss DAINTREY, as she looks on with a charmingly amused smile during a protracted wrangle over a “cross” which is not down in the prompter's book, and inwardly congratulating himself upon her evidently perfect health). Miss DAINTREY doesn't look as if she was going to break down just yet.

Miss A. It was on'y something she said to me this morning. But, as I told her, “My dear girl,” I said, “when you've been ten years longer in the profession you can begin to pick and choose. You don't hear me grumbling,” I said, “and yet, look at my part compared to yours!” And such lovely frocks as she'll have, too! I don't know what more she wants, I'm sure!

[The rehearsal comes to an end.]

Mr. Sangwin (on stage). We'll take the First Act tomorrow at 11 sharp, please, and I do hope some of you will be better up in your words by then. At present the only person who rehearses without the script in her hand is Miss DAINTREY. You really must buck up a bit!

Mr. Stiltney Bellairs. Dear old boy, what is the use of studying till we get our scenery? Only means beginning all over again when it comes. Thought it was promised for last week—and here we are, still messin' about!

[Sympathetic murmurs from the Company.]

Mr. S. S. We'll get it in time, old chap. They're all rather elaborate sets, but old DAWBLER thinks he can get the First Act up by next Friday. (To Miss DAINTREY) Eh? Certainly, dear—just step up into my room—I'll be there in half a jiff. (To Mr. A. as Miss D. departs) Just a word with you, AIKENHEAD, my boy. (Mr. A. finds his way through the proscenium door on to the stage) Well, it's beginning to shape a bit better, eh? The only thing it wants now is—but I'll talk to you about that presently, when I've settled things with Miss DAINTREY—it's about time she signed her contract.

Mr. A. (aghast). Why, hasn't she done that yet?

Mr. S. S. No, asked for time to think over it—several of 'em did, you know. But I'm not going to stand any more shilly-shallying. I'll run up and make sure of her—don't go away till I see you. [He bustles off.]

Miss Nurosa Reckitt (intercepting Mr. A.). Mr. AIKENHEAD, I must speak to you, I simply must! I'm absolutely in despair about my part! I feel I can do nothing with it—nothing! I'm merely a “feeder” to Miss NASMYTH. She crushes me whenever we're on the stage together—I'm nowhere!

Mr. A. But I assure you, Miss RECKITT, you're quite admirable. I'm perfectly satisfied—perfectly!

Miss R. (with dignity). I hope, Mr. AIKENHEAD, I am capable of satisfying any author. I ought to be with all my experience. But (becoming agitated again) I can't make bricks without straw. If I might speak my lines with a stutter—anything—anything in the world to put a little colour into them! If not, I shall have to consider very seriously whether—

[She goes off with a gulp of repressed emotion.]

Mr. Ravensnell. Another rocky rehearsal, Mr. AIKENHEAD! 'Pon my soul, I think things get worse instead of better! Most of 'em as fluffy as feather beds! Though your lines, if you'll pardon my frankness, Sir, are difficult to get round the tongue—writing for the stage has to be learnt, like everything else. But it's the slackness everywhere that I complain of. A dear good fellow, old SIDNEY, but no disciplinarian. Lets 'em do whatever they please. I don't know if you remarked it, but the tag was actually spoken to-day at rehearsal! That's always supposed, as you are probably aware, to bring bad luck. All superstition, of course. Though I'm bound to say that, in my experience, I've never known it fail. By the by, do you think that “Dumb-Crambo” scene in the Second Act will go? Don't see your way to cutting it out, I suppose?

Mr. A. No, I think it will be all right when it's worked up. And it's never been done on the stage.

Mr. R. There you're mistaken, Sir. It was done two years ago at the Nullity, in a piece called A Flash in the Pan. I remember it ran just a week. I happen to know because I was in the cast. I thought it as well to mention it. [He shuffles away as Mr. STILTNEY BELLAIRS approaches.]

Mr. S. B. I say, Mr. AIKENHEAD, I wish you'd let me leave out a line in the Last Act. It's no use to me, and it strikes me as a bit dangerous. I mean where I say, “Well, I call this thunderin' rot!” Gives the Gallery such a chance, don't you know!

[On reflection, Mr. A. consents to this omission.]

Mr. Pettipher (who is on for about five minutes in the First Act). One moment, Mr. AIKENHEAD. How would you wish me to make up for Captain Guestling, now? For instance, what is the precise shade of wig you have in your mind's eye?

Mr. A. (conscious of utter vacancy in that organ). Well, I hardly—need you wear a wig at all?

Mr. P. Played in my own hair, Sir, the character would never come out. I was thinking that a chestnut wig, not too light—and what would you say, now, to a chintuft?

Mr. A. (with a forlorn attempt at jocularity). Wouldn't that rather depend on what the chintuft said to me?

Mr. P. (with solemnity). I beg you will not treat this matter in a spirit of flippancy, Sir. My one anxiety is to realise my author's conception—and there's really nothing in the lines themselves for me to build up a character upon or I wouldn't trouble you. I see him myself as a sort of man-about-town, with a chintuft, and, I think, spats would complete the costume? Then I may take it you agree to spats? Now, regarding the colour. Should they be white, or drab? I possess both. Perhaps drab would be more in

keeping? Would you have a white edging to his waistcoat? Well, we can discuss that question to-morrow.

Mr. Neugass. Oh, I've thought out rather a good bit of business for my entrance in the Second Act. How would it be if I took the Butler for the old Earl and shook hands, and asked him to present me to *Lady Cynthia*, eh?

[*He chuckles.*]

Mr. A. Afraid it would be rather forced. You see, the Butler has just shown you in, and, besides, you've met *Lord Limpsfield* already.

Mr. N. But I might be short-sighted—eyeglass worked down the back of my neck—frantic search for it, and all that. . . . Well, of course your wishes are paramount—but it would be a big laugh—and, if you don't mind my saying so, that's what the piece *wants*! However, since you don't accept my suggestion, I say no more. [*He goes off in a huff.*]

Mr. Ion Selfe. We're pulling it together, *Mr. Aikenhead*, pulling it together—by degrees. But you'll have to cut a good half-hour out of it yet!

Mr. A. (*thinking he has cut several out of it already*). I might shorten the scene between you and *Limpsfield*, perhaps, and your soliloquy after reading the letter. I don't see what *else* I can do.

Mr. I. S. (*with a falling jaw*). Mark my words, Sir. If you touch a word of my part—in the way of compression—you ruin your play. I should say just the same if I was playing any other part. Where the piece drags, where it's let down, is precisely in those scenes where I'm *not* on. Shorten those, give me a little more to do in the last Act, let me go off just before the curtain, instead of ten minutes earlier, and it's a dead cert! Otherwise, it's my deliberate opinion, Sir, that we're in for a record frost. Now I've got that off my chest I feel happier!

[*He stalks away with the air of a Sibyl.*]

IN THE VESTIBULE—A LITTLE LATER.

Mr. Sidney Sangwin. Oh, *there* you are, *Aikenhead*! . . . Miss *Daintrey*? What, haven't you seen her? She wanted to speak to you before she went, I know. . . . Well, no, she hasn't signed her contract—not exactly. In fact, she's rather thrown us over. . . . Yes, it is a nuisance, of course—but it can't be helped. . . . I did my *best*, old chap! . . . No, only that, on consideration, she didn't think it quite worth her while. Pretty little part enough—if she'd only see it! . . . Oh, that *Ardleigh* girl won't be half bad as *Lady Cynthia*! . . . I don't say she *is*—but she'll look quite young enough at night, and *Phyllis's* frocks can be altered to fit her. . . . My dear fellow, there's no *time* to get anybody else in now—and she's up in the part. . . . Well, we may have to alter the cast a bit, but they're getting used to that by now. . . . Don't you worry—we're going to come out on top all right—and let me see, there was *something* I wanted to say to you. Ah yes, look here, I wish you'd take this script home with you and just run through the dialogue again. . . . No, no, capital, A 1, old boy! I only thought that, if you *could* see your way to working in a smart line here and there, don't you know,—well, it wouldn't do any harm, eh?

[*Mr. A. goes home to give these finishing touches with all the verve and freshness that can reasonably be anticipated.*]
F. A.

At Oberrottendorf, according to a *Times* telegram, a boy of fourteen was recently sentenced to a month's imprisonment for *lèse-majesté*, the trial having taken place *in camera*. Evil example spreads swiftly, and we now learn that in the neighbouring village of Rather-rotten-dorf a baby girl of fourteen months has been sentenced, for a similar offence, to forty spansks with a hair-brush, the trial having taken place in the day-nursery.



A GENTLE HINT.

Little Girl. "MUMMY, I WON'T TELL MR. JONES EVERYONE'S GIVING ME PRESENTS TO-DAY, 'COS P'RAPS HE DOESN'T KNOW IT'S MY BIRTHDAY."

VICARIOUS VIRTUES.

MR. PUNCH has noted with interest the recent Temperance manifesto withdrawing opposition to such compensation to the Liquor Trade as shall be entirely paid by the Trade itself. Self-denying enthusiasm is always infectious, and *Mr. Punch's* expectation that this splendid generosity would find prompt imitators has not been disappointed, as may be seen from the following items of information:—

MR. RITCHIE and *LORD GEORGE HAMILTON* have so far recanted their previous views on the Fiscal Question as to be now willing for the cost (and trouble) of living to be increased to ex-Colonial Secretaries, and, in a more limited degree, Prime Ministers.

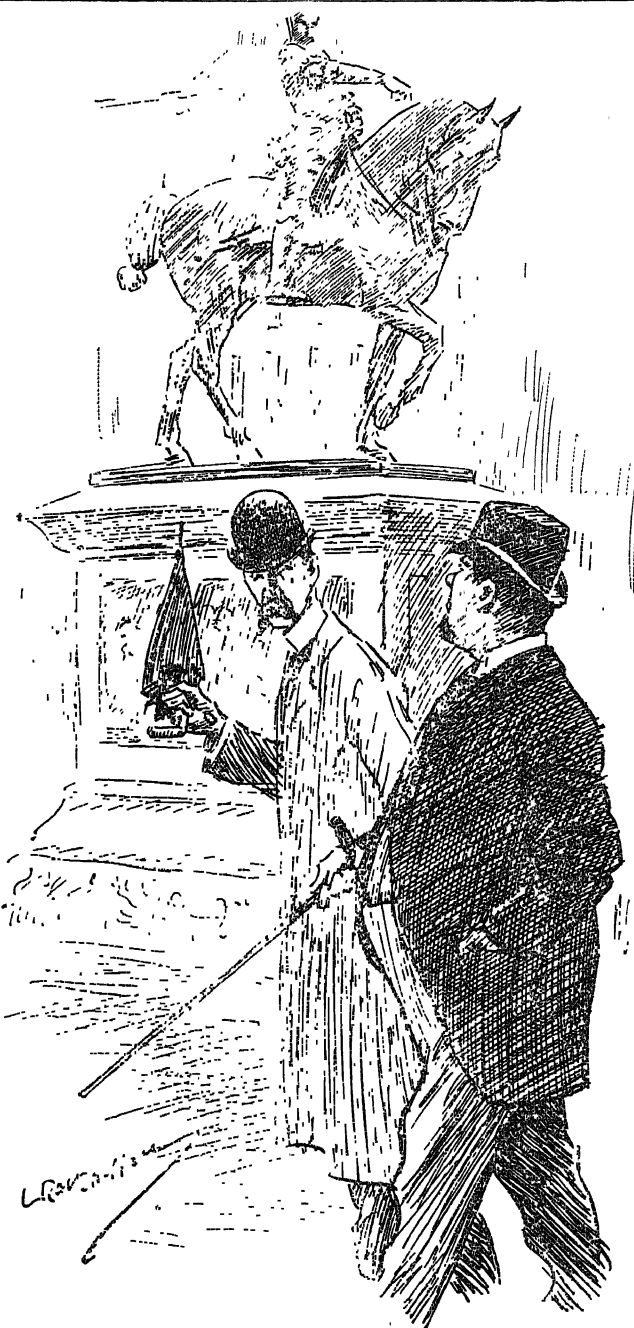
France and England have agreed to refer all their differences to arbitration, provided always that the principle shall not apply to anything which matters at all to either.

The Unionist Free Food League has issued a leaflet to householders stating that any who like may pay their butchers an increased price for meat without fear—if they had any before—of what the League may do. A separate leaflet has been posted to master bakers authorising them to raise the price of the loaf to their own families.

Russia has determined to relinquish Egypt, and England Manchuria.

LORD ROSEBERY, in spite of his natural repugnance to sustained effort, has offered at this crisis to return to active political life if all duties beyond the addressing of mass-meetings may be discharged by someone else.

MR. P-N-RO'S PRACTICAL DRAMATIC MOTTOES.—"Open at seven, close past eleven." "It is never too late to end."



HISTORY ANCIENT AND MODERN.

First Yorkshireman (à propos of statue recently unveiled at Leeds).
 "YOU SEE WE'VE GOT THE BLACK PRINCE UP AT LAST."

Second Yorkshireman. "RANJITSINGHI! WHAT'S HE 'DOIN' HERE?
 HE PLAYS FOR SUSSEX! WHERE'S LORD HAWKE?"

MR. PUNCH'S FISCAL CANVASS.

MR. PUNCH has resolved to open his columns to a discussion of our fiscal policy. He takes pleasure in offering his readers the following expression of opinion from Mr. HENRY JAMES, given in answer to a request for a yea-or-nay declaration:—

The great question—as we had come in our little circle, with a baffled sense of approximation, to call it—was not so much whether CHAMBERLAIN had been essentially there, as whether, at that particular period, the majority might not have been, in the narrower sense to which some of us so wonderfully restricted our meanings, more or less in the

other place. As for BALFOUR, we were ready to assume, not without, perhaps, a feeling of excitement in an assumption partaking, as it were, of a certain softened, diminished violence, that he had, on this, as on so many and so beneficent occasions, proved unequal to a severance from his habit of being at all times equipped with this special promise—unless it were rather a threat—adequately everywhere.

It will of course be understood that Mr. Punch assumes no responsibility either for Mr. JAMES's opinion, or for Mr. KIPLING's, which comes to hand by the same mail:—

Go, stagger the moon with sunrise, go douse the candle with arcs,

For the orchid-loving statesman's been makin' a few remarks,
 A year ago, or almost, through monocled eye war-taught,
 He studied the Five, Five Nations, yea, and the things they bought,

And the things they sold in the markets; and said to himself,
 "Go to!"

Though blood be thicker than water, it's a blank sight
 thinner than glue;

And Empire, years in the makin', by the years can be
 unmade:

If we want it to hold together we must glue it together with
 trade."

MR. A. B. WALKLEY, treating of the Cabinet divisions, is allusive without being too obscure:—

It may have been M. GEORGES POLTI, with his *Trente-six Situations Dramatiques*, who suggested to Mr. BERNARD SHAW the idea of *The Hero's Assistants*. For Mr. SHAW, long choosing and beginning late, has at last hit upon a new or thirty-seventh situation. The curtain rises upon Mr. BALFOUR, described as a Prime Minister, in talk with three members of his Cabinet, whom Mr. SHAW calls Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, Mr. RITCHIE, and the DUKE. They are trying to persuade him to make up his mind about something—anything, for choice. After listening indifferently he accuses them of iteration—WALTER PATER's "addition of sameness to duty"—and goes away in a motor-car. His weariness is a genuinely pathetic thing.

So far there is nothing to "startle or waylay," for the situation has been familiar from the time of *Hamlet* to *L'Irresolu* of M. GEORGES BERR. The novelty begins in the next scene, where the three statesmen change—in obedience to IBSSEN's "law of change"—into conspirators. One of these, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, offers to put forth a plan—"How to save the Empire and threepence a week"—and suggests that each, after resigning—two of them promptly, the DUKE after "sweet, reluctant, amorous delay"—should try to instil conviction into Mr. BALFOUR. Each conspirator is to state his own case as best he may; it is difficult, as M. ANATOLE FRANCE knows, to say anything exactly. In the last Act, after they have been pretending to aim at the voters those speeches and letters which are really directed to Mr. BALFOUR's address, they succeed, and he acquires conviction and a policy, "But please, Sir, a very little one."

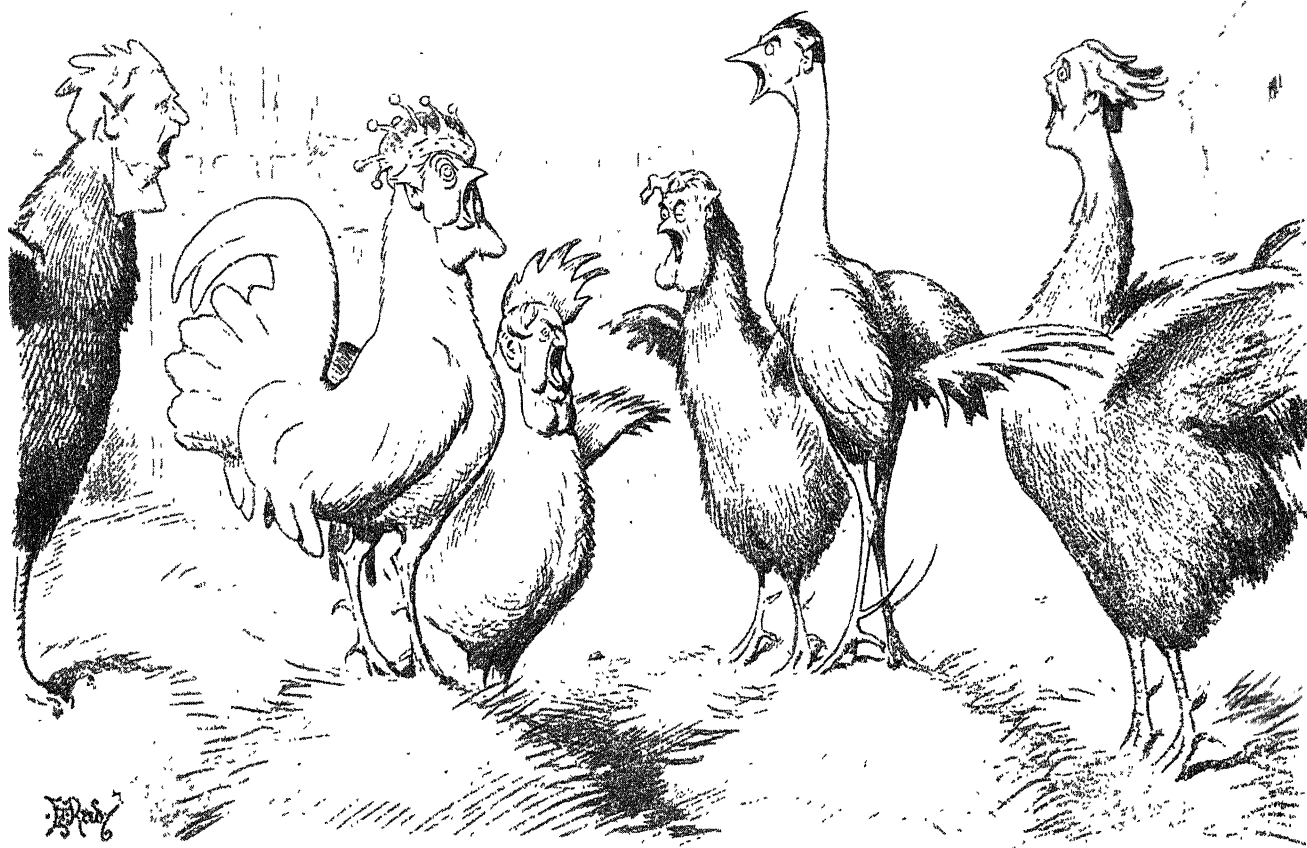
Improbable? Perhaps, if you condescend to consider it in that way, for people, as Judge BRACK says, "do not do such things." But an author whom we have quoted more than once, and may have occasion to quote again—ohé! ohé! *Aristote!*—has said it is probable that some improbable things should happen. Besides, Mr. SHAW is not trying—the late ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON must forgive us this phrase—to "compete with life." He knows, as COLERIDGE knew, that farce has "another logic" than history, even though the history be *histoire contemporaine*. And if his plot be "thin, but not too thin," as *Emma's* (but not *Emma Bovary's*) father liked his gruel, it provides Mr. SHAW with an opportunity to abound, as the Dutch say, in his own sense. As for the result, which is à *prendre ou à laisser*, it is at least *assez curieux*.



AN EYE FOR EFFECT.

ARTHUR. "AIN'T YOU MADE 'IM TOO 'ORRIBLE?"

JOE. "NO FEAR! YOU CAN'T MAKE 'EM TOO 'ORRIBLE!"



THE FISCAL "COCK-CROWING COMPETITION."

Puzzle: to find the Winner.

[“A feature of the second annual carnival at Silverton, Devon, was a cock-crowing competition . . . None of the cockerels wanted much encouragement, and the difficulty was to get them to stop. It was a deafening struggle. Prizes were offered for the birds that crowed most frequently during a given period. One bird was easily first. It stretched its neck, flapped its wings, and crowed no fewer than fifty-one times in seventeen minutes without a suspicion of hoarseness.”—*Daily Paper.*]

GOLF-LAND—HOLE BY HOLE.

Match for a suit of oil-skins between Sunny Jack and Dismal Jimmy.

“The rain has beaten all records.”—*Daily papers.*

“Play the game.”—*Modern motto.*

Hole 1.—Halved in 28. D. J. gets into the current with his 16th (a beauty) and is rescued by life-boat.

Hole 2.—Abandoned. A green-finder with a divining-rod, which is convertible into an umbrella, states that the Primitive Baptists are using the green for purposes of total immersion.

Hole 3.—Abandoned. A regatta is found to be taking place in the big bunker.

Hole 4.—Halved in 23. S. J. discovered with life-belt round him which he has stolen from the flag. Reported death of the green-keeper, lost in trying to rescue two caddies from the bunker going to the 11th hole.

Hole 5.—Abandoned out of sympathy with the green-keeper.

Hole 6.—Abandoned. S. J. gets his driver mixed in his life-belt, with the result that his braces burst. D. J. claims hole on the ground that no player may look for a button for more than two minutes. Mr. VARDON, umpiring from balloon, disallows claim. Both players take to canoes.

Hole 7.—D. J.’s canoe upset by body of drowned sheep as he is holing short put. Mr. VARDON decides that corpses are rubs on the green.

Hole 8.—Abandoned, owing to a fight for life-belt.

Hole 9.—Halved in 303, Mr. VARDON keeping the score.

Hole 10.—D. J. saves S. J.’s life. Hole awarded to S. J. by Mr. VARDON out of sympathy. S. J. one up.

Hole 11.—S. J. saves D. J.’s life and receives the Humane Society’s monthly medal and the hole from Mr. VARDON

as a reward of courage. S. J. two up.

Hole 12.—Abandoned. Collection made for the widows of drowned golfers, which realises ninepence. S. J. subsequently returns from a long, low dive.

Holes 13 and 14.—Won by D. J. in the absence of S. J., who attends funeral water-games in honour of the green-keeper. All square.

Holes 15 and 16.—Abandoned by mutual consent, whiskey being given away by the Society of Free-drinkers. Instant reappearance of the green-keeper.

Holes 17 and 18.—Unrecorded. Mr. VARDON declares the match halved.

A Post-mortem Accusation

“SEVERAL people by this time had raised their widows and were shouting ‘Murder.’”—*Morning Post.*

PICKY BACK.

(Being Passages from the Re-inconanation of Picklock Holes.)

II.—THE NOTCH IN THE TULWAR.

It was on the morning of October 22—how well I remember the day, and how immaterial is the exact year—that, as I was rapidly and skilfully removing the top of a boiled egg prior to absorbing its contents, I was startled by the sudden but not, I must admit, unexpected appearance of HOLES, the master-spirit of this or any other age. I had just time to hide the egg away under my napkin when he advanced upon me with an air of almost pathetic impassivity and pointed a long forefinger meditatively at me:—

"Potson," he said sternly, "you have been, nay, you are at this moment, over-eating yourself."

"My dear HOLES," I replied somewhat peevishly, for during the nine years of his absence I had grown accustomed to a certain amount of independence, "My dear HOLES, I assure you—"

"Tush!" said HOLES—and I have never heard the word pronounced more shortly—"Listen to me; you cannot deny that you have been eating. Very well, then. Mark what follows. If you *have been* eating—you have assented to the use of the past tense—your eating is, grammatically at any rate, finished, or, to use a permitted equivalent, it is over. You are, therefore, over-eating, and as you are physically unable to over-eat me or anybody else, except yourself, you must be over-eating yourself. Do I make myself plain?"

"My dear HOLES," I gasped with an enthusiasm which under the circumstances may perhaps be pardoned, "I have never, no never, in all my life known you to be so marvellously, so convincingly deductive. It is indeed good of you to interest yourself to such an extent in my welfare, all the more good—"

"Better," interrupted HOLES in a tone of severe correction.

"All the better of you, seeing that I can never hope to be worthy of you. HOLES, when I am with you or when I think of you, I sometimes feel that I am a fool, that I can never hope to be a fit companion to one who has overawed the chancelleries of Europe and has brought criminality home to some of the remotest and duskiest potentates of Asia and Africa."

"Pooh, pooh," said HOLES, not unkindly, "you must not despair, POTSON. To do so were unmanly."

I was profoundly moved, and grasped his hand in a silence more eloquent than words.

So we sat for a few moments, when HOLES suddenly rose, and, pointing to the napkin, which still reposed on the table, said with a voice in which indulgence was beautifully mingled with accusation, "POTSON, do you see that napkin? Can you tell me what is underneath it? No, of course you cannot; but I," he continued, his eyeballs positively blazing with excitement, "can. Let us proceed by a process of exhaustion. It is not an elephant. The shape of the pachyderm and the peculiar conformation of his tusks forbid the notion. It is not a £500 *Tit-Bits* prize, for your intelligence—pardon me, POTSON—is not sufficient for the discovery of such a treasure. Again, it is not Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S eye-glass, for I saw him myself only ten minutes ago"—he stood up reverentially, and an expression of worship came over his marble face—"I saw him myself only ten minutes ago, with his monocle affixed to its accustomed centre of vision. We have, therefore, to some extent narrowed the field of investigation, and still proceeding by the same method we are driven to the conclusion that the concealed object is"—here he dexterously flicked the napkin from the table—"ah, as I thought, an egg prepared for degustation by the removal of the upper portion of its hard integumentary covering."

"HOLES," I said, "you are more than mortal!"

"Tuth, tush," said HOLES. "A little common sense, my dear POTSON, will carry us far. But hist!"

I histed.

"Someone is approaching," whispered HOLES; "we must be prepared."

So saying he rapidly took down from the wall my old Indian tulwar, broke a piece from its edge with his powerful forefinger and thumb, tore his frock-coat up the back seam, removed his boots and covered the lower part of his face with the grey beard and side-whiskers of a Colonial bishop. To force me underneath the sofa and conceal himself under the table was the work of a moment, of that very moment, in fact, when a footstep, coming softly up the passage, paused at the door of my breakfast-room. Directly afterwards a voice, which I recognised as that of my man CARTER, was heard to say, "I'm going to clear away breakfast, Mrs. COLES. Might I ask you to bring up Mr. POTSON'S boots?"

"We have him now," hissed HOLES from under the table. "He cannot escape us."

The door was then opened, and, as I assumed (for I could not see), CARTER entered the room.

"Hallo," he said, "master's gone, and without his boots too. Lor', what's this ugly old pig-sticking thing doing on the table? Someone's been a breaking a bit out of its edge. I wonder where ever—"

As he uttered these words HOLES sprang out at him. The struggle that followed was severe but short, for HOLES had regained all his old muscular activity, and was an antagonist to be reckoned with. In less than five minutes CARTER was securely bound and gagged, and HOLES was sitting upon him.

"I am sorry, my dear POTSON," he said, "to disturb your domestic arrangements, but I have long been looking for the assassin who slew the Imaum of Tulliegorum and decamped with his seraglio. The deed was done with a tulwar, which I find in this ruffian's hands. The missing piece I myself extracted from the shattered head of the Imaum. Here it is, and, as you see, it fits exactly."

There was no gainsaying such evidence. I was sorry to lose CARTER, a valuable servant who had become accustomed to my ways, but I consoled myself by the thought that I had aided the cause of justice and enabled my great friend to give one more proof of his transcendent abilities. I ought to add that HOLES, with his usual generosity, settled a comfortable annuity on CARTER'S widow and her nine children.

AN EXPLANATION TO THOSE WHO NEED IT.—An objection was raised to the representation, in one of our sporting artist's pictures, a week or so ago, of a gentleman out cub-hunting in "top-hat and full hunting toggery." No sportsman would have thus equipped himself for "cubbing." Quite so: we agree: logically, therefore, this man was no sportsman. The fact speaks for itself. This dashing gentleman hoped to meet his inamorata out cub-hunting, and you may be sure that only so powerful an attraction would ever have induced him to turn out at a preposterously early hour in the morning. Read the legend. But when he did turn out he prided himself on having done so to some purpose, as he had taken pains to appear in full hunting costume which, as he considered, rendered him absolutely irresistible.

METEOROLOGICAL DRAMA.—Considering the mixed state of the weather, varying from bad to worse, during the last fortnight, it was quite an up-to-date idea of the management of the Court Theatre to produce "The Tempest." MARIE TEMPEST was not in it with the remainder of the cast. It was proposed on more than one occasion to alter the name of the place temporarily to "The Court-in-the-rain Theatre."



THE BEGINNING OF SEASON 1903.

American Cousin (come over to hunt). "CALL THIS A FLYING COUNTRY, DON'T YOU? WELL, IF I'D KNOWN IT WAS LIKE THIS, GUESS I'D HAVE JUST GOT SOME WINGS!"

A MATTER OF DUTY.

[“**LOWER TOPTON.**—The annual distribution to the children attending the village school took place last Saturday. Sir TIMOTHY TIBBETS, the popular M.P. for our Division, handed the prizes to the successful recipients, and prefaced the ceremony with some appropriate remarks.”]

THAT paragraph, Mr. Punch, I have extracted from the *Topton Advertiser and Middletown Gazette*. The impression it gives of Sir TIMOTHY'S speech is not accurate. Perhaps other managers of elementary schools may be thinking of inviting the local Member to preside at a prize distribution. If so, at any rate for the next few months, they had better make another choice. For their warning, I will subjoin a verbatim report of Sir TIMOTHY'S speech:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—Well, what do you think of it all? What do you think of it? Will you be good enough, individually and collectively, to tell me what you think of it? (Here Sir TIMOTHY paused, and stared vacantly round the room. Cheers from the children; considerable surprise among the elder portion of the audience.) Personally, I'm bothered if I know what to think. I've read speeches, and pamphlets, and statistics, and the one definite impression left upon my mind is that if you tax raw material you (to the Vicar, seated beside him), well, what are you nudging me about? . . . Oh, ah; yes. Of course. Quite so. As I was saying, it is a great pleasure to me to be present this afternoon, because a system of sound federation—I beg pardon, education—a sound system of education is necessary, if you are to inquire with any hope of success. (Faint cheering. Audible reply from one old lady to inaudible question from another: “No; he's always had the reputation of being a teetotaller.”) In fact, I've been inquiring myself for the last fortnight, and not a wink of sleep—but that, as your good Vicar reminds me, is neither here nor there. It is my pleasant duty to distribute your prizes this afternoon. (Cheers.) Some of you have won prizes, others of you have not. And there is a moral in that, my children. (“Hear, hear,” from the Vicar.) Indeed, the evils of all such preferential dealing are so manifest that to expatiate upon them would be superfluous. Supposing, for the sake of argument, that the price of butter were raised by one-third of a farthing, it would follow—it would follow, as your school-master suggests, that your sums would be more complicated. Having distributed these prizes we shall adjourn to the tea so kindly provided by some of our friends. (Loud cheers from the children.) And how will your tea be affected? You will have no jam—(murmurs of disappointment)—you will

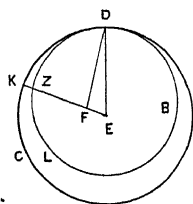
have no sugar—(louder murmurs)—you will have but little butter, and next to no bread—(several of the children burst loudly into tears.) Hullo? Why, what's the matter? (Explanation from the Vicar.) Ah, but you must bear in mind the purely hypothetical nature of these suggestions. Contingent upon a remission of certain revenue duties, which in bulk approximate to a figure of—to a figure of—well, I looked it up only last night, but I've forgotten. In round numbers, the total of exports for the last fifteen years—but I am told that tea is ready. With these few remarks on elementary education, then, I will conclude.

[Loud cheers, amid which the Member fled from the room, having quite forgotten to give away the prizes.]

THE MINOR POETRY OF SCIENCE.

IN this revolutionary age nothing is safe; even poor old *Euclid* has been dethroned, and all is chaos, while the courtiers are disputing over the succession. Mr. Punch, in his rôle of peace-maker, comes forward with what he trusts will be welcomed as a happy idea. Why not give the minor poets a chance, and so combine the Useful with the Beautiful? Mr. Punch offers the following as an example and an incentive:—

If two circles touch internally, the line which joins their centres, being produced, must pass through the point of contact.



Let A D C and B
D L,
Two different
circles, lie
So that they touch,
as said above,
At D, internally:
Let E and F their
centres mark;
It is required to
show

That through the point of contact, D,
E F produced will go.

If not, we must assign to it
Some other path instead;
Suppose it cuts one circle, then,
At K, and one at Z.
And first we'll draw two other lines,
From E and F to D,
So that we have a triangle
Whose name is F D E.

In this, as in all triangles,
As constantly you've heard,
Two sides D F, F E are more
Than is D E, the third;
But D F, Z F equal are,
And so we see the two
Z F, F E are greater than
D E; so far is true.

But then would these, Z F, F E,
Be greater than E K,
And that is utterly absurd,
As *Euclid* used to say.
Therefore E F must pass through D;
And so we end our quest;
Quod erat demonstrandum, friends,
Hic demonstratum est.

A PLEA FOR PROTECTION.

[A correspondent to the *Daily Mail* complains that a little girl has been given an essay to write on the Fiscal Question.]

SCENE.—*The Children's Hour.* DICK, aged 9; MURIEL, aged 8; MARGERY, aged 6; BABY, aged 2.

Young Mother (to Nurse, who appears with the little ones.) Well, Nurse, I hope they have all been good children to-day?

Nurse. Well, ma'am, I can't say they have. Miss MURIEL and Master DICK have been having words.

Young Mother (sadly). Oh MURIEL! DICKIE! What was it about? Was it the doll again?

Muriel (indignantly). No, indeed, Mummy! It was about the Alaska Boundary! DICK said that the award was quite fair, and I said that it was a serious mistake.

Nurse (unwillingly). And then, ma'am, they got to talking about 'fists,' and I thought it better to separate them!

Muriel (with a smile). Nurse means 'The Fiscal Question,' Mummy. But really one can't argue with DICK and MARGERY. They are so terribly one-sided!

Enter Father, an over-worked M.P.

Father. Hullo, little ones!

Dick. Anything more about the Cabinet, Daddy?

Baby (echoes). The Tabinet, Daddy?

[Father looks helplessly at Young Mother.

Young Mother (apologetically). The new governess, dear! She holds a gold medal from the Modern Education Society, you know!

Father (changing the subject). And where did you go this afternoon, MARGERY? To feed the ducks at the Round Pond?

[MURIEL and DICK exchange glances of amusement.

Margery. We went to see the radium experiments at the South Kensington Museum, Daddy. They have really fitted the place up very creditably!

[Collapse of Father and Mother.

Dick. No cake, thank you, Mummy dear! We've got to write a letter to the *Daily Mail* this evening, and there isn't too much time! May we go now?

[Exeunt Nursery Party, picking up several evening papers on the way to the door.]

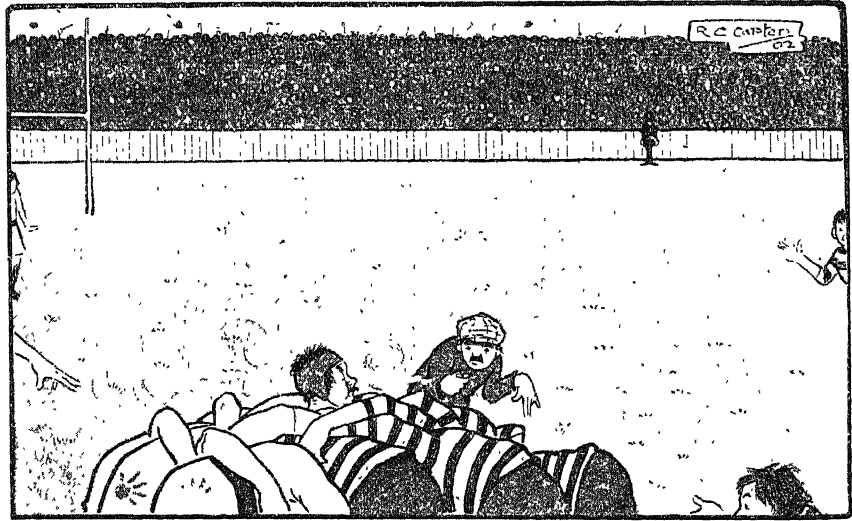
HER GRACE OF DANCE-IT-AN'-SING-IT.

The *Duchess of Dantzic*, with its "book" and "lyrics" by HENRY HAMILTON, and its music by IVAN CARYLL, is no more an opera, in the strict sense of the term, than were the old-fashioned melodramatic pieces which, fitted up with "incidental choruses, songs and dances," delighted early Victorian playgoers. This particular *Duchess* is simply SARDOU's comedy *Madame Sans-Gêne*, adapted to harmonious circumstances "by arrangement with" the author of the original work. For any actress to have chosen the part of the heroine of the comedy would have brought her into direct competition with RÉJANE, the original *blanchisseuse*, and with ELLEN TERRY, the washerman in the English version. Wisely was this avoided, and the result is a well-balanced dramatic work, wherein the serious interest is from time to time interrupted, and the action somewhat hindered, by the interpolation of quartettes, sentimental duets, merry songs, lively choruses, and sprightly dances.

This treatment of the play enables Miss EVIE GREENE to claim the distinction of having "created" the part of *Madame Sans-Gêne* as heroine of comic opera (limited). As a vocalist, with little to sing, and that not particularly catching, on first hearing at all events, she is delightful; and graceful is she, in every movement of a dance. In the First Act, as the hearty laundress, a true woman of the people, Miss EVIE GREENE shows herself a fascinating comedian; but when it comes to the farcical parts of the comedy, where court dress and manners bother her, the mechanism of her "method," evincing the desire on her part to make it all tell with the audience, is so evident as to destroy the naturalness of the absurd situations in which the *Duchess*, just come home from the wash, finds herself placed.

RÉJANE, the original, had a hard task with this "business," and where so thorough an artist overdid it there is every excuse for Miss EVIE GREENE, whether she ever studied the French *comédienne* in this part or not. Her scene with *Napoleon* is as well played as adapter and composer permit, for where there ought to be nothing but crisp dialogue, quick repartee and telling action, they have given the heroine a song, sung to and at *Napoleon*, who has very little to say for himself, except when he contrives to get in a word or two edgewise. On this occasion the great Emperor appears to lend a most unwilling ear. The great situation of the piece is thus robbed of its dramatic strength. Of course that it "goes," *cela va sans dire*, and if it were only *sans chanter* its climax would be enthusiastically received, for Mr. HOLBROOK BLINN's "*petit caporal*" may be ranked as a fine impersonation, and one that of itself would suffice to secure an exceptional popularity for the play.

Mr. DENIS O'SULLIVAN as *Sergeant François Lefebvre* is good singer first, careful actor next, with just that delicate touch of the Hibernian brogue which, reminding us of the O'DONNELLS and MACMAHONS in the French Army, forms another bond of union, besides that of love, between him and the "colleen" *Evie Sans-Gêne*. Whether Mr. LAWRENCE REA as *Philippe, Vicomte de Béthune*, also hails from the Emerald Isle it would be not quite so easy to determine, but, be that as it may, his artistic rendering of an air which of itself is not calculated to achieve immediate popularity fully justifies the hearty encore he receives.



MODERN IMPRESSIONIST ART.—A FOOTBALL MATCH.

The old Savoy favourite, Mr. COURTICE POUNDS, as *Papillon*, pedlar, *maître de danse*, costumier, court hairdresser and perhaps several other things, is "one of the lifes and souls" of the piece; he has a song and dance, of the old "perpetual motion" type, which is so immensely successful, that with his chorus of handboxers he obtains a thoroughly hearty and unanimous encore. His French "gag" concerning "*Ma petite Marie*," when he complains of *mal à l'estomac*, is received with roars of almost inextinguishable laughter.

Miss KITTY GORDON and Miss VIOLET ELLIOTT well sustain the small parts of *Napoleon's* sisters, being, of course, condemned to comparative silence by their tyrannical "Corsican Brother." Miss ADRIENNE AUGARDE is the interesting, pretty and tuneful heroine, *Renée de Saint Mézard*.

The *mise-en-scène*, even in these days of brilliant stage-pictures, is memorable for its brightness and Harkeresque picturesqueness. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES is to be congratulated on the admirable stage-managership for which, according to the programme, Mr. ROBERT COURTNEGE is responsible. *Vive la Grande Duchesse de Dantzic!*

FOOTBALL NOTE BY AN ENTIRELY UNPROFESSIONAL.—Isn't the following a delightful sketch made during a football match? This is the description: "The Harlequins, playing with the wind, got their points early in the game." Playing with the wind! *Vivat Æolus!* Then again, "The Old Merchant Taylors were the first to score through DRAPER." Excellent trade and business-like combination! Of course the Draper must have been a youthful assistant called in to aid the "Old Merchant Taylors." Touching 'tis to read finally how the "Old Merchant Taylors" (plucky veterans!) "made great efforts to score," but they failed, it is sad to relate, and their failure must arouse our heartfelt sympathy. These Taylors are patterns.

THE attempt (happily unsuccessful) upon the life of the Governor-General of the Caucasus has produced among the inhabitants (according to the *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*) "a feeling of profound indigestion."

FROM the *Bazaar* :—

WANTED, Dress Skirt, for pretty black Persian Kitten, pair rabbits, or pigeons. (Bucks.

But why "bucks"?

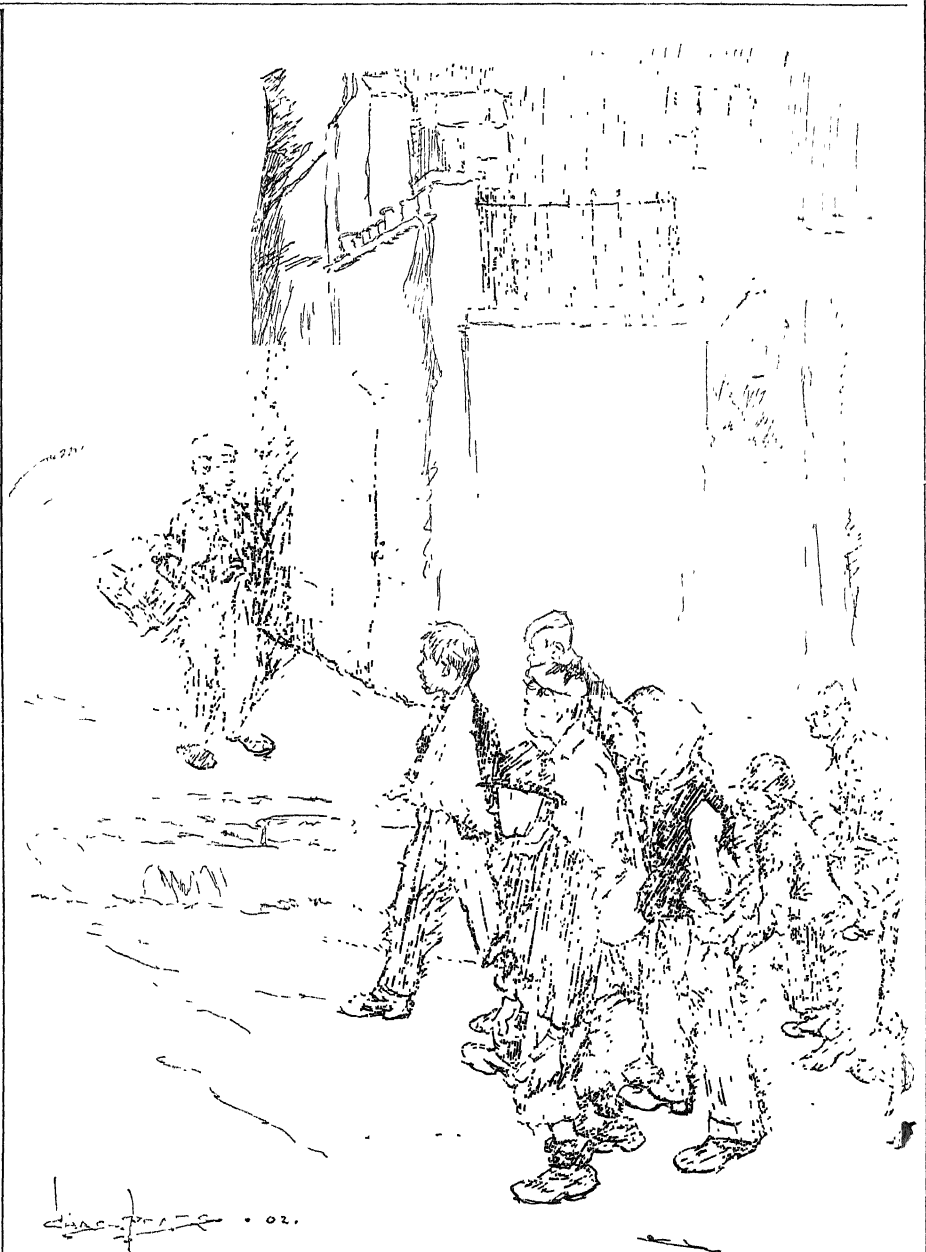
OUR BOOKING OFFICE.

"WHAT things have we seen done at the 'Mermaid'!" Thus BEAUMONT to BEN JONSON. The last thing done in connection with the "Mermaid" is a new edition bearing that honoured name, in which Mr. FISHER UNWIN presents in portable form, at moderate price, the best plays of the men who made the "Mermaid" memorable. They include works, to most of us familiar, at least by name, of MARLOWE, MASSINGER, WYCHERLEY, OTWAY, CONGREVE, STEELE, BEAUMONT and FLETCHER. Truly a classic library, which my Baronite puts away on a handy shelf. Each volume is prefaced by an introduction. Amongst the contributors is Mr. SWINBURNE, who does not often talk to us in prose. Mr. ADDINGTON SYMONDS, as master of the courtly ceremonies, presents the giants who lived in those days to their successors of these.

The Baron will simply confine himself to drawing attention to Mr. *Punch's Museum* (BRADBURY, AGNEW & Co.), which is not, by any manner of means, the entire collection of Curiosities of Literature and Art in his possession, but is simply one single case in it supplied by Mr. ARTHUR A. SYKES. For the excellence of the contents the reader may safely take the Baron's warranty.

"Upon my word," quoth the Baron, "we shall be all tired of the very mention of Christmas long before that genial monarch of winter arrives." Among the most useful of the ornamental inventions are the pictorial postcards of Messrs. FAULKNER AND Co., who have invented an entirely new game entitled *Tinkle*, in which, no doubt, those who are weary of their older amusements and eager to take on with something new in the drawing-room diversion line, will soon find themselves interested.

Although the sayings and doings of a small sect belonging to some most rigid form of "Methody" in a petty provincial town are apt to become somewhat wearisome when unrelieved by any very striking flashes of humour, yet Mrs. DUDENEY's *Story of Susan* among these "Elders" (HEINEMANN), of the devotion of her sorely-trying lover, of her curious perversity, of her strange wedding, and of her relations to "the Fold," will be found most interesting by all readers to whom the Baron strongly recommends this book. They will be pleased to learn that the surprise in store for them is worked out with considerable skill, although the quaintness of description is in many instances so evidently the result of effort as to deprive it of any effect of spontaneity. Mrs.



OCULAR DEMONSTRATION.

Errand Boy. "AVE YOU LET OFF THE FIREWORKS YET?"

Voice from the group. "CAN'T YER SEE?"

DUDENEY's word-painting suggests an attempt at a pre-Raphaelite revivalism in literature.

A miniature Christmas gift book for small folk is BEATRIX POTTER's *Tailor of Gloucester* (WARNER & Co.), the charm whereof lies in its daintily-coloured pictures. It is all about a tailor and some friendly mice, and might be simply, if not quite correctly, described as a mice-anthropological story.

Then the Baron finds a parcel from the Tuck shop (i.e., RAPHAEL TUCK AND SONS), containing some really charming calendars, Tennysonian and Dickensian,

providing a motto for every day of the year. Of course the goggle-eyed Golliwogg is not yet played out, and not a few old and young children will be highly delighted with this new series, and also with the "Wallypug" book. The coloured toy-books, in which our future Royal Academicians can commence their course of Art studies in the nursery, will be immensely popular with all loving a quiet time, will encourage the paint-brush-sucking juvenile artists clothed in pinafores, and will be highly valued by all in charge of little sons and daubers, and—by the washer-women.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



A HINT.

Young Housewife (as the front-door bell rings). "Now, is that the BUTCHER'S BOY—OR A VISITOR?"
New "General" (after a pause). "If you don't think you're tidy enough, MUM—I'LL GO!"

CUI CULPÆ.

["An interesting experiment in the shape of a voluntary labour bureau has been started in the East End. Since April 400 applications for work have been registered, the majority of the applicants being unskilled labourers. About fifteen men were sent down to Wiltshire, where work had been found for them on Salisbury Plain. In three days two reappeared at the Bureau. Asked why they had come back, they replied, 'Well, it had rained.' Within a fortnight a dozen out of the original fifteen had returned to the delights of London, and were loafing again at the street corners."—*Daily Paper.*]

A HUNEMPLOYED, 'ard workin' man—

That's me,

Wot works at hany job 'e can,

Does 'e—

Not carpentrin' nor that—cos why?—

Them's trides, an' trides is trides, ses I—

But hanythink, as you might sye,

D'yer see?

Wot's things a-comin' to? O lor,

'Ere's me, so 'elp me Bob,

Wiv fourteen kids, an' me so poor

I stands ahtside the Hangel door,

Though willin', as I said afore,

For hany bloomin' job—

I wouldn't shirk no kind of work,
I amn't no clarsy snob.

There ain't no jobs. There ain't bin none

Since them percessions stopped,

An' they was more 'ard work than fun,

They kep' yer trampin', rine or sun;

Why, ten an' fifteen mile we done,

An' orfen fairly sopped—

Yus, tramped the town for 'arf-a-crown

Until we orl but dropped.

Afride o' work? Not me! I'll go

To hany job yer like.

I'll—wot, Sir? Weed yer garden? Oh,

Well, that's a tride agin, yer know—

But tell yer wot, I'll sweep yer snow

Or fix yer skites. Jist mike

A bloke a job to earn a bob

For my pore missus' sike!

Wot? 'Ave I tried the country? Yus.

An' thereby 'angs a tile.

Me an' my mites—a score of us—

Went dahn to work for some ole cuss.

My! Wot a plice! No tram! No bus!

Yer never seen sich style—

Yer couldn't get a bloomin' wet

Without yer walked a mile.

Fust day we stuck it—lord knows 'ow—

Altho' the boss 'e swore,

Cos why? we couldn't milk a cow.

Expected us to 'old a plough

Or go an' feed a fat ole sow,

An' clean the stible floor—

The stibles! Which the like o' sich

I never did afore

Fust day, as I were sayin', passed,

Altho' agin the grine,

But, lor, I knowed it couldn't last.

Next mornin' it were rinin' fast,

An' wot's the country like, I ast,

When it's a-porin' rine?

Ter cut it short, I up an' cort

The early Lunnon trine.

A hunemployed 'ard workin' man—

That's me,

Wot works at hany job 'e can,

Does 'e—

A 'orny-anded son of toil

Wot never ain't ashimed to soil

'Is 'onest 'and wiv dust an' oil—

D'yer see?

"LITTLE MARY" ABROAD.—*Berbera*,
Oct. 31.—The transport *Sealda* has
arrived here with 400 ponies and tum-
tums.—*Reuter's Special.*

JOSEPHUS ASPIRES.

[The following lines, designed to represent the views of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's opponents in regard to his personality, owe their origin to the First Act of BROWNING'S *Paracelsus*, entitled "*Paracelsus Aspires*."]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN . . . *Paracelsus*.
Mr. POWELL WILLIAMS . . *Festus, his friend*.
Mr. JESSE COLLINGS . . *Michael, another friend*.

Mr. Chamberlain. JESSE, from babehood I was built that way ;
Had, as a boy, the party-breaker's itch
For revolution ; nursed a natural scorn
Of doctrines rooted in primeval mud.
Men called me Radical once, and such I was,
For who is sworn to overthrow a camp
Must learn its sacred codes and countersigns
To use, at need, against it. So I served
My term of ensign under GLADSTONE'S eye ;
Messed with the Cobden Club ; achieved repute
In popular reforms, and got by heart
All known anathemas for priest and peer.
At last the severance came that let me loose
To turn my privy knowledge to account.
Somewhere I stood, a free-lance out of work ;
Then, needing polish in the art of war
With certain Tory methods yet to learn,
Caught a remount and joined the rival camp.
And now that I have sucked their systems dry,
And blooded, on my former mates-in-arms,
The weapons whose employ themselves had taught,
(My mental range enlarged, if that might be,
By converse with the illimitable veld)
Behold me take my freedom up again,
Sole and apart, a spectacle for men,
And lay my lance in rest which way I will,
Equipped for enterprises all my own.
But be it never said that just for joy
I broke a brace of parties, that and this,
When on their ruins I erect a third
Better than both by virtues drawn from each—
More Radical than the Radicals, since I spurn
The "well-tried policy" ASQUITH'S heart approves ;
And Torier than the Tories, seeing I go
Imperial lengths too stiff for BEACH'S boots.
As for myself, ambition leaves me cold.
I am the Empire's, you will please remark,
Hers both to live and die—for choice, to live—
And, so I serve her needs, were well content
To sign myself Dictator, nothing more.

Mr. Powell Williams. I do believe in you.

Mr. Jesse Collings. I always did.

Mr. Chamberlain. Your kind and unsolicited support
Nerves me to be the thing your faith depicts.
Are there not, POWELL, are there not, dear JESSE,
Two crowded moments in the gambler's part—
One when, a sportsman, he prepares to plunge,
One when, a king, he rises with his *coup* ?
JESSE, I plunge.

Mr. Williams. We wait to share the spoil !

Mr. Collings. To share the spoil ! Three acres and a *coup* !
O. S.

"A Little Learning," &c.

Second-year-Man (to Tutor's wife at a dance). "Just overheard one of our Freshers trying to instruct his partner on the fiscal question, and I don't believe he knows anything about it. Seems to be mixing it up with the Alsatian Boundary."

"TWAS MERRY IN HALL."

It was indeed a privilege to be one of the guests invited by the Treasurer and Benchers of the Middle Temple to meet His Majesty King EDWARD, himself a good Templar and a Bencher, at the banquet given in their ancient Hall, of which Middle Templars, and, for the matter of that, all Templars, are justly proud. The occasion was memorable as a Grand Night, even in the roll of fame that records all the names, deeds, and arms of the Grandest Knights among the ancient Templars. No clash of arms was there—only the clatter of knives and forks, the jingling of wine-glasses, and the sweet strains of an orchestra perched up aloft in the gallery, the musicians being just visible through the screen, discoursing sweetest melodies, while the *convives* beneath kept up the conversation to something above concert pitch, "speaking," as the stage directions have it, "through music."

Then, about the time when the guests had arrived at the first *entrée*, or rather the first *entrée* had arrived at the tables of the guests and also at the crowded tables in the body of the Hall, which *entrée* was only one of the many "dainty dishes set before the KING," up gets the Steward, bedecked in gorgeous trappings, and with his wand of office raps the table smartly, peremptorily. There is no hesitation in his knock. It speaks for itself, and therefore has to be listened to, and what it says is "Silence !" Silence it is : for the second rap. There may be the slightest whisper, a sound, or an inquiring monosyllable here and there in that vast assembly, but, should it arise, it will be at once knocked on the head by Rap the Third. Whereupon, rapped attention ! Sir ROBERT FINLAY, the Treasurer, rising in his place, proposes "The KING." Then, everyone, standing, joins in the loud chorus of cheers, the old hall rings with them, the rafters echo them, and the entire place is alive with enthusiasm.

Down we sit again ; the orchestra plays, champagne pops, glasses jingle, once more knives and forks are hard at work, as if none of us had had anything to eat for the last twenty-four hours. We are in full swing of prandial enjoyment, when suddenly—RAP Number Two ! We are "hammered." This time 'tis in honour of the QUEEN and the Royal Family. Uproarious cheers.

Notice for imitation at all public dinners for which this should be a model, "No speeches." Toast given, cut and dried as a toast should be, no butter, and responded to, at once, with utmost heartiness.

Now, down again, with our heads in the manger, fresh as ever, until the Steward raps our knuckles, figuratively, and recalls our attention to another toast. Sir ROBERT FINLAY, addressing a brother official, who stands up and "looks towards him," informs him that the toast he now proposes is "Domus." Brother official, politely replying, expresses himself in perfect accord with the Treasurer, and certifies to all men by these presents that undoubtedly "Domus" is the toast they are to drink. So "Domus" it is. Drunk with most touchingly affectionate enthusiasm.

After a brief interval our attention is diverted from the rigour of the game, *perdreaux et bécasses*, and our conversation (we are discussing the above-mentioned birds) is interrupted by the announcement of the last toast. The Treasurer, knocked up for the purpose by the Steward, rises and calls across to the other eminent official, as if he really must confide to him an idea that has just occurred to his (the Treasurer's) mind. In effect, the second official, looking a little surprised, says, "What is it ?" Whereupon Sir ROBERT, evidently intending to take his friend, and everybody generally, quite by surprise, replies in a sprightly manner, "Absent Members."

"Absent Members it is," returns the Sub-Treasurer nautically ; and then we drink the health of everybody who



A RED HERRING ACROSS THE SCENT.

isn't there, and whom we should all be so glad to see present, not however, to our own exclusion.

After toasts, tobacco. Cigars, coffee, then adjournment. As the KING is passing down the hall he halts before one of the tables, and signals out for a hearty handshake and a cheery compliment the hero of a hundred thousand *Times* articles, the veteran Crimean correspondent, Sir WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL, endeared to all and to His Royal Heartiness the KING, as "BILLY." A veteran of the old Press Guard indeed, staunch, loyal, wise and as witty as ever, and in the enjoyment of excellent health. *Ad multos annos*, Sir WILLIAM!

Somewhere about 10.30 loudly repeated cheers announce the departure of the KING, and so ends one of the most brilliant chapters in the history of the Middle Temple Hall.

LATEST CITY NEWS.

THE week has been a quiet one on the Stock Exchange, with only a few notable features. The copper position is not liked—particularly that of the one stationed at the top of Capel Court. Incandescents have relapsed, as it is considered that the new mantle of Dr. DOWE constitutes a distinct bear point. Refreshment shares have dropped on the rise in the price of pepper; the public are beginning to sneeze at this class of investment.

In the mining market Deep Levels have had a serious set-back on the news that the Board of the Smutfontein mine has decided to abandon the further sinking of the present shaft, and intends to try to find the reef by boring up from the Antipodes. This decision has put market men in a quandary, for they do not now know whether Smutfonteins should be classed with Kaffirs or West-ralians.

POLITICAL PROFLIGACY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—On glancing at the tape at my Club the other evening, my eye was caught by a heading announcing a speech by Mr. ASQUITH.

Now, Sir, I hasten to assure you that I am a loyal Liberal and a staunch Free-trader, but I am above all and before all an *Englishman*: and I confess that the opening words of that speech filled me with, I think, a righteous indignation and disgust, which impelled me immediately on my return home to appeal to you, noted as you are for your generosity and impartiality, and to crave the hospitality of your columns in order there to enter my protest against this crowning example of the unprincipled and unscrupulous methods to which our party-rhetoricians have



Severe Mother. "YOU NAUGHTY BOY! HOW DARE YOU TELL SUCH STORIES? AREN'T YOU ASHAMED OF YOURSELF FOR BEING A LITTLE LIAR?"

Injured Son. "WELL, MOTHER, 'T AIN'T MY FAULT. FATHER GAVE ME A AWFUL THRASHING THE OTHER DAY FOR HAVING SPOKEN THE TRUTH."

Mother. "WHAT DO YOU MEAN?"

Son. "WHY, WHEN I TOLD YOU THAT FATHER HAD COME HOME QUITE DRUNK THE NIGHT BEFORE!"

descended. The terms in which the tape recorded the remarks I refer to (I will not vouch for their accuracy letter for letter, for I write from memory, though the figures I reproduce in line 3 are exactly correct) were to the best of my recollection as follows:—

VXZZJWZ38JSXZJN
DFXJJ—WVLPJX
888888883X
PJVXILDWSSMVJPD
SXUJJVXFFQHLQ
XXSJ (obliterated line).

Now, Sir, I ask you, are such patent sophistries as these to be the accepted foundations on which to base the irrefutable contentions of an honest policy—sophistries issuing as they do from the mouth of one of our most eloquent,

most able, and most influential orators? It is almost superfluous to say that it is obvious to the most ignorant and unlettered voter that the statistics I have quoted in the extract can neither be borne out by argument nor supported by any trade returns or authoritative compilations whatsoever.

No, Sir, these are not the weapons with which this fiscal campaign must be fought to a successful issue.

In the name of reason and of justice let us have argument not sophistry, demonstration not vituperation, if we are to prove ourselves not unworthy of the noble traditions of the ancient and honourable party of which it is my privilege to subscribe myself a humble member—and a lover of

FAIR PLAY.

THE RATIN' OF RITA.

PAUSE, gentle RITA, pause awhile: think, witty RITA, think!
Drain not the golden fountain with your Fountain filled
with ink:

Break not *currente calamo* your hobby horse's legs:
Let not your goose-quill slay the geese that lay the golden
eggs!

Think what would happen, RITA, if your ratin' should succeed:
If you had naught to write about, what would the Shruburbs
read?

And ask yourself (we've not much use, but still we claim
our due),

If you should do away with us, what would become of you?

Think, too, of those insipid prints that we provide with
spice,

Which try to make our *causes* "*célèbres*" and prate about
our vice;

Remember how, deprived of us, they never would be read;
Remember how they too have got to earn their weekly bread.

And was it very diskie then, this smart improper set!
And does it babble baby-talk, the silly 'ickie pet!
And give its RITA fittums, when it clips its final g's,
And talks of nighties to its puls, and cossies to its twees!

Alas! 'Tis true! This childish slang we do use—some of us,
And as for drinks and drugs and cards and—well, *peccavimus*.
But why accuse us, RITA, who have never done you harm,
Of goin' down to luncheon (gracious heavens!) arm in arm?

You call us vulgar and ill-bred, extravagant and vain,
Immoral and indelicate,—but we will not complain:
You've given us (without, 'tis true, obtainin' our consent)
The very thing we covet most—and that's advertisement.

LOST MASTERPIECES.

(*Mr. Punch's own Collection.*)

AMONG the most prized fragments in *Mr. Punch's* possession are three examples of the work of Mr. SWINBURNE. Some people, looking at the amount that Mr. SWINBURNE has published, will be inclined to question whether anything he has written can ever have been *lost*. But this is an error. Great poets are invariably fastidious, and delete far more than they print. From this it follows that the amount that Mr. SWINBURNE has crossed out during his life must be simply prodigious. Much of it no doubt was wisely sacrificed, but there is reason to fear that occasionally the poet has pruned too ruthlessly. Everyone, for example, who admires Mr. SWINBURNE's work (and who does not?) must regret that the following verses were cancelled when the first series of *Poems and Ballads* was going through the Press:—

In the uttermost regions of ocean,
Out of sight of all seasons and lands,
Where the stars and the sea-winds have motion,
My desire and the soul of me stands.
As a flame that relumes ere it dwindles,
With the dawn and the darkness made one,
So the fire of its passion rekindles
Before it is done.

Is there noise of its wings as they flutter?
Hath the sea taken heed of their flight?
Shall the infinite silences utter
What the day hath not uttered to night?
By the sands of the seas of old ages,
On the shore of the measureless years,

Where the storm-wind of centuries rages
And nobody hears!

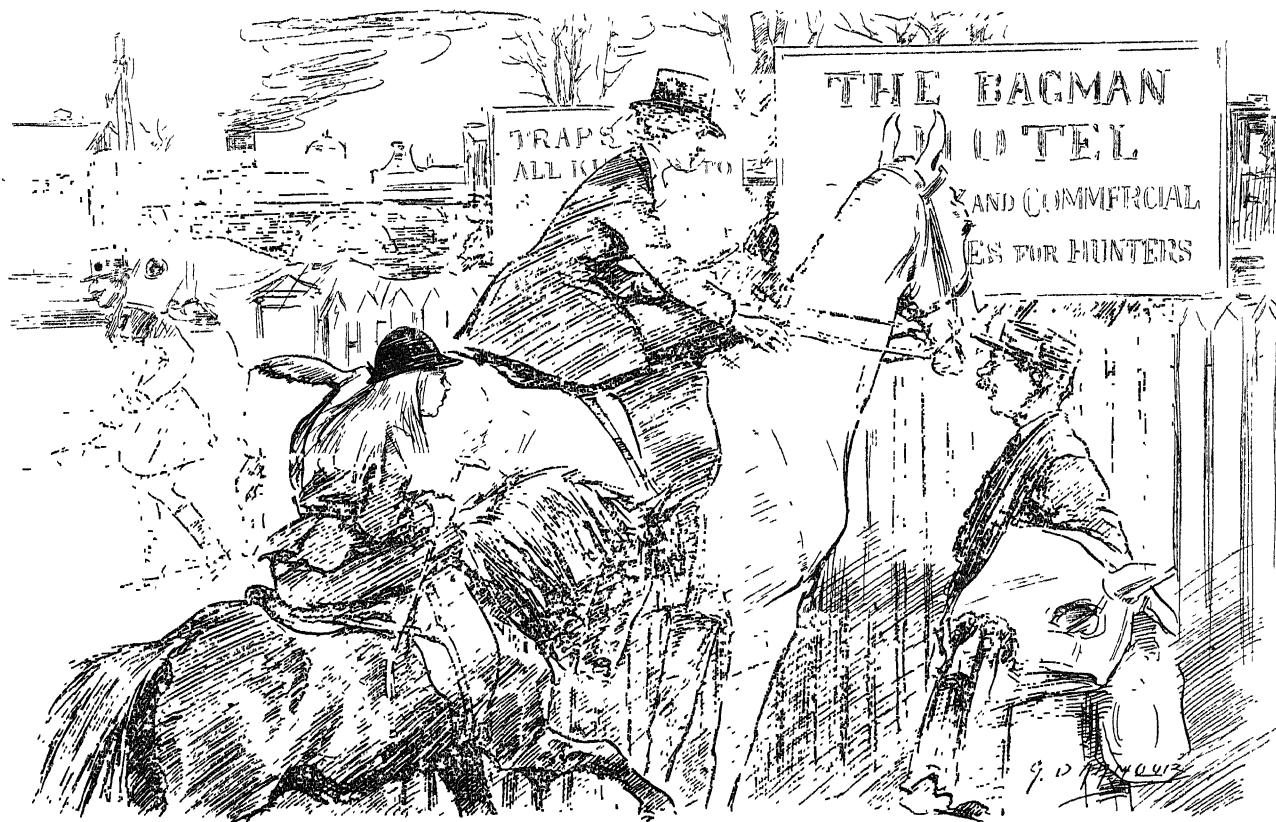
Again, the following fine, if somewhat breathless, passage of blank verse should certainly not have been deleted from the published version of *Atalanta in Calydon*:—

Kings and all ye that sit at meat and wear
Fair fillets on your heads and set your hands
With joy towards the banquet, and all ye,
Women and maidens, like fair stars that shine
In summer heaven when the long day wanes
And night is bright o'er all the fields and all
The seas and skies of Hellas, bleached and burned
With sunlight and the fiercest fire of storms
And wan winds whitening o'er the waves and clear
With sounding foam and murmur of tempests blown
From Athos and the Eubœan mountain-lands,
Green, gracious places, groves where gods may lie
All spring-time and the white feet of the nymphs
Fail not nor Pan nor all the Muses' quire
With flame of flowers and beauty of blossoming tree
And glory of green corn, a boon to men,

It is possible that Mr. SWINBURNE would never have made up his mind to sacrifice this beautiful passage had he not unfortunately lost the full stop. If *Atalanta* is ever performed on the stage it is to be hoped that these lines will be restored in the acting version.

Lastly, here is an example of the poet's later and more exuberant manner. The metre alone would be sufficient proof of this, for all attentive readers must have noticed that as Mr. SWINBURNE grows older his lines grow longer, and we understand that his forthcoming volume is to be printed on a specially wide page in order to accommodate them. The poem is of course a mere fragment. If it had ever been finished it would have covered reams. Several suggestions have been hazarded as to the person to whom it was addressed. Some have held that this was VICTOR HUGO, others WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. Perhaps the most probable view is that it was written to WALT WHITMAN and that Mr. SWINBURNE had changed his opinion of that distinguished writer before he finished it. This would account for the somewhat petulant tone of the concluding line:—

Soul whose light is fulfilled of night with glow and glamour
and pulse of things,
Star whose rays are on all men's ways with pomp of purple
and pride of Kings,
Thou whose tears are unheard of ears and whose sighs are
heard not of men that be,
Turn thine eye to us now and fly to thy People's help when
they call to thee!
Thine the deep of the dews of sleep and the songless stupor
of days and dreams,
Thine the height of the soul's delight and the bliss and
blight of the glad sun's beams,
Thine the fire of the soul's desire that rises higher than all
men born,
Thine the heat of the feet that beat through fields whose
wheat is as no man's corn!
Come thou near when the People fear and the hearts of
Kings wax wan and white,
Come thou nigh when the clouds roll by from skies that
glow not in all men's sight,
Come thou still that the People's will may have the strength
thou alone canst send,
Come oh come with a tum ti tum and bring this dreadful
stuff to an end!



IN A SHOOTING COUNTRY.

Railway Porter (who has been helping lady to mount). "I HOPE YOU'LL 'AVE A GOOD DAY, MA'AM."

Lady Diana. "I JUST HOPE WE'LL FIND A FOX."

Porter (innocently). "OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT, MA'AM. THE FOX CAME DOWN BY THE LAST TRAIN!"

OXFORD IN TRANSFORMATION.

[The first scholars elected from the Colonies, Germany and the United States, under the terms of CECIL RHODES' will, have gone into residence at Oxford.—*Daily Paper*.]

Oxford, May, 1920.

THIS has been a busy week. The Eights were a great success. New College easily remained head, the crew being especially well together after six months' training under GEORGE WASHINGTON, their coloured coach.

The tow-path nuisance has not abated, however, and there was a regrettable incident. One of the "cow-boys" who have recently gone up to John's, shot the Wadham cox in the back during a moment of excitement. An attempt at lynching failed, and the Proctor and his "posse" are now in pursuit of the fugitive. The red-cap student corps of Wadham, whose boat was bumped in consequence of the catastrophe, sent a challenge to every man in John's. The duels took place with sabres in the Parks last night. Several of the combatants will bear honourable scars for life; DOWELL of Wadham, who lost his nose and got three severe cuts on the

face, was fêted afterwards and elected a member of the "blood" Lager-beer Club.

There is some talk of the Mayor getting an injunction against the University authorities to stop the noise made by those following the races. The cries of "Ball-I-yell-O-yell-I-Balliol," and "Rah-rah-rah-zip-boom-Lincoln" have done great damage to the windows in the lower part of the city. The Dean of Christ Church showed foresight in having all his panes removed and wire netting substituted. A scandal is scented, several boat-captains being members of the Glaziers' Trust, which is thought to have subsidised the offenders.

The Trinity boomerang team met Worcester yesterday, and won after a good struggle. The winners were taken back to college with rattles, no damper being put on the enthusiasm by the fact that one of the Univ. base ball players on the next ground had his leg broken by the mis-throwing of a boomerang.

SILAS P. VANDERBUHL is a hot favourite for 'Varsity "third base." There is no "pitcher" at present up to 'Varsity

form, CARL SEIDLEITZ, who has had his "blue" in that position for the last three years, having gone down.

The Union presents an extraordinary spectacle of international amity with its South African President, German Treasurer, American Librarian, and English Secretary. Perhaps the most noticeable feature is the "lobbying," which has reached a high pitch of excellence, according to Transatlantic ideas. Senator MOORE, B.N.C., Librarian, left his blazer in the grip of an unfortunate undergraduate who wanted a certain book added to the Society's Library. The coat was at once returned to the Brasenose porter with the request neatly sewn to the collar. The German element has split up into twenty-five groups, which has made the voting complex. Next Thursday's motion is postponed, as a demonstration over some question of foreign politics has wrecked the Hall. The President's funeral attracted great crowds.

The Vice-Chancellor is taking energetic measures to check the corner in 'scouts' which has paralysed the waiting in certain colleges. A prominent 'restaurateur' has engineered the

business with a view to increase the custom at his establishment. The scouts, who are drawing good salaries from this enterprising tradesman, have the support of the undergraduates, who are watching with interest a struggle which can only end in the improvement of 'Hall' dinners. At Magdalen, where the *chef* refused to join the Clam-pie-and-soft-shell-crab movement, the kitchens have been burned out.

AN ATLANTIC LINER.

EXTRACTS FROM THE TRAVELLING DIARY OF
TOBY, M.P.

R.M.S. Lucania, off Cape Clear, Sunday, October 18.—"Tis sixty years ago"—sixty years and twelve months since CHARLES DICKENS made his first voyage across the Atlantic. Following on his route, in this magnificent ship, one thinks of the wide difference in his lot and ours. He was a passenger on the *Britannia*, pioneer of the magnificent fleet that to-day flies the Cunard flag. At that date *Britannia* was literally the pride of the ocean. Never had such a vessel been seen afloat. She was 207 feet long by 34 feet 4 inches broad.

Many a ship owner would have scampered that extra four inches. Said BURNS to McIVER, "Let us do the handsome thing. Let us throw it in."

And they did.

The *Britannia* had a tonnage burden of 1154, horse-power 740, and in addition to CHARLES DICKENS and his world of fancies she carried 114 passengers. They were whirled westward at the lightning speed of eight and a-half knots per hour, lavishly consuming thirty-eight tons of coal a day.

When the *Britannia*, on her maiden voyage, arrived in Boston in fourteen days and eight hours the citizens gaped in amazement. Felt they must do something; harking back to old instincts, their first impulse was to throw some chests of tea into the harbour. on second thoughts decided to entertain captain and officers at a banquet, whither they drove through streets gay with bunting.

The *Lucania* (12,952 tons) and her sister ship the *Campania*, think shame of themselves if they are more than eight or nine hours over five days on the passage westward or eastward. Twenty-one to twenty-two knots, equal to twenty-five miles an hour, is their average speed. There were at breakfast this morning over 1,300 passengers, which with the ship's company of 418 means the population of a small hamlet, at large and in comfort within the steel walls of our ship.

During his first voyage DICKENS's mind was haunted by strange fear. "All very well in fine weather," he

thought. "But what and if the stormy winds do blow?" (And they blew a hurricane before the *Britannia* ran into Halifax harbour.) "The chimney-stack would be torn up by the roots. flung into the sea. Out would rush the uncontrolled fire, the ship would be aflame, and the passengers cooked like potatoes in their jackets."

This afternoon, pacing the promenade deck of the *Lucania*, one is not aware of the existence of a chimney-stack, or conscious of the throb of the mighty engines which, doubtless with incessant roar, far down below, urge the mighty ship forward. We see nothing but the blue sea, here and there flashing white teeth. A passing steamer, homeward bound, tosses up and down in fashion inscrutable to us on board the stately liner. As far as motion is concerned, exercise is more like pacing Brighton pier than sailing on the Atlantic. Behind us, Ireland in its new birth and brighter hope, fades in the distance. Before us the wide Atlantic, and all it may hold in store, even for a 13,000 tonner.

Tuesday.—Beginning to be disappointed with the Atlantic. Find it decidedly rude. At midnight, suddenly out of the west came a tempestuous wind. Suppose the *Lucania*, crossing margin of Atlantic, neglected to pay toll. Anyhow there was a rumpus, a bullying, a buffeting, a mighty struggle of man's work with Nature's, that lasted fully twenty-four hours.

And the *Lucania* won.

It was not the kind of storm in which a ship either pitches or tosses. The wind was dead in the ship's teeth, flinging over its deck masses of green water, served out by the ton weight. At every blow the great ship thrilled through all her timbers. But she took her punishment gamely. Must get to New York and deliver His Majesty's mails by Friday night. Shall be done in spite of westerly gale and wild Atlantic. So *Lucania* set her teeth, bent her head to the storm and drove through the angry sea, parting it at her bows in mighty cascades of white foam breaking angrily over the blue water beyond. It was magnificent—and it was war. Thump, thump on the part of the wind-driven Atlantic. Imperious, irresistible riving of the water by the prow of the conquering ship.

These are circumstances under which even seasoned passengers require good food daintily cooked. This they get on the *Lucania*. She has her graces as well as her strength; spacious, finely-proportioned dining-room, brilliantly lit; breakfast, luncheon, dinner—not forgetting the eleven o'clock cup of chicken broth—on scale of country-house hospitality. Like ULYSSES and

the MEMBER FOR SARK, I have travelled far on many ships. Aware of difficulties of cooking at sea, have made the best of what was served at table. These difficulties don't seem to exist in case of *Lucania*. Never in London or Continental hotels had meals more daintily cooked or—and this is half the battle—better served than in this lordly mansion, speeding across the Atlantic whether in storm or sunshine.

"Ain't you a little rash?" SARK asked last night, hearing me order whitebait. "You're not sure of whitebait at the Carlton or the Savoy, much less at the Mansion House. One of the most difficult things in the world to cook and serve. But whitebait out of a ship's galley brought on to the table in a western gale and a head sea. *Hein?*"

Five minutes later SARK was silent, save for the munching of what he admitted was one of the best plates of whitebait he had ever eaten.

"If the *chef* can do this," he said, in—for him—a hushed tone, "he can do anything."

As usual SARK proved to be right.

RULE, BRITANNIA!

STUDENTS of the *London Gazette* will have learnt that yet another step has been taken to ensure that Britannia shall really and truly rule the waves. The following notice recently appeared in that periodical:—

"In pursuance of His Majesty's pleasure the *coloured blue evening waistcoat* for Officers of the Royal Navy has been abolished, and a plain blue evening waistcoat has been substituted for it.

"Naval Officers are to wear:—With No. 6 ('Mess Dress'), the white evening waistcoat already worn only with No. 2 ('Ball Dress') and with No. 9 ('White Mess Dress') when the Kamarband is not worn. With No. 7 ('Mess Undress'): the plain blue evening waistcoat, which is also to be worn with No. 10 ('White Mess Undress') when the Kamarband is not worn."

It is satisfactory to find that the Admiralty authorities can find time to spare from seeing that the Navy is adequately supplied with ammunition to exercise a pretty taste in waistcoats. It is hoped that in the interests of economy they may before long decide to abolish No. 2 ("Ball Dress") and substitute tea gowns. Meantime Mr. *Punch* understands that a new pale blue double extra Kamarband is being designed for use with No. 12 ("Bathing Dress") and No. 14 ("Undress more or less"), and that there is a movement in favour of doing away with obligatory gold braid on pyjamas.

MOTTO FOR ENGLAND (by a German dumper).—*Non imperium, sed emporium.*

CHARIVARIA.

As a consequence of recent revelations a movement is on foot in the boot trade to institute the registration of standard marks for boots. It is suggested there shall be three, to designate the various qualities:—“Nothing like leather,” “Something like leather,” and “Leather.” The movement is being anxiously watched by the paper trade.

Our readers will be sorry to hear that the talented author of *How to Grow Rich* has fallen on evil days, and that a fund is being collected for him.

WILLIAM SCHEFFER, of Cincinnati, who was proud of the title of “The Greatest Whisky Drinker on Earth,” has been obliged to drop the last two words of his designation. He was only twenty-seven.

We admire the sanguine temperament of the people of Buckinghamshire. The unveiling of the County War Memorial has been postponed on account of the wet weather, but it is announced that the ceremony will take place next Spring.

It is gratifying to learn that, in spite of the pessimists, the world is improving. The interesting news comes from Horitz in Bohmerwald, where the Passion-Play was performed this year, that ADAM and EVE fell in love, and are now respectably married.

“Leading lights in politics, literature, art, and music,” says *The Queen*, “are alone to be admitted to the new Ladies’ Athenæum Club.” We prophesy that this will cause some of the behind lights to flare up.

Hundreds of thousands of ladies helped the sacred cause of Charity on Hospital Shopping Day by spending their husbands’ money on articles for themselves.

There has been a conflict between the Gendarmerie and 500 Jews at Warsaw, in which a number of Jews were killed. The cause of the collision has not yet been selected by the authorities.

The Chairman of the Aerated Bread Company having stated that marriages among A.B.C. girls show a marked increase, the young ladies employed by other firms are complaining that they do not find the acquisition of a husband quite as easy as A.B.C.

An Extraordinary Council of Turkish Ministers has come to the Ordinary decision to reject many of the proposals of the Macedonian Reform Scheme.



A WARY POLITICIAN.

“TELL ME, MY DEAR DOCTOR, ARE YOU A FREE TRADER OR A PROTECTIONIST?”

“TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, MY DEAR MADAM, IT DEPENDS UPON THE PATIENT WHOM I AM TREATING!”

Another British war vessel has grounded—this time on the coast of Holland. These frequent trips on land suggest that the motto of the Royal Marines might well be adopted as the motto of the Navy. It is *Per mare, per terras*.

According to *Le Journal*, Paris consumed 485 asses last year. Certainly a marked improvement has been noticed in the attitude of their Press towards us.

The Yokohama correspondent of the *Daily Mail* telegraphs that the re-occu-

pation of Mukden by the Russians has created a belief in Japanese circles that Russian promises and declarations are unreliable.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN’S statement that the cycle of good trade is over has received startling confirmation at the annual meeting of the Humber Cycle Company.

The War Office experiment with “Half-day Soldiers” has been such a success that a series of Saturday-to-Monday Wars are said to be in preparation.



"TOUT VIENT À CELUI QUI SAIT ATTENDRE."

Visitor (to his Host). "So you haven't been away to the sea this year as usual, eh?"

His Host. "No, we haven't; we delayed it for some little time, and now we rather expect the sea will come to us!"

OUR ÆSTHETIC GEES.

IN an action heard the other day against the owners of a motor van which had frightened a pair of carriage horses, counsel for the plaintiff described the appearance of the vehicle as weird and uncanny, and mentioned that on one occasion the whole of the seven cab-horses on the Swiss Cottage rank had stampeded on seeing it approach. According to a correspondent, the same equine sensitiveness to form and colour has given rise to other interesting cases in the Law Courts, which seem to have escaped the attention of the ordinary journals. As the matter is of public importance, a brief report of some of these cases is appended.

The General Omnibus Company last week applied for an injunction against Messrs. CHIPPENDALES, of Tottenham Court Road, to restrain them from exhibiting in their window a suite of bedroom furniture in the style known as L'Art Nouveau. A representative of the Company deposed that not one of their horses could be induced either by force or persuasion to pass the window. He considered the articles exhibited

decidedly uncanny. Cross-examined, he said he was not aware whether there was a knacker's yard and a glue factory just round the corner. He did not see that the question was material. The learned Judge said that the animals in question were not as a rule abnormally neurotic or fastidious, and granted the relief asked for.

MISS BARBARA PINKERTON, a maiden lady, formerly in business as a school-mistress, was recently sued in the County Court by Madame WATKINS, the well-known milliner, for the price of a hat. The defence was that it was impossible to wear it. Miss PINKERTON stated that upon her arrival at Waterloo one morning, wearing the *confection* in question, the entire assemblage of four-wheelers in the station yard simultaneously turned tail and fled. The police, moreover, objected to the diversion of the traffic which became necessary when she walked out in the hat. Cross-examined, she had not tried the effect on horses of walking out without the hat, and considered the question ridiculous. Miss HILDA GUNNING, formerly an assistant at Madame WATKINS's, but now otherwise engaged, was called as an

expert. She should describe the hat as weird. She didn't know much about four-wheelers, but it would certainly frighten chaps. This expression having been explained to the Court, the defendant fainted away, and judgment was given in her favour.

JOHN JEHU, a cabman, was yesterday charged with furious driving in the Strand. He explained that his horse, suddenly observing that the projected building line at the corner of the new thoroughfare would seriously impair the vista that had hitherto refreshed the animal in his eastward career from Charing Cross, had bolted in the direction of Printing House Square. The defendant was discharged.

The Decline of England

1666.	Annus Mirabilis (DRYDEN).
1903.	„ „ (WET'UN).

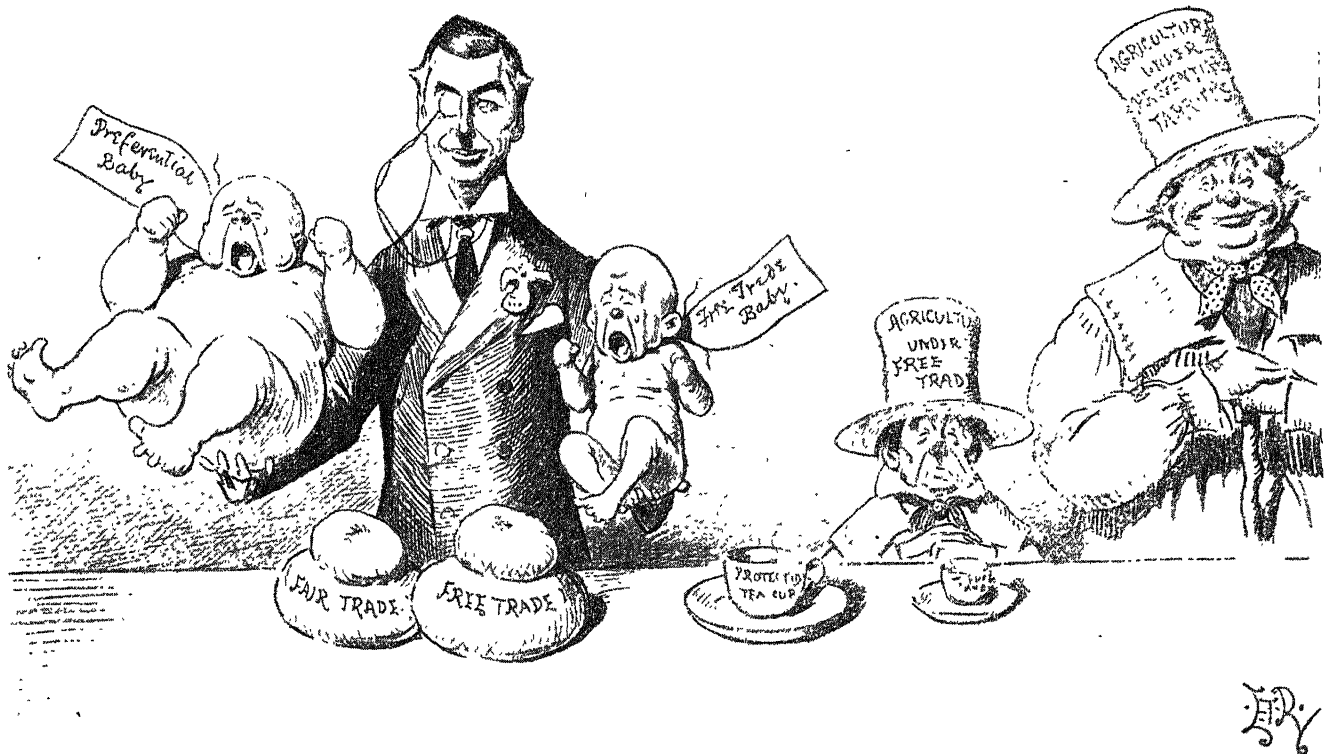
THE CHAMPION OF THE PLEBS.—"Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's figure," says the *Daily Telegraph*, "was no sooner descried striding towards the crimson tribune than," &c. &c. Many people have quite wrongly supposed that the "tribune" in question was Mr. JOHN BURNS, M.P.



DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

A-ST-N CH-MB-RL-N (*the little Drummer Boy, to H-RC-RT, the Veteran*). "WHAT DID YOU EVER GET THOSE MEDALS FOR? I NEVER HEARD OF YOUR DOING ANYTHING."

[Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, Chancellor of the Exchequer, speaking at Aberdeen, Tuesday, November 3, said, "Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, all along his political career, could not point to a single legislative measure for which he had been responsible" (*Cheers, laughter and interruptions*)—"Times" report.]



ILLUSTRATIONS ON THE PLATFORM; OR, WHAT WE ARE COMING TO.

Mr. Chamberlain. "AS SOME FEARS HAVE BEEN EXPRESSED OF THE EFFECT OF MY PROPOSALS ON THE PHYSIQUE OF THE NATION, I HAVE TAKEN THE—ER—TROUBLE TO BORROW—ER—(stoops down and rummages under the table)—THESE TWO HANDSOME INFANTS" (produces them, amid loud cheers and waving of the Union Jack), "KINDLY LENT TO ME FOR THE OCCASION BY MY FRIEND ALDERMAN QUIVERFULL. A SLIGHT REDUCTION HAS BEEN MADE IN THE FARINACEOUS FOOD OF ONE OF THEM IN EXACT PROPORTION TO THE TAX I PROPOSE. THE RESULT, YOU WILL INSTANTLY SEE, IS MOST REASSURING."

[“Mr CHAMBERLAIN suddenly produced at his meeting in Bingley Hall two loaves specially baked to illustrate the actual effect on the size of the loaf of the proposed tax on corn.”—*Daily Paper*.]

RHYMES OF THE EAST.

HAVEN.

HERE, in mine old-time harbourage installed,
Lulled by the murmurous hum of London's traffic
To that full calm which may be justly called
Seraphic,

I praise the gods; and vow, for my escape
From the hard grip of premature Jehannum,
One golden-tissued bottle of the grape
Per annum.

For on this day I kissed my parent earth,
(Having been knocked impetuously over
By a huge porter of gigantic girth
At Dover);

Flashed in the train by Shorncliffe's draughty camp;
Gazed on the hurrying landscape's pastoral graces,
Old farms, and happy fields (a trifle damp
In places);

Passed the wild suburbs, indigent and bare
Of natural foliage, but bravely flying
Frank garlandry of last week's underwear
Out drying;

And so to Town; and with that blessed sight
I, a poor fevered wreck, forgot to shiver—
Forgot to mourn the Burden of my White
Man's Liver;

And felt my bosom heave, my breast expand
With thoughts too sweet, too deep for empty cackle,
Such thoughts as nothing but a first-class Band
Could tackle:

Till, from its deeps, my celebrated smile
(Which friends called Marvel) clove my jaws asunder,
Lucid, intense, and all men stood awhile
In wonder!

* * * * *
Let none approach me now, for I have dined;
The fire is bright; Havana's choice aroma
Persuades my senses to a pleasing kind
Of coma;

Calmly I contemplate my future lot:
I reconstruct the past—it fails to strike me
With aught of horror (pity there are not
More like me!)—

My bosom's lord sits lightly on my breast;
The East grows dim; and every hour I stuck to it
Imparts a richer brightness to the West,
Good luck to it! DUM-DUM.

MR. PUNCH'S SYMPOSIA.

III.—SHOULD NOVELISTS CEASE WRITING?

SCENE—*The Authors' Club.*

PRESENT.

Mr. Mudie.
 Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P.
 Miss Marie Corelli.
 Mr. Watts-Dunton.
 Mr. Guy Boothby.
 Mr. Andrew Loring.
 Wee Macgregor.
 Dr. Richard Garnett.
 Mr. Hall Caine.
 Mrs. L. T. Meade.
 Miss Adeline Sergeant.
 Mr. Henry James.
 Mr. J. Holt Schooling.

Mr. Mudie. A novelist writing to the *Daily Mail* has called upon his fellow craftsmen to agree to abstain from fiction for five years and thus relieve the threatened congestion. We are met together, ladies and gentlemen, under this hospitable roof to discuss the wisdom and feasibility of this suggestion.

Mrs. L. T. Meade
 Miss Adeline Sergeant } (in unison).
 Mr. Guy Boothby

Did you say years or minutes?

Mr. Mudie. Years.
 Mrs. L. T. Meade
 Miss Adeline Sergeant } (in unison).
 Mr. Guy Boothby

I don't understand the joke. [Exeunt.

Mr. Watts-Dunton. I think there is a good deal in it. I was forty years writing *Aylwin*, a little precious thing some of you may have reviewed, but it isn't really done yet. I should like to spend forty more on it.

Wee Macgregor. Hoots!

Mr. Andrew Loring. But are there to be no new novels at all for five years? Are we to endure an unmitigated penal servitude to the old? If so, I hardly dare to think of what the readers of *Mr. Smith of England* would say.

Mr. Henry James. Need we consider that?

Mr. Mudie. I don't care for the title. Why not *Messrs. Mudie of England*?

Mr. Andrew Loring. Yes, and how would the artists live who design the posters for the *Answers* serials?

Dr. Richard Garnett. I doubt if that is an important question. Personally, I am on the side of a close time for fiction. My own little flutter in this direction, *The Twilight of the Gods*, took me many more than five years. Indeed, I read, I suppose, some 80,000 volumes before I was qualified to begin it at all.

Miss Corelli. My own view is that

some novelists should certainly be kept from writing for five if not fifty years. I have no objection whatever to name them. First and foremost I should place—

Mr. Hall Caine. I beg your pardon, but—

Mr. Mudie. We could probably all draw up such lists; but they hardly come into the present discussion. The question is, shall all novelists conspire to be silent?

Miss Corelli. Certainly not those who are inspired; not those with a great and sublime mission.

Wee Macgregor. The leddy's richt there.

Mr. Watts-Dunton. I also am in agreement with our diminutive Scotch friend.

Mr. Mudie. But who is to decide?

Miss Corelli. Each will decide for herself.

Mr. Hall Caine. In the little rugged warm-hearted Isle of Man we have a very sensible law framed, I may state in passing, by one who is not personally unknown to some of you, which deprives all cats of their tails. A most admirable enactment. May we not take a lesson from it? Let it be done by Parliament.

Mr. Henry James. The notion of Parliament regulating the production of fiction, otherwise than by the length of its own recesses, is distinctly splendid.

Sir Gilbert Parker. Order! Order! It seems to me, as an altruistic Imperialist, that this is a question which does not concern authors alone, but reviewers. There are, I am told, in London alone, no fewer than 1500 ladies and gentlemen who eke out a precarious livelihood by writing notices of novels. Are we to reduce this meritorious and industrious class to the condition of a "ruined trade?"

Miss Corelli. I could witness the extinction of these atrocious malefactors without a pang.

Dr. Richard Garnett. The prospect of unemployed reviewers leaves me cold. Instead of reviewing novels without reading them, as they do at present, they will merely be reduced to reading novels without reviewing them.

Mr. Mudie. Wholesale prohibition seems to me a little severe. Why should there not be a system of licences, under which no one should be allowed to publish who had not sold, say, 40,000 copies of a novel?

Mr. Hall Caine. 50,000.

Miss Corelli. 60,000.

Wee Macgregor (triumphantly). Twa hundred thousand!

Mr. Holt Schooling. I have prepared several tables of statistics, in which the ratio between the novelistic output and the decline of our exports is succinctly visualised. By these it is conclusively

shown that the more we read the less we export.

Miss Corelli. This is not a matter of statistics but of humanity. Think of the pitiable condition of the great majority of the public, cut off for five years from the refreshing boon of modern fiction and driven, *faute de mieux*, to exist on such desolating and asphyxiating mental pabulum as that provided by a SIDNEY LEE or an ANDREW LANG.

Mr. Watts-Dunton. Talking of ANDREWS, the free libraries would be absolutely deserted.

Miss Corelli. That is the strongest argument in favour of the proposal I have yet heard.

Mr. Henry James. As one interested, more or less, perhaps, acutely in the question at issue, may I be allowed to ask how do the persons responsible for what, in the language of commerce, may be termed the fictional output—numbering, I am inclined to suppose, several thousands—propose to make, if I may be pardoned the colloquialism, both ends meet during the period of enforced abstinence?

Sir Gilbert Parker. A scheme of assisted emigration to the South African colonies, where white settlers are urgently needed, seems to me the best solution of the difficulty for the rank and file. As regards the leaders, I understand that Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, Mr. BARRIE, Mr. ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS and Mr. HALL CAINE, all meditate entering the Parliamentary arena.

Wee Macgregor. I dinna think my Paw will lat me gang into Parlymint.

Miss Corelli. I have not the slightest intention of emigrating while Vandalism still riots unchecked at Stratford-on-Avon. If novel writing be proscribed, I can still stagger humanity with the pamphlet or the pasquinade.

Mr. Mudie. The more I think of it, the less I like the prospect of total abstinence. Think, ladies and gentlemen, of what might happen if, deprived of a literary safety-valve, you were driven by lack of employment into modeling your conduct on that of your characters!

Mr. Watts-Dunton. I confess to being converted by our Chairman. The risks of the proposed muzzling order are too great, the consequences too volcanic. I propose that Mr. GUY BOOTHBY, Mrs. L. T. MEADE and Miss ADELINE SERGEANT should at once be reassured on this point, and would suggest that the message should be conveyed by Mr. MACGREGOR forthwith.

[The motion having been carried unanimously, the company broke up after singing "Britons never will be slaves."

THE HEAD OF THE QUEUE ;

OR, AN INTERVIEW WITH A PERSON
OF SOME STANDING.

ARMED with a passport from *Mr. Punch*, I called, the morning after the inauguration of the Hilarity Theatre, on the Champion First-Nighter and Queue-Header (if that is not a contradiction in terms) of London. He lives on the further side of Tooting Bec in a row of small and not easily discoverable houses, but as I was anxious to obtain from his own lips a record of his experiences as Outside Record-holder I allowed no difficulties to stand in the way.

Reaching his address soon after mid-day, I found straw laid down in the immediate vicinity and the door-knocker carefully muffled with a duster. After a short period of suspense, I was admitted by a haggard-looking woman, who told me with an air of mingled pride and anxiety that she was the Champion's wife. She had been obliged to turn away thirty-four reporters that morning; however, she would be pleased to make an exception in favour of *Mr. Punch*. The interview, nevertheless, must be brief, as the patient had been delirious all night and was having lucid intervals of only a few minutes' duration.

I was therefore ushered into the back bed-room and found the Champion lying in bed, with a lump of ice tied on to his forehead, an eight-day clock in one hand and his certificate of endurance in the other.

Seeing that time was precious I proceeded at once to the point.

"Is it true," I inquired, "that you have not only beaten London's record (and therefore the world's), but your own, as a Stayer Outside?"

"Forty-five hours-an'-a-quarter . . . forty-five hours and a quarter," he repeated, growing gradually more coherent, "a day and a half before anyone else!"

"And you braved all sorts of trials in pursuit of your glorious object?"

"Three thunderstorms and a wash-out, an attack of hooligans, a charge of police, a gas explosion and . . ." here he gasped for breath.

"Dear me!" I interjected, "you are indeed a hero. Your name deserves to be inscribed in the annals of British history!"

"It is," he cried; "I pencilled it on the Gallery Door the moment I arrived."

"And you are satisfied with the marvellous proof you have given of the value of time, and the loyalty of the first-nighter to the Sacred Cause?"

"Quite! I have shown what the human frame is capable of enduring in the pursuit of self-amusement. I have read a lesson to the miserable fools who



THE BILLIARD ENTHUSIAST'S DREAM.

are content with sitting for six hours only to watch a cricket-match, or standing for a paltry hour and a-half around a football ground."

"Have you any public pronouncement to make?"

"Yes, it must be stopped at once!"

"What?" I asked, looking somewhat nervously for the door.

"Why, the mean and unsportsman-like use of boy-messengers, of course! It's not playing the game, to keep places in this way. What is to prevent some jealous rival of mine employing a whole relay for a week beforehand if this goes on!"

"You were let in before the time, I understand?"

"Yes, at half-past three. That took four hours off my record, unfortunately!"

"Did you see anything of the play?"

"The play!" he almost shrieked.

"What of that? That was of no importance! I got in first, and dropped asleep the next moment, and only awoke when they were turning the lights out at the finish. They had given me my diploma at the ticket-office, and I walked home just as I came, and I have remembered nothing since. Never mind, next time I will go one better, and wait for forty-six hours, and my name will be in the *Times* and all the papers, as well as the *Daily M*—"

At this point a fresh access of delirium seized him, and I judged it best to withdraw rapidly and quietly, having, if possible, increased my admiration for this specimen of true British grit and perseverance. A. A. S.

THE FOUND LEADER.

[Mr. HALL CAINE, the well-known novelist, has been invited by three different English constituencies to represent them as the Liberal Candidate at the next Parliamentary election.]

WHETHER the whole dispute is

Correctly understood,

Whether Protective duties

Will raise the price of food,

Whether the fair-trade nation

Must end in horrid slumps,

Whether our observation

Should be, "What ho! she dumps!"—

Vainly indeed you ask us;

To answer this at sight

Would, we admit it, task us;

The points where we unite

Are far more easily reckoned:

"Down, down with CHAMBERLAIN!"

That is the first. The second

Is, "Up with the great HALL CAINE!"

Wherefore with high ambition

We turn to him and plead;

No average politician

Will satisfy our need;

Never for such we take spears

And shields and set our ranks—

Give us the head like SHAKESPEARE'S,

'The chief who talks in Manx!

Come from your lone zariba,

Come now, without demur,

Leaving the halls of Greeba

To lead at Westminster!

Let ROSEBURY plough with hearty

Goodwill his fruitless plain—

The hope of the Liberal Party

Henceforward is—HALL CAINE!

THE SUN-CHILD.

THE STORY OF THE SERVANTS' BALL.

It was the day after Christmas Day, and there was to be a servants' ball at Peckwater Towers. Great preparations had been making, for the young Marquis of PECKWATER had but recently come to the title and the estates, and he had determined that things should be done in the jolly old English style of which he had read in books published a great many years ago. His grandfather, the late Marquis, had been a recluse with one absorbing hobby, the collection and classification of birds' eggs from every portion of the bird-frequented globe. But for the excitement afforded by the occasional purchase of some rare specimen, such as the celebrated Auk's egg, for which he had paid four hundred guineas after a fierce competition with an American millionaire, his life had been singularly uneventful. He had lived, he had voted on three or four occasions in the House of Lords, he had collected eggs and he had died, bequeathing his magnificent collection to the British Museum. That summed up his history. His heir, the present Marquis, had inherited great possessions in castles, towers, land, and, what was even more important, in ready money. He had ideas, and one of them was that the happiness of England depended on a frank and cordial union between the great nobles who lived on the land and their retainers and dependents. On his estates, at any rate, the feudal days were to be restored without their tyranny or their wickedness, and a golden era of universal happiness was to be inaugurated by the condescension of the great and the necessary elevation of the humble without any obliteration of those class distinctions which had made Britain, so the Marquis thought, eminent in arms, in arts, in commerce and in the science of government. He was going to do what his remoter ancestors had done, and he set about the task with great enthusiasm and, it must be admitted, with little discretion:

All that the old Dukes had been without knowing it,
The young Duke would fain know he was without being it

Such were his intentions and such the state of his mind. The Servants' Ball at Peckwater Towers was one of the first fruits of the new order of things.

I don't quite know what had brought the Sun-child to Peckwater Towers on this particular 26th of December. The magnificent battlemented array of the Towers, their frowning majesty against the glow of a sunset sky had attracted him, no doubt, and he had wandered in through the great wrought-iron gates and up the broad avenue flanked by gaunt trees, and so through the entrance gate and into the house itself. He had watched the preparations, and now, at nine o'clock of the evening, he found himself in the large vaulted hall set apart for the ceremony just as the house-party, headed by the Marquis and the Marchioness, had swept into the assembly of servants and tenants and

superior tradesmen, with their wives and daughters, who had been summoned for a night of hearty feudal enjoyment under the gracious eyes of their lord.

Before their dazzling betters had arrived upon the scene the gathered guests had made a few faint attempts at animated conversation, but, as the procession from the higher regions entered, even these spasmodic efforts died down, and a frozen silence fell upon the hall. The butler and the housekeeper, awed by their new and terrible responsibilities into a pomposity unusual even for them, advanced into the middle of the floor to greet their distinguished hosts:—

"Good evening, PALLISER. Good evening, Mrs. BRAYBOURNE," said the Marquis. "Good evening, all of you; I give you heartily welcome. Shall we begin? Is the music ready?"

Mr. PALLISER and Mrs. BRAYBOURNE were acutely conscious

of at least a hundred pair of eyes that were curiously fixed upon them. Mr. PALLISER turned to Mrs. BRAYBOURNE, and Mrs. BRAYBOURNE, turning a livelier scarlet with every moment that passed, looked hopelessly at the butler, who cleared his throat and, fixing himself in a rigid and impassive attitude, thus began:—

"We are --ahem--prepared for the--ahem--eventuality, my lord and your ladyship. We were hoping that--ahem--would your lord and my ladyship be pleased--ahem--to lead off the first dance? The--ahem--instrumentalists are ready."

At this the Marquis, with a stiff bow, offered his arm to Mrs. BRAYBOURNE, and Mr. PALLISER became aware that the Marchioness had placed her hand lightly within his elbow joint; the fiddles and the cornet-a-piston struck up a quadrille, the couples solemnly sorted themselves out into squares, and the

long-expected Ball began. It may safely be said that in all the history of dancing there never was a more joyless dance. Not a tongue wagged. Even the Marquis, who had come primed with notions of heartiness, felt his spirits droop as he saw eighty melancholy and all but lifeless human beings solemnly pacing through the figures of the dance. The music ceased, the dance ended, and a gloomy silence again descended upon the scene of revelry, as the men paraded their partners up and down or deposited them in their seats. It was at this moment that the Sun-child felt it his duty to intervene. Coming close to the Marquis and assuming the voice of the Marchioness (he had a pretty talent for imitation), he said:—

"My dear, it's quite evident we are spoiling the enjoyment of these people. Let us go and leave them to themselves."

"My dear," the Marquis began in a tone of some surprise, "it's a strange thing, but the same idea had just—" he broke off, for he realised that his wife was at the other end of the hall. He went towards her. Now the Sun-child had left the Marquis and had played the same trick on his wife. As the Marquis, therefore, advanced to her she



"ANOTHER DISTURBANCE OF THE BAROMETER IS EXPECTED SHORTLY."

also came towards him. "Let us make our Good-byes and go away," said the Marquis; "we are casting a gloom on the proceedings." The next moment they had gathered their party together and left the room.

"Now," said the Sun-child to Mr. PALLISER in the voice of Mrs. BRAYBOURNE, "we've been a couple of stuck-up old fools"—Mr. PALLISER gasped—"let's enjoy ourselves. The quality's gone and we can have some fun."

Mr. PALLISER never quite understood how Mrs. BRAYBOURNE's voice had come to him, for she was twenty yards at least away from him, but he acted on her words and bore her no ill will. The next dance was a polka, and you never saw a giddier jollier dance in your life. From that moment everything went well and the Ball became a glorious success. As Miss CAPSWELL, one of the housemaids, put it, "We 'adn't a chance so long as the lords and ladies was about. Soon as they were gone we begun to enjoy ourselves."

A LULLABY FOR THE SLEEPLESS.

(Some years after Scott.)

THE latest cure for wakefulness is to lie on one's back, and puff at an empty wooden pipe with a deep inhaling movement. It is not stated whether ladies are recommended to adopt this plan. If so, it is rather a painful prospect for the limner of a future Sleeping Venus.

O, hush thee, dear reader, and snooze through the night,
Thy dreams, I'll be bound, will be lovely and bright—
For a wonderful dodge in the papers we see
For chasing the woes of insomnia from thee.

O, fear not the pipe that's in front of thy nose—
'Tis no Pan-pipe or bagpipe to mar thy repose;
But inhale through the tube till thy features get red,
And finally Morpheus approaches thy bed.

O, puff thee, my reader, the time soon will come,
When the briar will choke thee or bore with its hum;
Recline then supinely, and pull while you may—
How you'd look, if a lady, I'd rather not say!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

WHEN my Baronite finds on his table a new novel by the author of *A Welsh Singer* and *Torn Sails*, he takes it in hand with pleased anticipation. He cannot say that *On the Wings of the Wind* (HUTCHINSON) reaches the excellence of these masterpieces. The story would have been improved if the wings had been cut a little. Occasionally they float a little wearily; moreover, ALLEN RAINE, an' she loves us, will spare us the too frequent scraps of Welsh. They may be apposite. But they do not add anything either to the flow of the narrative or to its interest. And the repetition is monotonous. *Caton parob* runs 'merch i pretty close in the number of citations. These things said, there remains nothing but praise for the simplicity and tenderness of the tale. The heroine, *Miriel*, is a charming girl, worthy of the love of big-hearted *Doctor Dan*. A minor but delightful character is *Deio*, the doctor's man-of-all-work. In *Phil Vaughan*, both in person, character, and the circumstances under which he is wrecked, there is echo, doubtless unconsciously produced, of *David Copperfield's* sometime friend, *Steerforth*. But ALLEN RAINE works in a field so entirely her own, with characters in the main so fresh, that the coincidence does not matter.

"*Nihil 'Dickensium' a me alienum puto.*" And so the Baron, speaking for himself, *latine*, in the above adapted quotation, contemplates with affectionate regard the volume now before him, entitled *The Real Dickens Land*, by H. S.



ENCOURAGEMENT.

Pupil (after repeated attempts). "OH, I'M SURE I NEVER SHALL BE ABLE TO!" Professor. "OH YES, YOU WILL. I WAS JUST AS BIG A DONKEY MYSELF AT FIRST!"

and CATHERINE W. B. WARD, published by the firm of CHAPMAN AND HALL, so intimately associated with our great novelist. The Baron welcomes this as a valuable addition to the shelves of every library.

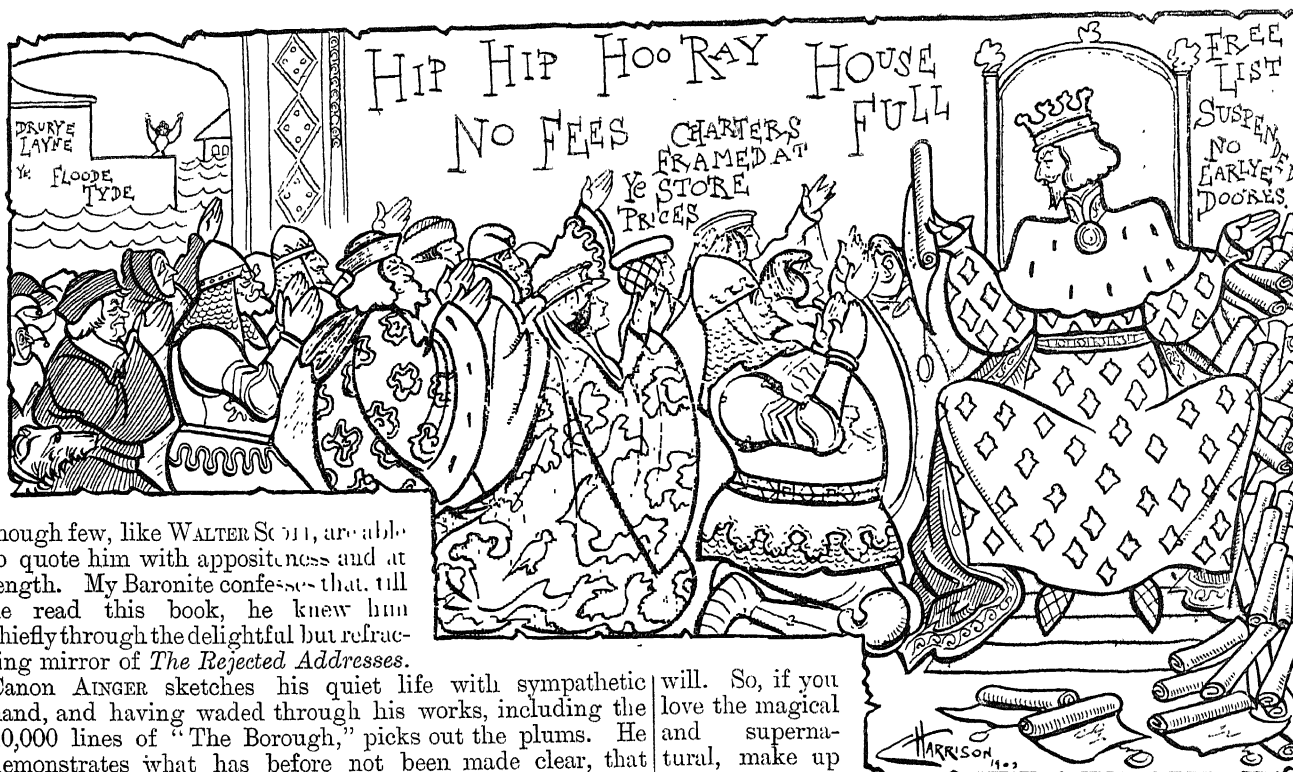
Our Lady's Inn (BLACKWOOD) is the kind of novel that does not exhaust the brain in the effort of reading. This, like approbation from Sir HUBERT STANLEY (though really, it's only what my Baronite says), is praise indeed. And yet Mr. STORER CLOUSTON is not altogether without design of writing a novel with a purpose. It runs in the direction of showing how, according to the creed of Mr. *Thomas Clestran* of Pittentrews, system is everything. Everything about him was managed on system,—his conservatories and his conversation, his pheasants and his servants, his plantations and his tenantry. On system he proposed to take a wife. How his fiancée rebelled against system; how she induced Sir Andrew Dunsappie, whom Mr. *Clestran* had left in charge of the young lady during temporary absence, to drive her to the station disguised in a suit of the Baronet's own clothes; how she escaped to London; how she met in chambers Mr. *Clestran's* disinherited son, and how she married him, is all told in light brisk fashion that keeps the reader to the end in state of breathless interest.

The Baron has before him some pretty little books with coloured plates, and always something nice on these plates for the children to devour, with their eyes, entitled *Lords and Ladies, I've seen the Sea* (BRIMLEY JOHNSON), intended for Christmas, and forestalling that season of generous donations by nearly two months.

Canon AINGER's contribution to the English Men of Letters Series (MACMILLAN), *A Study of Crabbe*, is peculiarly valuable. We all know of the Aldeburgh absentee parson,

KING BEERBOHM THE FIRST GRANTING CHARTERS TO YE SOUVENIR KNIGHTES AND YE FAIRE LADYES.

(From ye Bay Tree Tapestry of ye period. Anticipating ye 100th night of Richard ye Second.)



though few, like WALTER SCOTT, are able to quote him with appositeness and at length. My Baronite confesses that, till he read this book, he knew him chiefly through the delightful but refracting mirror of *The Rejected Addresses*.

Canon AINGER sketches his quiet life with sympathetic hand, and having waded through his works, including the 10,000 lines of "The Borough," picks out the plums. He demonstrates what has before not been made clear, that CRABBE, like DE QUINCEY, was a victim of the opiate habit and wrote many fine things under the influence of the drug. In another interesting passage he claims for CRABBE that he was the founder of the rural novel, the *Silas Marner* and the *Adam Bede* of fifty years later. One of his *Tales of the Hall* seems to have supplied TENNYSON with a theme. CRABBE turned out mounds of rubbishy verse, under which the patient seeker sometimes finds a diamond. In "The Borough" is a sketch of a two-sided miser who starved himself, drove beggars from his door, but secretly aided the helpless. Here are four delightful lines, the more charming because gravely written. CRABBE was wholly unconscious of the grim humour of the last nine words:—

All in a wintry night from far he came
To soothe the sorrows of a suffering dame,
Whose husband robbed him and to whom he meant
A lingering but reforming punishment.

"Something with boiling oil in it," as W. S. GILBERT put it many years later.

Whenever Mr. BRAM STOKER takes pen in hand for a story he seems determined to imitate the Fat Boy, who, on a certain occasion, wanted to "make" somebody's "flesh creep." In *The Jewel of Seven Stars* (HEINEMANN) he has succeeded with a vengeance. He leads us on and on, through mystery after mystery, until we pause, tremblingly, before opening the final chapter, which is to lift the awful veil and make evident to our dazed senses what is what! And then—shall the Baron reveal? No! Mum is the word. Who but BRAM STOKER himself can describe that climax? Listen:

"There, in that lonely house, far away from aid of man, naught could avail."

Now if that finale does not excite your curiosity nothing

will. So, if you love the magical and supernatural, make up your mind to spend a delightfully thrilling domestic evening with BRAM STOKER and his dear old mummy.

Also from HEINEMANN's comes another book which, by those who have been in any way interested in the progress of music and of opera in this country, will be found both instructive and amusing. There is scarcely a singer, *impresario*, or musician of any note during the last thirty years' with whom Mr. KLEIN has not been professionally and socially acquainted, and whose name will not be found in his *Thirty Years of Musical Life in London*. He prints a characteristic letter from Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN, expressing himself strongly in favour of native talent as against foreign importation. But the artful KLEIN bearded the musical lion in his den, and a lasting friendship was the result. Of Madame PATTI he has much to say: but perhaps the best part of his volume is concerning Sir AUGUSTUS HARRIS, whom he regarded with such wonderment as is excited by the contemplation of exceptional energy, shrewdness, and artistic perception. The Baron agrees. "DRURIOLANUS" was, in his particular line, a marvellous worker, Napoleonic in conception of a plan and in carrying it out. And, above all things, he was without chicanery, straightforward, honest. "Honest, my Lord?" "Ay, Sir; to be honest as this world goes is to be one man picked out of ten thousand." Such was "AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS." Congratulations to Mr. KLEIN on his valuable contribution to musical literature from the harmonious

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

To stop the emigration of his countrymen to England an Irish Bishop is to publish a book on London slums. Why should not London in turn discourage the influx of aliens by disseminating a true description of the buffet at Dover harbour?

THE WOOLING O'T!

["In 1898 American Society was kept on the tip-toe of excitement by the cabled reports of the attentions that Scotland's youngest Duke was paying America's richest heiress."—From "The Story of the Roxburghe Courtship," in the "Daily Express."]

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

London, October 1.—Most important news. I hear that the Duke of PECKHAM and Miss MARIA K. PETROL, who are fellow-guests just now at Topton Towers, seem much attached to each other. Have secured under-footman's place at the Towers, and leave to-night to commence investigations.

Topton, Oct. 2.—News seems to have spread. Seven other newspaper men have arrived. Busy all day secreting cameras and phonographs in likely spots. Nothing happened as yet.

Oct. 3.—Duke sat next to Miss P. at dinner. Am sending two-column report of their conversation. Nothing very decisive in it. Five more journalists arrived to-day. Some are disguised as gardeners, &c., others are camping out in the coverts. Have my suspicions that Miss P.'s maid is a representative of the *Daily Rag-bag*.

Oct. 4.—Most important. Duke and Miss P. sat together in conservatory last night; hiding behind large palms, the *Upper-Crust* man and myself secured absolutely verbatim note. All other newspapers completely left. Talk more than friendly, as you will see. Head it. "SHE SAID, 'HOW SYMPATHETIC YOU ARE!'" and set in large caps.

Oct. 5.—Sunday. They went to church to-day. When some banns were read I am sure they looked at each other. Snapped them with my Kodak in the act. (Later) After lunch, they sat together in the garden. Duke happened to hear a noise in the laurel-bushes just behind the seat. Went to examine, and discovered six newspaper men and Miss JONES of the *Twinkler* hidden there, with pencils and notebooks in their hands. He was very angry. Luckily, I was in another bush, with my phonograph. Secured splendid record. Publish as special article, "How Dukes Swear." N.B. A little editing will be required.

Oct. 7.—Excitement grows. TIPSON of the *Carrion-Crow* has executed clever coup. Disguised as the Duke's pet St. Bernard, he accompanied the pair on a stroll in the dusk last night. He has cabled to his journal some fine head-lines: "HE POPS TO-MORROW," "HER EYES ARE FIXED ON HIM," "WILL SHE SAY 'YES?'" Smart man, TIPSON. He thinks the event will take place in the garden. I've put my money on the Conservatory, and have made preparations accordingly.



HAPPY IGNORANCE.

Lady Canvasser (very much up to date, and under the impression that everyone thoroughly understands the Fiscal Question, to wife of Voter). "WELL, MY DEAR, AND WHAT DO YOU THINK OF 'OUR JOE' NOW?"

Young Mrs. Giles (coolly). "TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, MA'AM, MY HUSBAND, DICK, IS A BIT JEALOUS, AND SAYS I OUGHTN'T TO THINK OF ANYONE ELSE 'CEPT HIM!'"

Oct. 8.—Victory! He has proposed. She called him "Darling," and I have secured absolutely exclusive report! Feeling sure that the Conservatory was the place, I arranged my cinematographs and phonographs there. It came off just as I hoped, and I have records of every word they said, and a complete set of photographs, including a superb one of their first kiss! We must publish special number at once; I bring material by next train.

SOME "EFFICIENCY" TESTS.

A *Boy's Leader* Prize Competition (in which "parents may help their son to win") includes the problems, "What famous British soldier is known as

'BOBS'?" and "When was King EDWARD THE SEVENTH born?" Our competition expert suggests the following tests:—

1. Add the figures 2 and 2. (*Encyclopædia Britannica* may be consulted for this puzzle.)

2. What well-known name is concealed in "CH-MB-RL-N"?

3. Write down first verse of "God Save the King," and name—if possible—the authors of (a) *Hamlet*; (b) "The Absent-Minded Beggar." (Nearest guess will be accepted.)

4. Conundrum—When is a door not a door? (Candidates under 15 may enlist help outside the family for this enigma.)

* * * Six months allowed competitors.

ITALY IN LONDON.

[The Editor of the *Sphere*, in a letter to the *Daily Mail*, protests against the attitude of Lord BYRON and others, who would expel the organ-grinder from our streets, and so make London a dull dreary city instead of the vivacious and picturesque place" which he (Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER) "would wish it to be." He cites Lord BYRON's great ancestor as one who loved the produce of Italy too well to have countenanced such a scheme. This epoch-shaking subject is further discussed in the latest of "Mr. Punch's Symposia" on p. 350 of the present issue.]

O DEAF to all emollient arts,
 London, on whom are freely lavished
 Tunes that have tickled savage hearts,
 Yet yours alone remains unravished ;
 When breath of Teuton bands is borne
 From out the detonative trumpet,
 It leaves your marrow cold and *morne*
 As yesterday's discarded crumpet.
 When Roman minstrels ply for pence
 With music fit to melt a Gorgon,
 You hail the Force ; you clamour "Hence
 With yonder bestial barrel-organ !"
 Yet there have been exalted men
 Who thought the case deserved a lyric ;
 BLADES, for example, deigned to pen
 An ape-importer's panegyric ;
 And BYRON too, I've understood,—
 BYRON, who doted on polenta,
 And, but for Missolonghi, would
 No doubt have perished at Magenta ;—
 Who, under warm Italian skies,
 So long and eloquently carolled
 Of local charms that cheered the eyes
 Of that portentous tripper, *Harold*—
 BYRON, I say, on such a theme
 (As Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER hints i)
 Might well have filled a casual ream,
 Although the stuff was never printed.
 And in our midst we have, this hour,
 An advocate of street harmonics,
 Who finds in these a source of power
 Surpassing more material tonics.
 Rocked by the organ's rhythmic airs
 His prose acquires that ease of manner
 Which makes the *Sphere* this Atlas bears
 Well worth its price—a paltry tanner.
 And he would have about his ears,
 In places where no actual bird is,
 Music of all the other spheres
 Rolled from a hundred hurdy-gurdies.
 Nay more, his scheme enjoys a scope
 Outreaching private aspirations ;
 It is, I think, his honest hope
 To knit the comity of nations ;
 For, courtier-like, he has his view
 Exposed in London's leading Daily
 By way of timely welcome to
 Italia's King, EMANUELE !

O. S.

Master. And what happened to Achilles in his infancy?
Boy. His mother dipped him in the River Styx, and he became intolerable.

A PLEA FOR EXTENDING THE ZOO.

[Mr C. J. CORNISH suggests in the *County Gentleman* that our London parks would be rendered more attractive if animals were introduced into them. As instances, he gives Highland cattle and Cashmir goats. But why stop here? There is room for all.]

From an advance copy of the "Animals' Friend."

THE introduction of leopards into Whitechapel has proved a great success. The intelligent creatures crouch on the leads of the houses and spring on to the shoulders of pedestrians. As the dwellers in the neighbourhood are now afraid to leave their houses, Hooliganism has entirely ceased, and it has been found possible to withdraw the entire body of police from the district, with the exception of P.C. 843 of the X division, whose condition is precarious. He met a leopard in Commercial Street. The fear entertained by certain of our readers lest the carnivores should move further West may be dismissed. A leopard rarely changes its favourite spots.

We cannot believe that the gentleman who writes to this morning's *Times* to complain of the crocodiles in the Round Pond is really serious. That his son, AUBREY JAMES, should have been devoured by one of the saurians in question is of course to be deplored, but a mere accident must not blind us to the true value of the experiment. Before the advent of the crocodiles a visit to the Round Pond was, for adults at least, dull. Now it is Society's favourite pastime.

What used to be a source of some unpleasantness between employer and employed in the City, namely, the habit of the latter of taking more than the regulation hour for lunch, is now at an end. Since bears, formerly confined to the Stock Exchange, have been let loose in all the principal thoroughfares, clerks have made a practice of bringing their lunch with them in the shape of sandwiches. They feel it would be unwise to go out to lunch while the present uncertainty prevails as to whether they would be the active or the passive agents in the transaction. Most of the City restaurants have closed their doors. It keeps the bears out.

Will the gentleman who rang us up on the telephone to say that he saw a distended tiger, wearing a smile on its face, leave the office of this newspaper at 1 p.m. yesterday, write stating which way it was going? The editor is missing.

A curious incident took place during the performance of *'Hamlet'* last night. While giving his famous soliloquy Mr. TREE was suddenly interrupted by uproarious laughter from the stalls. Cries of 'Silence' issued from every quarter of the house, but the noise continued. Just as it seemed impossible that the piece could be proceeded with, the author of the disturbance was discovered. It was one of the hyænas recently laid down in the Haymarket by the L.C.C., which had stolen in unperceived. The offender was speedily ejected, still chuckling, and the play was resumed.

Now that the London Fire Brigade has substituted giraffes for the old-fashioned fire escapes, a fatal fire should be the rarest of occurrences. At a recent conflagration in Northumberland Avenue good work was also done by the new elephants, who squirted water on the flames with great accuracy and force. It is rumoured that the trunk is to supersede the hose.

A NIGHT ATTACK.—The *Daily News*, in its contempt for sport, goes too far. In Wednesday's programme for the visit of the King of ITALY it announces the following item :—9 p.m.—Pheasant shooting in the Park.



TACTFUL SYMPATHY.

Genial Friend. "HULLO, OLD MAN, GETTING ON ALL RIGHT?"

PANEM—ET CIRCENSES.

From the "Daily To-morrow" of 1920.

"WE report this morning several contributions made last night by speakers of eminence towards questions of the hour, but they were for the most part of a tame and uninteresting character, approximating rather to those colourless addresses which satisfied orators of the nineteenth century, than to the more decorative performances to which the twentieth has accustomed us, ever since Mr. *Punch*, in his issue of November 11, 1903, hinted at the possible developments of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S illustration by loaves. For details we must refer our readers to the full reports appearing in other columns of our paper, our only desire here being to call attention to the danger in which present-day speakers seem to us to stand of relapsing into a featureless and unimaginative form of exposition from which we hoped we had definitely escaped.

"It is true that Mr. LIONEL LACKLAND varied the monotony of his usual diatribes against the Game Laws by letting loose twelve brace of pheasants in the middle of his address, and handing guns to his supporters on the platform that they might illustrate the sickening battues in which the landlords and moneyed classes constantly indulge. But this piece of—at the best—rather obvious 'business' left the spectators cold and unmoved, and but for the fact that the erratic marksmanship of the chairman resulted in some loss of blood in the great gallery we should not think it worthy of notice. What really was remarkable was the number of opportunities for dramatic illustration which Mr. LACKLAND let slip. It will scarcely be believed that his otherwise eloquent description of night poaching was not even accompanied by any attempt to turn out the gas and attack the policemen in the hall, who were in poor force, and could easily have been reduced to pulp. We need scarcely say more.

"At Manchester Sir BENJAMIN BITEM'S speech on Extra-Compound Retaliation was marred by the same defects. 'When hit, hit back,' is a sound doctrine, and Sir BENJAMIN'S illustration of his methods might have been well enough in the privacy of a study; but on a public platform the sight of an elderly and somewhat corpulent Baronet eluding the recoil of a punching-ball with indifferent success is obviously not—in any sense—striking enough to stimulate the fancy of spectators accustomed to better things. We are no advocate of pugilism, but one can no more expect to sway the crowd by mere talk than to make omelettes without eggs: the pro-



READY MADE.

She. "WE'RE INVITED TO THE TALBOITS' FANCY DRESS BALL. WILL YOU GO?"

He. "FANCY DRESS! OH, I SAY, LOOK HERE, YOU KNOW, RATHER NOT. I DON'T WANT TO MAKE MYSELF LOOK A SILLY ASS!"

fession of a politician carries with it duties as well as privileges, and we fearlessly assert that, had Sir BENJAMIN indulged in even half a dozen rounds with a stalwart German under Queensberry rules, his appearance at the finish would have won him the sympathy of the meeting more than any number of futile displays of desultory sparring with inanimate objects.

"We do not wish to labour the point, and we think we have said enough to explain our view. It is pleasant in conclusion to be able to add a word of praise to Mr. JOHN GIBBET'S forcible

attack on our system of capital punishment. That it is a hideous anachronism we all believe, but the manner in which Mr. GIBBET, at the conclusion of a stirring peroration, flung a rope over a previously prepared beam and hanged one of our leading contemporary's reporters out of hand, was an object lesson as dramatic as it was instructive. We venture to say that the adoption of his methods by all speakers on the subject would lead to an agitation in the Press of such unparalleled force and unanimity that nothing could stand before it."

TOO LATE!

(With acknowledgments to the "Daily Express.")

[A prize of £25 is offered by the *Express* to the owner of the first parrot able to speak distinctly the phrase, "Your food will cost you more."]

I HAVE got a talking Polly,
And I thought it would be jolly
If (as pounds with me are scarce) I
Could increase my slender store;
What a simple undertaking!
Five-and-twenty pounds for making
My old parrot learn one sentence,
Viz. "Your food will cost you more!"

Full of hope I started teaching,
And the parrot started screeching,
And I tried my very utmost
Every day from ten to four;
Then a phonograph I bought him,
And with this for hours I taught him,
But he merely looked sagacious,
And politely asked for more.

Then a sudden madness took me,
And a frightful passion shook me,
And I seized that stupid parrot
And I dashed him to the floor;
But, oh heavens, as he lay there,
What was that I heard him say there?
With his dying breath I heard him
Say, "Your food will cost you more!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Seventh Number of *The Ancestor* (CONSTABLE & Co., LTD.), edited by OSWALD BARRON, F.S.A., escaped the other Baron's notice in this October just passed. It is one of the most interesting volumes of this very interesting series. Too high praise cannot be bestowed on the care, the painstaking labour and the accuracy of statement, after most involved research, displayed in the production of any one paper in these volumes. To go through the contents of this volume alone would occupy a student a good quarter of a year, so in this instance the Baron will merely select for especial remark the paper on *The Massingberds*, by the Rev. W. O. MASSINGBERD; *English Counts*, by HORACE ROUND; *A Tale of Bristol City*, by BRUCE MARSH, without the slightest allusion in it to THACKERAY'S *Three Sailors of Bristol City*; and the interesting reproduction of *The Seals of the Barons* who signed a letter to the POPE, as collected and vouched for by H. ROUND, Sir H. MAXWELL-LYTE, W. H. ST. JOHN HOPE, and the editor. The ancestor of the present Baron de B.-W. (whose seal will shortly appear) was absent from England at the particular juncture here recorded, being at the time engaged on a secret mission of the utmost public importance abroad, but he will take advantage of the earliest opportunity afforded him to affix his seal, motto and signature, as ancestrally spelt, to a forthcoming document.

In Mr. CUTCLIFFE HYNE'S last book, *McTodd* (MACMILLAN), the Scotch engineer of that name has the ship all to himself, without rivalry on the part of the incomparable *Captain Kettle*. He fills it a low and aloft with revelations, often unconscious, of a rare character. He has a singular gift of getting into bad company, where he comports himself with a gravity and infinite variety of resource that keeps every page aglow with interest. There are three influences ever at work with Neil Angus McTodd. One is the memory of his

father, formerly a Free Kirk parson in far-off Ballindrocharter. The second is his widowed mother, who, dependent upon his support, still lives near the manse. The third, more nearly approaching the ever present, is the whisky-bottle. One of the most amusing of the dozen stories that make the book is *McTodd's* voyage as second engineer on board a teetotal ship. Even better is the log of his cruise to Spitzbergen with *Widow Larsen*, bent on establishing a cannery designed to provide Europe with prime Chicago beef cut out of the carcasses of dead whales. Ever the victim of evil design, *McTodd*, having seen the wicked flourish like a green bay tree, lives to enjoy the sight of their withering decay. Apart from its brimming humour, its shrewd description of men and women, my Baronite finds in the book some graphic pictures of life and scenery in Arctic regions and elsewhere.

On the subject of *Records and Reminiscences*, by Sir FRANCIS BURNAND (METHUEN), the Baron's Hibernian henchman thus delivers his mind:—

Here is a medley to suit every mood:
Mirthful, if mirth be your favourite food;
Tender in dealing with friends that are gone;
True to the comrades who keep jogging on.
Varied the story our Editor tells,
Showing a *verve* no vicissitude quells,—
Tales of "my tutor"—whose Eton cognomen,
"Judy," was surely an eloquent omen;
Life on the Cam, where the A.D.C. kindled
Thespian flames that have never since dwindled;
Then a brief trial of Law and its fetters,
Ending ere long with a verdict for—Letters;
Tales of the *maximi*, DICKENS and THACKERAY,
Tales of the mediums' ingenious quackery;
Records of "MARK," never known to be surly,
"PÖNI" MAYHEW, "the PROFESSOR," and "SHIRLEY";
Life at the "Table" for seasons two score,
Anecdotes, autographs, pictures galore;
Judges and cardinals, mummings and sages,
Such is the theme of these generous pages.
Memoirs I've known that were staidier, sublimer
(So writes the Baron's Hibernian rhymers),
Still, for a mixture of earnest and jest,
Those of our Chief are the gayest and best.

It was a happy thought on the part of L. D. L., whoever he may be, and of the publishers, Messrs. LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., to call upon *Sam Weller* for his famous song about the *Bold Turpin*, and to fit it up with lively illustrations, plain and coloured, to catch the book fanciers at Christmas time. The pictures carry us somewhat beyond the legend of the ballad, which, as may be remembered, pulled up somewhat short, much after the style of *Sam's* valentine. The pictures are spirited, the colouring bright and clear, but unless it be conceded that, in this instance, "killing is no murder," the Baron owns his inability to perceive where, in the shooting of a bishop and his coachman by a highwayman, the fun comes in. The professional gentlemen who formed *Mr. Weller's* audience for this ditty severely criticised the attitude of the coachman as being a libel on the cloth, and the clergy may object to the comic representation of this summary and quite unjustifiable removal of an eminent divine from his place on the episcopal bench. Be this as it may, the Baron is bound to notice one singular oversight, and, as *Mr. Weller, Senior*, on another occasion, asked, "Why worn't there an alleybi?" so the Baron inquires regretfully, "Why worn't there a composer engaged to set the ditty to a taking tune, with chorus, the music being printed clearly as an accompaniment to this book?"

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



PURE AND UNDILUTED.

Squire Toper (pulling up). "WATER? AH—UM—THANK'Y'. NOT TAKING ANY!"

A LAMENT FOR SAMUEL.

[*Samuel was a Polar Bear, who died recently of pleurisy in the Zoological Gardens.*]

*O listen, listen, ladies gay!
No haughty feat of arms I tell;
Soft is the note, and sad the lay
That mourns the lovely Samuel.
Let the kind tear be freely shed;
Weep, ye that loved him, weep, for he is dead.*

*He came a youngling from the rigid North,
Untimely rapt from his protesting dam,
To earn a people's love, and bear thenceforth
The ludicrous but honoured name of Sam.
Twice seven years a quiet life he led;
Weep, ye that loved him, weep, for he is dead.*

*White was his ample fleece, and black his eye,
And oh, his sense of humour! 'Twas his game
To filch umbrellas from the passers-by,
And with apparent relish eat the same,
While the despoiled breathed curses on his head;
Weep, ye that loved him, weep, for he is dead.*

*He was not made for climates such as this;
Our English summer pierced him to the bone;
"Give me," he sighed, with bitter emphasis,
"The genial horrors of my native zone!
This is the very——" Thus and thus he said;
Weep, ye that loved him, weep, for he is dead.*

*Alas! We knew not that he inly wanned,
We could not look beneath that snowy pell;
Only we saw him frolic in his pond,
Only we thought: "How blithe is Samuel!"
No minatory cough awoke our dread;
Weep, ye that loved him, weep, for he is dead.*

*Had we but dreamed that he was scantily drest,
And that the deuce was going on within,
He should have worn a muffler for his chest,
Flannel and shammy leather next his skin;
He should have had hot bottles in his bed;
Weep, ye that loved him, weep, for he is dead.*

*But pleurisy has knocked him out of time.
His lungs were delicate; the wear and tear
Of long exposure to our frequent clime
Has been too many for a Polar Bear;
And Death came sweeping up with sudden tread;
Weep, ye that loved him, weep, for he is dead.*

DUM-DUM.

A Constant Dropping.

Father Sullivan (watching Murphy of the Blazers, who has again come to grief at a wall). Bedad he'll soon have quarried a gap in ivery wall in Galway. He goes no faster than DONOVAN'S hearse, and he falls over ivery obsthacle he encounthers.

Father O'Grady. Faith, ye're right there. MURPHY cavat lapidem non vi sed saypy cadendo!

MR. PUNCH'S SYMPOSIA.

IV.—SHOULD ORGAN-GRINDERS BE EXPELLED?

SCENE—Interior of the Yellow Van on Saffron Hill.

PRESENT.

Mr. Max Pemberton.
 Lord Byron.
 Prof. Flinders Petrie.
 "Viscount Hinton."
 Mr. Richard Whiteing.
 M. Paderevski.
 Mr. Arnold White.
 Sir August Manns.
 Lord Avebury.
 Mr. Andrew Lang.

Mr. Max Pemberton. As you are doubtless aware, Lord BYRON, Professor FLINDERS PETRIE and myself have already issued a manifesto appealing to the nation for support in our crusade. We think, however, that a little quiet discussion on the subject cannot but promote the end we have in view, i.e. the deliverance of art, letters and science from the dominion of din. Good as I am told my romances now are, they would, I am convinced, be vastly better if our city were a silent one. Let our urban authorities consider what they are losing.

Prof. Flinders Petrie. Silence gives content.

Mr. Andrew Lang. May I ask the name of the gentleman whose delicate literary art is injured by organ-grinders?

Lord Byron. Mr. MAX PEMBERTON.

Mr. Andrew Lang. It conveys nothing to me. Miss Pinkerton I have heard of in *Vanity Fair*, and Uncle Pumblechook in *Great Expectations*, but not the sensitive genius in the chair. No matter. Pray proceed.

Lord Byron. I try to associate myself with every word that has fallen from the lips of our Chairman. As my gifted namesake remarks somewhere—in *Don Juan*, I think,

Seated one day near an organ
 I was weary and ill at ease—

undoubtedly a hint of the attitude he would have taken up on this all-important subject.

Mr. Richard Whiteing. The view expressed by the last speaker confirms me in my conviction as to the tyrannous influence on our social life exerted by the feudal nobility. In John Street nothing gave me greater pleasure than to see the little slum children dancing to the beneficent strains of the barrel-organ. I oppose his lordship in toe-toe.

"Viscount Hinton." Excuse me, the aristocracy are not all built that way. No member of the proletariat can touch me as an executant on the piano-organ,

while Lord DYSART, I am given to understand by my friends at Ham, is a matchless performer on the pianola.

Mr. Arnold White. If street music were discoursed by natives, it would be right enough. What I object to is the fact that it is entirely in the hands of undesirable aliens, Dagos, Italians, Poles—

M. Paderevski. The man who speaks of the Poles as undesirable must answer for that statement with his blood.

Mr. Arnold White (with emotion). I would as soon speak disrespectfully of the Equator as of the Poles.

Mr. Max Pemberton. Gentlemen, I think we are deviating from the main issue—is the organ-grinder, irrespective of nationality, a nuisance or is he not? I can only say that in one of the most poignant situations of my new romance, *Doctor Xavier*, I was within an ace of losing my temper and the thread of the story owing to the persistence with which a swartly fiend serenaded me with a selection from the *Iron Pirates of Penzance*.

Professor Flinders Petrie. My experience was even more disconcerting. As I was recently engaged in unrolling the wrappings in which a long defunct Egyptian potentate was swathed, an impudent street singer accompanied my exertions with a ballad of which the refrain seemed to be "Kiss him for his mummy."

Lord Avebury. Personally, I must confess I do not resent the strains of an organ. It is pleasant among the money bags of the City to be reminded by the strains of "*The Honeysuckle and the Bee*" of pursuits more to one's mind in the country.

Mr. Max Pemberton. But the delicate handling of a situation is impossible when the organ-grinder is at his distracting pursuits.

Mr. Andrew Lang. I forget the name of the last speaker, but he seems to value his outpourings very highly.

"Viscount Hinton." And on the other hand, what about an organ-grinder's delicate handling, when an angry author is shouting at him from the doorstep?

Mr. Andrew Lang. Who is that?

Prof. Flinders Petrie. "Viscount HINTON."

Mr. Andrew Lang. Ah, yes, I have stayed with him.

Prof. Flinders Petrie. If the ancient Egyptians reached a high point of civilisation it was largely because they were unembarrassed by the presence of organ-grinders.

Sir August Manns. Yet it took a HANDEL to write *Moses in Egypt*.

Lord Byron. This is jesting with a very serious subject. I assure the gentlemen present that my name would not have been placed at the foot of this

petition had I not thought very long and earnestly about it.

Mr. Max Pemberton. And we are only on the threshold of our agonies. I understand that a tune of peculiar and subtle noisomeness, called "*Hiawatha*," is on its way to this country from America.

"Viscount Hinton." I am delighted to hear it. I shall order a double-barrelled organ at once, to cope with the necessities of the case.

Lord Avebury. Why not a motor-organ?

Mr. Richard Whiteing. Or a yellow van? They move very quickly.

Mr. Max Pemberton. Then I shall withdraw to some country where decent by-laws are enforced.

Mr. Andrew Lang. It would be simpler to stop writing, or have wax put in your ears like the crew of ULYSSES.

[At this moment the strains of "*Hiawatha*" penetrated the sanctuary in which the discussion was raging. "Viscount HINTON" burst into tears, Lord AVEBURY and Mr. WHITEING were visibly affected, Lord BYRON sat down to write to the "*Times*," and Mr. MAX PEMBERTON hurried for the police.]

CHARIVARIA.

THE weather is still up to its tricks. The latest freak was that last week we had a November day in November.

Attention has been drawn in the *Pall Mall Magazine* to the fact that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is not at all like the caricatures which we are accustomed to see. It may not be generally known that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, with his customary astuteness, realised this long since, and the reason why he wears an orchid is to show who he is.

Lord ROSEBERY considers it is no good trying to recover our lost trade. "Let bygones be bygones," he said the other day in his speech on the fiscal question.

It is rumoured that the *Daily News* is realising that its bread-poster has encouraged the evils of gambling, as much as 5 to 3 having been laid "on the little 'un," and that the poster will therefore be withdrawn from circulation.

There is, according to recent disclosures, a huge business in rotten eggs in the East End. They are used in making confectionery and in frying fish, and it is feared that a General Election would seriously dislocate these two trades.

We are, it is reported, on the eve of

great changes in the Army. The cavalry, we are told, are to be trained with a view to possible service in a war. The men are to be accustomed to ride six on one animal, so as to be prepared for the shortage of horses that would ensue on the outbreak of hostilities.

The Committee to consider the proposal for an Army Board will sit at once, but its recommendations, it is stated, will not be put into force until 1905. Foreign Powers are kindly requested not to make war on us before that date.

Proceedings are to be taken against certain Music Halls for usurping the functions of the Theatres. This is considered rather cool by the Music Halls, who say that the boot is on the other foot. Slowly but surely it is the theatres that are becoming unfit for us, and the music-halls that are getting dull.

Inspector MELVILLE will retire at the end of the month. A dinner to congratulate themselves is, we hear, being arranged by the London Anarchists for an early date in December.

Attention has been drawn to the evil effects on one's health that may result from sucking Post Office pencils. Much more dangerous to our mind, and in the opinion of the entire dental profession, is the suggestion that managers of restaurants, and others, should follow an American custom, and exhibit a notice on rainy days: "Visitors will when entering just rub their gums on the mat."

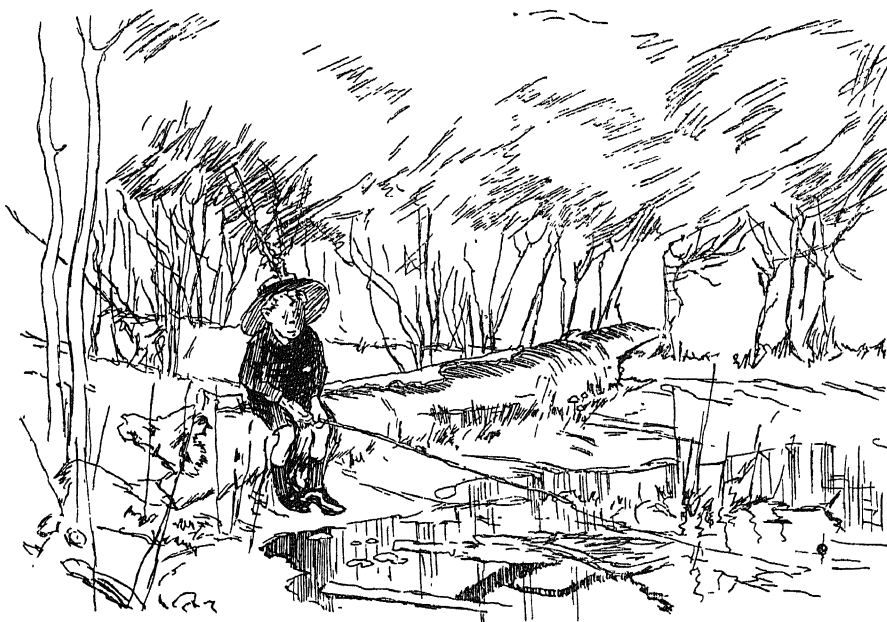
Stringent regulations have been drawn up by the Russian Government, making it impossible for Jewish invalids to stay at Russian seaside resorts.

The CZAR continues to be horrified at the inhuman excesses of the Turks in Macedonia.

We hear that a bargain is about to be struck between Great Britain and Servia. In consideration of King PETER's Government taking back the Servian Gipsies and their bears, at present encamped near Dover, the British Government will formally recognise the new régime, and resume diplomatic relations.

The Government has, after all, adopted the *Daily Express* plan, and not that suggested by the *Daily Mail*, for the reform of the War Office. This is difficult to understand, seeing that the *Mail* has (we are nearly sure) been a supporter of Mr. BALFOUR's policy from the first. It is supposed to be due to some bungling on the part of a minor official.

TOMMY SMITH PLAYS INDIANS.



Tommy. "THE GREAT CHIEF, FEARLESS DOG, WILL SIT HERE UNTIL HE HAS CAUGHT THE FAT SALMON TO TAKE TO HIS SQUAW, THE BEAUTIFUL FLYING FAWN."



THE SQUAW GOT NO SALMON.

The gentleman who wrote to the *Daily Mail* to say that he was suffering from brain fag, and signed his letter "CANTAB," is not a present member of the University.

The American millionaire who published the fact that he was willing to pay £1,000 for an ear has been inundated with offers, and he is said to be now considering whether, being a millionaire, he could not wear more than one set of ears. What would strike us over here as ostentatious would not necessarily be considered so in America.

The German General Staff has issued some remarks on the recent struggle in South Africa. The moral drawn is that "every new war renders a change in offensive methods necessary." We

hope that the German Press will remember this dictum when next we go to war.

A telegram from St. Petersburg corrects the statements in the foreign Press regarding the occupation of Mukden by the Russians. It appears that Russian troops have been sent to that place solely for the purpose of restoring order, in the event of its being disturbed by their arrival.

Jeu de Vie.

GENTLEWOMAN, strong, young, own income, fond of life, music, bridge, and other games . . . desires Home as Companion. *Morning Post.*

This must be one of the "women merely players" that *Jaques* moralised about.



Mrs. Homeleigh. "YOUR HUSBAND IS AT HIS CLUB A GOOD DEAL, ISN'T HE?"
Lady Gadabout. "YES. THE POOR BOY HATES BEING AT HOME ALONE, YOU KNOW."

MR. PUNCH'S FISCAL CANVASS.

II.

THE following are the clearly expressed views of an unbiassed foreigner (M. MAETERLINCK) on the subject of the Resignations:—

"A silence can not become divine unless each of those whose feet are lapped by its far-off waves listens to what the silence is saying. The pale, blue summits where the eternal truths sit hand in hand, and the remoter caverns where an angel looks into a murderer's candid eyes, and is still—these are equally distant from the plains of intelligibility. Even in a place the most ordinary, a Cabinet meeting, a soul may speak to another soul in silence, like the silence which listens always at the keyhole of life. But should it happen that there are present two men who do not understand how

much that which is said is less important than that which is not said, who have not learned to listen to the footfall of an announcement drawing nearer through the stillness, then these two will go their way, having heard nothing but opinions opposed, useless, the superficial things which may be expressed in words. But the greater, steeper truths—the truth that already CHAMBERLAIN had resigned, and that therefore they might stay—were spoken silently, from soul to soul, and they did not hear. Even now, when they have gone forth to the research of misunderstandings and suppressions, they do not seek explanation in the meadows where it grazes, on the slopes of their own failure to mark the unspoken. But the soul of a little child would know that the true comment upon a silence can never be anything save another silence."

To the Post Laureate we are indebted for the accompanying *brochure* on the Imperial attitude of the Colonies:—

I.

"Loyal, though far away,
Surely they'll always stay!
Though Empire may not pay,
Still, it's a symbol!
Was it for pelf they fought
Bravely (though quite untaught),
Side by our side, and caught
Th' enemy nimble?"

II.

"Ill from the thick, green smell
Which rose where lyddite fell
(Knowing but too, too well
Just what the stench meant);
Onward through shell and shot,
Some hit and others not,
Pressed they until they got
To the intrenchment.

III.

"These, when in death his clutch,
These heroes are not such
As to demand how much
Foodstuffs they sell us.
No! while the bullet sings
They think of other things
Than what the freighter brings
Over the billows."

REFLECTIONS ON THE MIRROR.

[A sum of £1,000 is to be divided among the writers of postcards containing the best suggestions for improving the *Daily Mirror*. We print some of the postcards which have reached Mr. Punch's offices by mistake.]

My suggestion is simply this: Give away twopence with every copy. Nothing else will then approach you in popularity.
C. S. LOCH.

Might not something be done by selling an Encyclopædia on the instalment system? I don't know whether any paper has tried this, but it sounds enterprising.
ANDREW LANG.

A coloured supplement suitable for framing would be a great inducement to purchasers. So would a pound of high tea.
A. W. PINERO.

If the paper really were a mirror, I think that not only I, but many other ladies would buy it more readily. Could not a little piece of glass be let into the front sheet, or take the place of the "leading article?"
RITA.

Get a serial story by some well-known man, such as JOE CHAMBERLAIN or even His MAJESTY.
A. P. WATT.

I should change the title. *The Mail's Wife* would be more attractive: neat, pleasing, and, I venture to think, epigrammatic if not positively witty.
J. H. CHOATE.

How to improve the *Daily Mirror*?
Stop it.
MISOGYNIST.



“ HERE 'S A HEALTH UNTO HIS MAJESTY ! ”

LONDON (to the KING OF ITALY). “ ALLA SUA SALUTE, MAESTÀ ! ”

[His Majesty the King of ITALY is to be present at a luncheon at the Guildhall on Thursday, November 19.]

THE NEWEST GAITY.

It was as well to have the brand-new Gaiety Theatre thoroughly aired before we decided on paying it our first visit. It is now just on three weeks since it was opened in state, that is, in such state as was compatible with a freshly built and newly gilt house (interior completed, but men still at work on exterior), and not yet has the odour of paintity entirely departed from the spacious auditorium in spite of its having been filled night after night, and *matinée* after *matinée*, with its full complement—the greatest compliment (with an “i”) and most substantial tribute to the popularity of Joyous GEORGE, or “Jingling GEORDIE,” the Manager with the plural surname of EDWARDES, as representing about four or five single managements rolled into one. This deservedly popular Theatrical Pluralist is to be heartily congratulated on his newly-built, well constructed, tastefully decorated and most commodiously and conveniently arranged New Gaiety, which surely must be all his fancy painted and all that art of architect could conceive, and all that could perfectly satisfy the imperious demands of the County Councillors, and the authoritative requirements of the Lord Chamberlain. The Stalls, as constructed, with the gangways after the Covent Garden Opera plan, are a model of comfort and elegance. May many Managers follow suit!

Quite in keeping is it with the necessary puffing, required by every place of amusement, that smoking should be permitted in certain corridors, in lounge, and vestibules. But better ventilation is advisable here, or soon may arise a complaint about “The Smoke Nuisance.” To let out the smoke, which in his theatre is his own to do as he likes with, will repay the Manager as well as letting out any of his numerous companies at so much a night in various provincial and suburban districts. This fine auditorium must have cost a pretty penny; there is no doubt as to the “prettiness,” while the “penny” stands for a good round sum.

Now let us approach the footlights. Company unlimited as to talent in orchestra, ruled, not by a board, but by one “Director,” the fiercely-bearded, energetic IVAN CARYLL, who conducts with spirit the sparkling “numbers” composed by himself, LIONEL MONCKTON, and PAUL RUBENS.

And now, crossing the “flote,” let us “go upon the stage.” Rarely, if ever, has the experienced HAWES CRAVEN painted brighter, lighter, or more effective scenes than these illustrating the “new musical play” entitled *The Orchid*, whereof the words are by one TANNER (perhaps, if “Tanner” be the slang for “the ridiculously small sum” of sixpence, or fourpence, as we are informed it is, then a multiplication of tanners would have produced a very superior article), and the “lyrics” by those eminent “old hands,” ADRIAN ROSS and PERCY GREENBANK.

In spite of the fascination of Miss GERTIE MILLAR, the cockney absurdities of Miss CONNIE EDISS, and the alertness to seize the smallest opportunity for acting shown by Miss ETHEL SYDNEY, and in spite of all the quaint humour of that most ridiculous little person, EDMUND PAYNE (a real artist, mind you, but here without much chance of giving us a taste of his best quality), and in spite of the quaint comicalities of the two “Juniors,” Messrs. GEORGE GROSSMITH and FRED WRIGHT, of the eccentricities of Mr. NAINBY, and of the quiet humour of Mr. HARRY GRATTAN (made up to closely resemble Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, by permission presumably of the other Chamberlain, by whose orders, an our memory serves us, the actors in *The Happy Land* and *Kissi Kissi* were forbidden to make up as Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. AYRTON, and the SHAH)—in spite of all the efforts of “all the talents,” there is nothing in the piece, either in song or dialogue, that can possibly excite us into



“No, I DON’T WANT A GREAT CARICATURE OF A THING. I WANT SOMETHING SMALL AND DAINTY—SOMETHING I CAN PUT ON A CHRISTMAS CARD AND SEND TO A FRIEND.”

splitting our gloves, with applauding and encoring, and our sides with inextinguishable laughter. But the dancing girls of the chorus, the pretty galaxy of Terpsichorean talent, these, and not the play, are “the thing” at present. For as the entire show is on a lively level, no doubt the aforesaid “Juniors” will from time to time receive “refreshers” in the matter of new songs, dances, and such new eccentric business (with the accent on “the new;” as one of the funniest bits, where GROSSMITH and PAYNE represent two street singers, was anticipated by PASSMORE and somebody else at the Savoy some few years ago) as may occur to the lively imaginations of the combined geni’ obeying the summons of their master, “Jingling GEORDIE.”

After all, times have not much changed since the days of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, when at *Montagu Tigg’s* dinner party Mr. Pip said, quoting his friend “the Viscount,” “What’s the good of SHAKESPEARE, PIP? I never read him. What the devil is it all about, PIP? There’s a lot of feet in SHAKESPEARE’S verse, but there ain’t any legs worth mentioning in SHAKESPEARE’S plays, are there, PIP? . . . Do I go to the theatre to be lectured? No, PIP. If I wanted that, I’d go to church. What’s the legitimate object of the drama, PIP? Human nature. What are legs? Human nature. Then let us have plenty of leg pieces, PIP, and I’ll stand by you, my buck!”

As regards the Gaiety we say ditto to the Viscount. Let this be the home of the Leg-itimate Drama; but we go by leaps and bounds beyond his lordship and Mr. Pip in asking that plenty of opportunities may be afforded, by the capable authors, to the eccentric artists and good comedians who form the majority of the company, of giving us something more than a mere sniff of their dramatic quality.

It is fair to say that there is hardly a dull moment in the whole show, except, perhaps, where the ex-Colonial Secretary delivers himself of speeches on the subject of *The Orchid* that gives its name to the piece.

A Saving Grace.

[“Quite a number of the new peerages are without heirs.”
Westminster Gazette.]

It sweetens the gall in the commoner’s cup
When his fortune with theirs he compares,
To think, though perhaps our new peers are stuck up,
That at least they don’t give themselves heirs.

ON AN ATLANTIC LINER.

EXTRACTS FROM THE TRAVELLING DIARY OF
TOBY, M.P.

Nearing New York: Friday night.—Our last night at sea: get up entertainment with intent to turn honest penny for Liverpool Seamen's Orphanage. Our Purser engaged talent and stage-managed affairs, beaming with delight at a little *coup* fortune flung at his head. All very well for *Campania* and other Cunarders to draw for their entertainment upon the resources of WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, PINERO, SHERIDAN, and eke HENRY ARTHUR JONES. We had on board a live dramatist, with a brand-new play in his portmanteau, ready to read to the company at least the First Act.

Not quite sure that all the credit belongs to our Purser. Rash to say he discovered the Dramatist: fancy Dramatist, overcoming constitutional and professional modesty, discovered him. However that be, all the joy was for the passengers, gathered after dinner in dining-saloon.

In due course Dramatist presented himself. Audience in stalls noted with uneasiness bulky proportions of volume of type-written MS. he carried. Looked rather thick for one Act; probably it covered the untold treasures of the whole play.

With keen instinct Dramatist desired at outset to enable the company to realise the scene through which the puppets of his genius played.

"Here," he said, walking up to the piano, "is the balcony, and here," with rapid stride to the starboard, "is a settee; here," he added, in voice that thrilled the stewards, "is a window."

Difficulty of grasping the situation in absence of stage accessories increased by artless manner in which the Dramatist, anxious above all things for accuracy, turned his back on audience.

"And here," he said triumphantly, "here's a door *R*, and there"—pointing to the sideboard stored with unfinished bottles of passengers' wines duly labelled—"is another door *L*."

At this stage a gentleman of the pit, unable to control his emotion, loudly clapped his hands. With the sensitiveness of genius, the Dramatist misunderstood the motive.

"Now look here, Mr. HARVEY," he said, bending beetling brows on the well-meaning critic, "I've enough of you in the smoking-room. If you're going on like that I will not read the play."

A sympathetic cheer from the audience soothed the irate Dramatist. Feeling he had given HARVEY Sauce, he opened the book and proceeded to read.

An excellent play, but a little mixed. As far as could be made out there were two sisters, *Elsie* and *Mary Ann*, Dramatist particularly inviting our attention to the remarkably striking situation, effected as it were by a stroke, in the very first scene. On reflection I'm not sure that they were sisters. Their relation was rather that of maid and mistress. Any how *Elsie* was 38, tall, bony, muscular, and the other one (who if she were the mistress could not have been alluded to as *Mary Ann*) was 21, pretty, *petite*.

Then a parrot figured largely in the early scenes. Brought up to ejaculate moral reflections it one day startled mistress and maid, specially the maid, by utterance of a remark of loosely-formed connections.

There I lost the clue. But shortly after there entered on the scene two gentlemen, one named *Paddyshaw*. That was how it sounded when read. But as he was not a funny person, his patronymic may have been the more dignified *Padishah*. Soon after a widow entered, and in the course of conversation fell asleep—at which, to be frank, I don't wonder—on the settee. Now we knew why that piece of furniture had been carefully indicated. She, lightly raising her dress (whether before or after going to sleep the text did not make clear), displayed "a little of her ankle."

Words cannot convey an idea of the playful naughtiness the Dramatist threw into his voice and expression as he mentioned this fact. *Mr. Paddyshaw* opined that the widow ought to be wakened. How to do it? "Tickle her nose with a feather," said the other afternoon caller. No sooner said than done, a feather being abstracted from the widow's bewitching hat. Opening her eyes, the widow murmured, "Where am I?" They told her; conversation proceeded—in five minutes widow discovered asleep again, having once more surreptitiously arranged a not indecorous display of ankle. Another feather; further application to the nose; the widow once more opened her eyes and softly whispered, "Where am I?"

Now was *Paddyshaw's* opportunity, and he seized it with the swiftness and directness with which only great masters of the drama can inspire their creations.

"Why," he remarked, "that is just what you said before."

Here was a great chance for the curtain, which would have fallen amid enthusiastic applause. The audience began to look anxiously for it. But the drama was only opening, the Dramatist merely getting into stride. The First Act occupied appreciable portion of what was left of the evening.

When it was over the Chairman, a dull-witted person, anxious only to please, rose and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, you will understand that the pleasure we have enjoyed is confined to the First Act of the play. I think I shall be expressing your feelings if I ask our friend to read at least another Act."

Such appalling silence fell over stalls and pit that even the Chairman saw there was a mistake somewhere; fumbled off into announcement that the collection (judiciously taken before the reading) had yielded a trifle of £30 for an excellent institution.

This was tragedy. Comedy followed sharp on its heels. The men rushed off to the smoking-room, their overwrought feelings indicated by consuming thirst. A group sat at one table making effort to recover their spirits. A ring stood round, joining in the light talk and laughter following on revulsion of feeling. Suddenly the ring was broken into, and at the table stood a small, spare-figured man, with coal-black hair, ashen grey face, and flashing eyes. Thumping the table he said, "I am a Spanish gentleman and I have come to fight you."

"What for?" we asked, each trying to edge a little further from this representative, probably lineal descendant, of

Don Desperado,
Who walked on the Prado

in the days of *Amyas Leigh*.

"You laughed at me," he hissed through clenched teeth, "I heard you."

We protested that till he had done us the honour of joining our company we had not been aware of his existence.

"You laughed at me," he repeated. "I am a Cuban gentleman. I must fight you."

Always anxious to make the best of things, I drew his attention to a plump Irishman, who was in truth largely responsible for the incident, since his stories caused the laughter thus murderously misconstrued. This gentleman, whose burly figure far out-topped *Don Desperado*, was, I assured him, spoiling for a fight, and we could arrange it for the early morning.

The well-meant interposition proved inopportune. The Don turned a gloomy blood-shot eye on me, as if I were rather more in his line. At this stage a *posse* of stewards appeared on the scene, and taking up the Don lightly by legs and shoulders carried him forth just as if he were a Member of the House of Commons who had defied the Speaker.

We all agreed that the fun was only just beginning when the lights of New York shimmered ahead, signal of the end of a pleasant voyage.



THEORY AND PRACTICE; OR, WHY THE ENGAGEMENT WAS BROKEN OFF.

Lady Di (to Jack, whose voice of devotion have been interrupted by a Fox being hollered away). "Oh, Jack, my hair's coming down! Do stop and hold my Horse. I won't be five minutes."

A REGAL REPUBLICAN WEDDING.

(From a Newspaper of the Future.)

YESTERDAY, in New York, KARL XXXVIII., Prince of Kleindorf-Keingeld, was married to the only daughter of Mr. SPENDER U. BETT, of Chicago. The wedding was celebrated with unprecedented grandeur, the magnificence of the arrangements entirely eclipsing all previous efforts in such ceremonies, ducal or otherwise. It is needless to say that the floral decorations were such as have never been seen, or even dreamt of, before.

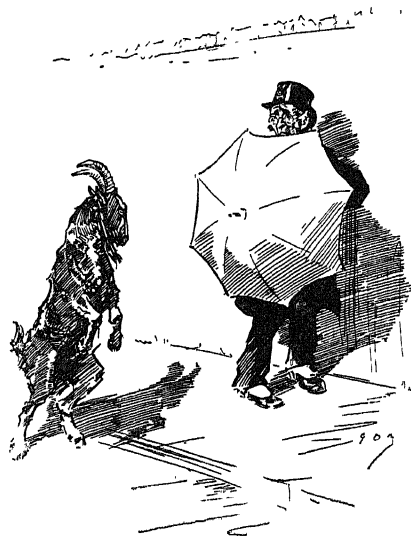
The exterior of the church was entirely concealed by masses of flowering plants hung in rows on the walls, and the west door disappeared in a bower of roses. In the original scheme superb palms were to have formed an avenue from the roadway to the door, but Mr. BETT having observed that outstretched palms on the side-walk were actually suggestive of poverty, so inappropriate and disgraceful, had ordered the substitution of a mass of golden chrysanthemums, of the rarest kind, brought by special steamer from Japan, and by special train from San Francisco.

The interior of the church was also entirely concealed. The whole surface of the walls in every part was covered with white roses glued on. The pulpit and font were transformed into huge bouquets of orchids. The floor was covered with the finest white velvet, on which was a layer of lilies three inches thick. Across the nave hung great ropes of edelweiss, obtained at stupendous cost and immense risk from the most inaccessible parts of the Alps. The special editions of the New York papers, published after each rehearsal of the proceedings during the last six days, describe the floral decorations as the unsurpassable *ne plus ultra* of high-art chic.

The bride's dress was of a priceless white satin, of which only fifty yards exist, originally made by order of a Queen of Spain. It was trimmed with lace of stupendous value, which belonged to the Empress JOSEPHINE, and the very long train was almost concealed by superb pearls, at one time in the possession of the Empress CATHERINE of Russia. The bride carried, by way of contrast and as a compliment to the bridegroom, a posy of German wild flowers. However, the posy cost three thousand dollars, for two experienced gardeners travelled from Germany and remained alternately, day and night, in attendance on the wild flowers, growing in pots, in a special deck state-room of an Atlantic liner. The bridegroom wore his crown, and his state robes over the gay uniform of the Commander-in-

Chief of the Kleindorf-Keingeld fire-brigade. The father of the bride wore his uniform as Fürstlicherschinkenhof-lieferant, having received that title from His Serene Highness.

On previous occasions bridal parties have usually been annoyed by vast crowds. This was skilfully prevented by Mr. BETT, who hired the entire length of Fifth Avenue for the day by a payment to Tammany of one million dollars. The cross streets were blocked by soldiers and police, and a battery of artillery occupied the junction with Broadway. In spite of all these precautions the ceremony was almost delayed by two unfortunate incidents. Three ladies, wives of Senators, were found concealed among the flowers at the entrance, and



QUOTATIONS GONE WRONG.

"BUT ME NO BUTS"—Richard the Third.

were escorted out of the Avenue by the police. A few moments later a Judge of the Supreme Court actually managed to penetrate to the interior of the church. He alleged in excuse that he did not see it was a church, and thought it was a flower show. After his name and address had been taken at the nearest police station he was allowed out on bail.

The seven hundred select guests afterwards attended the reception at Mr. SPENDER U. BETT's palatial residence. It is impossible to describe the flowers which, as usual, entirely hid everything. Even the chimney-pots were wreathed with orchids. In honour of the bridegroom a large gold cask, specially made, stood in the reception room, and Tokay was served from it in priceless Venetian glasses, said to have belonged to TITIAN himself. Afterwards, their Serene Highnesses left by special steamer for Kleindorf-Keingeld.

As to the presents, no words can do justice to them, and no figures can adequately represent their value. However, it may be mentioned that the diamonds alone are computed to weigh ninety-seven pounds.

A DREAM OF FAIR WOMAN.

["I look forward to that glorious limelight when perfectly-trained artists will play perfectly-written plays before perfect high-tea audiences in a municipal theatre built on the banks of the Serpentine by the London County Council."—Miss Lena Ashwell.]

Oh when the critics, grown irate,
Incontinently rage,
I close my eyes and meditate
The future of the stage.
O, what a fairy tale of gold
Is going to be written
When all the visions I behold
Are realised in Britain!

First, 'mid the many things I con,
A school of acting see,
Where every budding histrion
May grow into a TREE.
A dream of beauty yet unknown
Upon my fancy flashes—
Just think of all our saplings grown
To tall and stately ASCHES!

The play itself shall learn to take
An upward flight. In vain
Shall melofarce attempt to make
A RALEIGH in the Lane;
The music play shall cease to live,
Nor shall the public lightly
Be satisfied if actors give
Their DALY CARYLLS nightly.

PINERO, JONES and GRUNDY too
Shall shrink, abashed and dumb,
Before the unborn SHAKESPEARE who
Is just about to come.
Their masterpieces are o'erthrown,
And in their stead I see a
New drama—as to which, I own,
I haven't much idea.

And what an audience! No more
The over-eaten swine,
Recumbent in their stalls, who snore
Through one's most telling line;
But shrewd and wakeful all shall be,
Because each Little MARY
Teas at some frugal A. B. C.
Or inexpensive dairy.

Nor need they, as in days of old,
Townward their courses take;
A model playhouse I behold
By Serpentina's lake,
Where perfect actors ever ply
Their glorified vocation
At princely fees provided by
The Borough Corporation.

NEW NAME FOR SEA-SICKNESS.—*Mal de Little Mary.*

MR. PUNCH'S SPECTRAL ANALYSES.**VIII.—THE REFORMED HUMOURIST.**

"WHEN I told you," said the Headless Man, "that ghosts never played practical jokes on human beings, I meant, of course, hardly ever. It is not considered good form, and all the better class of spectres set their faces against it. But you get an occasional case here and there with a very young ghost. You can't expect old heads on young shoulders, can you? If you aren't particularly anxious to get to sleep?—Then you might care to—? Very well, then.

"No. 704523186 Holborn was about the very wildest young spook that ever came across to the Back of Beyond. Most ghosts have sown their wild oats by the time they leave the world, but he had been cut off early, before he had time to get rid of that youthful exuberance which is so painful to the thoughtful spectre. He had, I believe, broken his neck while robbing an orchard. At any rate he was a mere boy when he came across, and you would hardly believe the trouble he gave the authorities. Things came to a head when he cheeked—there is no other word for it—when he cheeked RHADAMANTHUS in open court. 'That boy must go,' said RHADAMANTHUS, 'and that's all about it. I don't care how young he is, he must be given a haunting somewhere. I shall never feel easy in my mind till I know that the Styx is between us. Make out his papers.'

"So they made out his papers, and off he went. The house to which he had been appointed belonged to a bachelor. I believe his name was BROWN. On the night of his arrival, the ghost went to the smoking-room to announce himself. BROWN was sitting before the fire, smoking. No. 704523186 flitted into the room, and coughed.

"'Hullo, kiddy,' said BROWN, looking up, 'and what might you happen to want?'

"'Don't call me kiddy,' replied the ghost with hauteur. 'If you really want to know, I've come here to haunt this old shanty.'

"BROWN rocked in his chair. 'Haunt!' he shouted. 'You! Oh, don't make me laugh, I've got a cracked lip.'

"'All right,' said the boy bitterly, 'all right. You just wait.' And he began haunting that night. I suppose

no ghost ever had quite such a thin time. Whatever he did, BROWN simply laughed. He tried everything. He groaned: BROWN smiled—the smile that wouldn't come off. He turned himself into all sorts of things: the smile became a grin. He disappeared with a report like a pistol shot: BROWN had to be helped to bed by his servant. So at last he gave up trying to frighten him, and thought of another plan. He thought it would be a great triumph for him—'no end of a score,' as he put it—if he could induce BROWN to go hunting about for non-existent buried treasure all over the house and grounds,

"'Oh, all right,' said the ghost, huffily; 'if you don't want it—'

"'Hold on, don't go. But why dig to-night? Why not to-morrow morning after breakfast?'

"'My good sir,' replied No. 704523186, 'have you ever known buried treasure dug for except at night? It isn't done.'

"BROWN was persuaded. He dressed, got a spade, and sallied out. There was a frost, and the ground was like iron. It was hard work digging, and No. 704523186 flitted about, chuckling to himself. 'Hot work,' he said, after a quarter of an hour.

"'Doodid,' said the man, wiping his forehead. 'You're sure the treasure is here?'

"'Oh, quite, quite. Keep moving.' And off he went again.

"When he had been at it for about an hour No. 704523186 went into the house to fetch an overcoat. When he reappeared, BROWN was no longer digging. The ghost shimmered up to him. 'Mr. BROWN,' he said.

"'Yes?'

"'I may as well tell you,' said the ghost, 'that there's no treasure there. Not a penny.'

"'No,' replied BROWN with a genial smile, 'there is not. I have just taken it all out.'

"'You've what!' stammered the ghost. 'You don't mean to tell me there was treasure there?'

"'To the tune of one thousand pounds,' said BROWN, 'and thank you very much for your kind co-operation.'

"No. 704523186 uttered one unearthly shriek, writhed, and fled. He re-appeared amongst us a fortnight later, a changed spectre. Before, he

had been flippant and boisterous. Now he seldom spoke, and his youthful exuberance had entirely disappeared. He is now one of the most respected ghosts in the whole of the Back of Beyond. He has a rooted hatred of practical jokes."

"But how," I asked, "did the treasure come there? Was that ever found out?'"

"Well," admitted the Headless Man, "I own I never quite understood that part of the story. The tale was that the thousand sovereigns were buried there by the editor of *Snippy Shots*, a weekly paper of high literary aims, and it was supposed to have something to do with some competition or other. But

**A QUESTION OF SEX.**

Benevolent Old Gent (a bit puzzled). "AND ARE YOU BOTH BOYS?"
Tommy (in trousers). "No, SIR. JOHNNY'S GOING TO BE ONE NEXT WEEK!"

while he hovered near and did the laughing. He had heard of one case where a facetious spectre had persuaded his host to pull his house almost to pieces by these means. It was worth trying. He accordingly woke BROWN up at two o'clock next morning.

"'I say,' he said.

"'Aw'ri,' muttered BROWN. 'Leave it on the mat.'

"'Treasure,' howled the boy. 'Buried treasure. Under the flower-bed.'

"BROWN sat up. 'What's that?' he asked.

"'Do you want some buried treasure?' inquired the ghost. 'There's a lot of it hidden under one of the flower-beds.'

"'It's very cold,' said BROWN.

SOME UNTAXED IMPORTS FROM ITALY

WHO WEAR AN UNWONTED AIR OF GAITY JUST NOW.



we can't swallow that, can we? Even an editor wouldn't go and do a silly thing like that, would he? No, how the money came there I can't imagine, but there it was, and BROWN found it, and the moral of *that* story is, if you must play practical jokes, stick to the old-fashioned apple-pie bed, and don't try to be too original. G'night."

And he vanished.

SOMEWHAT TOO PROGRESSIVE.

(A Reactionary Protest.)

"PROGRESSIVE dinners" are described in last week's *Gentlewoman*. After the first course the hostess rings a little bell. Each man seizes his bread and napkin and moves two paces to the left. A servant follows him with his wine-glasses. In this way each man can chat with each lady.

This is excellent discipline for "Little MARY." If the twentieth-century digestive apparatus will stand a two yards' spurt, an obstacle race, an introduction to a new partner, a re-adjustment of ideas, and a fresh inventory of glass-ware and other portables at intervals of five minutes, say, throughout the course of a Progressive dinner, it (or she) will stand anything. By the end of the entertainment the male portion of the guests—it appears that they only are to circulate—will be in a state of wonderment whether they have been assisting at a table-turning performance, an earthquake, or a game of musical



chairs. If to the householder three removes are equal to a fire, this particular meal should have the effect of a volcanic eruption on a modern sybarite. As to knowing who's who, or who's where, after boxing the compass once round the dinner-table, this would have to be given up as a bad job when the convives are so very cinematographic and mixed. But, perhaps, Little MARY will put her foot down and revolt against such treatment.

There is, indeed, a danger that the "progressive" mania may extend in other directions. Next week we shall be hearing of a progressive clothes

party, where every one assumes his neighbour's costume, and discards in turn for some one else. This will be all right for a "quick-change" artist, but we fear that the portly City man and the elegant West-End-er will have difficulties with their environment.

Let us be warned in time, too, against "progressive" evenings at the theatre. This would mean consecutive visits to the fifty odd (but legitimate) temples of the drama in the metropolis between 8 and 11 P.M., or an average of about three-and-a-half minutes at each. This would be too much for the Highest of Tea-ites or the Squarest of Mealers.

And in view of the appalling statement of a lady writer that ninety-nine out of a hundred women wear wigs, some wicked leader of the so-called "Smart Set" may start the game of "Progressive Coiffures." The fashion would have to be followed, of course, but it would be too "diskie" for words, though amusing enough for us other males and the hundredth lady whose locks are irremovable.

Lastly, some irresponsible *mésallié* is sure to suggest the variation of "Progressive Households"—but here we are treading on delicate ground. We shall leave it, it is to be hoped, severely alone. We are not a German regiment.

"Progressive Dinners," in fact—to make a salad of metaphors—are the thin end of a wedge which must be nipped in the bud before they get out of hand and involve us in a social, or rather unsocial, Feast of Misrule.

THE SUN-CHILD.

THE TUTOR'S BREAKFAST.

ON a bright day in the early part of November the Sun-child found himself walking in the Great Court of Trinity College in the University of Cambridge. The day was not far advanced—the clock, in fact, was at that moment striking the quarter past eight—but there was a good deal of bustle and animation in the old quadrangle. Undergraduates were walking briskly along the paved paths; here and there a don was sauntering over the plots of grass with that air of solemn superiority which befits one who performs an act denied under pain of a half-crown fine to the light-hearted tribe of his juniors, and outside the staircases stood not a few bonnet-wearing bedmakers, some emptying slops, others merely waiting for the approach of the cook's porters, who were advancing in various directions from the kitchens, each balancing on his head a large blue box containing the breakfasts of those who dwelt within the Court.

At the foot of one of the staircases close to the chapel the Sun-child paused. A bedmaker of a comfortable appearance was rating two breakfast bearers and urging them up the staircase with their burdens:—

"You ought to 'a bin 'ere five minutes ago," she said. "Do you think Mr. HOLT's got all the day to waste waitin' for a pack o' lumber like you? It's 'is freshmen's breakfast and the gentlemen's got to be at nine o'clock lecture, so just 'urry up or you'll get some o' your jackets dusted."

The two cook's men winked at one another. They were accustomed to the autocratic methods and the loquacious invective of Mrs. PROPERT. One of them, however, ventured a reply:—"It's only just struck the quarter," he remarked apologetically, as he mounted the stairs.

"There you are again," burst out Mrs. PROPERT, who was following him closely and was, so to speak, squeezing him up the stairs as if he were a reluctant cherry-stone held between her finger and thumb, "it's what I'm allus sayin': if you want the real gentleman you've got to go to a cook's porter. I suppose you'll be tellin' me you took the time off your gold watch and chain. I've told you you're late, my man, and late you are, so don't let's have any more words about it. There, put it down on the landin'," and with this she possessed herself of as many dishes as she could carry and bustled into the room—followed, I may tell you, by the Sun-child, who had not hitherto seen anything of the gay and sportive life of an English college, and was naturally anxious to enlarge his experience.

The occasion was a great and important one. Mr. HOLT was one of the tutors of Trinity, and he had invited nine of his freshmen to breakfast by way of establishing between himself and them those friendly relations which, as we all know, ought to exist between the dons and the undergraduates. To meet them he had summoned two senior men, and the party of twelve so constituted had just sat down to table.

Mr. HOLT was a large shy clergyman who, as an undergraduate, had read strenuously for the very good degree he took, but had shared very little in the ordinary active life of his fellows. He had secured a fellowship, had taken orders, and now, after twelve years of service to the College, had been promoted to a tutorship and entrusted with the charge of about 150 out of the 600 undergraduates who made Trinity their home. He was a mine of learning, and could talk volubly enough amongst his intimates about the Greek tragedians or the futility of certain rash Oxford dons who had published books, but the society of the young froze the genial current of his soul, and in order to converse with them he had to pump topics up from the inmost recesses of his being. The



"LET ME LIKE A SOLDIER FALL."

Inexperienced Young Housewife (thinking to show her sharpness, after purchasing a brace of pheasants). "I SUPPOSE THEY'VE BEEN HUNG?"

New Shopman (not previously in this trade). "HUNG! NO, LADY, THEY WERE SHOT."

youths whom he had gathered to share his hospitality were in no better case. All the light badinage with which they were accustomed to regale one another had vanished. They were oppressed with the heavy solemnity of the affair, and were acutely conscious both of their own inaptness for conversation and of the caustic, critical comments which any effort in this direction would be likely to provoke amongst their fellow guests. They sat and munched and sipped, and sipped and munched, staring at their plates for inspiration, and never finding it. At last Mr. HOLT made a fevered dash.

"HARRISON," he said, addressing a sandy-haired, weedy-looking youngster, "I hear we're to expect great feats of hammer-throwing from you. How do you like FENNER'S?"

"I beg your pardon, Sir," said the sandy-haired one gloomily. "my name is not HARRISON."

"Oh, ah, of course," said Mr. HOLT in confusion, "I forgot. Now which," he continued, benevolently peering round the table, "is HARRISON?"

There was a terrible silence, which was at last broken by a burly, broad-shouldered youth, who with a dead lift and a profusion of blushes admitted that he was indeed HARRISON.

"Yes, yes, of course," said the tutor; "what was it—ah, I remember, yes; try some of that pulled chicken, HARRISON."

Silence again came down on the company. The gyps moved sedately and soberly about, and there were twelve feeding as one, but no word was uttered.

The Sun-child felt that the time had come for him to intervene. He was only a boy, but he could not bear to see human beings in so deep a distress. A gyp had approached Mr. HOLT with a plate of poached eggs, and the tutor, not observing him, raised his hand in an awkward gesture, and struck the plate, which the gyp endeavoured in vain to save. It tilted under the impact, and before you

could say knife a golden egg had been swiftly dropped on to the top of Mr. Holt's shining bald head, whence it streamed in little rivers over his intellectual forehead.

There was a moment of awe, a titter, a ripple, and then a wild chorus of uncontrollable laughter burst from the assembled guests. The two undergraduates on either side of the tutor sprang to their feet and did yeoman's service with their napkins, while the tutor in a loud voice denounced the iniquity of the clumsy servitor. He retired for ablution to his bedroom, and returned clean and smiling. The extreme absurdity of the incident, instead of plunging him into deeper confusion, had actually made him affable, chatty and genially social.

After that the breakfast party went like wildfire—and so, afterwards, did the story of "how old Holt got a poached egg on the top of his nut." It is still told in country vicarages and barristers' chambers by those who had the good fortune to be present.

A MAKE-UP FOR THE NEW MELO-FARCE.

(Lord Rosebery to C.-B.)

HENRY! you took my challenge like a Briton!
Full at your breast I drave my olive-dart!
At once the weapon bounded back and lit on
Your loving ARCHIBALD's receptive heart!

I knew we could not always keep asunder,
Each to his friend's existence gravel-blind;
They said you'd disappeared—a silly blunder;
You were not lost, but only gone behind.

For by the bonny braes we twa were cradled,
Alike absorbed the breath of Lowland kine,
In peaty burns identically paidled,
And caught the pibroch squealing "*Auld Lang Syne*."

Nursed on a diet framed by ABERNETHY,
That Spartan fare that suits the pawky Scot,
Could we allow such ties to lapse in Lethe?
Could such cohesive links be long forgot?

Tempted we were at times, no doubt, to differ,
For Nature built you otherwise than me;
You had a supple backbone; mine was stiffer,
Owing to inconvenient vertebrae.

Yet what were these disputes? Scarce worthy mention;
Mere academic quarrels lightly healed,
As when—to take a case—you called attention
To England's barbarous methods in the field.

For we were one on matters more material,
On Tory impotence and Tory shame;
You may have been pro-Boer and I Imperial,
Yet both agreed just where to fix the blame.

And that reminds me how the time-worn cackle
Fades out of knowledge like a broken spell—
"Pro-Boer" and "lonely plough," and "tabernacle,"
And those old metaphors I worked so well.

And let them go! We will no longer palter
With what concerns the country's higher good,
When in between us rises like an altar
The oven where they bake the People's Food!

O Scot wha hae! This cry of dearer forage
Breaks down my bosom's guard and lets you in!
One touch of fingers tampering with her porridge
Makes all the sons of Caledonia kin!

O. S.

RETIREMENT OF A GREAT CORRESPONDENT.

AFFECTING SCENES.

THE report having been spread abroad by the *Daily Mail* that Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON had decided to contribute no more letters to the press, a deputation of editors waited on that gentleman at his charming maisonette in Sarcophagus Gardens, Mortlake, on Sunday last, with a view to inducing him to reconsider his decision. The papers represented were the *Times*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Daily Mail*, the *Tailor and Cutter*, the *Woking Express*, the *Kensal Green Sentinel*, the *Gravesend Gazette*, the *Bury St. Edmunds Chronicle*, and the *Mourning Post*.

The Postmaster General, who introduced the deputation, and spoke under the influence of deep emotion, said that since the retirement of Lord ROSEBERY no event had caused a profounder sensation in journalistic circles than Mr. ASHTON's resolve to quit the epistolary arena. For many years Mr. ASHTON had contributed to the gravity of nations and the revenue of the Post Office with a regularity that was above praise. In an age devoted to the mad pursuit of frivolity the spectacle of this Dantesque figure, wreathed with cypress, gratuitously offering the daily homage of his cemeterial and other lucubrations to the Press of England, acted as a standing antidote to unseemly levity.

Sir DOUGLAS STRAIGHT was the next speaker. He implored Mr. ASHTON to reconsider a decision which if carried out would seriously imperil the prestige of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. He might add that a special sub-editor had been engaged for the purpose of inventing suitable headstones to Mr. ASHTON's priceless contributions. He would ask Mr. ASHTON to think of this gentleman's wife and children and withdraw the dread fiat.

Sir HENRY HOWORTH, on behalf of the correspondents of the *Times*, begged to be associated with every word that had fallen from the previous speakers. The prospect of seeing his own letters printed in the same column with those of Mr. ASHTON always fired his ambition and inspired his pen. He envied his colleague the concentration which enabled him to compress his communications within such modest limits, he himself, possibly from his literary association with the mammoth, being unable to turn round in less than a column and a half. Finally he pointed out the loss that would be sustained by the *Times* by the withdrawal of the most gifted contributor whose initials were A. A.

At this point Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN rose. The last sentiment, he said, was not one to which he could say Ay! Ay! with as much heartiness as he could wish. Personally he was relieved to find any of the too numerous A. A.'s retiring from the field. It was preposterous that two public men should have the same initials. He looked upon Mr. ASHTON's retirement as the only course left to a man of delicacy.

Other members of the deputation having spoken, all with cordial support of the Postmaster-General, Mr. ASHTON replied; but before doing so he sat down at his pianoforte and improvised a few graceful bars of slow music. He then addressed the deputation with intense emotion. It was the proudest moment of his life, he assured them, to be thus solicited by the flower of the land to return to public life. Had he imagined how widespread and lively was the interest in his poor epistles he would never have contemplated retirement. But a time comes when every man must ask himself, "Am I going on or am I going to stop?" He had put the question and answered it in all sincerity in the negative. His plans were all made. He was not actually ceasing to write, but ceasing to write letters to the Press. The epistolary form had too many charms to permit him to drop it completely. His spare time in the next few months was to be spent on a companion work to *An Englishwoman's Love Letters*, to be called *A Necropolitan's Dead Letters*; or,



FORCED FAVOURS.

THE GRAND LAMA OF THIBET. "NOW THEN, WHAT'S YOUR BUSINESS?"

BRITISH LION. "I'VE COME TO BRING YOU THE BLESSINGS OF FREE TRADE."

THE GRAND L. "I'M A PROTECTIONIST. DON'T WANT 'EM."

BRITISH LION. "WELL, YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE 'EM!"

["The advisers of the Dalai Lama, having ignored their obligations to us under the Convention of 1890, have now ignored the British Mission;" . . . "an advance is to be made into the Chumbi Valley on the frontier of Thibet."—*Daily Paper*]

The Crème de la Crematorium. He should never forget this afternoon; and if at any time any of the gentlemen present should happen to be low-spirited and cared to let the speaker know, he would abandon whatever he might be doing, and write one of his old cheery letters about Kensal Green or Bunhill Fields.

LOST MASTERPIECES.

(*Mr. Punch's Own Collection*)

LOVERS of the poems of WILLIAM MORRIS will rejoice to hear that *Mr. Punch's* collection of *Lost Masterpieces* includes one really choice fragment of his work which has hitherto never appeared in print. It is couched in the agreeable jargon peculiar to what may be called Kelmscot Verse, and the completed poem was intended to form part of a volume to be called *A Defence of Wardour Street, and other Poems*:—

So from the castle gate, wherethrough
The autumn mist full coldly blew,
They 'gan to ride and no word said.
She mused, "'Twere better I were dead
Than thus my lord should frown on me."
"Gramercy, sweet my lord," quoth she,
"Meseems our steeds go prickingly."
No word Sir ABLAMOUR replied,
But with a groan he left her side,
Spurring his horse as though in pain
The while. And silence fell again.

Whereat she let her wimple fall,
And fastened well her snood withal,
While down her poor wan cheek perdie
The big tears rolled incessantly,
And "Ah," she sighed, "and welladay,
Alack I know not what to say."

So they two rode across the plain,
Nor ever stayed nor yet drew rein
Till, travel-stained and cross, God wot,
They clattered into Camelot.

Another interesting specimen in *Mr. Punch's* collection is from the pen of MATTHEW ARNOLD, one of those mild and meditative poems, unfettered by the tiresome exigencies of rhyme, which must have been so agreeable to write. It is called:—

ON MARGATE SANDS.

Still is the sea to-day,
Slow up the beach the tide
Creeps with scarcely a sound,
While through the languorous air,
Heavy, unstirred by the breeze,
Silence broods o'er the scene.
And I, too, brood. I pace
Here on the sands and muse
On the probable meaning of Life,
And a question throbs in my brain,
Incessant, ever renewed,
What are you? What am I?



MOTOR MANIA.

The Poet (deprecatingly). "THEY SAY SHE GIVES MORE ATTENTION TO HER MOTOR CARS THAN TO HER CHILDREN."

The Butterfly. "OF COURSE. HOW ABSURD YOU ARE! MOTOR CARS REQUIRE MORE ATTENTION THAN CHILDREN."

After all, what is the sea?
And what, after all, is the land?
I know not. Neither do you.
And the souls of us as they strive
To answer questions like these
Stand perplexed and in doubt
And lose the outlook serene,
The grand detachment, the calm,
Which they should strive to attain.

Curiously enough an unpublished poem on the same subject by the late Mr. HENLEY is also in *Mr. Punch's* possession. It is written in a rhymeless measure not wholly unlike MATTHEW ARNOLD's, but the difference in feeling is extremely marked:—

Margate Sands!
Dotted with feasters,

Young men and maidens,
Elate, uproarious,
Exultant, drunk
With the joy of life
And with various liquors.
Look on it there,
Behold it and wonder,
Many-hued, various,
Ecstatic, strepitant
Life!

Life with its fruitfulness,
Its fierce encounters,
Its strenuous onsets.
Life the spendthrift,
The palpitant wastrel,
The bounding mænad,
Up there in London,
Down here at Margate,
Life!

MR. PUNCH'S SPECTRAL ANALYSES.**IX.—A SPECTRAL JOB.**

I HAD been told that the Blue Room was haunted, and was prepared accordingly for a pleasant, sociable evening.

"Oh, yes, a splendid old fellow," said my host, referring to the resident spectre. "Fought at Agincourt, and is full of racy stories of the period. You're certain to like him. Get him to tell you that story of his about Sir RALPH and the suit of armour. Good-night."

When I reached the Blue Room the first thing I saw was a shadowy form seated in a despondent manner on the chest of drawers.

"Evening," I said; "glad to meet you."

He grunted.

"Mind if I open the window?"

He grunted again.

I was not used to treatment of this kind. All the ghosts I had ever met before had been courteous, and, even when not conversationalists, they had never grunted at me. I was hurt. But I determined to make one more effort to place matters on a sociable footing.

"You seem a little depressed," I said. "I quite understand. This shocking weather. Enough to give anyone the blues. But won't you start haunting? I have often known a little spirited haunting work wonders when a spectre was feeling a cup too low."

This time he did speak. "Oh, haunting be hanged!" he said rudely.

"Well, tell me about Agincourt, then. Glorious day that for Old England, Sir."

"I don't know anything about Agincourt," he snapped. "Why don't you read your *Little Arthur*?"

"But you fought there——"

"Do I look as if I had fought at Agincourt?" he asked, coming towards me. I admitted that he did not. I had expected something much more mediæval. The spectre before me was young and modern. I pressed for an explanation.

"My host distinctly told me that the Blue Room was haunted by a gentleman who had fought at Agincourt," I said. "This is the Blue Room, is it not?"

"Oh, him," said the spectre, "he's a back number. He left a fortnight ago. They sent him away so that they might give me the place. I don't want to haunt. What's the good of haunting? Foolishness, I call it. They talk about a career and making a name. Bah! Rot!"

"Tell me all," I said, sympathetically.

"Why, it's not my line at all, this haunting business. But just because I came of an old family, and all my

ancestors were haunting houses in different parts of the country, the asses of authorities would have it that I must be given a place, too. 'We'll make it all right, my boy,' they kept saying. 'You leave it to us. We'll see that you get a billet.' I told them I didn't want to haunt, but they thought it was all my modesty. They recalled the old chap who was here, and gave me the place. So here I am, haunting an old castle, when I don't know how to do it, and wouldn't do it if I could. And everybody in the Back of Beyond is talking of the affair, and saying what a scandalous job it was. And so it was, too. The *Spectral News* has got a full-page caricature of me this week in colours, with a long leader on the evils of favouritism. Rotten, I call it. And just as I hoped I was going to get the one billet I wanted."

"Ah, what was that?" I inquired.

"I wanted to go on the boards, and be a real ghost in a play, you know—just as they have real niggers that don't need blacking."

"Then your leanings are towards theatrical triumphs?"

"Rather," said he; "I'm all for going on the stage. You should see me knock 'em."

"Then I'll tell you what I can do for you. I know the manager of the Piccadilly Theatre. He is just going to produce *Hamlet*, and I know he is looking about for someone to play the ghost. I don't see why a real ghost shouldn't make an enormous hit. Call on him, and he may give you the part." He was off in an instant.

A month later the papers were raving about his interpretation of the part, and wondering what SHAKESPEARE was thinking about it, and the Blue Room was once more occupied by the ghost who had fought at Agincourt, one of the dearest old fellows I ever met.

SEMPER EADEM.

SHE gave me a rose from her breast,
And captured my heart there and then;
Although she to thirty confessed,
And I was a schoolboy of ten;
What matter that love should repine
Through all the long days we must
sever?

At last she shall surely be mine—
Mine only, for ever and ever.

* * * *

Now Time is my deadliest foe,
And dull is the gloss on the years,
Wherever I happen to go,
A simpering spinster appears.
At times inexpressibly coy,
At others confiding and flirty,
She still, though I'm far from a boy,
Remains a mere "chicken" of thirty.

LINE UPON LINE.

THE suggestion has been made that rules for railway passengers should be put into rhyme. The *Evening News* has prepared some quatrains and couplets for the Companies to select from. *Mr. Punch* adds others:—

ADVICE CONCERNING THE PURCHASE OF TICKETS.

Gentlemen you rarely meet
Hiding underneath the seat.

CARRIAGE ETIQUETTE.

If you draughtily would ride,
Keep the window open wide.
Never mind what others say:
Every dog must have his day,

A NOTICE FOR THE ——— RAILWAY.

If you find the train too slow,
Better leave and walk, you know.

CONCERNING CORRIDOR SOAP.

Flee the soap of railway brands:
Don't you know "it won't wash hands?"

CONCERNING THE COMMUNICATION CORD.

Of the handle "tak' your wull."
Five pounds is the price per pull.

CAUTION REGARDING EMPTY BOTTLES.

If Directors you would brain,
Throw no bottles from the train;
Only navvies thus are slain
(Seek Directors in Park Lane).

CONCERNING ACCIDENTS.

Though we smash you into bits,
Never mind,—you've bought *Short Skirts*.

NOTICE FOR A DIRTY COMPARTMENT.

If you would preserve your feet,
Place them not upon this seat.

CONCERNING CLASS DISTINCTIONS.

If your ticket's third, remain
In that portion of the train.
But you're welcome, if preferred,
With a "first" to travel third.

ADVICE TO ECONOMICAL TRAVELLERS.

Leave the window straps behind;
Other razor strops you'll find.

CONCERNING REFRESHMENTS.

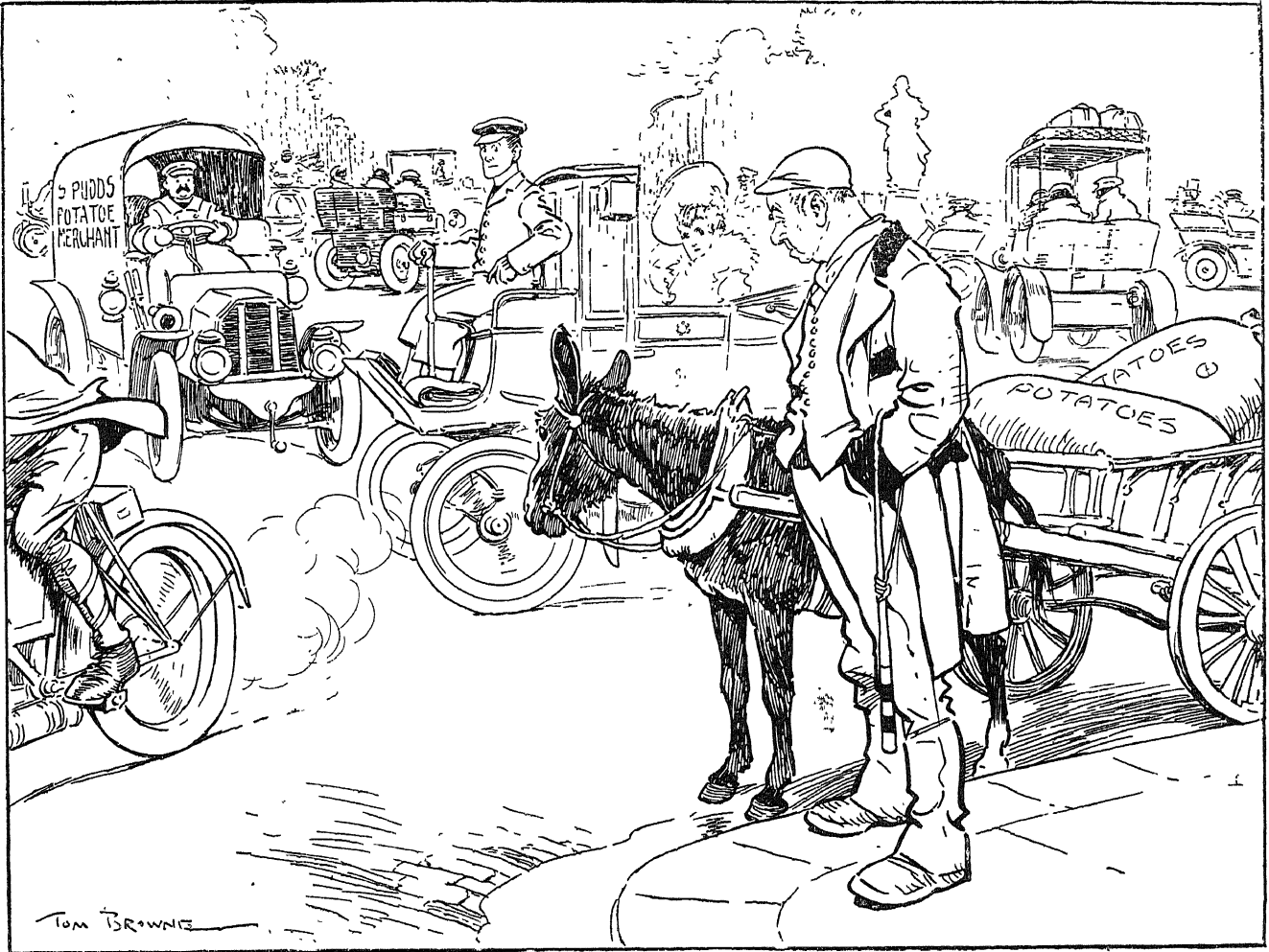
On our buns bruise not your fists:
Leave them to geologists.

FOR NON-SMOKING COMPARTMENTS.

Baccy barred; it don't agree
With the smell of patchouli.

FOR SMOKING COMPARTMENTS.

Here's the place where men may smoke;
Not designed for women-folk.
If they come in solid packs,
Take and put them on the racks;
Should they faint or weep or shout,
Ope the door and drop them out.



CROWDED OUT.

Stage-struck Coster (to his dark-coloured donkey). "OTHELLO, OTHELLO, YOUR OCCUPATION 'LL SOON BE GONE!"

THEATRES V. MUSIC HALLS.

["How are women going to regard the question of smoking in theatres?" asks the *Daily Mirror* of November 17.]

A QUESTION that's burning will soon be presented
To you, lady-haunters of pit and of stall!
Your own daily paper has opened the ball—
A puff-ball the *Mirror* has scented!

The question is, will there be feminine fuming
If masculine smoking prevails at the play;
And in theatre-land, as to what you will say,
Curiosity's really consuming.

Will *BARRIE* seem quipfuller, quainter and queerer,
If seen with the eye of his Dame Nicotine?
Will a pipe after tea—'tis a High Tea I mean—
Bring *PINERO* more home to his hearer?

Will actors be booed by the amateur critic,
Whose lips are engaged with a tuppenny weed?
Will applause or the calm of Olympus succeed
In an air that with shag is mephitic?

Will dresses be rumpled by Johnnies unheedful,
Who're thirsty and therefore feel called to the bar,
And (as usual) to temper and toe give a jar,
When they fancy that fresh air is needful?

One personal query—whatever your station,
Dressmaker or duchess, shall *you* want to smoke?
The managers humbly your verdict invoke,
And the matter requires ventilation!

FROM *El Liberal* (Madrid) of November 9:—

KING EDWARDS BIRTHDAY

The Bon of the English Refreshment Bar, Echegaray 2, invites the English & American Colony to a fres glaw of ale to theis Majesty's good healt & the prosperits of old England.

FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW
(DONF FORGET SIR MORTIMER DURAND)

According to a weekly contemporary, Sir MORTIMER DURAND has, ever since his boyhood, heard "the Earl a-callin'." Whether the writer really meant this or mis-quoted Mr. KIPLING through absent-mindedness, in any case Sir MORTIMER must break with old traditions, as he is now bound West and for a land superior to titles.

A Nutty Problem.

(A correspondent in the *Daily Mail* suggests nuts as a cure for the cigarette habit.)

WE may be imprudent in various ways,
But it's hard to get out of the ruts,
And a man who is seized with the cigarette craze
Can't give up the habit—for nuts!

BEAGLING.

(The Second Run.)

It was in consequence of the little curl I wear over my left eyebrow refusing to go into its place that I missed my train the next time I went beagling. I kept one eye on the clock all the time, which was a fatal thing to do, for I have learnt from beagling, and other experience, that you must devote your whole attention to your hair when you want to kill. However, by dint of exercising patience and persuasion I was only about twenty minutes late, and just managed to catch the next train by jumping in the first carriage I came to.

Who should I see seated alone in the corner but my blue-eyed whip in immaculate City costume? If his behaviour had been odd before, it was queerer than ever now, for as soon as he set eyes on me he sprang to his feet crying, "How delightful!" seized his little bag and rushed past me out of the carriage door and into the next while the train was actually moving up the platform. I was really so upset that, when it stopped at our station, I was half inclined to go back, and three-quarters to get even with him somehow, and when he suddenly appeared at the door smiling in the friendliest manner I made up my mind to see it through. His costume, I found on alighting, was as changed as his mood, for he now wore his black velvet hunt-cap, green coat and white breeches, and looked perfectly sweet.

"Please forgive me for leaving you so hurriedly," he said, "but I missed the first train and was obliged to change coming down."

I bowed politely and said I quite understood it, but as we walked from the station to the lane I couldn't help laughing a little to myself.

"What's the joke?" he said in a lofty, indulgent tone.

"Oh, nothing," I replied. "It only reminded me of a book we used to learn at school."

"And what was that?" he inquired patronisingly.

"As far as I remember," said I, "it was called *The Metamorphosis of an Insect*. But," I continued, "where's KIRRY and all the rest?"

At first he looked a little gloomy and didn't answer. Then he said they'd all gone long ago, but he fancied he knew which side they'd draw—and so we walked along together, and he talked so nicely that I began to feel that it's not always a drawback to miss a train.

"And now," he said, "we'll run"; and when I remonstrated he said we should miss all the fun if we didn't. Personally I thought the fun began on

the platform, but remembering that two's company and one's none I began to run obediently at his side. He could talk and run at the same time, apparently, but I couldn't, and when he only got an occasional gasp for an answer he grew silent, and looking down at me asked me if I thought I could manage better if he took my hand. I said I thought perhaps I could, and it really was easier for a time. But as we left the road for the fields a pain began to creep up from my ankles to my knees, a wicked pain, as if they were being sawn slowly in half. The wind cooled my hot face but cut my lungs like a knife, and still the relentless hand dragged me on over plough and roots, hedges and ditches, till the red-hot gimlet in my side grew more than I could bear, and as he was springing down a bank I wrenched back and landed us both in a shallow pond.

"I'm dying!" I groaned—"I've got heart disease!"

"Good gracious!" he cried; "why didn't you tell me? How long have you had it?"

"More than five minutes," I gasped reproachfully. "I feel as if—"

"Hark!" he cried, as a little bleating sound came to us on the wind. He straightened himself with a sort of shudder, and shouted, "They're running!" Then he flung down my hand and leapt through the pond and across the field like a madman. Once he looked back.

"Come on," he shouted. "Buck up! make a dash for the gate!"

To tell a dying, heart-diseased person to buck up and make a dash was so funny that I laughed, and as soon as I laughed I felt better, and I did make a dash for the gate, and what's more got over it quite successfully, after hanging for a minute from the top bar by the hem of my skirt. I heard a queer little rustling noise at my side as I found my feet, but took no notice of it, for there in the field in front stood the whole hunt facing me. The man with the trumpet was singing something about "Yet! yet! yet!" in a hollow voice, the dogs straying restlessly about him, their tails going all ways at once, and the nondescript crowd of people standing at the back, their breath making little clouds in the frosty air.

Evidently one of the men thought he knew me, for as soon as I appeared he waved his arm and cried, "So ho!" Supposing him to mean "What ho!" I smiled and waved back, for he was quite an old gentleman. I like a welcome, of course, but I was hardly prepared for so boisterous a one as I got. They all came for me in a screaming torrent—the dogs first, then the whips,

then the field. I fled. The shouts grew louder as I ran, but the yelping stopped, the trumpet sounded, and I heard KIRRY's voice calling, "DOLLY, DOLLY, come here!" I turned and found them all waiting about again; some smiled at me, some frowned, and KIRRY exclaimed as I approached:

"You've spoilt the scent. It's too bad, DOLLY, you should be careful."

"The scent!" I said. "I'm very sorry, but I didn't smell it—it must be my cold."

KIRRY laughed, so did the rest.

"Never mind," she said. "You look perfectly ripping, anyhow; but stop with me, do just what I do, and then you'll keep out of mischief."

Judging from my previous experience of KIRRY I thought it was a little doubtful, but I was glad to keep with her and the other girls—and somehow, as I walked or ran, I began to be conscious of twinges of ambition to do as well as they did. The earth smelt very sweet, my wet feet were warm and glowing, a note of music crept into the bark of the speckled dogs, and I seemed to go back to the days when my hair was to my waist and my skirts to my knees, and I was playing "Follow my Leader" with the boys. I soon discovered that keeping with KIRRY meant keeping as close as possible to the Field Master, who I admit had a nice brown face and beautiful white teeth. Where he flung himself through a hedge or over a fence first, there KIRRY floundered next, and I squirmed through last. She couldn't quite catch him up, but once, by a masterly stroke as he crossed the plough, she took a short cut through some roots and a spinney, saved fifty yards, and came up with him and one or two others just as the trumpet sounded.

"Is it a kill?" she cried excitedly.

"I'm afraid so," I replied, staggering back against the fence. "It feels like it."

She laughed scornfully. "No," said a man, "it's not a kill, but a very pretty bit of hunting, wasn't it?"

"Yes, wasn't it?" I gasped.

"Why, you silly little thing," said KIRRY, "what do you know about it? Do you know what we're hunting?"

"What?" I said.

"Why—a hare—of course."

"Oh!" I said, "I thought we were hunting the Field Master."

She contrived to lose me after that, which was unkind, as it was growing dusk, and we were among some clay pits. As I was wandering about I heard a man's voice, coming from below, and glancing down saw my blue-eyed whip. He was trying to climb up the side of the pit, which was too wet and slippery to give him a hold, and he was red all over like a Red

Indian. When I inquired what he was doing there, he calmly explained that he fell in as he was chasing a milkmaid, and had the audacity to ask me to catch hold of his whip and help him out. I caught hold and gave a little pull, when all at once a faint sound drifted to my ears.

"Hark!" I cried, with a sudden start; then, throwing down the whip, "They're running!" I shouted, and ran off as fast as my tired feet would carry me.

"Come on—make a dash for it," I cried, looking over my shoulder.

I suppose he did get out eventually, for I found him walking along at my side as we were going back to tea. He didn't allude to milkmaids or claypits, but was quite sweet and nice; and when he remarked that it had been "a blank day" I was so tired, torn, and muddy that I didn't feel a bit shocked, but said I quite agreed with him.

THE WESTMINSTER PANTOMIME.

(St. Stephen's Theatre.)

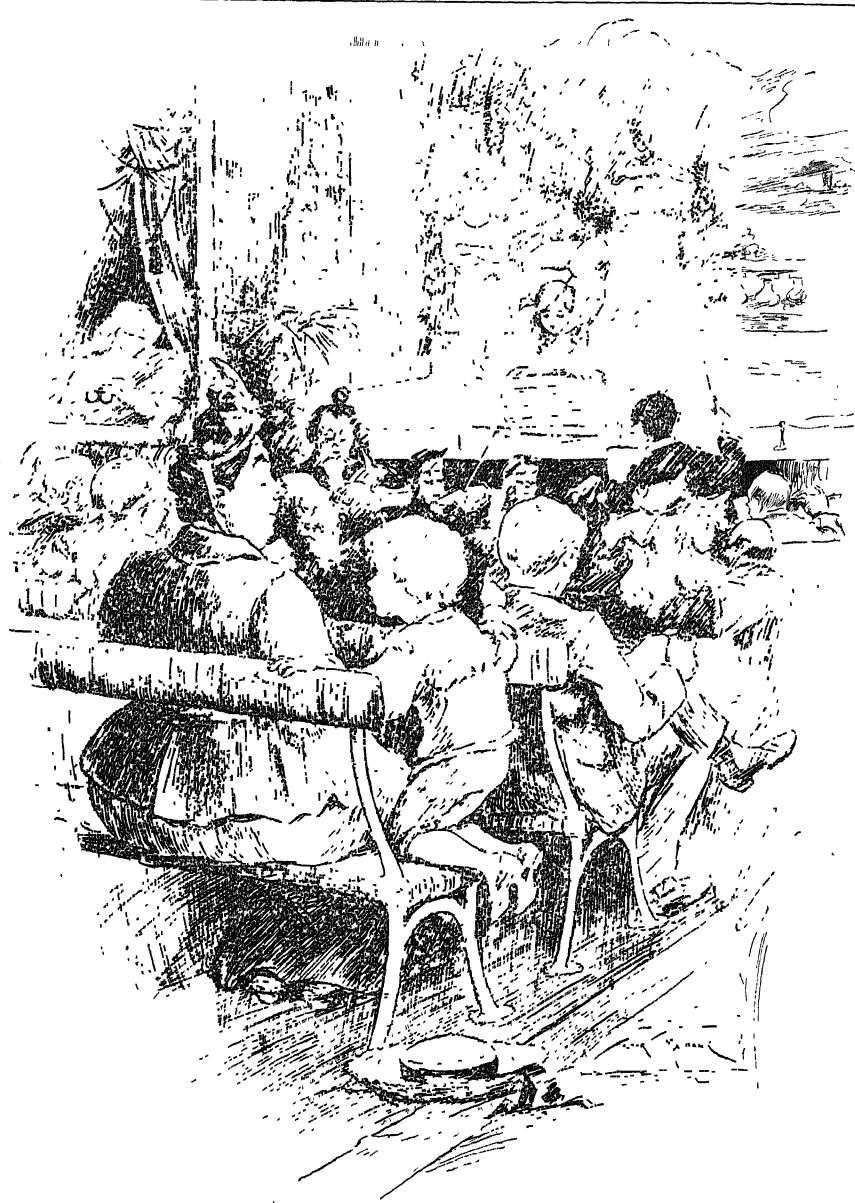
WE have been privileged to witness a dress rehearsal of this year's Westminster Pantomime, which is a free rendering of an old favourite—*Robinson Crusoe*. Although the production is in many respects disappointing, we anticipate a fairly long run in London before the company finds it necessary to "go to the country."

The plot—if an open secret can be called a plot—is as follows:—

Robinson Crusoe (Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN) and his Party set sail in the good ship *Britain* and are carried out of their course by bad Trade Winds to the island of Tariffa, where they seek Protection from the storm. *Robinson* nobly swims ashore alone through a treacherous shoal of fishy figures. The discovery of a few spare Seals and also a Print upon the sands, which turns out to belong to *Man Friday* (Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR), encourages a few more of the crew to swim ashore. Their landing is bitterly opposed by *Antitumtumtax*, the Cannibal Chief (it is not quite certain whether Lord ROSEBERRY will take this part).

Crusoe is soon busy gathering dates and nuts. Some of the nuts are very hard to crack, but the dates, which are called "boomyears" by the enemy, are said to be comparatively worthless.

The plot, it will be seen, is not a strong one; but our readers must go and judge for themselves. It is in our opinion a case of the "Principal Boy" first, and the rest nowhere. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is the making of the pantomime, although at times rather prone to play to the gallery.



"AUNTIE, CAN YOU DO THAT?"

The faithful *Friday* is efficiently portrayed by Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR, who usually makes a capital "child of nature." We hope, however, to see this scholarly actor given a more responsible part before long. The rest of the company is so-so, and some do not yet seem to know their parts.

Mr. GRAHAM MURRAY as *Wee McGreegor* provides the comic element, and his catch-phrase, "Whit about a rid Tory?" is always safe to provoke a laugh.

In the "Transformation Scene," which is called "From Free Trade to Protection," there is an almost endless procession of grotesque monsters carrying foreign foodstuffs, manufactured articles, and raw materials. At a touch of the fairy's wand the monsters are changed into a group of smiling British workmen standing in a shower of gold!

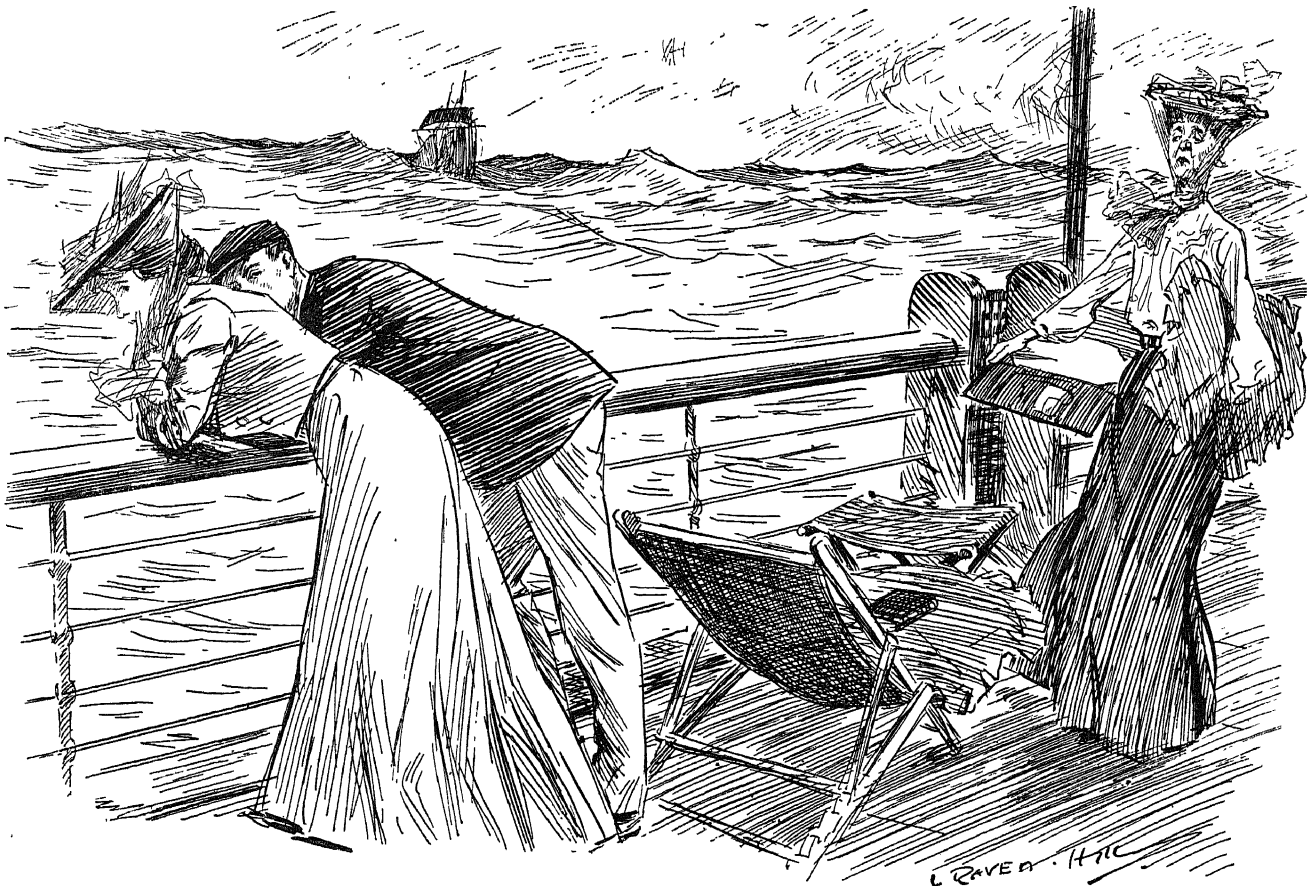
This scene alone is worth taking the children to see.

The lovely dresses and uniforms are by the War Office, and are of a different pattern every night.

A novel feature of the performance is that there is no orchestra; each member of the company blowing his own separate trumpet.

EXCEPT in the form of bazaar raffles the Church seldom encourages games of chance. This gives an unusual significance to the announcement of a performance at Westminster Abbey: "Anthem. 'It is a good thing,' Bridge."

MR. PUNCH'S PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.—A hair on the head is worth two in the brush.



NEEDLESS ALARM.

Hardy Spinster. "I REALLY THINK PEOPLE WHO SUFFER FROM MAL DE MER OUGHT TO REMAIN IN THEIR CABINS!"

USES OF ADVERSITY.

[Mr. BRITON RIVIERE, R.A., writes to the *Times* to protest on artistic grounds against the disappearance of the horse. "Has it ever been considered," he asks, "how dull and dreary the aspect of London would become without its horses, and what a blank would be made if we banished from our streets the most beautiful form of traction in the world? These beautiful creatures—for they are all beautiful in their own way, whether they belong to dray or carriage, cab or omnibus—bring us daily face to face with one of the most lovely of living forms, so lovely indeed that nature in its wildest and most inaccessible ranges can hardly surpass it."]

As you struggle on the asphalt and the stone,
Spent and blown,
To the music of your driver's dulcet tone;
When his playful kicks remind you
Of the part that is assigned you,
And the laden wheels behind you
Creak and groan;
Have you ever a suspicion
That despite your inanition
You've a high artistic mission,
Skin-and-bone?

Who can tell me, when you stagger to your bed,
All but dead,
What is passing through your patient poor old head?
Do you dream of days long over
When you ran a happy rover
In the meadows with the clover
Round you spread?

Do you taste, poor lean-and-twenty,
Once again the peace and plenty
Of your youthful *far niente*
Past and fled?

Do you whinny at the hospitable door
As of yore—

Take the sugar from a vanished hand once more?
In your dreams does one caress you,
Does a gentle voice address you,
And a lavish manger bless you
With its store?

Do you live, poor Rosinante,
In the days ere hay was scanty,
Ere they taught you in your shanty
Sorrow's lore?

Some such visions of the past you dimly see,
It may be,

When the night-time sets your flagging fancies free;
But I think it would surprise you
Could one possibly advise you
How the gentle artist eyes you—

As for me,
I have tears and indignation
For your pain and degradation,
But I've little admiration,
Poor old gee!

Would the epigrammatic translation of "*sede vacanti*" as
"Not well and gone away for a holiday" be accepted by an
examiner?



RECONCILED.

"JUST THEN FLEW DOWN A MONSTROUS CROW
AS BLACK AS A TAR BARREL,
WHICH FRIGHTENED BOTH THE HEROES SO,
THEY QUITE FORGOT THEIR QUARREL."—*Through the Looking-Glass.*
(Sequel to Cartoon, "The Irreconcilables," January 8, 1902.)

INTERVIEWED.

EXTRACTS FROM THE TRAVEL DIARY OF
TOBY, M.P.

New York: December 4.—Nine interviewers, representing as many New York papers, awaited us on arrival of the *Lucania* at the wharf. Eight were men—the better half wasn't. She addressed me first, using my name with kindly familiarity indicative of long acquaintance. Conversation being opened I stipulated that, as I had been on the Continent only three minutes, and had not trod its thoroughfares and prairies beyond a space of twenty-five yards, they should not ask me what I thought of America.

This had depressing effect—only momentary.

The lady first recovered breath, spirits and vocabulary.

"Will you tell me, Mr. LUCY," she said, "what is your opinion of our social, literary and political institutions and customs as compared with any you may have in your country?"

I tried to change the subject. Wanted to turn it in direction of the Custom officers, who were rooting through stacks of luggage.

"Why," I asked, "do your Custom House officials, having opened a man's hat-box, always press their fingers along the inside of the outer rim?"

No good. They were there for "copy," not to provide immigrants with local knowledge. The lady having monopolised inquiry during the first ten minutes, moved off with her note-book full of credible matter.

"Now we'll get to work," said the men maliciously. And they closed round their victim.

Asked me in chorus a question of which I heard much in later interviews, when hunted down in country quarters. "What is the difference between English and American humour?" There's a question to ask a man to reply to right off, he just landed from an ocean voyage, his family trunks unlocked; situation, from a fiscal point of view, complicated by having mislaid a ticket given him on board ship, after severe cross-examination by Custom House officers.

One gentleman boldly but politely declared his conviction that Englishmen

are by niggard nature deprived of capacity for understanding American humour.

This reminded me of little incident wherein I was, to certain subordinate extent, co-partner in an American joke. Patriotically desirous of vindicating my countrymen from the aspersions cast upon them I told my friends the story.

in a position to bring libel actions, we were to accuse them of all sorts of crime. A proof would be submitted to the person concerned, with intimation that unless a cheque for a minimum sum of £50 were forthcoming, publication of the article in *The Obituary* would promptly follow on announcement of our friend's death. The £50 paid, the type from which the proof was printed should be broken up.

MARK and I discussed the project to the smallest detail, settling everything. When I arranged to visit America, I wrote him telling him of my intention, and mentioning that I had received no account of the profits of our joint production. He replied that I was due to arrive in New York on a particular day, and in order to avoid rendering an account he would leave for Italy on the previous day.

Anxious to show that, for once in a way, an Englishman had been able to see an American joke, I told my friends this story. Much struck by their smartness. MARK TWAIN not yet started on his voyage. We landed early in the morning; his ship sailed at noon. With one accord my friends bolted from the wharf. Puzzled at their abrupt unanimity; secret out with the morning papers. They had hurried over to catch MARK TWAIN, and get his account of the incident.

Next morning all the papers came out with big headlines, of which this is sample: "American MARK TWAIN Leaves; the English MARK TWAIN Arrives." Then followed the two narratives, dovetailed with MARK TWAIN's witty confession. "Yes, I'm dodging LUCY, convinced that, in its earning capacity, *The Obituary* is better for TWAIN than for two."

One of the interviews was headed in largest type, "Here's England's Funniest Man. H. W. LUCY, Champion Humourist, Arrives." These are hard lines to live up to.

A rival paper considerably undertook to let me down. "It was," it writes, "a genuine shock to HENRY W. LUCY, the London newspaper man now inspecting our exhibits, to be received and played up in the headlines as a humourist. Nothing of the kind had ever happened to him before. True, for twenty years he has been writing off and on for



Arth-r B. "I SAY, HOW DO YOU SPELL FREE TRADE?"

H-cks-B-ch. "R-E-T-A-L-I—"

Arth-r B. "THAT'LL DO, CAPITAL! COME INSIDE!"

One night, in London, MARK TWAIN and I foregathered at the dinner table of an R.A. whom the United States lent to Great Britain, and who, in spite of our density of humour, still sojourns in our midst. After dinner MARK proposed to me collaboration in a new literary undertaking. It was a magazine, to be called *The Obituary*. He and I, making selections among public men who happened to be personal friends, were to write obituary notices of them. Safe in the knowledge that they would not be

Punch, but he took instructions at the outset not to be funny, as his contributions were needed as ballast, and Lord HUGH CECIL has finely described the screeds signed 'TOBY, M.P.' as the obituary column of *Punch*. Mr. LUCY," it adds, "scarcely knows whether to be gratified or dismayed."

"Still it may be so, don't you know," we said. "It is not for me to assert that I am not a humourist. Possibly I am, and I don't know it. COLUMBUS discovered the American, but the Americans have discovered everything else."

Including, it will be observed, the manner of gravely placing in the mouths of men things they never said or thought. This extract illustrates the habit. Our friend has only the dimmest idea of who Lord HUGH CECIL is, or what part he fills in English public life. But his name is familiar to Americans, so he quotes him as "finely describing the screeds signed TOBY, M.P. as the obituary column of *Punch*." Why the obituary column instead of the culinary department, or the nursery of *Punch*, is one of those things only Lord HUGH's American patron understands.

It is all very funny and very friendly. I know much more of American humour than I did when, ten days ago, I landed on the wharf from the prosaic British steamer, the *Lucania*.

A PERFECT TREASURE.

"Let the scoffer laugh as he may, but the man who wishes to keep his head above the waters that are ever pressing around the mass of humanity must study his appearance, and, therefore, his frock-coat."

PROTECTIONISTS, raging around me,
Would gather me into their fold;
Free-fooders are eager to sound me
Concerning the views that I hold;
Not a jot for their strife am I caring,
Their catchwords I'm scorning to quote;—
My joy 's in the fact that I'm wearing
A charming frock-coat!

Poor BROWN will discuss raw material
In speech correspondingly crude;
And SMITH to a tax on the cereal
Is constantly found to allude;
While JONES is so troubled by "duty,"
He wonders which way he will vote;—
They're blind, every one, to thy beauty,
My graceful frock-coat!

When the surges set up a wild scrimmage,
And Ocean's unpleasantly wet,
(For this truly remarkable image
To my text I am deeply in debt);
With thee, O Ineffable Treasure,
I know I shall buoyantly float,
Thou Fount of Perpetual Pleasure,
My peerless frock-coat!

THE MAKER OF SELF-MADE MEN.

I MET him on the night boat from Harwich to the Hook, and opened conversation with "Not much of a time for a holiday."

"Have to take my holiday when I can get it," he replied. "You see, my occupation is in a rather special line. I'm a maker of self-made men."

I laughed. It seemed to me to be the polite thing to do.

"You appear not to understand," he said, with a touch of irritation. "I make self-made men. That is my business. You may not believe it, but practically the future of England is in my hands. It rests with me whether Great Britain will retain her commercial supremacy, or sink into the abysmal depths of the unknown." He waved his hand with the grace of a practised orator.

I began to feel nervous.

"I'll tell you about it," he continued, more mildly. "Some time ago I became convinced that self-made men, the real bulwarks of England's greatness, were dying out. England was once truly called a nation of shopkeepers, and I foresaw the time when that would not be true. I made it my mission to postpone the arrival of that time, and my school for self-made men came into being. It is still largely a secret, though privately it is pretty widely known. Men come to me when they are supposed to be enjoying their vacation. Hence my presence here now. As I said, I have to take my holiday when I can get it."

"But what kind of men come to you?" I asked.

"Oh, all kinds, but I get the best results from men just past their prime, about forty-five to sixty years of age—men, preferably, who have been successful in some trade. These last are much the easiest to deal with."

"And how do you deal with them?"

"Well, broadly speaking, there are three things to contend with. The first is their natural modesty. That is characteristic of all successful British tradesmen, and it is the most difficult thing I have to face. Once overcome that, and the rest follows more or less as a matter of course. A self-made man must be prepared on all possible occasions to proclaim his humble and penniless origin. There lies one of the essential differences between self-made men and ordinary men. There is no man alive but was born into this world without a shilling in his pocket. It is only the self-made man who brags about it."

"Another thing about self-made men is their lack of a sense of humour. That is where my second obstacle rests. Numbers of my pupils come to me and crack little jokes. I have to check it.

It is hard, for one who is not an expert, to conceive what is entailed by the task of eradicating a fully developed sense of humour from a man of fifty. The cure is, of course, homeopathic. I give them a series of jests which lead up to my final poser: Why was St. Martin slain? No one has ever been able to answer it. One of them puzzled over it for a week, and then came and asked me if the question was not 'Where was St. Martin slain?' because then the answer was obviously, 'Near Trafalgar Square.' But I suppressed that at once. The question is not where, but why, and, as I said, it is unanswerable. Anyone who sets out conscientiously to solve it will ultimately lose all sense of humour. It is purely a question of time.

"Finally, there is the matter of early rising. No self-made man is in bed after half-past six in the morning—more often half-past five. It's an awful job knocking that into them. One of the first pupils I had was an exceptionally bad case. He was not only a confirmed late riser, but also a confirmed humourist. When I broached the 6.30 question he flatly refused to entertain the idea. He said he had always got up at eight because it gave him such an upatate for breakfast. Well, of course, that sort of thing had to be stopped. It almost broke his heart to have to abandon the pun—he had made it on an average once a week for thirty years. But I got him to do it."

"But," I protested, still struggling with the paradox, "they can hardly be called self-made men if you make them."

"It is like suicide," he answered. "A man may be driven by superior force to commit it, and yet is allowed to write *felo de se* after his name. But in any case 'Self-made' has never been much more than a trade term."

Smarts for the Smart.

HAD RITA shown a gentler tone
'Twere more effective art;
For caustic gibe against our tribe
But makes us doubly smart.

Réclames pour rire.

[A current advertisement announces that "Baby smiles when washed with —'s — Soap."]

EVERYONE laughs when Uncle WILLIAM sits on one of SHARPSON'S FINE-DRAWN TIN TACKS.

What makes father roar when he puts his collar on? NALEBRAKER'S STARCH.

Have you an eye for the ridiculous? Then why go to an expensive tailor when you can get one of Our Ready-made Tweed Suits for a guinea.

For a good wheeze. Try COUGH. 6d. a box.



DRY-FLY ENTOMOLOGY.

SCENE—The banks of a Hampshire stream in the Grayling Season.

Angler (the rise having abruptly ceased). "I THINK THEY'RE TAKING A SIESTA, THOMPSON."
Keeper. "I DESSAY THEY ARE, SIR, BUT ANY OTHER FLY WITH A TOUCH O' RED IN IT WOULD DO AS WELL."

CHARIVARIA.

THE King of DENMARK has been made a General in the British Army. It is rumoured that recruiting is now so bad that the War Office is contemplating the formation of an entire regiment of foreign potentates.

The Anti-Vivisection Society thinks that whatever may be said as to the decadence of contemporary England, justice, at any rate, has not gone to the dogs.

"All nations are agreed that there is something wrong with the red-haired man," says Professor KARL PEARSON. We fancy the red-haired men themselves could tell the Professor what it is that is the matter. It is the colour of their hair.

Rehearsals of the forthcoming Japanese play are now in full swing at His Majesty's Theatre. The Acting Manager, it is said, looks too tall for his part. What is wanted, of course, is a Japanese Dwarf TREE.

The play at the Garrick is having a longer run than the critics anticipated. This is supposed to be due to the number of ladies who—they will do anything for a new sensation—are curious to hear what *Golden Silence* is like.

Messrs. CASSELL & Co. are doing a smart thing. They are following up the MEIKLEJOHN case by a re-issue of Major GRIFFITHS' book on crime and criminals. We shall all buy it to see whether we are in it.

The Duke of DEVONSHIRE does not confine himself only to the Free Food question. He is said to be taking a great interest in the case of Fräulein MEYER, the German girl who has just waked up after being asleep for 17 years. We understand that his Grace (who is still suffering from sleeplessness, frequently waking up as often as three times a day) has written to Fraulein MEYER for the recipe.

According to the *New York World* the Duke and Duchess of ROXBURGHE are spending their honeymoon quietly, attended by detectives.

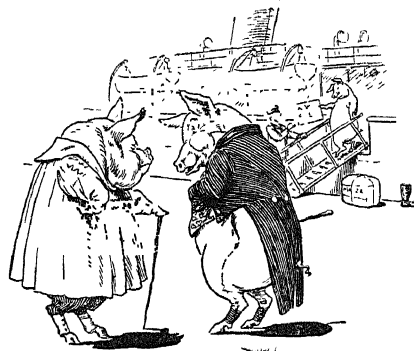
The Ministry of Public Amusements has arranged for the re-opening of the HUMBERT case.

A grave state of alarm is said to prevail among the South American Republics. It is feared that future

Revolutions may be made impossible. To realise what this would mean to South America it is necessary to imagine the state of affairs in England if cricket were to be suddenly abolished.

The genuineness of Turkey's fears that insurmountable difficulties will arise in carrying out the reforms in Macedonia as proposed by Russia and Austria has now been proved. Turkey has consented to the scheme.

The vendors of ice-creams at present residing in the Metropolis were greatly pleased with an account of King Victor's visit to the City which described the Guildhall as being graced by the cream of Italian Society.



[Mr. CHAMBERLAIN would exempt bacon from his proposed tax on foreign meat.]

English Pig. "QUEER SORT O' SCHEME I CALLS IT! THERE'D BE NOBODY WANTIN' US, WITH HIM THE ONLY FURRINER ALLOWED IN CHEAP."

Irish Pig. "FAITH, THAT'S THURGE ENOUGH MEBBE THAT'S WHY THEY'RE SO SURE 'TIS THE WAN AN' ONLY WAY FOR THE COUNTRY TO SAVE ITS BACON!"

The Admiralty has adopted a scheme of short service for naval chaplains. But JACK is not satisfied yet. He wants short sermons as well.

Bath Workhouse has been presented with a parrot. We presume it has been trained to say "Your-food-won't-cost-you-anything."

Mr. G. R. SIMS has written a letter on the subject of Brain Fag. To everyone's surprise he puts it down to stomach trouble and not to an insufficiently covered head.

THE County Court Bench has acquired a new designation. The accolade previously bestowed upon "their Honours" Sir HORATIO LLOYD, Sir ALFRED MARTEN and Sir LUCIUS SELFE, and now upon Sir THOMAS SNAGGE, has gained for it the appellation of the Knight Nursery.

ZOOLOGICAL GUESTS.

"Hostesses seem to be suffering a good deal from the pets which their visitors insist on taking about with them everywhere. One lady travels about with a boa-constrictor, another is always accompanied by a pair of guinea-pigs, and a third will not be parted from her Siamese cats, not to mention the small lap-dogs which are never separated from their various owners."—*Vanity Fair*, Nov. 19.]

A NEW development of *Who's Who* is in active preparation. It will appear under the suggestive title of *Whose Zoo*.

It is considered quite the thing for aristocratic families who have animal supporters to their coats-of-arms to bring the same with them on their visits to country houses this autumn. There has been quite a run on Ratcliff Highway in search of live griffins, dragons, wyverns, and similar mediæval survivals, of which the supply is at present somewhat deficient, though doubtless it will soon overtake the demand. A peer who employs heraldic "wild men" for this purpose has been overwhelmed with applications from the aliens of Whitechapel.

Fiscal partisans are now invariably accompanied by parrots, who are extremely useful in filling up awkward pauses in conversation, and recalling the thoughts of the frivolous to the all-important topic.

The Turkish gipsies have left Dover, and are enjoying great popularity among the "Smart Set" owing to their possession of some performing bears; or rather, the animals in question are being received in drawing-rooms and boudoirs, while their owners are comfortably housed in the stable.

Quite a scare was raised the other day at Lady D——'s during a bridge party, when the performing fleas of a well-known Duchess broke loose. It was some days before the majority of these interesting and lively pets were secured and returned to their mistress. The remainder may perhaps be accounted for by the fact that some of the human visitors had departed in the meantime.

So much damage has been done lately by high-hearted chimpanzees and other monkeys among bric-à-brac and portable property that the leading hostesses are refusing to entertain any such guests unless attended by a tame organ-grinder.

A diversion was caused a few nights ago at Raglan Towers by the discovery of a young and active hedgehog in an apple-pie bed. This amusing addition was eventually brought home to a humorous 'Varsity man, who has thus made a very successful *début* into Society.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Baron heartily compliments Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, first, on the capital stories in his Christmas Number, and secondly, on the life-like portrait of himself, drawn by JOHN H. BACON (not SHAKSPEARE), which accompanies it. To judge from TAY PAY's smiling countenance as here depicted, and from his lounging dressing-gowny get up (reminding us somewhat of *Sherlock Holmes chez lui*), this portrait is one of a gentleman in easiest circumstances and in the enjoyment of a rattling good circulation. "Here's to you, TAY PAY," quoth the Baron, "more power to your elbow, if required, and may your shadow increase, proving the development of the substance!"

Not the least interesting part of Mr. AUSTIN BRERETON's book on *The Lyceum and Henry Irving* (LAWRENCE AND BULLEN) is to be found in the preface where the author, taking us into his confidence, tells us how he commenced collecting the materials for this work, which, as one of reference, is decidedly valuable, and, as literature, possesses a charm peculiarly its own. It is among the mixed contrarieties of things that the name of PAINE, which was that of the architect (1725), should ever be associated with a place that so contributed to pleasure. Intended originally for a lecture-hall it gradually developed into a theatre, where, however, no regular drama could be lawfully enacted until 1812, when, "with the consent and approbation of the proprietors of the late Theatre Royal, Drury Lane" (destroyed by fire on February 24 in that year) "their Majesties' Servants" performed the comedy of *The Heir-at-Law*. Thenceforward it was a *bonâ fide* theatre, still remembered by many as the temporary home of VESTRIS, CHARLES MATHEWS, FECHTER, and KATE TERRY; to be finally and permanently associated with the bright particular star, Sir HENRY IRVING, for a long time in conjunction with ELLEN TERRY, until the summer of 1902 brought the Lyceum to the end of its career. Then was it that the "ever-grateful loving servant of the public" bade good-bye to the Lyceum, whose fame his continued successes had established. For playgoers who are apt to be sentimental, this work offers no small attraction. As a contribution to facts in the story of London it is valuable.

A novel entitled *Settling Day*, by ALFRED HURRY (CHAPMAN AND HALL), the Baron can recommend. Its idea is original, the characters natural, and, taking the doctrine of average chances in speculation, there is no outrage on probability in the surprise which is the *dénouement* of the plot. Let its author "Hurry" up with another as good as this.

It is strange and at first sight cruelly sad to have to announce to the world at large that a venerable, worthy and highly respectable English clergyman, one of the very old school, should be "on the Black list." Yet so it is: for a new edition of OLIVER GOLDSMITH's (and everyone's) *Vicar of Wakefield* has been brought out by Messrs. A. AND C. BLACK in such style that good, steady old *Dr. Primrose* would be somewhat abashed when recognising himself and family drawn in such vivid colours, though doubtless he would be gratified by the artistic excellence of the more quiet tones of these illustrations by JOHN MASSEY WRIGHT, pupil of THOMAS STOTHARD, who was himself the contemporary and the friend of OLIVER GOLDSMITH. These pictures have the appearance, as it were, of impressions taken by some process from originals on Sèvres china plates. They are curiously effective.

Most heartily does the Baron give welcome greeting to a very dear old friend, *The Bon Gaultier Ballads* (BLACKWOOD AND SONS). "Bon Gaultier," as is now well known, represents two delightfully witty and excellent versifiers, writing



THE AGE OF INNOCENCE.

Governess. "OH, KITTY, YOU CARELESS CHILD! THERE ARE NOT TWO R.'S IN 'VERY.' RUB ONE OF THEM OUT." Kitty. "YES. BUT WHICH ONE?"

in collaboration, namely, Sir THEODORE MARTIN and the late Professor AYTOUN. Never did they write, together or apart, in livelier strain than when they penned these ballads, which, in their peculiar line, have rarely been equalled and never surpassed. And then the illustrations are for the most part gems of humour from the artistic mines of such geniuses as JOHN LEECH and DICKY DOYLE, the latter at his very best throughout, while the burlesque fancy and clever draughtsmanship of "ALFRED CROWQUILL" (HENRY FORRESTER) are shown in pictures that run "DICKY" uncommonly close. The Baron is prepared to bet Sir THEODORE a trifle that the original chanter of "*Nix my dolly*" was PAUL BEDFORD, who played *Blueskin* to Mrs. KEELEY's *Jack Sheppard* at the Adelphi. A copy of the song still obtainable presents a picture of the entire cast on the frontispiece. The explanatory notes and references are in most cases absolutely necessary to up-to-date readers, and indeed a few more of them would have added to the literary value of the book, "which," quoth the Baron, "is a first-rate gift for this coming Christmastide, and thereto do I set my hand and seal this same day of November, and sign myself herewith, all to the contrary notwithstanding,"

THE BARON



AN UNPUBLISHED ARABIAN NIGHT.

Now in those days the Sheikh Yussuf, being little known of men, was wont to hie himself to the mosque of the Kobdi, and to eat and drink with those who tarried there. And amongst them were men, both merchants and scribes, who came from afar, and whose hearts were dilated with joy as they listened to the discourse of the Sheikh Yussuf. But Yussuf, being filled with wine, arose and spake words of wisdom.

And he said, "Surely those who bring merchandise from afar are as welcome to my eyes as water is to a thirsty camel. Doth not their very presence bring abundance of bread to the land? Truly the loaf groweth larger as they gaze upon it. May their shadows never wax less!"

And they who came from far countries listened, and smiting themselves on the head cried, "Great is the wisdom of the Sheikh Yussuf. May he become Vizier, and shed beneficence throughout the land."

But it fell out in the vicissitude of things that the Sheikh Yussuf became Vizier, and rode with a great company through the streets of Bagdad. And they who abode in the mosque of the Kobdi looked forth and beheld him.

And lo! the brow of the Sheikh Yussuf was contracted, and he cried, "What do these base-born sons of Roum here? Come they to spy out the desolation of the land, and to sell us unto our enemies? Surely a voice that is raised for them is a voice sold unto our enemies."

And a great wonder fell on all that heard it. But the cunning scribe of the mosque said, "Surely Shaitan hath entered into the heart of the Sheikh Yussuf. Behold I will take parchment, and the arrow of remonstrance shall be shot from the bow of memory." So he wrote, "Of a surety, O Sheikh, thou forgettest that thou hast drunk the cup of friendship with the guests who come from afar."

Yet when the Sheikh Yussuf received the parchment his heart waxed great with wrath, and in a loud voice he cried "What I have said, I have said," and the messenger fled lest a worse ill should befall him.

Then the cunning scribe said, "Yet once more let the pebble of importunity strike the forehead of obtuseness," and

he wrote again, "Hast thou not with a goblet of the forbidden in thine hand spoken words of welcome to the learned men who come from afar? Surely the mist of anger hath blinded thine eyes, and the fog of forgetfulness obliterated thy memory. Truly, if thou makest not answer to this, thy shamelessness shalt be cried in the streets."

But the Sheikh Yussuf set the warder of prudence to guard his lips and made answer never a word. Yet when he rode through the city, crying "Small

mad, save the men of wisdom who abide in the mosque of the Kobdi."

But the Sheikh Yussuf contracted his other eye and said nothing.

THE THEATRICAL "PAR" OF THE FUTURE.

[Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, in a recent letter to the *Daily Telegraph*, deprecated the "general idea that evening dress is indispensable in the better parts" of the London theatres.]

On the occasion of the first night of *High-Teadly-Hi-Ti*, the new

farical-problem-drama at the St. James's, the stalls presented a most fashionable and varied appearance. Many of the fairer denizens of clubland had strolled across in their smoking-jackets, whilst the number of ladies in golf capes was especially noticeable. Here and there a shooting-coat of gay tweed showed with what haste its wearer had abandoned moor or hedgerow to worship at the shrine of Art. A cluster of yachting people in yellow oilskins gave an agreeable touch of colour to the front row, and just behind them the travel-stained garments of a large party of motorists were an earnest of theatre-going enthusiasm that was duly appreciated and admired by their immediate neighbours. Considerable amusement was caused by the arrival of a lady and gentleman in evening dress, who, having apologised to the management and explained that they were going on to a ball after the performance, were permitted to take their seats. They served to remind one of the bygone days when the male occupants of stalls and dress circle were expected to put on clean collars, and the ladies to take theirs off, and

when the dresses in the better parts of the house were actually an attraction and source of interest to playgoers of the baser sort. However, *nous avons changé tout cela*.

DELIGHTFUL PROSPECT OF COLLABORATION FOR CHRISTMAS.—All boys at school will be gratified to learn that the author of the Blue Book reports recently mentioned in the *Times* will combine his efforts with those of the author of *The Manxman* in producing an exhilarating holiday work. The two authors are Messrs. BIRCHENOUGH and HALL CAINE. It will be illustrated with cuts.



TRUE COURAGE.

Whip. "Hi, Sir! KEEP BACK! THE FOX MAY BREAK COVERT THERE!"
Foreigner. "BAH! I FEAR HIM NOT—YOUR FOX!"

loaves for large," and was followed by them that boiled sugar and such as mixed cement, whenever he passed the mosque of the Kobdi he spat upon it and cried "Yah, yah." And they that were with him, being ignorant men, did likewise spit upon the mosque and cry "Yah."

And the cunning scribe of the Kobdi cried aloud, "Great is the shamelessness of Yussuf. His forehead of effrontery is like unto the corner-stone of the synagogue for hardness. Doth he not ride through the city proffering to give small loaves for large, and yet men bring their loaves unto him? Surely this city and all that are therein are



TO SPEED THE PARTING GUEST.

Lady Guest (to Host, who hates getting up early). "I'M SO AWFULLY SORRY TO HAVE DRAGGED YOU UP AT THIS UNEARTHLY HOUR, BUT I HAD TO CATCH THE 8.30 TRAIN."

Host. "NOT AT ALL. I'M ONLY TOO GLAD TO BE ABLE TO SEE YOU OFF!"

PICKY BACK.

(Being Passages from the re-inconanation of Picklock Holes.)

III.

I HAVE, I think, mentioned once or twice before that PICKLOCK HOLES had a very mean opinion of the general intelligence as well as of the special ability of the detective police. He did not limit this depreciation to England; wherever he might happen to meet a detective, whether amid the teeming thousands of Nijni Novgorod (where he executed one of his most celebrated feats in the destruction of the CZAR's renegade great-aunt), or on the sandy wastes of the great desert of Sahara (where single-handed he captured the entire tribe of Beni Bashas), he never failed to allow a smile of sardonic contempt to pass like a cloud over the stern and otherwise habitually impassive features of his intellectual face. No doubt there was some reason for this. A man so eminent, so able and so generally sought after as HOLES would not have allowed a mere baseless prejudice or professional jealousy to warp his judgment. Still, I am free to confess that the manner in which he habitually spoke of or addressed the minions of Scotland Yard grated somewhat harshly on my ears. Yet who was I that I should criticise such a man as HOLES? He was a great inferentialist, a mighty deducter who had given his proofs

a thousand times over; I was but a humble medical man, retired from such practice as I had once enjoyed, and now gaining a reflected glory from the wonderful being whose extraordinary condescension enabled me to participate in the matchless exploits which had brought conviction home to the most hardened and successful assassins, forgers, embezzlers, false pretenders, burglars, will-destroyers, pickpockets and coiners of the age, and had on not a few memorable occasions confirmed the sway of sovereigns over their discontented and frequently rebellious subjects. The sentence I have just written is a long one, but my readers will agree that the greatness of HOLES would have justified me in protracting it still further.

One day, while HOLES and I were sitting at meat-tea, a meal which in my bereaved condition I had recently substituted for dinner, I noticed that my friend's face wore a more than usually keen and alert look. His mouth was twitching and his fingers were spread out with their tips meditatively laid together, as was his habit when his brain was particularly active. Some fried eggs and bacon lay before him on one plate; on another was a piece of bread thickly spread with strawberry jam; on a third reposed a square of dry toast, over which had been imposed a thick layer of potted shrimps; at his side steamed a cup of tea, but he had taken neither bite nor sup. At last the silence grew oppressive and I ventured to break it.

"HOLES," I said pleadingly, "what are you thinking about?"

He did not answer me.

"HOLES," I began again, "three cruel murders and two mysterious disappearances are reported in this very evening's papers."

Even that did not rouse him.

"HOLES," I continued, making my words as impressive as possible, "the police are said to have clues, and Scotland Yard is confident that——"

With a sudden and terrific vehemence the unparalleled investigator sprang to his feet: never have I seen him so angry.

"Scotland Yard!" he shouted in tones of contempt, so withering that the very cups and saucers seemed to cower under it. "Who dares to speak to me of Scotland Yard—to me but for whom the fumbler who inhabit that idiots' asylum would long since have been dismissed? Look here, POTSON," he went on eagerly, "I'll wager that if a crime were committed practically under their very noses they would never see it. By George, we'll try it. Go to the telephone, POTSON, and ring up LUMPKIN, the Scotland Yard Inspector."

I did so.

"Tell him to come here at once on important business connected with an attempted murder."

Again I obeyed his instructions.

"Now, POTSON, take that carving-knife and endeavour to commit suicide—nay, you must avoid the jugular—that's right—a leetle deeper—that will do nicely. Tie a napkin round your throat, put the knife in my hands and open the window so that I may be half out of it when LUMPKIN comes in, as though I were attempting to escape. Capital! Now we're ready for him."

Here I ought to say that, being accustomed to obey HOLES blindly, I had made a fairly large gash in my throat, and was suffering a certain amount of inconvenience. But who in my place would not have done as I did? It was enough for me to know that HOLES wanted a thing done.

A minute afterwards Inspector LUMPKIN entered with a rush and stood aghast at the scene. It was certainly a dramatic one. I was lying on the floor, blood-stained and all but lifeless; the black cat was on the top of the book-shelf, mewing piteously, and HOLES, disguised as a Russian anarchist, had one leg out of the window, and was glaring at LUMPKIN while he waved the carving-knife above his head.

LUMPKIN's mind was made up in a moment. He whistled and four burly constables sprang into the room:—

"Arrest that man," said LUMPKIN, pointing to HOLES.

There was a sharp struggle, but numbers in the end were too many for my friend, and he had to yield after disabling three of his captors.

"Did I not tell you so?" said HOLES, as he was taken out. "The fools do not know a case of suicide when they see it."

I was too far gone to answer, but it was even as HOLES said. Fortunately I recovered some months afterwards—too late, however, to save HOLES from the sentence of penal servitude which was passed upon him. Of course he escaped from prison immediately, but the incident proved, as HOLES said it would, that the police of this metropolis are incorrigible bunglers. LUMPKIN, I am sorry to say, took the whole thing very badly. He has never been able to forgive HOLES for having so manifestly got the better of him.

The G.O.M. Collar.

FROM MR. MORLEY'S *Gladstone*:—"He did not escape the usual sensations of the desultory when fate forces them to wear the collar."

A. E. W. MASON, the well-known novelist, has, in the interests of his political party, been sent to Coventry.

STUDIES OF BLIGHTED LIVES.

I.

Treats of the Tragie Collapse of a Politician who strained himself with trying to make up his mind.

WATERLOO NELSON BINKS, M.P.

Was as sound a man as you wish to see;
Sprung of a fine old Tory stock
He held to his fathers' faith *en bloc*;
He voted early and long and late,
And whenever he voted, he voted straight.

Patriot down to his finger-tips,
He talked of our money and men and ships;
Ascribed the comments of alien Powers
To natural envy of gifts like ours;
And honestly strove to meet the claims
That went with his notable Christian names.

This was the creed of him all along,
That a Tory leader can do no wrong;
Never, not once, was he known to go
Against the Government's *Ay* or *No*;
Never, in times of darkest doubt,
Questioned what it was all about.

He deemed our skeleton Army corps
A model for European wars;
He counted the Education Act
A miracle due to Tory tact;
And if anyone ventured to say, "You err,"
He called him a Little Englander!

Such was the useful rôle he played,
Armed with convictions ready-made;
Never mentally overwrought
By the vicious habit of abstract thought;
Until the moment when ARTHUR B.
Started his fiscal policy.

But it wasn't so much the hard dry facts
Tempered to taste in rival tracts;
The horrible crux that caused the strain
Which finally softened his so-called brain
Was—How is a stalwart sheep to vote
When the shepherds are grappling, tooth to throat?

Till then he had followed his JOE like fate,
But the DUKE was also a man of weight;
ARTHUR was full of the happiest notions,
But who could ignore a name like GOSCHEN'S?
He liked his HICKS and he liked his BEACH,
But he couldn't see how to vote for each.

Daily a different tub was pounded,
Making confusion worse confounded,
Till in the end his mind gave way;
And I mention, in proof of his swift decay,
That people have seen him, poor old BINKS,
Holing out on the Hanwell links! O. S.

MAN'S ESSAY ON POPE.

FROM ARMSTRONG'S *Teaching of Scientific Method* we extract the following passage: "If the proper study of man (*sic*) be man—as the highest dignitary of our Church some time ago asserted, &c." This is not simply due to a natural confusion between A. POPE and the Pope. It comes of a poet's having two Christian names (including one for his surname), so that the student of the *Dictionary of Familiar Quotations* is apt to be betrayed by the description of him as POPE, ALEXANDER.



Bernard Partridge.

HARE AND HOUND.

RT. HON. ARTHUR Balfour. "BUCK UP, BEACH! THEY'RE GAINING ON US!"

RT. HON. HERBERT Bache. "YES, I KNOW. I THINK I'LL DROP BACK AND TAKE A TURN WITH THE HOUNDS FOR A BIT."

THE PRESIDENT AT HOME.

EXTRACTS FROM THE TRAVEL DIARY
OF TOBY, M.P.

Washington: November 14.—President ROOSEVELT is the kind of man who would make himself at home anywhere, whether in the backwoods of the West, in the stately home the United States provides its Presidents, or anywhere in the wide range that lies between these extremes. Healthy in mind and body, he is gifted with the cheery nature whose price is above rubies. His official position, in respect of personal power mightier than that of some crowned monarchs in Europe, brings him in contact with an endless procession of interesting people. If he were cast away in some remote clime—say on the boundary of Alaska, or midway across the Isthmus of Panama—he would still have the companionship of an innumerable caravan, including names the most familiar and famous in the world's history.

These he has come to know in his library. The PRESIDENT is an omnivorous reader. At one turn of conversation he is reminded of a passage in *Homer*, the next he is expatiating on the history of *Tittlebat Titmouse*. Contemporaneously with the announcement of the rebellion in Panama, dexterously exploited by the PRESIDENT and his Secretary of State, JOHN HAY, a personality as popular in London as in Washington, there was published in the States a new edition of the works of SAMUEL WARREN. The time seemed to the PRESIDENT opportune for renewing his acquaintance with the works of the author of *Ten Thousand a Year*, so whilst the Opposition papers fulminated denunciation of his Panama policy he read *Tittlebat Titmouse*. As for DICKENS, he knows him so intimately that he would have been a dangerous competitor in the contest initiated by CALVERLEY in his famous examination paper on *Pickwick*. If the PRESIDENT had failed, Senator CABOT LODGE would certainly have won the prize. Any who talk of the decadence of DICKENS should come to Washington and mix with the cultured men of business who direct the destinies of the United States. They would speedily discover their error.

How does the PRESIDENT, a man upon whose personal labour the sun never sets, find time for this miscellaneous reading? Well, all over the world it is the exceptionally busy man who has spare moments for desirable ends. President ROOSEVELT shares a secret possessed by Mr. GLADSTONE, whom in his animated and varied conversation, with its wide range and intimate acquaintance with any topic started, he strongly resembles.

"All my life," Mr. G. once said to



Elderly Sportsman. "I WONDER THEY DON'T HAVE THAT PLACE STOPPED WHY, I REMEMBER RUNNING A FOX TO GROUND THERE TWENTY YEARS AGO! DON'T YOU?"

me, "I have taken care of my ten minutes, certain that the hours and the days would take care of themselves."

A Ministerial colleague who accompanied the PRESIDENT on a recent trip westward told me of a habit that explains everything.

"We travelled day after day," he said, "the PRESIDENT addressing at successive stations crowds of country folk. It was a pretty hard day's work for the toughest of Rough Riders. For myself, though I hadn't to make speeches, I was thankful after the turmoil to turn into my berth for a snooze or a rest.

As soon as the train moved off, out came the PRESIDENT's book, and he read away till, the train pulling up at another crowded station, a fresh speech was demanded, and delivered under the abiding sense of supreme Ministerial responsibility."

This practice the PRESIDENT observes wherever he is in residence. "I read when I can," he says, "always a bit before I go to bed. Sometimes, at periods of great pressure, I awake about three in the morning; if I lay there thinking of things I should be worried to death, unfit for my work in the coming

day. So I switch on the light, take up my book, read a chapter or two, fall asleep and wake up bright and early."

White House is a charming residence commanding a far-reaching view of tree-bowered Washington with the Potomac gleaming in the distance, and, beyond, the banks of Maryland, my Maryland. No military pomp attends the ruler of one of the greatest nations in the world. A solitary policeman yawned, by the front entrance as we approached. He did not think it his duty to inquire what authority the strangers had to mount the steps of the private residence of the PRESIDENT.

We chanced to be invited guests: that was mere accident. Any citizen in this free-born country has the right to cross the PRESIDENT'S threshold and insist on shaking hands with him. Thus elsewhere on a memorable day came the murderer of President MCKINLEY, with his treacherous right hand bound in sham bandage. Falling in with the crowd that filed past the beaming, welcoming PRESIDENT, he held out his left hand. As his victim held it in friendly grip, he, throwing off the bandage from his right hand, disclosed a pistol, with which he killed the PRESIDENT.

For this and more ordinary reason President ROOSEVELT'S colleagues in the Ministry urge him to discontinue the custom of wholesale handshaking. At one of his levées he consented to the innovation. But the experience was unendurable.

"The very last time!" he called out to the attendant Ministers as the affronted crowd stood at gaze. "It is much more trouble to explain why I don't shake hands than to shake."

In his philosophical, cheery way the PRESIDENT makes the best of what—say, to the Duke of DEVONSHIRE—would be an intolerable nuisance.

"When I was a young man," he said, "I lived mostly out of doors, and enjoyed abundant exercise. Now I can't get much. But you go and stand in my place on an autumn afternoon and have your hand shaken by from 300 to 1,000 sturdy citizens, and if when it's over you don't feel as if you had been felling a tree or two you are made of harder grit than I."

President ROOSEVELT has inherited at the White House many valuable engravings and paintings, the latter including portraits of some famous predecessors in the chair.

"Come along, Toby," he said after luncheon, "come up to my study and I'll show you one of the most precious of my art treasures."

Hanging on the wall near his desk was BERNARD PARTRIDGE'S original drawing which appeared in *Punch*

shortly after the Vice-President was suddenly called to assume the Presidency. "The Rough Rider" is its title, and it bears the inscription "With Mr. *Punch's* compliments to President ROOSEVELT."

"I had many complimentary messages at the time," said the PRESIDENT. "But I don't remember any that gave me more pleasure than this greeting across the sea from an old friend I have known and studied nearly all my life."

MR. PUNCH'S FISCAL CANVASS.

III.

MR. WILLIAM ARCHER kindly obliges by giving his views in the form of a Real Conversation with M. SANTOS-DUMONT.

Mr. William Archer. So you have returned from the upper strata, having partially nullified the venerable law of gravity, to Mother Earth, and will give me an hour of your time?

M. Santos-Dumont. Yes.

Mr. W. A. Tell me—you must have obtained, from the heights you succeeded in reaching, a bird's-eye view of our fiscal controversy? What you say reminds me of an observation made the other day by GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO, when I was lunching with him, in the company of one of the most gifted spinsters of Calabria, at his Villa near Settignano. "Truth," he said, "is more varied than fiction." The remark is striking and just. Well, an application of it has occurred to me while reading the fiscal speeches which are being delivered at the present time. Truth does not appear the same to the different contending parties. But, joking aside, have you ever met Alderman BOWKER?

M. S.-D. No.

Mr. W. A. And you are not aware, perhaps, that he has baked for Mr. CHAMBERLAIN two loaves of bread which are as much alike as two peas, supposing one of the peas in question to be infinitesimally smaller than the other? Might not the process be almost indefinitely continued, through a descending series of diminishing loaves, illustrative of the effect of the probable increase of Protection in the future, until the difference between the smallest loaf and no loaf should be as imperceptible as the difference between the two loaves recently displayed by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN? Seriously speaking, however, I dare say it may be a vice of the Scottish intellect to carry everything to its logical conclusion.

M. S.-D. What time is it?

Mr. W. A. You should take a leaf from the book of my friend, Professor J—, of the University of Melbourne. When I wish to ascertain the time

he has adopted the practice of looking at the clock.

M. S.-D. Must catch a train. Good-bye!

Mr. W. A. A train? So you condescend, then, to employ some other mode of locomotion than that which is associated with your name? Good-bye! How quickly the hour has gone!

Mr. HENRY HARLAND'S solution of the question of the hour takes the shape of an Anglo-Italesque fragment of dialogue between two leading politicians:—

Strong and fine, his coat swept and garnished—would it have been a frock-coat, I wonder?—GIO leaned across the breakfast table, and put forth an arm, minatory, appealing.

"What I don't understand," he repeated, "is your state of mind."

"Nor is it possible to thought," ARTURO murmured, "'a greater than itself to know.' Now we shall discover," he reflected, "if our statesman is up in English literature."

GIO waited—I'm sure he waited—before going on.

"History, statistics, assertion, prophecy—they are all before you where to choose; as much yours, yours, as they are mine, mine. Yet you turn your beauteous face haughtily another way. Yet you will never know the heartburn, the exquisite long anguish, the lonely rapture of preparation—or the concentrated delightfulness, the compressed sweet intoxication; the height, the space, the gloom, the glory of the crowded hall, the people crying '*Avanti! avanti!*' when you make your terminable speech. Ah! 'tis a pleasure age cannot wither, nor custom-houses stale."

"And then at the click of your driver," ARTURO brooded, "it leaves the tee. It is up and off. Up, up, as only it can go up—solid, soaring. And off—off in a long white curve of flight. Now may Hermes grant us a good lie!"

"I suppose," said GIO, "it's a difference of temperament. Yours is ruminating, sifting, refining, appraising; mine is innovating, combative, adventurous, architectonic. I am miserable until I have had my sustaining daily portion of statistics—fresh, ductile, pliable, malleable statistics—until I have scraped the mud of context off my daily quotations—until history, become my child by adoption, no longer goes counter to my argument nor questions my will. While you—but perhaps there are joys as stimulating, as poignant, in playing with one's serene, supreme Caucasian mind? No?"

"I shan't—barring miracles," ARTURO was thinking, "I shan't be in it again until Friday. Why does it haunt one's imagination so? The dark enamel of it, the weight and speed of it, and then



WHERE SECOND THOUGHTS ARE BETTER.

SCENE—Boulevards, Paris.

Professional Beggar (whining). "AYEZ PITIÉ, MON BON M'SIEU. AYEZ PITIÉ! J'AI FROID—J'AI BIEN FROID!"

Le Bon Monsieur (irritably). "ALLEZ AU DI——" (suddenly thinking that sunshine might be preferable) "AUX CHAMPS ELYSÉES!"

the tuff, tuff, tuff of it! Mass and dirigibility—these are its insistent notes. Yet the words would not make it visible, audible, to one who had never tried to get out of its way."

Gio smiled with his eyes—with his lips, perhaps?—as he stroked Patatras, where she sat on the table, purring.

"Ecco! Ecco!" he carolled. "Look at me! In my own task all my powers pouring I attain the mighty life you see, but will not imitate, poor foiled, circuitous wanderer."

"Yet I have heard," ARTURO answered, in the tone of one impersonal, "that there is danger in over-concentration. I, for example, divided, discursive, have eaten my bacon. Patatras is running away with yours."

"Parliam d'altro," said Gio softly.

And then, for awhile, neither spoke, but I fancy their ears carried on the conversation.

A MISTAKEN IDEA.

[Numerous instances are on record of great men and, in particular, of great poets, who as boys displayed a total lack of interest in the course of study included in their school curriculum. Nevertheless, at a recent conference of headmasters it was unanimously decided that the mere fact of a pupil's evincing a distaste, however strongly marked, for the writings of JULIUS CÆSAR or DR. KENNEDY, should in no case be regarded, in itself, as an earnest of exceptional future ability.]

MARK yonder youth, who scorns his task
And sits aloof, serene,
Letting his inward fancy bask
On the surrounding scene.
He dreams, maybe, of heroes' feats
T'employ his infant lyre on,
For see, upon the desk he beats
A soft tattoo, like some young KEATS,
Or PYE, or BYRON.

Not his the fever'd brow of those
Who constantly explore

The painful paths of Latin Prose,
Nor count the task a bore.

"Twas never said of him that he
Would grind for hours a day, so
That at the last he e'en might be
Familiar with the works of P.

OVIDIUS NASO.

To me his soul appears to soar
With future triumphs big,
And count the quest of classic lore
As something *infra dig*.
Yet there are one or two beside,
Who claim to know his habits,
And these my point of view deride,
And say he's merely occupied
With thoughts of rabbits.

A JAPANESE journal, the *Ji-ji*, is agitating for an ultimatum to be sent to Russia. In diplomatic circles it is felt that a curb should be put upon this restive *Ji-ji*.

DOMESTIC DRAMA.

IN THE CAUSE OF CHARITY.

My dear, of course I've come. It is to-day?
Your Sale of Work, I mean? Then that's all right.
How nice the things all look! Such pretty rooms!
D'you know, I'm quite ashamed I've never been.
I've always longed to come, but somehow—no,
It wasn't that. Oh, no, I've been quite well,
But don't you find yourself that Kensington
Is rather—well, remote? I never liked
To drag the horses out so far, poor things.
But now I've got a motor—yes, of course!
Makes *all* the difference.

No, thanks, no tea:
I mustn't wait. I've promised to play Bridge.
I *wish* I could have stayed and helped to sell,
But—oh, to-morrow? Yes. Now let me think.
I'd love to—no, I can't. How tiresome!
I've got to play again—at Wessex House.
D'you know the Duchess? No? Ah, well, poor dear,
She simply lives for Bridge. Oh, everyday!
It's such a pity! Such a waste of time,
And money too! She always plays so high.
But if one knows her—well, it's difficult:
One simply has to sacrifice oneself.
And I'm so weak. I wish I was like you.
You're so unselfish. But, my dear, you are.
Why, look at all these people here to-day,
Turning your pretty house all upside down.
Ah, well, yes, if they buy! Yes, if they buy!
That's very true. They want some charity
To cover—well, their hats! Do look at that—
That shocking red one. It's a scarlet sin!
And as for—Goodness! Is it half-past three?
I must be off directly. What a bore!
I meant to buy such heaps of things. Oh, no!
I've got a minute still. Now, let me see,
I want some Christmas presents.

That looks nice,
That fan. How much is that? Oh, yes. And this?
Is this one cheaper? 'M yes, that seems a lot.
I'd love to have it, but in these hard times,
You know yourself, my dear, one simply can't.
You mustn't tempt me. Now how much is this?
A guinea? Yes, that's more the sort of price.
But even that—I'm having such bad luck;
I haven't held a decent hand for weeks.
No, I don't think I ought to.

Oh, I know!
I've got some nieces down in Devonshire.
I'd like to give them something that would last,
Something to wear—oh, no, not jewellery.
You see they hardly ever see a soul.
Their father's got two hundred and a house,
And seven daughters and an empty church.
No, something really *useful*'s what I mean,
And inexpensive.

Belts? The very thing!
How much are—oh, I see! No, after all—
They're so unhealthy, aren't they, nowadays—
I think perhaps—oh, stockings? Yes, quite nice.
Now what are—h'm! D'you know, I hardly think
They'd care for those. They always knit their own;
Besides, silk wears so badly. What are these,
These charming handkerchiefs? Two shillings each?
Exactly what I want. Yes, seven, please.
Poor darlings, how they'll love them!

Well, Goodbye:

I really must be—oh, my dear, how sweet!
This ducky Bridge-box! Yes, I'll have it, please.
The poor old Duchess wants another one;
I've got to give her something, anyhow.
A guinea? That makes—one-fifteen, I think?
I'll let you have a cheque. Then *au revoir*.
Now, don't forget me. Come and lunch some day.
You've lots of omnibuses, haven't you?
That will be nice. I *have* enjoyed myself.
Yes, can I have my motor? Thanks, so much!

IN THE PARK.

CHURCH Parade (writes Little Bird) was unusually well
attended last Sunday. Lord and Lady WORMWOOD were
talking animatedly to Miss ANGELA SCRUBS. Mrs. STEPHEN
OTIS brought a large party of Americans who refused to
come off the grass. Baron DE DIETRICH and his *fiancée*
Mlle. NAPHTHALINE DARRACQ strolled along with Lord and
Lady LANCHESTER. Lady BATH OLIVER, who was well
wrapped up, looked positively younger than her twin
grand-daughters, the Ladies MARIE and ANGELINA MACAROON.
Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER looked well in trousers. Lady
UVULA GARGLE's dainty elastic sides recalled the delicious
chaussures of thirty years ago. Miss VINOLIA HUDSON
created quite a sensation by carrying a richly caparisoned
hymn-book, and Mr. and Mrs. SPARKING PLUGGE walked to-
gether until separated by Sir FRANCIS JEUNE. Among a
crowd of others about, I noticed the Hon. BERTIE LARYNX,
Signorina PIA NOLA who was chatting with the Master of
Caius, Herr JULIUS SEETH arm-in-arm with Mr. LEO MAXIMUS,
and the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, walking with Lady
GEORGINA SANGER.

MIXED HOCKEY.

You came down the field like a shaft from a bow;
The vision remains with me yet.
I hastened to check you: the sequel you know:
Alas! we unluckily met.
You rushed at the ball, whirled your stick like a flail,
And you hit with the vigour of two:
A knight in his armour had surely turned pale,
If he had played hockey with you.

They gathered me up, and they took me to bed;
They called for a doctor and lint:
With ice in a bag they enveloped my head;
My arm they enclosed in a splint.
My ankles are swelled to a terrible size;
My shins are a wonderful blue;
I have lain here a cripple, unable to rise,
Since the day I played hockey with you.

Yet still, in the cloud hanging o'er me so black,
A silvery lining I spy:
A man who's unhappily laid on his back
Can yet have a solace. May I?
An angel is woman in moments of pain,
Sang SCOTT: clever poet, *he* knew:
It may, I perceive, be distinctly a gain
To have fallen at hockey with you.

For if you'll but nurse me (Come quickly, come now),
And press at my bidding my feverish brow
With a cool but affectionate palm;
If you'll sit by my side, it is possible, quite,
That I may be induced to review
With a feeling more nearly akin to delight
That day I played hockey with you.

CHARIVARIA.

EVIDENTLY there has been a great improvement in recent times in our regimental bands. According to a new regulation, our military musicians are no longer to rely on their music for defensive purposes, but are to be taught musketry.

A new feature of the *Daily Mail* is a "Fiction Supplement." This innovation of keeping the various departments of the paper distinct seems to us admirable.

A paper entitled "Competitions" has appeared. We admire the frankness of its title. The temptation to follow the fashion and give it a name suggestive of literary intentions must have been great.

A German has invented an apparatus by which he presents talking photographs. We presume he will call them "Speaking Likenesses."

"A Policeman's Tragic End."—His feet.

In the recent litigation between the Music Halls and the Theatres, counsel for the former contended that the pieces produced at the Music Halls were not plays, as they contained no coherent plot. But that was the very point where the rivalry came in.

Square shoulders for ladies are, we are informed, now obsolete. They have been told to slope.

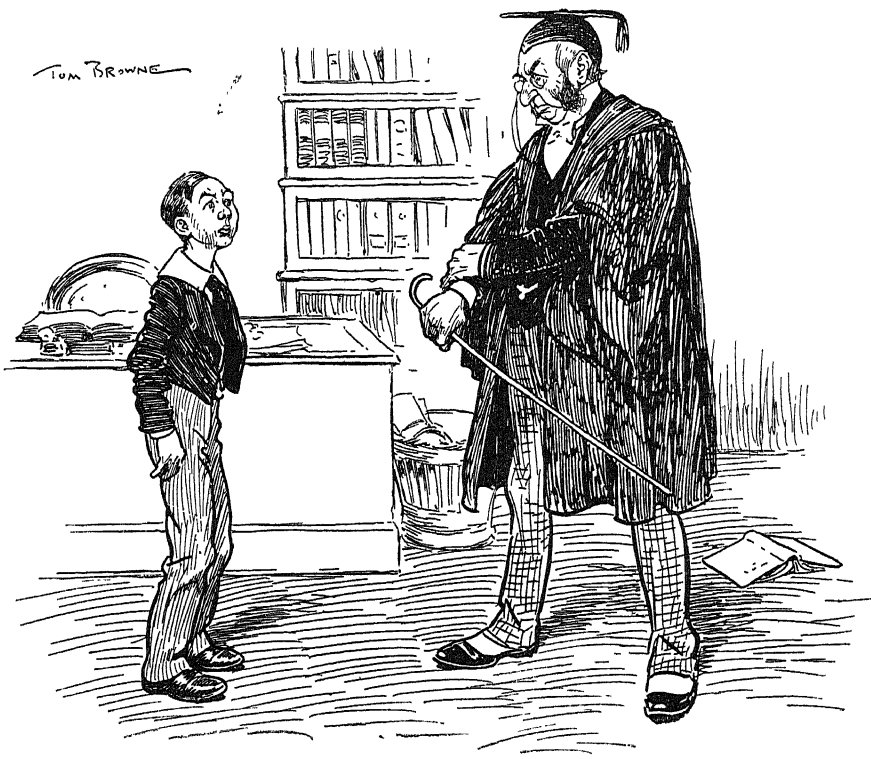
According to *Country Life* Oxford University is in danger of losing prestige among the youth of the country as a seat of learning. At the recent Freshmen's sports there was but one entry for the high jump, and none at all for throwing the hammer.

America's message to a certain South American Republic—Wail Columbia!

It is reported that Italy, following the example of France, is about to enter into an important treaty with Great Britain, whereby the two countries shall be at liberty not to go to war with one another should they both be unwilling to do so.

A rumour of considerable political interest is afoot. It is said that the Free Trade Party has acquired the Peckham Fat Boy, and he will shortly be shown all over the country as the Result of Free Food.

The civic authorities are considerably amused at the ignorance betrayed in a letter to the *Times*, in which a corre-



BEFORE THE HEAD.

Fourth Form Boy (with recollections of a recent visit to the dentist). "PLEASE, SIR, MAY I—MAY I—HAVE GAS?"

spondent declared that, on the recent visits of the French PRESIDENT and the King of ITALY to the City, no single distinguished writer, painter, sculptor, architect, or scientist was invited to the Guildhall. It so happens that, on one or other of these occasions, there were present the representative of a leading financial paper, the head of one of the most important firms of painters in London, a gentleman who is at the top of the tree in modelling royal coats of arms, another who was responsible for the street decorations, and Lord AVEBURY.

Mr. GEORGE HARWOOD, M.P., declares that the House of Commons is now the dullest place in the world. It is only fair to point out that Mr. *Punch* cautioned the country, at the time of the introduction of the Land Bill, that this would be the inevitable result of removing Irish grievances. The measure was nevertheless persisted in and carried.

Mr. KENNETH GRAHAME is wondering what is the meaning of the expression, "As safe as the Bank of England."

The Emperor of SAHARA has been described as an *Opéra Bouffe* Emperor. Some colour is lent to this view by the fact that a letter has been sent to the

Press on his behalf, signed "ED. GOURAD, Acting Governor-General."

The latest scientific invention, it is announced, is an engine that can walk. Travellers on a certain railway line hope that this will now take the place of engines that can only crawl.

VERY APPROPRIATE.

[There was some alarm at the Bank until the fire-hose was turned on the intruder. The Duke of DEVONSHIRE, it seems to us, is the man with the hose.—*Daily Chronicle*.]

THE DUKE the man who has the hose?

Oh, *Daily Chronicle*, why not?

For surely no one, we suppose,

Could fancy him a *sans culotte*.

A Daily Mail Fist Policy.

THE London correspondent of the *Representative and Free Press* (of Queenstown, Cape Colony) lately telegraphed to that organ, citing the suggestion of a certain naturalist that "Mr. CHAMBERLAIN should encourage Colonial Fisting industry, in addition to fruits and wines, with a view to the fisting industries of Canada and Australia." But why should not these advantages be extended to South Africa? Or will the new Chinese labour supply the desired Boxer element?



Lady. "GENERALLY SPEAKING, WOMEN ARE——"

Nasty Man (interrupting). "YES, THEY ARE."

Lady. "ARE WHAT?"

Nasty Man. "GENERALLY SPEAKING"

THE UNITED STATESMAN.

(With apologies to the author of the
"Bab Ballads.")

[MR. W. J. BRYAN is intent on hearing all sides of our fiscal controversy. He has already sat side by side with Mr. ASQUITH, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, the Duke of DEVONSHIRE, Lord GOSCHEN, and Mr. JOHN BURNS, and he is no doubt familiar with Mr. BALFOUR's contributions to this subject.]

'Twas in the Strand near a great hotel
Where Yankees congregate
That I chanced to meet in the crowded
street
The silver ex-candidate.

His step was springy, his air was brisk,
His voice had a Yankee twang,

As he hurried along he sang a song,
And this was the song he sang:—

"I'm ROSEBURY, ASQUITH and GOSCHEN too,
And dubious A. J. B.,
Protective JOE and the DUKE also,
And BURNS of the L. C. C."

He raised his voice to a kingly roar,
And tossed his massive head.

I knew the man slightly, so very
politely
I doffed my hat and said:—

"Ex-candidate BRYAN, it's little I know
Of your ways across the sea,
But I'm blessed, my friend, if I com-
prehend
However you can be

"Lord ROSEBURY, ASQUITH, and GOSCHEN
too,
And dubious A. J. B.,
Protective JOE and the DUKE also,
And BURNS of the L. C. C."

"I guess," said he, "when I landed here
I found a political storm,
For all were intent with one consent
On tariffs and reform.

"So I said to myself, I will hear all sides
Before I make up my mind;
If I open each ear it is quite, quite
clear
The truth I am sure to find.

"I first heard ASQUITH preach Free Trade
In his legal and lucid way;
His logic I followed and greedily
swallowed
Each word that he had to say.

"Next night I listened to CHAMBERLAIN,
And his eloquent speech, beflowered
With metaphors, tropes and imperial
hopes,
I hungrily devoured.

"A banquet of reason the DUKE then
gave,
And a flow of soul he brewed,
And I scarcely need tell how I feasted
well
On GOSCHEN's and his free food.

"I've fed on BALFOUR and stout JOHN
BURNS,
And I've also lingered long
O'er the delicate quips from ROSE-
BURY's lips,
And that's why I sing this song:

"I'm ROSEBURY, ASQUITH and GOSCHEN
too,
And dubious A. J. B.,
Protective JOE and the DUKE also,
And BURNS of the L. C. C."

AN INTELLIGIBLE PROPOSITION. — Mr. EDMUND GOSSE, as everyone will have been pleased to learn, has been invited to Paris by the *Société des Conférences* to speak on French Literature and English Poetry. As other foreign writers, lecturing there in previous years, have always spoken in French. Mr. GOSSE has been requested by the savants to speak in English. A great compliment, as evincing a real desire on their part to have some chance given them, on this special occasion, of understanding the lecture.

A FORETASTE OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S FRANKENSTEIN?—"The question of the taxation of costs in what are known as the Cardiff tobacco cases . . . is now before the taxing monster." — *South Wales Echo*.



WILL THEY CLOSE ?



NOT "IDLE HANDS," BUT "FREE LOAFERS."

MRS. CRUMPET'S CONFIDENCES.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—My master and mistress dining out last night, enjoying the hospitality of Sir JOHN and Lady FLINDERS—and a precious bad dinner they had, if I know anything of MARY TABBS' cooking, who used to be kitchenmaid at—but that's neither here nor there. My folk being out, as I was saying, there was no need for me, in the words of the Latin poet Apollo, to tend my ark. Consequent of which, I sat in the housekeeper's room, very comfortable, and perused your intelligible and compendious publication. It was one of your first volumes which I happened upon, and there, Mr. Punch, I read that which

brought the blushes to my dewy brow. "Correspondence," was the name of it; "Correspondence of JAMES YELLOW-PLUSH." Twenty years and more, Sir, have I been cook in some of the best families, and never would I have held my situation for a day where there was a footman so unaccomplished in everything polite as to spell in that abominable manner. As for me, I thank my stars I'm different, having been most carefully educated from a girl up, and missing no chance of reading the *Family Herald*, *The Infernal City*, and all the other great works of the age. But there, I take no credit to myself, coming of a literary family, and a young nephew of mine winning a guinea prize from the *Paste-*

Pot only last week. Reading the letters of that ignorant footman gave me an idea. "Mrs. CRUMPET," says I to myself, "yours is the pen of a ready writer, having the cocoaethes of scribending time out of mind. Consequent, if Mr. Punch long ago was willing to print that uneducated young footman's rubbish, he will welcome with a cordial heart the observations of a cook—a cook of the highest character, with spelling and cultivated English thrown in."

And cooks are becoming scarce, mind you. Forty or fifty situations advertised in the newspaper every day, with no one applying for them. And for why? "The Domestic Servant Problem," they call it. To which I reply—being unacquainted with a long

expression of suitability, and disliking vulgar short words, but being driven to them on occasions such as the immediate—"Pack of rubbish." It isn't the cooks by a long way which are the problem; it's the mistresses. Time was when mistresses kept their place and behaved as such. Nowadays they are—exceptions, of course, excepted—a chattering set of little fussybodies who ought to be smacked in the schoolroom, and I wish I had the doing of it. They must have this, and they can't have that, and they come scurrying down into a person's kitchen at all hours, and—

The maid says that the butcher is here. I want a plain word with that young man. Polite I am, even with my worsers, and no one more so. "Putting it friendly," I shall say to him, "putting it friendly, Mr. JACKSON, was that the petrified skeleton of an indigenous jaguar which you brought to-day, or was it a steak?" JACKSON goes all of a heap when I talk to him like that; he's below ordinary as a butcher, but he knows good English when he hears it.

To our review then, *Mr. Punch*, as the French say. Yours obediently,
MARTHA CRUMPET.

MR. PUNCH'S SYMPOSIA.

V.—BRAIN-FAG.

SCENE—*Prince's Skating Club.*

PRESENT:

The Marquis of Downshire.
The Rt. Hon. Henry Chaplin.
The Marquis of Anglesey.
Mr. G. R. Sims.
Lord Byron.
Mr. E. F. Benson.
Mr. Eustace Miles.
Mr. H. G. Wells.
Mr. Sidney Lee.
The Editor of Sloppy Sippets.

The Editor of Sloppy Sippets (the Chairman). The subject of our discussion is the insidious disease that for so long has been undermining our social life. As all present are readers of the *Alarmist of the Breakfast Table*, I need hardly mention its name.

Mr. E. F. Benson. Of course not; you mean Bridge.

Mr. H. G. Wells. Or golf?

The Chairman. Nothing of the kind. I mean—

Lord Byron. Fiscalitis.

The Chairman. No, no. This is trifling. What I mean is brain-fag.

The Marquis of Downshire. Brain-fag, what's that?

The Chairman. That tired feeling which comes after using the brain too long and too actively.

The Marquis of D. Never had it myself.

The Marquis of Anglesey. I can't

say that I've actually had it, but I think I once met a Johnny who had. Is it catching?

Mr. H. G. Wells. That depends on the company one keeps.

The Marquis of A. Oh, I've disbanded my Company.

The Chairman. Brain-fag, to put it in another form, is an undue tax on the brain.

Lord Byron. I knew there was fiscalitis in it somewhere. Personally, I am a Free Trader, and I defy anyone to tax my brain.

Mr. E. F. Benson. Brain-fag can never be so popular an epidemic as, say, influenza, for obvious reasons. It can never, for example, catch on in Society.

Mr. H. G. Wells. Or at the Universities.

The Chairman. I have found myself that it is common enough among men of letters. I find that BROWNING and DARWIN, DE QUINCEY and CARLYLE all had it.

Mr. G. R. Sims. On the other hand, there are men of intellect who have escaped. In my opinion the whole thing is greatly exaggerated. Look at me. I've written sometimes three or four plays at once, but no one could accuse me of having fagged my brains. I've been as fresh after them as before.

The Marquis of A. Did he say he had written plays? I must get him to write one for me.

Mr. Henry Chaplin. I see no reason why a statesman, even when holding office, should be the victim of this disease. Regular hours and a careful dietary should be an ample protection. If a politician chooses to get brain-fag it must be due to an excessive indulgence in canned meats, lager beer, caviare, Danish butter and American apples.

Lord Byron. Personally I attribute brain-fag to the prevalence of the organ-grinder. If I were ever tempted to play upon words, I should call him the cerebral organ-grinder.

The Chairman. Very good indeed!

Lord Byron. Oh, I often commit pleasantries like that. I think they add to the amenity of life. For example, the other day I—

Mr. Sidney Lee. I cannot find that SHAKESPEARE ever suffered from brain-fag.

The Marquis of D. Nor I, as I said before.

The Chairman. The point is, what is to be done to cure brain-fag? How can one best give the brain complete rest?

Mr. H. G. Wells. Enter the War Office.

Mr. Sidney Lee. One might take a course of the modern theatre.

Mr. E. F. Benson. Or read Mr. PLOWDEN'S *Reminiscences*.

Mr. G. R. Sims. Fish is said to feed the brain.

The Marquis of D. I never could eat fish.

Mr. Eustace Miles. The true cure is to be found in cultivating the expression of repose. I would suggest the following simple exercise. Hang head downwards from a bell-rope by the toes, holding your breath for three minutes at a time, and in the intervals sip the essence of ten ripe gooseberries diluted with the milk of a cocoa-nut. Then apply a cold compress to the occiput and run round the room at express speed on all fours, crying "Your food will cost you less."

The Marquis of A. Look here, I've a better idea than that. Toothache can be cured by removing the tooth. Couldn't you stop brain-fag by removing the back of the head?

Mr. Sidney Lee. But supposing you've got no back to your head?

The Marquis of A. By Jove, I never thought of that.

Mr. H. G. Wells. The Martians, who are practically all brain, never suffer from these symptoms, which are simply due to the faulty system prevailing at our public schools.

Mr. E. F. Benson. Excuse me, there is no brain-fagging at Eton.

Mr. H. G. Wells. Precisely, and until there is, the battles of the future will continue to be lost on the playing-fields. The hope of England is centred in the middle classes, who at present have a monopoly of these symptoms and of the organ in which they are felt.

The Marquis of D. O, I say!

TWIN DREAMERS.

[GWILYM COWLYD, Chief Bard Positive of the Bardic Gorsedd, lately sent Mr. CHAMBERLAIN a letter of Benediction. We understand that the ex-Colonial Secretary has since honoured the Chief Bard with the following graceful reply.]

BLEST Bardlet, from whose facile lung,

So well attuned to Patriot causes,
The matchless gift of song is wrung

With merely intermittent pauses;

No praise from any other tongue

Is half so sweet as your applause is.

Like you whose rich, barbaric strain

Eludes our alien comprehension,

Whose rhymes are built to entertain

Only the trustful Celt's attention,

I, too, at times do not disdain

The lofty paths of pure invention.

Then let your lusty accents roll,

With frenzy broadly speculative,

Athwart the grim but plastic soul

Of Cymry's palpitating native,

And lead him prancing to the poll,

Ferociously retaliative.

Sing on, and let each mellow strophe

Proclaim Protection's frequent praises,

Sing till each squire and rustic oaf,

Uplifted by those sounding phrases,

Plumps for the slightly smaller loaf

With zeal that positively blazes.



Her Ladyship. "Well, Mrs. Parkins, and what did you think of the Sea?"
 Mrs. Parkins (who has been on a visit to her daughter at Margate). "There, m'Lady, I didn't think 'twas anything like so big, an' our Annie she tells me as I didn't see
 a half on't!"

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

XXVII.—MONKEY RULE.

(Being a Plea for an extended Franchise.)

It really seems to me that if I am ever to do any work while living in this road I shall be forced to have my study moved to the back of the house. This is what I have had to put up with since lunch. Four piano-organs (two simultaneous), a lady in the middle of the road singing a song about her wandering boy, a party of Board-school children working off under my windows the heats of a competition as to who can yell the loudest, and a stentorian gentleman leading a pony-cart laden with plants, and roaring at regular intervals the seemingly irrelevant information—if I am to believe the certain testimony of my ears—that his aunt has gone to Brighton.

And now, just as I was hoping that I had got properly started, that familiar wheezy dirge has struck up outside (I had forgotten that it was Wednesday), and I know that in a few minutes that beastly little figure in the red flannel jacket will be clamouring on the window-ledge for the banana which my sister has by now taught him to regard as his inalienable right.

Let me confess that I do not like monkeys. I admit that I felt somewhat drawn towards this particular specimen on our first meeting when, appearing at our open window, he grabbed an anti-macassar (present from our great-aunt), and after one lightning glance of examination hurled it with ostentatious disgust into the area. But any friendly feelings arising in me from sympathy with his taste in æsthetics very soon evaporated on his attempting later, on the doorstep, to take a piece out of the calf of my leg, a proceeding which struck my sister as infinitely fascinating, and was rewarded with cob-nuts. "He doesn't like men, poor baby," was her indulgent explanation; a point of view which, I should have thought, ought to make her more tolerant of the fact that I don't like monkeys. As it is she adores the brute, and calls herself his auntie, regardless of my expostulations at the undesirable inferences that such a statement may give rise to.

My sister is out, but she has not forgotten to leave the banana among my MSS., where I "may be certain to see it." I rise dutifully in order to render the monkey his tribute, and to throw his escort his hush-money. On opening the window I discover that the organ-grinder is not alone; standing before him, with one accusing finger pointing at the monkey, is a large individual carrying a tool-basket.

"Ow can yer be so crool!" he is

exclaiming. "Maletreatin' a pore dumb animal! 'Ow would *you* like goin' about on a chine an' not bein' allowed to climb no trees?"

The foreigner continues in silence to grind away at his hurdy-gurdy.

"Look at 'im," continues the humanitarian, still pointing at the monkey, who, seated on the organ, is giving the whole of his attention to certain investigations of a strictly personal nature. "Look at 'im—'e's as good as you are any dye.—Wot does Darwin sye?" he queries vaguely.

The monkey's owner seems to lack ideas on this burning topic. There is a pause, broken only by the weird wailings of the hurdy-gurdy, and by certain unmistakable sounds from the monkey, announcing only too clearly the success of his unblushing pursuits. Meanwhile the humanitarian has had time to collect his ideas.

"A few cencerches ago," he observes, "an' 'e might 'ave bin yer fawther."

Unfortunately, before he has time further to elaborate this somewhat novel exposition of the Darwinian theory, a diversion is caused by the organ-grinder suddenly spying me and observing expectantly "Eet ees a fine afternoon, sah. There is nothing for it but for me to throw out my penny and the banana, which the monkey, after submitting it dubiously to the examination of four of the five senses, proceeds to devour on the pavement with a very ill grace. The organ-grinder has picked up the coin, and is retiring backwards hat in hand, the humanitarian looking on with severe displeasure.

"Good English money," he enunciates with disgust. "That's wot you destitoot aliens are a-rollin' in."

The organ-grinder applies himself once more to his hurdy-gurdy.

"Yer didn't oughter be allowed in a civilised country," continues the humanitarian loudly. "Go on back to yer own people—you're only fit to live among foreigners."

Even this severe judgment fails to move the organ-grinder.

"Comin' over 'ere with yer musical instruments," continues his aggressor, "a torcherin' pore dumb animals. It's you I'd 'ave on the chine, if I 'ad my way, an' the monkey a leadin' of yer."

Apparently the monkey's owner has no sympathy with these democratic principles, for he stops playing, makes me a low bow, and begins to move off down the street, dragging the monkey after him. The humanitarian follows.

"Pore little beggar!" he exclaims; "let 'im run about fer a bit. Give 'im 'is liberty!"

Suddenly he approaches the hurdy-gurdy and drops his tool-basket.

"I ain't a-goin' ter stan' by," I hear

him begin—then his voice is drowned in expostulations from the foreigner. There is a brief struggle; the next moment the monkey, freed from his chain, is careering down the street, pursued by his owner. The humanitarian has picked up his tool-basket and is following behind, urging on the monkey with shouts of encouragement.

As soon as I have sufficiently recovered I run into the hall and, seizing a hat, hasten off down the street. A little group has collected outside one of the houses. I find on approaching that the monkey has sought haven on a window-ledge overhanging the area; while a milkman who has left his cart on the other side of the road is making unsuccessful efforts from the doorstep to dislodge him with the butt-end of his whip. The organ-grinder stands helplessly by on the outskirts of the group; the humanitarian with his tool-basket over his shoulder is addressing the milkman.

"Let 'im 'ave a bit o' liberty. Wod-dyerwanter go interferin' with 'im for? Pore dumb animal!"

Suddenly the poor dumb animal, who has been barking like a terrier, turns and runs along to the further end of the ledge. In an instant he is through an open window into the house.

The milkman lowers his whip and looks round at the crowd blankly. Of a sudden there is a commotion inside the house, and the next instant the door flies open and an elderly lady dashes out with astonishing activity and slams the door after her. The crowd do not fail to see the humour of the situation.

"Where is 'e, Mum?" inquires the milkman.

The lady, who is leaning against the railings gasping, seems incapable of speech.

"If you'd let me go in, Mum," suggests the milkman, "I'd soon 'ave 'im out of it with my whip."

"Doncher be so crool," puts in the humanitarian reprovingly. "Ain't yer got no fellow feelin'?"

"No wot?" exclaims the milkman, turning round.

"Fellow feelin'," repeats the humanitarian eloquently. "Wot right 'ave you got ter persecoot a fellow creechur?"

"'Ere, look 'ere," begins the milkman irately, "'take care wot you're sayin'—" when suddenly there is a still louder commotion from inside, the sound of panic-stricken footsteps descending the stairs, and a maid-servant rushes out on to the doorstep, the door slamming as before.

"Where is 'e, Miss?" queries the milkman, turning from the humanitarian.

"I was cleanin' your bedroom, Mum —" begins the maid.

The elderly lady turns wildly to the crowd.

"Can't somebody do anything!" she appeals.

"If you'd let me go in, Mum——" begins the milkman, flourishing his whip.

"But no one can't get in, Mum," puts in the maid, "till Mr. GEORGE comes 'ome with 'is key."

The elderly lady collapses.

"Surely somebody can do something," she gasps faintly. "Who does the monkey belong to?"

The milkman turns towards the organ-grinder, still standing a picture of pathetic helplessness on the outskirts of the crowd. At the same moment there is a yell from an errand-boy in the road. All eyes follow his upward gaze; the monkey has appeared on the balcony of the first floor, and, squatting against the railing, is engaged in swiftly demolishing a lady's bonnet. There is a roar of laughter from the crowd. The humanitarian chuckles indulgently.

"Let 'im 'ave a bit o' liberty," he observes.

"Somebody *must* do something!" cries the elderly lady indignantly. "Are all you men going to stand by and——"

At this moment there is a new arrival on the scene in the person of a middle-aged man in a top-hat.

"Wait for me, mother!" he shouts, pushing his way through the group.

"What?—Here, lend me that whip!"

"Doncher be so crool!" calls the humanitarian; "why, you ain't got no sense of fun——"

The newcomer has run up the steps, seized the whip from the milkman, and inserting his latch-key flung the door open and dashed into the house. We can see him run up the stairs, three at a time, and turn the corner. There is an expectant pause. Then he emerges on to the balcony, flourishing the whip. The monkey drops the bonnet, and, springing on to the rail, swarms down the creeper towards the street. There is a stampede of almost everybody to the other side of the road. A few only stand their ground, including the humanitarian, who has collapsed against the railings, convulsed with laughter at the fact that the monkey's pursuer has tripped and fallen over a flower-pot.

"Haw! haw! haw!" he yells.

The next moment the monkey, reaching the window-ledge, takes one spring across the area and lands right on the shoulders of the humanitarian, whose laughter ceases as if by magic. He makes a wild grab at his burden.

Smack! smack!

In a flash the monkey has given him a ringing blow on either ear, leapt from his shoulders into the road, and made off down the street.



ALWAYS SEE THAT YOUR BRIDLE REINS ARE SOUND. THERE ARE TIMES WHEN THEY HAVE A CONSIDERABLE STRAIN ON 'EM!

"Yaow!" yells the humanitarian, clapping his hands to his ears, then turns and impotently hurls his tool-basket after the retreating animal.—"You ungrateful little ——"

The monkey turns the corner, pursued by the majority of the crowd, the organ-grinder bringing up the rear. Kneeling in the middle of the road, the humanitarian is picking up his scattered tools and replacing them in the basket.

I turn and retrace my steps to my house, inspired, by one of those extraordinary caprices of the human mind, with a sudden desire to write—of all things in the world—an allegory.

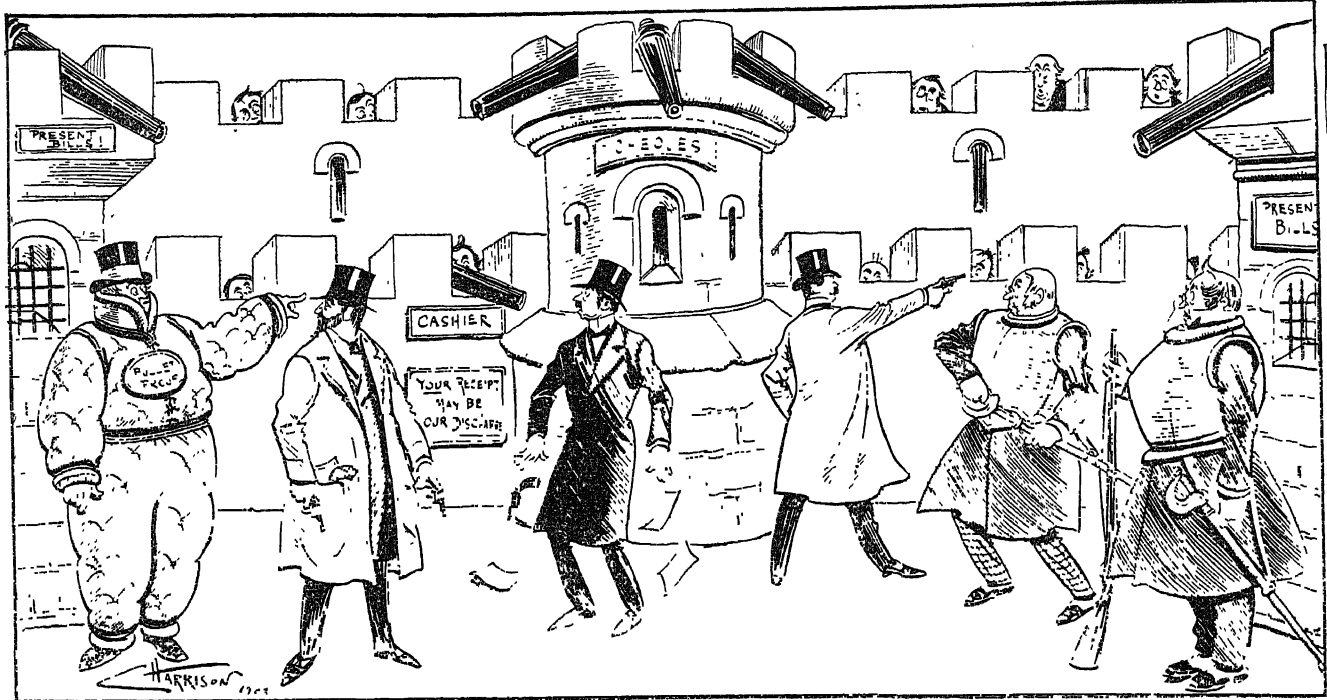
DEFINITION.—An Eton boy, going from the Playing Fields to the Headmaster's house (for instruction on the subject of beagles) is certainly on the WARRE path.

A RULE AS TO CIRCULARS. — When any printed or typed circular commences "Dear Sir or Madam" you are quite safe in tearing it up at once, as an applicant who will not take the trouble of even so much as ascertaining the sex of the person whose aid he requires is not worth consideration. So, happy waste-paper basket be his dole.

WELCOME TO A "FRIENDLY" AT CHRISTMAS.

GENERAL SPARAGNAPANE has already commenced his share in the Christmas campaign against the Dullmatians, Gradgrindians, Acidians and other invaders from the land of Melancholia by sending out several regiments of "Cosaques." They will be hailed everywhere with delight, and few tablelands will there be where their bright, sparkling and fanciful uniforms will not be heartily welcome. And not only is it the uniform but what is inside it that annually makes the members of this *corps d'élite* such general favourites. March on! Be joyous at the festive boards, and let your motto be *Ad Sparagnapanem et Circenses!*

BEST wishes to bride and bridegroom the ZANGWILLS. From *St. James's Gazette* we learn that Mr. ZANGWILL has recently said, "The Jews are like the gipsies in that we are the only people on earth without a soil." If they are also BAYARDS "*sans peur et sans reproche*," then not only are they "without a soil," but also without a stain. We offer this to Mr. ISRAEL ZANGWILL as a *mot*.



NO MORE "SHOTS IN THE LOCKER."

Suggestions for Precautionary Measures at the Bank of England.

["EASY ACCESS—We confess to some surprise at the ease with which a wandering lunatic, without apparently stating any very definite business, can obtain access to high officials at the Bank."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.]

A HINT FROM JAPAN.

[A Tokio journal has been twice suspended for publishing rough popular verses indirectly suggesting the assassination of the Ministry. Would not a few murderous rhymes prove an agreeable novelty in our political journals?]

THE *Daily Mail* of course would invite particular attention to Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN:—

"Th' Imperial trade of England
Is going to decay,
Unless we speedily adopt
Our only JOSEPH's way.
What if C.-B. opposes JOE?
No one would make a fuss
If some too hasty patriot stabbed
The Liberal 'incubus.'"

The *Daily News*, though in a general way opposed to bloodshed, might feel justified in inciting to a breach of the peace in the following veiled language:—

"On Macedonia's snowy hills
The Bulgars' bones are lying—
What cares the Knave of Birmingham
For th' starving or the dying?"

(Four verses referring to our late concentration camps.)

If a Large Loafer in the heat
Of fiscal fervour were to meet
The Famine Maker in the street
And lay him senseless at his feet—"

The *Spectator* would probably be reminiscent of EBENEZER ELLIOTT, the "Corn-Law Rhymer":—

Heaven save the people!—may their food

Be always cheap and always good.
Heaven save the people!—may they be
From Socialistic passions free.
But if in rugged might they rise,
The hunger terror in their eyes,
And hang bread-taxers to the Tree
(Falsely so-called) of Liberty—
Then in the midst of ruin's riot
Remember *you* had taxed their diet.

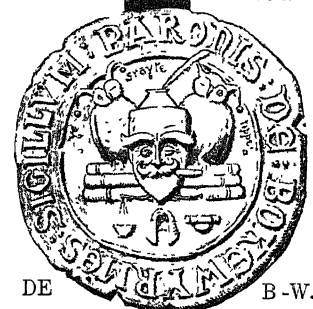
OUR BOOKING OFFICE.

THERE is much in the humour of Mr. W. W. JACOBS that reminds the Baron of DICKENS in *Sketches by Boz*. The Baron doubts whether a higher compliment could be paid to this most amusing and thoroughly original writer, whose latest book, *Odd Craft* (GEO. NEWNES, LTD.) has recently come into his hands. It consists of several short stories told previously, as the Baron is informed, in a magazine or magazines, though there is no intimation of such being the case in the present volume. Where all the stories are good and the characters so amusingly sketched from life, it is not an easy task to make a special selection; but the Baron rather fancies *Bill's Lapse* may be mentioned as a first-rate specimen of W. W. JACOBS at his best.

Difficult would it be, nowadays, to

find a sporting novel showing such genuine appreciation of Irish wit and humour, giving pictures so vivid and true of Irish life and character, all fitted into a good story written in a hearty, frank, fresh, go-at-a-spanking-pace style, topping all obstacles from cover to cover, as *The Boy, Some Horses, and a Girl* (ARNOLD), by DOROTHEA CONYERS. A more delightfully cheery book the Baron has not met with for some time, and thereto he sets his seal.

THE BARON



DE

B-W.

FROM the *Morning Post*:—"A French Lady . . . would like to spend her Christmas holidays with a Lady fond of the language and wishing to improve it." There is a touch of the KAISER's hand in this.

WINTER RESORT FOR BRONCHIAL-
AFFECTED PERSONS.—Corfe Castle.

THE USES OF ADVERTISEMENT.

["Some weeks back we published a statement giving the daily circulation of this newspaper, which was the first authentic publication of the daily sale of a London newspaper. The result of that announcement was that the attention of advertisers was called to the possibilities of obtaining business through the *Daily Mail* to an extent that has embarrassed us."—*Daily Mail*]

So great has been the number of letters from advertisers in the *Daily Mail* that the staff of that journal has been unable to cope with them all. *Mr. Punch* at once courteously offered to assist in dealing with this mass of correspondence. The following are two of the most interesting letters:—

SERVANTS.

DEAR SIR,—I must ask you to withdraw my advertisement for the present. I have had 900 odd applicants for the situation of general servant. Besides being obliged to give forty-three of them their return fares in order to get rid of them, I have missed several small silver ornaments and an umbrella.

Yours faithfully,
(Mrs.) WILLESDEN GREEN.

BIRTHS.

DEAR SIR,—Since advertising the birth of my little boy in your bright little paper, I have been inundated with samples of foods, milks, clothing, wine, &c., which I find very useful.

Please repeat the announcement every Wednesday until further notice.

Yours faithfully,
MARIA C. GRABBE.

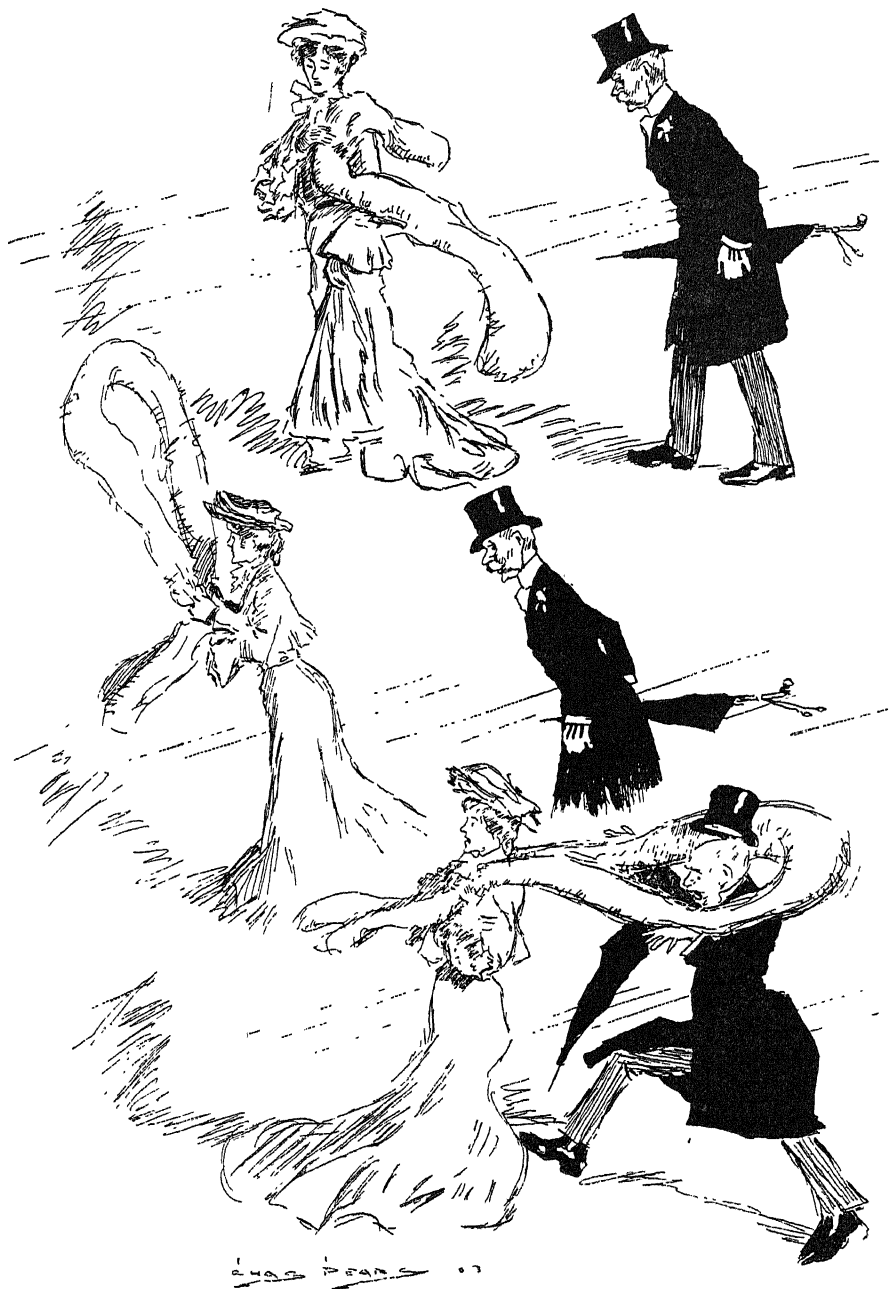
THE POET'S APOLOGY.

["Dressed in a smartly cut, frock-coated suit, ARTEMUS CLARENDON, alias PUGH, thirty, described as of no occupation and superior education, recently pleaded guilty at the County of London Sessions at Clerkenwell to having stolen a variety of articles. There was a long list of previous convictions. 'I am a poet of considerable talent,' explained the prisoner. . . . 'There is a great deal of good in me, and I only want an opportunity to lead an honest and godly life, my instincts being naturally pure.'"—*Daily Paper*.]

PITY the poet who
Presents himself to you,
Of no occupation,
But good education,
And settled convictions too.

The labouring man may make,
As much as he needs to take
By a little odd-jobbing,
Or possibly sobbing
A prayer for his children's sake.

But the true poetic mind
Is of another kind—
Its range is extensive,
Its tastes are expensive,
Superior and refined.



A BOA CONSTRICTOR.

He must surrounded be
With all that's fair to see,
For it is his duty
To cultivate beauty—
A question of £ s. d.

A shiny bright top hat—
He can't dispense with that;
Cigars too *et alia*
Paraphernalia
Lurk in a poet's flat.

Of course he must be dressed
In Bond Street's very best;
But without legal tender
For bills that men render,
What course can you suggest?

His instincts, I am sure,
Are naturally pure—
He shrinks from committing
An action unfitting
These objects to secure.

But what is he to do
When Fortune's hard to woo,
When prospects, once distant,
Are now non-existent,
And pounds and pence are few?

Pity the poet! He
Is poor as poor can be,
Sought by his creditors,
Shunned by the editors.
Misery, misery me!

STUDIES OF BLIGHTED LIVES.

II.—THE PENALTY OF ACHIEVEMENT.

"To travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive."
R. L. Stevenson in "Virginibus puerisque."

I MET ADOLPHUS after many days,
 Him of the roving eye and rippling hair,
 Past master in the lore of Woman's ways,
 Dapper and debonair.

I think I never saw a man so changed.
 His eye was dull, his locks were limp behind.
 I felt that something must have disarranged
 His ample ease of mind.

I grasped him firmly by the flabby hand.
 "ADOLPHÉ!" (in the vocative) I cried,
 "What hurt is here that leaves you thus unmanned?
 What is the pain inside?"

"Has your digestive system been betrayed?
 Or did appendicitis cause the smart?
 Or have you inadvertently mislaid
 Your so prehensile heart?"

ADOLPHUS answered: "Have you never known
 That feeling, when fruition crowns the quest,
 That just the speculation, this alone,
 Had lent to life its zest?"

"Till then existence, full of quiet fun,
 Teemed with potential chances on the wing;
 Round any corner you might always run
 Against the Ideal Thing.

"At last the lovely Apparition came.
 Awhile you triumphed; then you woke and found
 Errantry, 'off,' and each new day the same
 Drear apathetic round.

"My wife" (I flinched: so sudden fell the news)
 "Is very perfect; yet, if now no more!
 The Great Adventure's mine, to win or lose,
 This constitutes a bore.

"Time was when, any moment, I might meet
 The woman fore-ordained for me to wed;
 That stimulating thought is now effete,
 That *raison d'être* is dead.

"The doctors find my blood has lost its fire;
 They urge a change of air to save my life.
 I know my symptoms better; *I require*
A frequent change of wife."

O. S.

SOCIETY GOSSIP.

BY THE LITTLE BIRD.

THE Grand Duke GABRIEL of Russia celebrated his nineteenth birthday last week at Tiflis. The Grand Duke, who is a cousin of the Czar, is a prominent member of the Tiflis Golf Club, and holds the Georgian Amateur Championship, which he won last June with a record score of 198 *minus* 50 for the full round of nine holes. The Duke is a remarkably powerful athlete, and the other day, when driving off from the first tee, he struck the tee-box with such violence that the ball rebounded into the Club house and killed a Circassian waiter.

The number of smart people who have met with accidents in the past fortnight is quite remarkable. Madame BONANZA DE BOODLE, while supping the other night at the Café Midas, was nearly choked by a shrimp, and is still suffering from

hoarseness brought about by the inconsiderate crustacean. Mr. SIDNEY LEE, when out with the Pytchley Hounds last Saturday, in jumping from a field into a lane landed on an Alderney cow and broke several of his collar-bones, but is doing nicely. Then Sir ROBERT GIFFEN, while pheasant shooting at Wembley Park on Thursday, was almost blinded by a rocketeer which fell from a great height and dislocated his aquascutum. Finally, Sir HENRY HOWORTH, in the course of a violent altercation in Pall Mall with the Secretary of the Free Food League, sustained a somewhat serious dorsal contusion.

EXPLANATIONS.

PARDON, BELINDA! if I swore
 Half audibly, just to remind you
 Of that enormous hat you wore,
 While in the stalls I sat behind you;
 It may have been the *dernier cri*,
 A "perfect dream," a "sweet confection";
 I only knew it baffled me
 Craning my neck in each direction.
 Then I resented—ah, too true!—
 Your *nonchalance*, and would reprove it,
 And since your hat obscured my view,
 I hoped to urge you to remove it;
 But now, last Sunday's wintry flaw
 (How could you brave such boisterous weather?)
 Has taught me better—for I saw
 Coiffure and hat come off together.

SURGERY UP-TO-DATE.

[The successful grafting of somebody else's ear on the head of an American millionaire has already been fruitful in developments for the scientific world.]

ADVERTISER, having more hair and less income than she requires, would like to dispose of some of the former, all a-growing, on patches of scalp, 1 in. square, ready for grafting.—Apply, *HIRSUTA*, *Daily Whig* Offices.

WHY HAVE A PUG NOSE?—The Bond Street Beauty Specialist, Madame ROSICRUCIA, M.D., can exchange same for Circassian feature, of any size. Large variety of pure-blooded natives always in stock, waiting for operations.

N.B.—Owing to political disturbances in Eastern Europe, special cheap Sale now on.

JUVENILE EXCHANGE INSURANCE SOCIETY.—

Parents! insure your children against injury from disease or accident. This Society aims at benefiting all classes. The rich can supply their suffering little ones with fresh sound limbs, features or organs, as required. Poor parents are enabled by the sacrifice of one child to bring up the rest in comfort. All negotiations conducted with strictest secrecy.

MR. SOARER, the parachutist, has lately submitted himself to a novel and interesting experiment. Should it prove successful, he will be the greatest human curiosity in the world, and may possibly even become the progenitor of a new race of beings.

For some weeks past he has been lying in bed at a hospital, strapped, back to back, to a large eagle, whose pinions are gradually, with exquisite skill, being transferred to his own arms and shoulder-blades.

The operation is now at the humerus stage, and the whole medical world is watching its progress with the keenest interest.

Mr. SOARER has informed an interviewer that he feels little pain, but finds sleep difficult. The eagle's remarks were unprintable.



THE BOHOTLE IMP.

JOHN BULL BRINGS PRESSURE TO BEAR ON THE IRREPRESSIBLE MULLAH.



Keeper (to Beater). "WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' HERE? WHY DON'T YE GO AND SPREAD YOURSELF OUT?"
Beater. "ZO I WERE SPREAD OUT, AND T'OTHER MAN 'E TOLD I, I WERE TOO WIDE!"

MR. BOURCHIER'S CRICKET TEAM;

Or, Harlequin Caleb and He stoops to Conquer!

It was indeed a happy thought of Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER'S, inspired by The Best Possible Christmas Spirits, to reproduce the dear old Dickensian *Cricket on the Hearth*; but it was an imp of mischief that prompted him to introduce the Shakspearian fairies Oberon, Titania, Ariel, and Puck, into a story with which they had not even the most distant connection, and where, when they do appear, it is only as some kind of winged *Paul Pry*s, apologising for their meddling and muddling, and in effect hoping that they don't intrude. Oberon from the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and Ariel from *The Tempest*!

Of course, if it were all arranged as a pantomime, with *Tackleton* afterwards *Pantaloon*, *John Peerybingle* afterwards *Harlequin*, *Dot* afterwards *Columbine*, *Caleb* afterwards *Clown*, and *Edward*, the illustrious stranger, afterwards *Sprite*, with *Tilly Slowboy* as *Policeman*, and the baby taking its place in the spill-and-pelt scenes of the harlequinade, then by all means let us have all the fairies and the Merry-as-Grigolati sprites that can be accommodated on the Garrick stage.

But this pretty, old-fashioned, domestic drama is not a pantomime at all, though "Kettle and Cricket did begin it," and although the household fairies of the *Hearth and Home* were by its author most deftly and most sweetly worked into it. The plot is theatrical, granted, but it served its purpose in 1845, just as in 1848 *The Wife's Secret* served *LOVELL* for a drama, in which CHARLES KEAN and his wife made one of their greatest successes. DICKENS described his story as "a fairy tale of home," but the supernatural

company was a strictly limited one. It was divided into "Three Chirps," to which Mr. BOURCHIER has added "A Warble." Why "Warble"? Where does "Warbling" come in? The fairies do not warble: they sing solos and chorus, also they dance as do the mortals, but where's the "Warble?"

Having taken this leave and license with the author, why did not Mr. BOURCHIER go a little further, and as, on account of his stature and build, he is no more fitted by nature to play "a little meagre" man, such as DICKENS has described his *Caleb Plummer*, than was Sir HENRY IRVING to figure as *Napoleon* (in the play of *Madame Sans-Gêne*), why did he not adapt *Caleb Plummer* to his own inches, and play it so that everyone all over the house should be able to see his face, instead of painfully arching his back, in order to cut down the part as much as possible (what self-sacrifice in a manager-actor!), and so make a conscientious effort to play down to the original limitations of the character? That he plays it well and with great feeling and carries the audience with him, is the greater tribute to Mr. BOURCHIER'S histrionic talent, on account of our being deprived, to a considerable extent, of seeing the working of his features.

As *Bertha*, the blind girl, Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH is truly pathetic, and her performance "on a rude kind of harp which *Caleb* had contrived for her" is a touching episode in the cosy domestic scene at the Toymaker's.

And in the last "chirp" of all, absolutely unemotional must be the spectator who will not have perforce to blow his nose in order to stifle his tears, when *Caleb* makes his humble confession to his sweet blind daughter, and says, "I have wandered from the truth, intending to be kind to you; and have been cruel." A most touching scene, exquisitely

rendered by the chief actor and chief actress in it, assisted with great discretion by Miss JESSIE BATEMAN as *Dot*.

As *John Peerybingle*, Mr. BARNES is no less excellent than he has lately been in a sort of farming, horse-training character in *The Flood Tide* at Drury Lane, from which house, it being no great distance off, he seems to have stepped across without changing either his costume, make-up, dialect, or manner. Perhaps there wasn't time. But why "dialect"? Why do *Dot* and *John* assume a sort of provincial twang? Whether it smacks of Yorkshire, Sussex, or Berkshire, or whatever it may be, 'tis not so written by DICKENS in the book.

It was judicious of Mr. BARNES to leave his "make-up" much as it was at Drury Lane, because, on referring to the illustrated edition of *The Cricket on the Hearth*, it will be found that every one of the three clever draughtsmen employed to pourtray the character had his own private and peculiar view of *John Peerybingle's* age, costume, and lineaments. JOHN LEECH made him a bald-headed, clumsy, hobnailed, old rustic, a clodhopper at home with his pipe, mug, and his Missus, but quite past work; MACLISE showed him as a flaxen-haired, elegant, amateurish labourer, daintily attired, as he might be in a ballet or in private theatricals, and aged about thirty at the most; while DOYLE insisted on making him about forty, with a remarkably fine head of dark hair! No doubt Mr. BARNES was puzzled, and rightly decided on taking a line of his own.

By the way, unless *John Peerybingle* wishes his wife to catch her death of cold he will be careful to order for her a stout pair of boots, as it is distressing to forecast the consequences to merry little *Dot* of her walking out in the snow, during the depth of winter, wearing such very slight dancing-shoes as were fashionable, only of course for indoor wear, in the time of KATE NICKLEBY.

Miss LIZZIE WEBSTER, as *Tilly* with the baby, and Mr. FRANK MILLS as *Edward the Stranger*, with the trick wig and false beard, are very amusing in their by-play, which delights the house and will probably be worked up into one of the principal attractions of the piece during the run that, judging from its hearty reception, there is every reason to believe is before it at the Garrick Theatre during the Christmas season.

Miss DOROTHY GRIMSTON, as the *Fairy Home*, delivers her lines with emphasis and discretion. Miss ELFRIDA CLEMENT is sympathetic in the small part of *May*, and little Master THOMAS LIPTON in the smaller part of *Puck* is, as might be expected from the name, "right to a T." The music by RICKETT, composed for the *Cricket*, is all that could be desired.

THE HAPPY MARRIAGE.

(A Ballad.)

[A sensation has been caused in Portland, Oregon, by the arrest of two ladies and their husbands for highway robbery. Evidence was brought to show that the ladies used to stand beside their husbands while the robberies were being committed, and help to rifle the victims.]

WHEN EMERSON K. WASHINGTON met SADIE Q. VAN POTT,
Her numerous attractions bowled him over on the spot :
At first distinctly timid, gaining courage by degrees,
He rushed into her presence, and addressed her, on his knees :—

"Oh, SADIE Q., I worship you, and not as other men ;
My love had proved a worthy theme for Poet SHAKSPEARE's pen ;
My groans and sighs excite surprise, whene'er I pace the street ;
I really cannot sleep at all. And, worse, I cannot eat.

"For ham and eggs (Virginia style) I've ceased to care a jot ;

No strawberry shortcake tempts me now, nor Boston beans, served hot.

The oyster-stew I wave aside : I cannot touch a clam :
From these remarks you'll judge in what a wretched state I am.

"So do decide to be my bride ; oh, heed a lover's prayers ;
Admit some sunshine to a lot, which now is dark with cares.

But lest without reflection you are tempted to decline,
I'll picture what will happen should we form the said combine.

"Most husbands treat their wives as dolls, and, sorrowful to state,

Refuse to let them take a hand in things of any weight :
Myself I mean to act upon a widely different plan ;
For Lovely Woman's duty lies, I hold, in helping Man.

"If you elect to marry me, my angel-bird, you'll be
As partner in my business quite invaluable to me.
And what that business is, without preamble I will tell :
You see in me a footpad. And I'm doing very well.

"Way out in pleasant Oregon my humble trade I ply ;
Few highwaymen have got a larger *clientèle* than I ;
Think not that these are idle words. With truth my claims agree ;
You may have heard of 'Sand-Bag BILL' ? Exactly. I am he.

"So, if my proffered heart and hand you'll but consent to take,
You'll come with me on every expedition that I make ;
Together, hand in hand, my love, at night we'll roam about,
Entrap the guileless traveller, and—briefly—clean him out."

His speech was scarcely finished, when quoth SADIE, "Wal, I vum !

What, marry you, my EMERSON ? I calculate ! Why, some !

Stray travellers in Oregon will soon be mighty sick ;
Ring up the parson on the 'phone, and get it over slick."

The parson put the service through without the least delay ;

And EMERSON and SADIE Q. were wed that very day ;
Their happiness, I'm glad to say, is wholly free from cares ;

I never knew so prosperous a married life as theirs.

For every night, when dinner's o'er, and darkling shadows fall,

They take their knuckle-dusters from the hat-stand in the hall,

And EMERSON says, "SADIE, have you cartridges, my pet ?
Your iron, is it clean and bright ?" And SADIE says,
"You bet."

And then through quiet streets they prowl, through dim-lit squares they roam,

They intercept the passer-by, as he is hurrying home ;
And EMERSON's destructive club upsets him with a crash,
While SADIE's nimble fingers gather in the needful cash.

So on they go from day to day, as happy as can be,
And in this simple tale, I think, a moral we may see :
The married state can never be completely free from strife,
Unless a man's profession also interests his wife.

THE VERY LOWEST DEPTHS.

[A condensed version of that cheerful drama, *The Lower Depths*, by MAXIM GORKI, recently presented in London by the Stage Society.]

SCENE—A common lodging-house in Moscow. A number of gawki—we mean GORKI—ne'er-do-weels dimly discovered sitting about on stage in profound darkness. Enter VASSILISSA, the fierce landlady of the establishment, followed by her husband KOSTOLOFF. She stumbles over the prostrate form of one of the lodgers and swears audibly.

Vassilissa. Who are you, confound you?

Alyoshka (shouting joyously). I'm ALYOSHKA. I was playing my concertina. [Does so discordantly.]

Kostoloff. Do you usually play your concertina lying flat on your back, eh?

Aly. Invariably. And I wave my legs in the air and bellow all the time like this. (Does so.) The Stage Society like it.

Vass. Get up. You're imbecile.

Aly. (rising morosely). Not much more so than all the rest of the cast. You'll see!

Vass. (peering through gloom and descriing dim form on bench). Who are you?

Dim Form (in squeaky voice). I'm the Baron. (Points to girl next to him.) This is NASTYA.

Kost. (sniggers). Not perceptibly nastier.

Aly. (apparently to concertina). Wheezes, wheezes, dash it!

Baron. She's reading.

Vass. Some trash, I suppose?

Nastya. I dare say. But it's a lot livelier than this play!

Vass. (peering round). Is VASKA here?

Kost. (shocked). Really, VASSILISSA! This is most indecorous.

Vass. The whole establishment's profoundly indecorous. Where is he, BOOBNOFF?

[To stout individual sitting tailor-fashion on a stool.

Boobnoff. He's gone out for a walk with NATASCHA.

Vass. With my sister? I'll teach her! [Going.]

Actor (a tattered person lurking in the background). I say! Stop! I haven't had a blessed line to say yet!

Kost. (tersely). Then don't say it.

Actor (throwing himself into an attitude vaguely reminiscent of Sir HENRY IRVING). And to think that I was once an actor-manager!

Kost. Drink, I suppose?

Actor. Put briefly, yes. But I used to be great! You should have seen me playing the hind legs of an elephant to MACREADY's forelegs. That was something like acting!

Vass. I dare say. (Shadowy Form enters. Sharply.) Is that you, VASKA?

Shadowy Form. No. It's me, WHEN.

Vass. What?

S. F. (crossly). Not "what." "WHEN." My name's "WHEN." It's on the programme.

Actor (sulkily). It ought to have been "Why." Then perhaps you could tell us why the Dickens—I mean the TOLSTOY—you're in the cast. You've nothing to do apparently.

When (meekly). I'm part of the local colour. So's ANNA. She's coughing there in the corner. (To KOSTOLOFF, sycophantically). "Coughing" and "coffin"; you might make a joke about that? (KOSTOLOFF shakes head vigorously.) No? Been done before, perhaps?—So's the Tartar. Have you caught the Tartar? LUKE ought to be here, but he's district visiting just now.

Actor (impatiently). I say, I wish you people would get on with the plot. Nothing's happened at all in the beastly play so far.

Baron (sardonically). In really high art drama nothing ever does happen at all.



A REAL GHOST STORY.

Mistress (returning). "ANY ONE TO SEE ME, MARY?"

Mary. "YES, MEM. AN INSANITARY SPECTRE."

[But it was only the Sanitary Inspector who had called regarding some alterations that were going on.

Actor (grumbling). Still, somebody ought to do something.

Vass. I'm going to do something. I'm going to do for NATASCHA as soon as she comes in. I'll teach her to flirt with VASKA!

Kost. (remonstrating). My love!

Vass. Oh yes, I will. Here they are. (Enter VASKA and NATASCHA.) Come here, you wicked girl!

[Shakes her violently.]

Vaska (roughly). Now then, you leave her alone.

Vass. On the contrary, I'm going to whack her. You'll see! (To NATASCHA) Off with you!

Nat. Boo-hoo!

[Exit upstairs, weeping.]

Vaska. If you do I'll kill your husband.

Vass. (eagerly). Will you? Oh, that would be nice. I can't bear KOSTOLOFF!

[Exit upstairs after NATASCHA, followed by KOSTOLOFF.

Sounds of stick heard off, mingled with squeals from poor NATASCHA.

Vaska. Hang it, I won't stand this!

[Exit hurriedly after the others. Greater hubbub than ever, mingled with cries of Murder!]

Actor (rubbing his hands). This is better. It almost sounds as if something really was going to happen at last. Call the police, someone. I believe it's going to be quite like Drury Lane after all.

Baron (calls shrilly into street). MYEDVYEDIEFF! MYEDVYEDIEFF!

Actor (disgusted). What a name for a policeman! We

might all be murdered before you've learnt how to pronounce it. (*Shouts*) Hi, there! Bobby! Hurry up.

Enter MYEDVYEDIEFF, a stout person in Russian policeman's uniform. The din upstairs continues.

Myed. What's the matter?

Baron. They're murdering someone off. Can't you hear them?

Myed. (grumbling). Then what's the use of bringing me on? Who is it?

Baron. It's VASSILISSA murdering NATASCHA. Or VASKA murdering KOSTOFF. I don't know which.

Myed. But bless me, they're relations. I can't interfere in that. It's purely a family affair. [*Exit with dignity.*]

Actor (disgusted). With a policeman like that all drama becomes impossible.

[*The hubbub above gradually ceases. Then VASKA descends.*]

Baron (giggling). He! He! Did you finish him?

Vaska. Yes. I think so. I didn't stop to see.

Baron. What are you going to do?

Vaska. Oh, I'm off. You won't hear anything more about me. [*Going.*]

Actor (horrified). We shan't hear anything more about you?

Vaska. Not a blessed word. Good bye. [*Exit.*]

Actor (in agony). But the plot! What's to happen to the plot?

Baron. This play isn't going to have any plot.

Actor. Well, I'll be hanged!

[*Exit for the purpose.*]

Baron. Silly fellow, to take the drama so seriously!

(*Curtain.*)

MR. PUNCH'S SYMPOSIA.

VI.—CAN ACTORS BE TOO STRONG?

SCENE—*The Strong Room. Chancery Lane Safe Deposit.*

PRESENT:

Mr. Weedon Grossmith.

Mr. Edmund Payne.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree.

Mr. Redford.

Mons. Walkley.

Herr Hackenschmidt.

Mr. George Alexander.

La Loie Fuller.

La Louie Freear.

Mrs. Kendal.

Little Tich.

Mr. Oscar Asche.

Miss Edna May.

Mrs. Brown Potter.

Mr. Weedon Grossmith. Ladies and Gentlemen,—This meeting has been convened to discuss the question of physical strength as a factor in histrionic efficiency. Sir HENRY IRVING, as you are doubtless aware, has written to Mr.

SANDOW cordially approving of his idea of starting special classes for actors. Personally, I am without any settled convictions on the point, and until I have finished my pamphlet I shall not know what I think; but I have no doubt that much light will be thrown on the subject by the numerous and gifted representatives of the profession whom I see around me.

Mr. Oscar Asche. An actor cannot be too strong or too massive. Think how ineffective *Iris* would have been if I had not been able to break furniture. But I did not break enough (*sighs deeply*), I did not break enough.

Mons. Walkley. But, on the other hand, no good Musclemann ever became a famous actor.

Mr. Redford (Licensor of Plays). I am not prepared to say that an actor can be too strong, but I am certain that many plays are.

Miss Edna May. Who is that gentleman?

Little Tich. He's the Lord Chamberlain's assistant.

Miss Edna May. Do you mean Mr. VINCE?

La Loie Fuller. Without strength a serpentine dancer is nowhere.

Miss Edna May. I have a very strong part in a new piece called *The Dumb Bell of New York*.

Mrs. Kendal. I quite agree with my sister artists. A strong play with strong situations needs a strong cast. But there must be a true balance of power. If *Othello* is played by a Hercules, *Desdemona* must be an Amazon, or at any rate a muscular Christian. Otherwise the strangling scene is too one-sided.

Herr Hackenschmidt. I should *Othello*, with the *Tremendous Turk* as *Desdemona*, greatly to play like. That would be a scene indeed be.

Mr. Redford. I doubt if it would be allowed. There seems to me a suggestion of bull-fighting in the contest.

Herr Hackenschmidt. We should the house down bring.

Mr. Forbes Robertson. I cannot go all the way with the last speaker. Let actors be strong, but not too strong. A willowy grace before muscle and brawn. The actor should be strong enough to stop conversation during the play; but no stronger.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree. Or to remove a hostile critic from the stalls.

Mr. George Alexander. What is a hostile critic like? I don't think I ever saw one.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree. Endurance rather than strength in my opinion is what is really needed of an actor. For example, he is the only character who may have to endure a frost in the dog days.

La Louie Freear. If I may say so, bulk and beef aren't in it with brains.

Mr. Edmund Payne. Heaven may be on the side of the big battalions, but the gods applaud the little nippers.

Mons. Walkley (cantillating). χαρίς
ἰσχυρὸν ἐνὰ δέ.

Mr. Weedon Grossmith (interrupting). Ladies and gentlemen, I am glad to be able to inform you that at the close of our discussion Herr HACKENSCHMIDT has kindly consented to wrestle with Mr. WALKLEY's terrible Greek.

Mrs. Brown Potter. The strength of a play does not necessarily reside in the physical force of the actors. A good title is very often half the battle. I may say that I have just copyrighted *Brown Pottage* for my next venture.

Mr. Weedon Grossmith. Then do I understand that the opinion of the meeting is that actors cannot be too strong, and that Mr. SANDOW's proposal is accepted?

Little Tich (unanimously). Certainly.

THE HOPEFUL LOVER.

[*The World* says, "Nothing so seriously occupies woman's attention as the innumerable aids to beauty. To endear yourself to her there is nothing surer than to be able to give some new specific for the complexion, or an infallible cure for wrinkles."]

DEAREST DOLLY, don't expect me,

Just because I've had your note,
Stating bluntly you reject me,
Foolishly to cut my throat.

All between us is not ended;

Someday you shall not decline;

Someday, at my feet extended,

You shall clamour to be mine!

I am off post-haste at daylight,

Off to sample land and sea;

And my hope is that I *may* light

On some magic recipe—

Some specific, good for staining,

Something utterly unique,

That shall keep the bloom from waning

From your cold and lovely cheek.

I am off, I say, at 'sun-up,'

Off to find a mixture that

At your chemist's may be done-up

If you think you're growing fat.

I am off to get a wrinkle

That shall make all others fly,

That shall keep the hated crinkle

From your forehead by-and-by.

Then, secure in my position,

I shall once again propose;

Sure of your complete submission—

Till my secrets I disclose!

But, my love, you shall not 'do' me;

Firmly shall my lips be shut;

On that point in vain you'll woo me—

Till the wedding-cake is cut!

Postscript.—Tell me, DOLLY dearest,

If you can, ere I depart,

Since my notion's not the clearest,

Where you think I'd better start.

DIARY OF THE MODERN HUNT SECRETARY.

["Capping all non-subscribers is pretty generally resorted to, this season, not only in the Shires, but also with provincial packs."—*Daily Press*.]

Monday.—Splendid gallop after non-subscriber. Spotted the quarry on good-looking chestnut, whilst we were drawing big covert. Edged my horse over in his direction, but non-subscriber very wary—think he must have known my face as "collector of tolls." Retired again to far side of spinney and disguised myself in pair of false whiskers, which I always keep for these occasions. Craftily sidled up, and finally got within speaking distance, under cover of the whiskers, which effectually masked my battery. "Beg pardon, Sir," I began, lifting my hat, "but I don't think I have the pleasure of knowing your name as a subscri—" But he was off like a shot. Went away over a nice line of country, all grass, and a good sound take-off to most of the fences. Non-subscriber had got away with about a three lengths lead of me, and that interval was fairly maintained for the first mile and a-half of the race. Then, felt most annoyed to see that my quarry somewhat gained on me as we left the pasture land and went across a holding piece of plough. Over a stiff post and rails, and on again, across some light fallow, towards a big dry ditch. The hunted one put his horse resolutely at it—must say he rode very straight, but what *won't* men do to avoid "parting"?—horse jumped short and disappeared from view together with his rider. Next moment I had also come a cropper at ditch, and rolled down on top of my prey. "Excuse me," I said, taking out my pocket-book and struggling to my knees in six inches of mud, "but when you rather abruptly started away from covert-side, I was just about to remark that I did not think you were a subscriber, and that I should have much pleasure in taking the customary 'cap'—thank you." And he paid up quite meekly. We agreed, as we rode back together, in the direction in which we imagined hounds to be, that even if they had got away with a good fox, the field would not be likely to have had so smart a gallop as he and I had already enjoyed. Lost my day's hunting, of course.

Thursday.—Got away after another non-subscriber, and chased him over four fields, after which he ran me out of sight. Lost my day's hunting again, but was highly commended by M.F.H. for my zeal.

Saturday.—M.F.H. pointed out five non-subscribers, and I at once started off to "cap" them. Lost another day with hounds—shall send in my resignation.



ENFANT TERRIBLE.

Family Doctor. "I HOPE, MY DEAR LADY, THAT YOU ARE ALL THE BETTER FOR YOUR LONG HOLIDAY AND THOROUGH CHANGE OF AIR."

The Patient. "IT HAS DONE ME ALL THE GOOD IN THE WORLD, MY DEAR DOCTOR. I AM A DIFFERENT BEING; IN FACT QUITE ANOTHER WOMAN!"

Sharp Child. "OH, MAMMA! HOW PLEASED PAPA WILL BE WHEN HE HEARS THIS!"

Exclusiveness in the Kitchen.

POSITION WANTED—by experienced Cook; best of reference; no Clerical family need apply.—*Advt. in the "Ottawa Evening Journal."*

REUTER'S Special Service reports that in the course of Lord CURZON'S progress to Koweit, the route being lined by tribesmen, "a constant fusillade of ball cartridge was maintained by the mounted escort." He further speaks of the reception given the VICEROY as most cordial. It certainly sounds quite warm.

FROM THE FRENCH LADY BARRISTER TO MISS CAVE:—"Brief life is *here*, my *Portia*."

IN Birmingham—the very headquarters of the Tariff Reform League—they seem to do so well on Free Food that a municipal limit has had to be fixed for corporeal expansion. The *Birmingham Evening Dispatch*, in describing the new motor omnibuses, says:—"Thirty-six passengers will be provided for: fourteen inside, twenty on the top, and two beside the driver. They will be 6½ ft. wide, which is the limit allowed, 20 ft. long, and weigh two tons."

A MOVEMENT is on foot to compel financiers, when registering companies, to deposit their finger-prints, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.



LD AVEN. 17/11

THE QUESTION OF THE DAY.

First Worthy. "WHERE DO I GET MY OPINIONS FROM ON THIS 'ERE FAIR TRADE? FROM SQUIRE, O' COURSE. 'E GAVE ME TWO PARTRIDGES WHEN MY OLE 'OOMAN WERE BAD, AN'——"

Second Worthy. "TAKE CARE, GILES, TAKE CARE. WHAT'S THAT BUT BRIBERY?"

First W. "DON'T YOU RUN ON SO FAST, GAFFER. THEY BIRDS WAS THAT 'IGH, WE NEVER TOUCHED 'EM."

Second W. "WORSE AN' WORSE! THAT'S BRIBERY AN' CORRUPTION!"

THE NEWEST CHRISTMAS GIFT.

(A Dialogue overheard at one of our Great Emporia.)

VERY seasonable weather this morning, Madam, what can I show you, Madam?

Well, I should like to look at your latest Christmas novelties, please.

Certainly, Madam. This way, please. May I ask if it is for a present, Madam?

Yes, for a small boy of a scientific turn of mind.

Exactly, Madam. Will you walk this way to our Radium Bazaar? Mr. JONES, will you kindly attend to this lady?

Yes, Sir. Would you like one of our Curie collar-studs, Madam—you see it in the glass saucer, Madam, behind the grille—price only £1,000,000? Or we could do you a Ramsay Pin-head, remarkably cheap, for seven hundred

thousand guineas. It is guaranteed to consist of pure radium bromide only. Then we have a very neat line in needle-points, £500,000 for the dozen, just over from Bavaria, with 3s. 9d. morocco-leather case thrown in. They are highly recommended for sewing with in the dark. Shall I open the safe for you, Madam?

Good gracious no, I wanted something at about half-a-crown!

I am very sorry, Madam, but there has been no dumping of radium as yet, and so we are obliged to price these articles rather higher than the usual Christmas present. Even then our profit is practically nil in these days of cut-throat competition.

Haven't you *anything* just a little more reasonable? I don't wish to be out of the fashion this season, and I must have radium.

Well, Madam, I think I can show you the very thing, if you will be good enough to look into this microscope. It is the highest power known, and you see here a particle exactly one half-millionth of an inch in diameter. We are making a most sensationally low quotation, Madam, for this line of goods—only £9 19s. 11d. per particle. We are, in fact, cutting prices, Madam, in order to meet all purses. It is really dirt cheap, Madam, when you consider that each particle, though doubtless you can't see it with the unaided eye, contains 6,000,000 atoms. That works out to one twenty-five-hundredth of a penny per atom—practically giving them away, Madam! And they are guaranteed to last for ever, and won't wash clothes, though they will burn a hole in anybody's pocket.

It is very interesting, but I am afraid I can't go beyond two-and-six at the utmost.

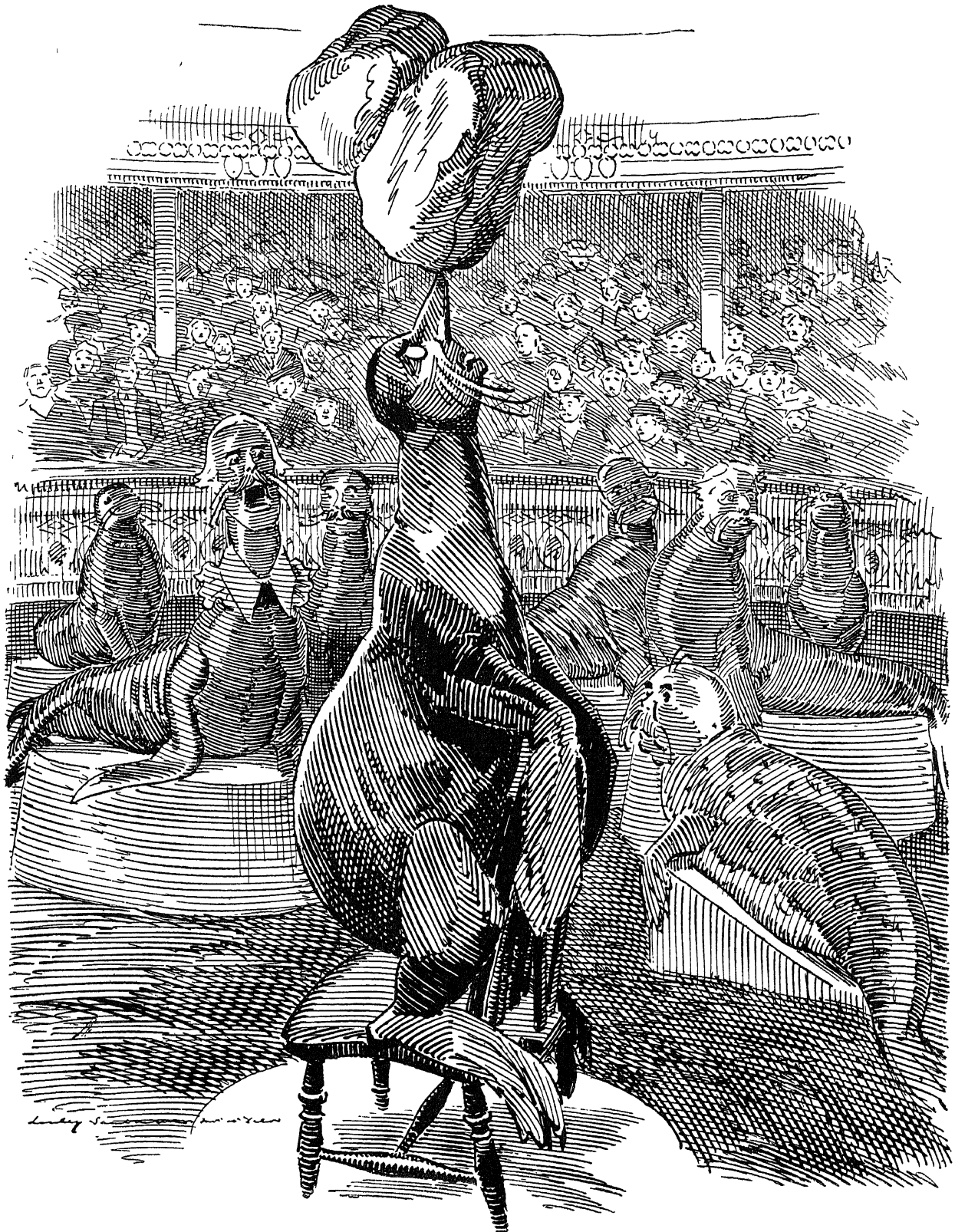
If the young gentleman will come round here, Madam, we can give him a Radium Emanation at the figure you name. We cannot deliver the Emanations, Madam, as we find they change into something else in transit. Or we could let him have a spinthariscopes on the instalment system. They are all the rage this Christmas, Madam, as supplied to Fellows of the Royal Society.

I'm very sorry, but I think I'll have to get him a clockwork motor-car, after all.

Certainly, Madam. Will you kindly enquire at the Penny Toy Department at the further end of the establishment. Good morning, Madam!

CAN any Lady Recommend a first-rate HEAD HOUSEMAID of three, for the Country?—*Advert. in the "Times."*

Nothing, we notice, is said about the ages of subordinate menials, but they should be something quite inconsiderable.



THE PERFORMING SEA-LIONS.

(From Westminster, as now appearing nightly in the Provinces.)

ESSENCE OF CONGRESS.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Washington, Monday night.—Fifty-eighth Congress opens to-day. Scene an oblong chamber, encircled by galleries crowded with citizens of great Republic, mostly women. No grille; no anguished separation from brothers or cousins; no obscuration of best bonnets or new frocks. In the States, according to Declaration of Independence, all citizens are on footing of equality, especially *citoyennes*. An empty cane-seated chair set on dais of whitemarble faces amphitheatre of desks, at which are seated some 360 exceedingly capable-looking men. All bare-headed. A free country where every man may do as he likes; generally does; line drawn at wearing hats in Congress.

Chair on dais is the Speaker's; empty for same reason that, on historical occasion, Spanish fleet was not seen: "because it was not yet in sight." Speaker not yet elected. So clerk at Table, wigless and gownless, takes charge of proceedings.

In a certain effete country when House of Commons meets in similar circumstances, clerk at Table also assumes direction of preliminary proceeding. Not being a duly elected Member he may not directly address one. Accordingly, when time comes for mover of Resolution nominating Speaker, he dumbly points forefinger at Hon. or Right Hon. Gentleman, who thereupon rises and commences his speech.

No nonsense of that kind with us, under the Stars and Stripes that hang motionless behind Speaker's Chair. The clerk—by way of distinction he is a Major, not a Colonel—speaks up briskly, making House generally step lively. Armed with stout auctioneer's hammer, he thunders three raps on astonished Table. Insulars, with their narrow prejudice, expect him to remark, "Now what shall we say for this fine article?" On the contrary, he calls upon the Gentleman from Iowa to get on his legs. The Gentleman from Iowa, responding, proposes Mr. CANNON as Speaker.

At utterance of name there is perceptible movement of surprise.

"CANNON?" one almost hears whispered, "who's that?"

The fact is, the Hon. JOSEPH G. CANNON, of Illinois, has for nearly twenty years been known in Congress as "UNCLE JOE." On reflection perceived that occasion is exceptional; no audible protest made.

In distant quarters of roomy Chamber the Gentleman from Virginia, on behalf of Democratic minority, proposes Mr. WILLIAMS.

Without more ado House divides; roll



"JOE'S" LONG SWIM.

Arthur. "YOU B-B-BUST HAVE HAD EDOUGH OF IT, HAVED'T YOU, J-J-JOE? IT'S EIGHTY COLD EVED ID THE B-B-BOAT; SH-SH-SHALL WE TAKE YOU ID?"

Joe. "TAKE ME IN; I SHOULD THINK NOT! IT'S A BIT CHILLY IN PLACES, AND THE TIDE IS RATHER STIFF, BUT, BLESS YOU, I LIKE IT!"

of Parliament produced, second clerk reads it out name by name, each Member responds with cry of "CANNON" or "WILLIAMS." Midway a new Member, forgetful of solemnity of occasion, gets as far as "UNC—" Colleagues seated near dig him in the ribs; he coughs apologetically, and says "CANNON."

Result of voting: 198 for CANNON, 166 for WILLIAMS. UNCLE JOE has it.

Where is UNCLE JOE? Peremptory Major in clerk's chair orders off two Members in search of him. UNCLE JOE discovered in the Rotunda studying gigantic painting of Surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga in 1777, a masterpiece by one TRUMBULL.

"Dear me!" said UNCLE JOE, benevolently regarding through his spectacles the two gentlemen who brought him news of his election, "you don't say so."

"Step lively," says Mr. WILLIAMS, his competitor for the office, to whom has fallen the gracious task of presenting the successful candidate to the expectant House.

As UNCLE JOE enters, leaning on arm of the Gentleman from Mississippi, Congressmen rose to their feet and loudly clapped their hands. Democrat or Republican, they were all one in their loyalty to the duly elected Speaker. Applause renewed when Mr. WILLIAMS,

having inducted the Speaker to the Chair, came forward, and in a few friendly sentences commended him to favourite consideration of what he described as "the greatest Parliamentary body on the surface of the earth."

UNCLE JOE almost affected to tears. Could not trust himself to deliver extemporaneous speech. Read from MS. a brief, simple acknowledgment of honour done him. Being sworn in, he unexpectedly produced a hammer a size larger than that wielded by the clerk at the Table; vigorously thumped Table in token that the special Session of Fifty-eighth Congress of the United States was about to enter on everyday business.

Thus simply doth the Daughter of the Mother of Parliaments array herself for legislative work.

Before sitting adjourned UNCLE JOE gave Members a taste of his quality. In far-off time a Gentleman from Florida being elected to Congress, the female members of his family bethought them of marking the occasion by floral tribute. According to tradition that still lingers in the corridors of House, GUSSE, the youngest daughter, proposed to bind Pa's brows with chaplets of roses. Pa demurred on the ground that "that kind of rot was all very well for one of

those Roman Emperors," but wouldn't do for a Gentleman from Florida. Compromise arrived at on the basis of placing on Pa's desk a magnificent bouquet.

The thing took on. Up to last Session, on opening day nearly every desk was loaded with bouquets of size patriotically proportioned to area of United States. To-day, looking in on Senate House, found most of the desks flower-laden, with blushing Senator sitting in front of his tribute. First impression of ignorant stranger was that he had stumbled on Annexe of Covent Garden, and that these grave and reverend Seigneurs were on the outlook for custom for their wares.

Just before Congress rose to-day an incursion of page boys took place. Each carried, shoulder high, huge bouquets with name-card attached. These they deposited on desks of Congressmen to whom they were addressed. UNCLE JOE looked on for a while, a cloud of stern resolve mantling his loving countenance.

Then he arose in his might, "No more flowers," he said.

"By request," murmured a Member to whom none had been addressed.

Thereupon, it being twenty-five minutes to four, the House, in session since noon, adjourned.

Business done.—SPEAKER elected.

AN INVITATION.

EXHAUSTED by a weather-change
Immutably persistent,
My mind at last inclines to range
To something pretty distant,
To some remote and torrid shore
(You'll ask, no doubt, "Which is it?")
Where sunshine is a little more
Unlike an angel's visit.

What hinders us from such a trip?
As soon as we are able
Let's pack our bits of duds and slip
Our taut restrictive cable.
Then free across the sea we'll go,
With nothing to remind us
That—since you say it must be so—
Our wives remain behind us.

We needn't sail the whole world round:
I rather think I see us
Both landed on the sacred ground
Adjoining the Piræus.
In Grecian air we'll greet at ease,
With never an umbrella,
The sons of great Miltiades
In fez and fustanella.

And next, by balmy breezes borne
Across a sea of opal,
We'll anchor in the Golden Horn
And see Constantinople.
In each bazaar we'll purchase twice
As much as we have need for,
For something less than half the price
The slippered sellers plead for.

Since pleasure is our settled plan,
In Pera we'll pursue it;
Our multi-lingual Dragoman
Shall teach us how to do it.
I'll watch you while you learn the way
Of chasing every trouble
By sucking at a nargiléh,
I.e., a hubble-bubble.

Then, presto, change, we'll have some fun

In groves of palm and cocoa;
We'll follow the receding sun
Right up the Orinoco.
Then, striking South and moving fast
Wherever mortal may go,
I trust we shall emerge at last
In Tierra del Fuego!

Perhaps we'll trot through Turkestan
And other parts of Asia;
Through China on to far Japan,
And call upon the Geisha.
In India we can do and dare,
And, if you think you like war,
I'll fight you as a Rajah there,
And you can be a Gaikwar.

And then—? Why then, our skins
done brown,
And our finances undone,
We'll suddenly return to town
And make our pile in London.
What tales we'll tell of every sea
And every land we roam to!
And, oh, how pleased our wives will be
To have us back at home too!

R. C. L.

MRS. CRUMPET'S CONFIDENCES.

II.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Of the many journalistic publications purposed to whirl away the leisurely hour there is none which personally I support more cordial—present company excepted, *Mr. Punch*—than the *Daily Telegraph*. Well, Sir, lately the *Daily Telegraph* has printed a number of letters about a matter which I can speak of better than most. The title is less genteel than I could have thought for: "Are we habitually over-indulgent in the matter of nutrition?" would have been politer; "Do we indubitably over-estimate the potentialities of the stomach?" would have been better still. The *Telegraph*, however, has dropped into vulgar little words for once, and puts the question—rather coarsely, I think—as "Do we eat too much?"

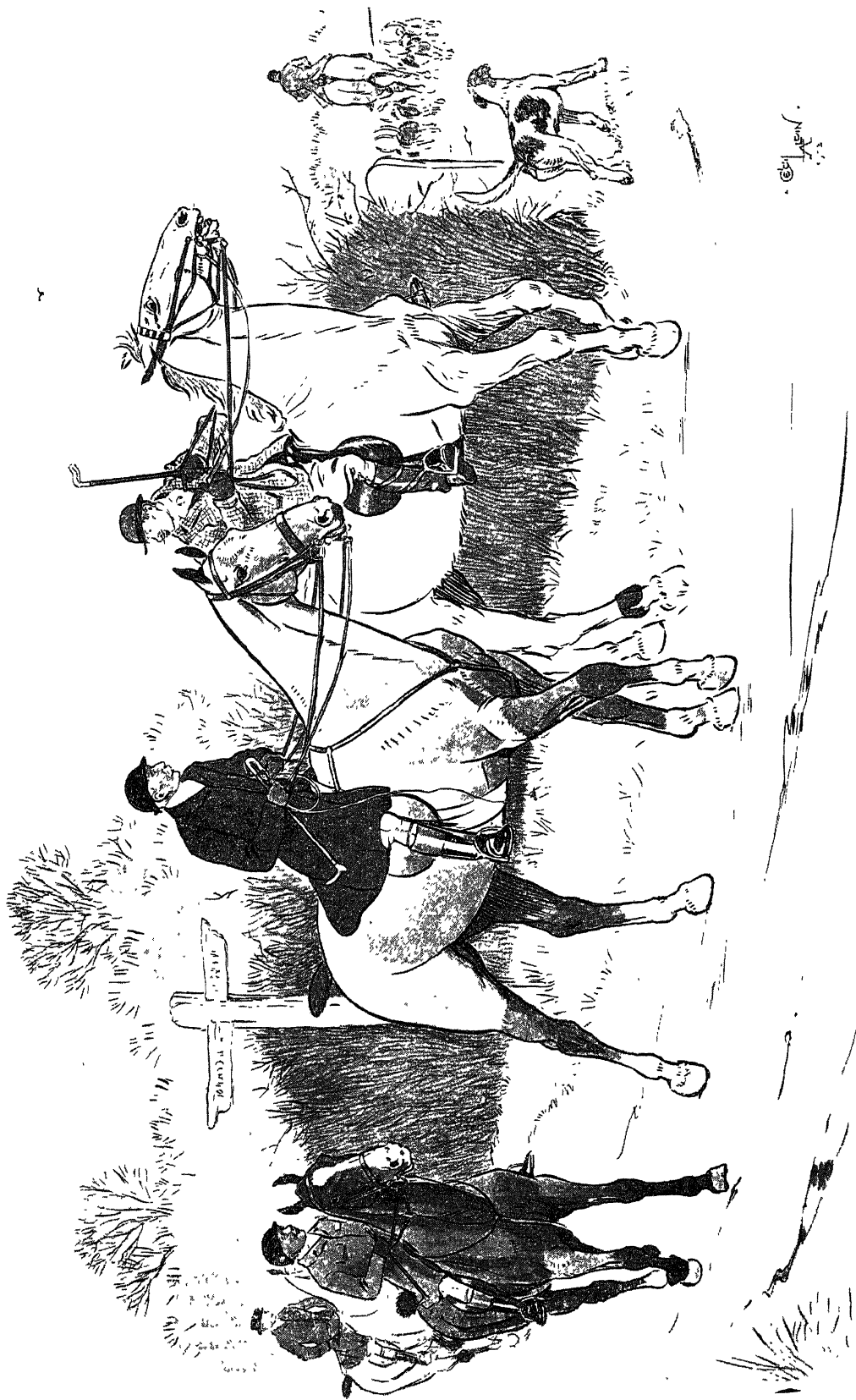
Some of us do, *Mr. Punch*, and some of us don't. My first situation was with an old lady who thought herself permanently invalidated. My duties would be light, said she, her appetite being that poor. But she had to try and eat, her doctor bidding her keep up her strength. And try she did. Nobody more so. Tea and roll at eight was her

programme; breakfast—three hot dishes—at nine; a little snack about 11, a four-course lunch at 1.30, another little snack towards 3, tea with muffins plentiful at 4.30, a regular set-to of a dinner at 8, and then one more little snack at bedtime. One morning I happened to come up to the dining-room, her doctor sitting there, and she complaining very sorrowful about her loss of appetite. "Beg pardon, M'm," says I afore she could speak, "but that there salmon hasn't come. So there'll only be the soup, and the lobster and the pheasant and a sweet or two for lunch, but I've sent out for three pork chops and——" Here she ordered me out of the room, aggravated-like, but I saw the doctor's eyes open singular. She gave me notice that very afternoon.

Then there are others as eat too little. Mostly it's on account of these new-fangled cookery books, which—asking your pardon, *Mr. Punch*—I say, drat 'em! My last master brought one home from London with him. He called me upstairs in order to expatiate its merits. "Mrs. CRUMPET," he says, "we have been wasting money wholesale. I have told your mistress that we will follow in future the rules in this little book. *The Careful Caterer* is the name of it. Table III. is the one we shall adopt. It works out, you see, at 5s. 7½d. a head per week for each member of the household. Next Monday I shall hand you enough money to last us at this rate for a week. You will make your own purchases, but, *whatever happens*, you must not exceed this estimate." "Very good, Sir," says I, and shortly afterwards I kicked that *Careful Caterer* right round my kitchen, releasing steam, as you might say. On Monday master gave me the money. On Saturday evening he brought a friend home to dinner, having boasted to him—the parlour-maid heard him—for ten minutes on end about the *Careful Caterer*. Well, the soup I sent up was made of tea, vinegar, and the dregs of a Worcester-sauce bottle. How they ate it I don't know. For the fish, I sent up the heads and tails of four herrings—left on the plates at breakfast that day. Set on the middle of the dish they were, with a ring of parsley round about. Master rang the bell furious. "Send Mrs. CRUMPET here!" he roared. Up I came, and explained that all the money allowed by the *Careful Caterer* had been finished at lunch. "And is there no meat?" asked master, savage as a bull. "No, Sir," says I, "but there is a sweet—four lumps of sugar, Sir, with a nice drop of treacle on them." We didn't use the *Careful Caterer* after that.

Yours obediently,

MARTHA CRUMPET.



THE "CAPPING" QUESTION.

Hunt Secretary (to stranger, who is out for the first time with hounds). "THERE IS A SMALL 'CAP' WE——"
Jones (nervously). "YES, YES, I SEE—BUT I DIDN'T THINK EVERYONE HAD TO WEAR IT!"

CHARIVARIA.

SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, in an endeavour to prove the flourishing state of our trade, declared that "Germany used to have a practical monopoly of the wire trade, but lately we have been altering that." This reference to the KAISER's telegrams, at a time when that monarch is scarcely convalescent, does not strike us as being in the best of taste.

A new comedy from the pen of Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES will shortly be produced at the Haymarket. The title is *Joseph Entangled*. We understand it is not, as the name might lead one to believe, a dramatic version of Mr. Chamberlain's *Proposals*.

The *Irish Times* asks:—"When is any of the Cabinet, or any ex-Member, going to speak in Ireland? The boycott of this country by British orators is really one of the most amazing phenomena of the day." Some people don't know when they are in luck. Not so the Irishman. He knows quite well, and makes a grievance of not having one.

Asked by an interviewer to give his views on the Fiscal Question, Mr. BRYAN (U.S.A.) answered:—"The English must on a question of this sort come to their own decision." This is a little unkind, when he might so easily have decided for us.

The proprietors of a much-advertised medical nostrum are announcing that they have prepared a Music Folio for which they predict a huge circulation, as it will be given away to all who apply for it. It is confidently anticipated that among the most popular dances this year will be the Liver Pill Lancers, the Wart Cure Waltz, the Anti-Bilious Barn Dance, and the Pale People Polka.

Modern methods of advertising are, however, sometimes subtle. The *Daily Mail* starts a discussion on the subject of reading in bed, and then announces the publication of its book on the Fiscal Question.

We are sorry to hear that Consul, the wonderful man-like monkey, drinks and smokes. We hope he will not turn out to be merely a Vice Consul.

There have been several affrays lately between Russians and Manchus. A St. Petersburg paper describes this as Civil War.

The object of the British expedition to Thibet is said to be to impress the

Lama with a sense of the power of Britain. This renders it more important than ever that the expedition should be a success.

Only three officers are on duty at Forbach out of the whole training battalion. All the rest are "on leave." This is said to be the result of the revelations made by ex-Lieutenant BILSE in his novel about the Forbach garrison. A distinguished and patriotic French novelist has now, it is reported, announced his attention of writing a series of realistic novels about all the German garrison towns.

Mr. CLEVELAND has made a statement showing that his decision not to come forward again as candidate for the Presidency of the United States is once more unalterable and conclusive.

Mr. Punch, in anticipating correspondence from a number of ladies and gentlemen who will want to know why they were not included in his "Academy of all the Talents," takes this opportunity of explaining that, if they are regular subscribers, the omission was due to want of space, but that all others were excluded owing to their not being up to the mark.

Much interest is being taken in the impending buy-election in the Caermarthen Boroughs.

JOHN STRANGE WINTER recently drew attention to the large number of ladies who wear wigs. The Benchers of Gray's Inn have now informed Miss BERTHA CAVE that they are not in favour of the custom spreading.

The Navy has had a fairly satisfactory week. We have lost one vessel and acquired two.

A LEADING CASE.

Derry and Peek have had their day.

Unheeded, Bernard spills the fiery Liquor of Coggs. Be off! Away!

Armory, yes, and Delamirie.

Ye Seven Bishops pass along!

Ye bilking Carpenters, be trotting!

Wake, Muse! Enshrine in deathless song

The leading case of *Hill v. Notting*.

Upon this desk, before these eyes,
Beneath this hand, in sweet surrender,
My earliest brief, my darling, lies.

How pink! How white! And oh,
how slender!

Now all thy secrets, sweet, confide;

Lay bare thy heart to thy fond lover

(She is a perfect blank inside.

She has no secrets to discover).

"In the High Court of Justice." See,
The noble words are written plainly.
Justice, my client calls on thee;

Oh, let him not invoke thee vainly.

Thy scales prepare; unsheath thy sword;

Blind Justice, pull thy bandage tighter;

Take Mr. NOTTING at his word;

Decide against the other blighter!

"King's Bench Division." Clear and pure

The fount in which I place my trust is.
No equitable wiles obscure

This limpid well of abstract justice.

Upon this mighty maxim, lo!

False Double-tongues, I stand defiant:
"The King can do no wrong." And so

He cannot hurt my honest client.

The moment of my triumph mark,

"Monday the seventh at ten thirty,"

Traced by some careless lawyer's clerk,

Whose thumb, I note, was rather dirty.

To him it means perchance, poor fool,

"Six days to Saturday and KATIE;"

To me—one step towards the Wool-
Sack's *otium cum dignitate*.

"*Hill versus Notting*." Oh, my brief!

When I am for a judgeship running,
(As sang the psalmist in his grief)

"Let my right hand forget her cunning,"

If from the tablets of my mind,

Though stands my star in the ascendant,

Thy title's gone.—What's this I find?

"Brief to consent for the Defendant"?

And is this all? Must I consent?

Thy meaning, Brief, I cannot miss it.

I have no doubt of what is meant

Yes, my instructions are explicit.

No matter! Justice will be done

On NOTTING, craven, dolt and ninny;

And he will pay for all the fun;

And I—well, I shall earn a guinea.

But in that brighter, better day,

When Smith and Shirley cease to trouble,

When Law Reports have passed away

With all the Temple's dust and rubble,

Millennial men shall marvel still

To read the story here presented,

How NOTTING went to law with HILL,

How, ultimately, he consented.

THERE is method sometimes in a mis-
printer's madness. An advertisement
reaches us of a certain flour suitable as
a groundwork for toothsome dishes. It
is headed CHRISTMAS PUDDINGS AND AKES.

APT QUOTATION FOR GOLFERS ON THE
LINKS.—"Tread lightly, this is Holey
Ground."

OUR BOOKING OFFICE.

Now here is a real treat as a Christmas gift for children, in the shape of *The Enchanted Doll*, published by the De la More Press, Regent Street. Every Punchite will welcome it as bearing on its title-page the names of its author, MARK LEMON, *Mr. Punch's* first editor, and of DICKY DOYLE, one of the most playfully fanciful and grotesquely humorous artists that ever put pencil to paper in Punchian service. And this Christmas Book is dedicated to the daughters of the great master of all modern Christmas books, "to MARY and KATE DICKENS." It is good reading too, for "Uncle MARK" was a first-rate hand at a short story. DICKY DOYLE's work is not seen at its best in this reproduction, where, in the Baron's copy at least, it is too heavily printed. To the Baron it is *the* book of the coming Christmas season.

Since writing the above, the Baron, by the kind thoughtfulness of Lady ROMER, has now before him the original edition of this "Fairy Tale for Little People," published by "BRADBURY AND EVANS" at "11, Bouverie Street, MDCCCL," two years after the appearance of CHARLES DICKENS' *Haunted Man*, that is, just fifty-three years ago. And here the book is, strongly bound, with "BETTY" in gold letters on the cover, showing that MARK, its author, had a special copy made up for presentation to members of his own family as well as for "MARY and KATE DICKENS" to whom the "little book is affectionately inscribed," the dedication being adorned with a fancifully imagined capital letter—a T—as an initial, in red ink, designed by RICHARD DOYLE. The illustrations in this first edition are of a delicate tone, and do justice to the dainty handiwork of the inimitable DICKY. So here, as COLLEY CIBBER observed, "RICHARD's himself again."

My Nautical Retainer writes:—Between 1852 and 1874, the period covered by *The Story of a Soldier's Life* (CONSTABLE), we had very little fighting going on in which Lord WOLSELEY did not have a hand. The Burmah campaign of 1852-3, the siege of Sebastopol, the Indian Mutiny, the taking of the Taku Forts and Peking, the Red River Expedition, and the Ashantee War are all embraced in this enthralling autobiography. The narrative, soldierly and businesslike, if at times somewhat amateurish in style and lacking in literary imagination, is the work of a man of clear observation and judgment, with a keen eye alike for country and character. Although the author devotes very little time to the history of affairs in which he himself bore no part, his tale is remarkable for its continuity. Once only

is this broken, when the reader, after spending some hundred pages (unfortunately without a map) in the trenches before Sebastopol, is compelled, on account of a severe wound sustained by the author, to forego the triumph of its final capture. *En revanche*, at the relief of the Lucknow Residency, Lord WOLSELEY, who was then a captain in the 90th L. I., was the first, after breaking into the Motee Mahul, to join hands with the beleaguered garrison. He was at once warned to keep out of Sir COLIN CAMPBELL's way, as the Chief was furious with him for having exceeded his orders and so spoilt a carefully-arranged scheme by which the beloved 93rd Highlanders were to have figured in the foreground of just such a dramatic tableau.

Lord WOLSELEY has not quite escaped from the snares that are laid for those who exchange the sword, of which they know a great deal, for the pen, of which they know relatively little. He is tempted to embroider his theme with incidental flowers of rhetoric. And in this kind, in his platitudes, for instance, on NAPOLEON (suggested by a visit to St. Helena), or in his reiterated eulogies of the British soldier, he tends to become commonplace and rather tiresome. A still worse quality must be suspected in the following passage: "How many such gallant British soldiers lie buried all over the world. . . . It is their valour and their self-sacrifice that enables home tradesmen to make fortunes, live at ease, and to marry their sons and daughters into gentle families."

Modest as regards his own exploits, Lord WOLSELEY is irrepressibly assertive in praise of his cloth. But how delightfully naïve is his optimism, where he goes to the Mussulman's length of assigning a seat in Paradise, as his natural right, to every brave soldier who falls on the field. On the other hand no such place should be reserved, if the author's advice were consulted, for any civil administrator of our military system, CARDWELL always excepted. He is never tired of execrating their intrusive stupidity; and on the last page of a book that does not pretend to go beyond the year 1874 he introduces a personal reference to Mr. BRODRICK which, when one considers the deliberate character of it, and the public and permanent importance of the work in which it appears, must be regarded as being in strangely doubtful taste. One may venture to hope that, in a future edition, Lord WOLSELEY will withdraw this gratuitous sneer; and that, if he gratifies the general desire by continuing his narrative to the date when, as he says, "I gladly bid goodbye to the War Office and ceased to be the nominal Commander-in-Chief of Her Majesty's Land Forces," he will



OUR GOOSE CLUB.

"GO HOME WITH IT, AND PLEASE YOUR WIFE WITHAL;
AND SOON AT SUPPER-TIME I'LL VISIT YOU."

Comedy of Errors, Act III., Sc. 2.



NEW READING OF OLD SHAKSPEARIAN TITLE.

"ALL SWELL THAT TEND SWELL."

take pains, in dealing with living persons, to temper valour with discretion.

Messrs. WALKER present specimens of calendars and pocket-books for the Baron's approval: so also does the firm of DE LA RUE. Between the two what choice is there? How happy would any writer in Diaries, or pocket of Pocket Books, be with either! Were he offered a charming little morocco-bound handy-sized pocket-book for every-day use, on reading the name of its inventor and vendor, he might exclaim, "WALKER!" but he would not turn his back upon so useful a gift. Dainty are the little diary calendars of DE LA RUE, and for these treasures the prices are far from De la Ruinous.

Susannah and One Elder, by E. MARIA ALBANESI (METHUEN), is so fascinating a story that anyone who has once commenced reading it will be selfishly inclined to wish for ordinary meteorological disturbance of the elements that may furnish a satisfactory excuse for remaining indoors to peruse this novel in comfortable, cosy quietude. The localities, where for the most part the action of this novel takes place, are described in such well-considered artistic word-painting that even the most impatient reader, eager to get ahead with the movement of the characters, in whom his interest has been from the very first thoroughly aroused, will willingly linger among these rural landscapes, in order that he may better realise and more thoroughly sympathise with the motives, sayings, and doings of the persons who move and have their being amid these picturesque lights and shadows. All the *dramatis personæ* are clearly defined; not lectured upon and explained by the author in long analytical passages, but allowed to develop their different characters in the course of the action. There is a fine study of an elderly aunt, who, in her way, is a sort of beneficent old *Lady Kew*, and there are some exceptionally powerful scenes. Yet has the Baron two small faults to find. The first is its utterly misleading title, which at once suggests the history of "SUSANNAH and the Elders," with which this tale has no more to do than it has with POTIPHAR's wife and JOSEPH or any other biblical subject. The title is irrelevant and, as the Baron has already insisted, misleading. The second

fault is the authoress's plan of heading her chapters with quotations which, whether real or invented (and the one in old French, which is the equivalent of "I do not like you, Dr. FELL," renders the Baron a trifle suspicious), distract attention and serve no useful purpose. Headings are as texts: and chapters of a novel must not be sermons. Heaven forbid it! These two *gravamina* apart, the Baron has nothing but the highest praise for this most excellent novel.



WASTED SYMPATHY.

SCENE—Interior of Railway Carriage.

Lady (to gentleman who has just entered and is placing one of his fellow passenger's bags on the floor where there is a hot-water bottle). Oh! Excuse me, Sir, but, please don't put that near the hot-water bottle. I've got a little bird in the bag.

Elderly Gentleman (who is an enthusiastic Anti-Vivisectionist and prominent member of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals). Good Heavens, Madam! a bird in there! Please consider! How cruel! how inhuman! how—*(gasps for words)*.

Lady. Not at all, my dear Sir. It's a roast partridge, cold, for lunch. *[Collapse of Enthusiast.]*

STARTLING! RATHER!—A letter from *The Gentlewoman* commanded our most respectful courtesy. It ran thus:—"I think you will be interested to know that we have recently purchased 'The Sun'" . . . "Purchased the Sun!" Perhaps this fact may account for the recent absence of that Master Luminary. If they would only "purchase the Fog," and keep it locked up! Again we take up the typed letter and continue. Oh, a thousand pardons! It is "the Sun newspaper" that has been purchased, and it will have come out strong, it is to be hoped, ere this notice appears. Our best wishes. Go it, Sunny!

A WORD FOR SOME SMALL INVALIDS.

MR. PUNCH is a beggar to beg, that is, on occasion; such occasions must necessarily be rare, as he is compelled to strictly limit his appeals for assistance. Now one of these "exceptions," as a certain well-known cigar brand is labelled, is the Hospital for Sick Children, and as on Tuesday, December 22, there is to be a special performance in aid of the funds of this Hospital, on which occasion the Christmas fairy tale of *Little Hans Andersen*, by Captain BASIL HOOD, is to be played at the Adelphi, Mr. Punch trusts that all his readers who have hitherto been so generous towards this House will assist and give their "mites" towards helping these other mites, so that there may be added to the "Lewis Carroll Cot," the "Kate Greenaway Cot," and the "Punch Cot," the "Hans Andersen Cot." This is an appeal from Hans to Hearts—and Hands in pockets.

WOMEN AT THE BAR—Of course the case of Miss CAVE decides it. (See Report of Trial: and correspondence, *Times*, Dec. 8.) To those young ladies who are thinking of appearing as ornaments to the Bar, the Judges say "*Cave*." But why admit the fair sex to practise at one bar and not at another? Why permitted at the bar of the Alhambra, or of SPIERS & POND, or of the Great Empire itself, and not allowed at the Bar of England? Surely wherever gowns are permitted the softer sex may appear; while wigs, not being absolutely essential, might be limited to "fronts." In certain cases, surely they might be allowed to plead, and in uncertain cases they should be encouraged to do so.

MY SECOND OPERATION.

I PASS in silence over my first operation; it is pleasanter to forget it. Yet afterwards I discovered some elements of grim humour in it. And I learnt also what kindness can be shown one by surgeons and nurses, who had never seen one until a few hours before. One's dearest friends may be kinder, but they would be anxious and agitated. How much better the scientific calm of the surgeon, with his sure hand, his unflinching skill. As for the nurses, to call them "ministering angels" is lamentably insufficient. Angels would be cold and superhuman; they could not be lively. Imagine the cheering influence of a recording angel, who might drop a tear on one's pillow!

I am told not to excite myself, and I am not able to do much, lying here in bed. But when I am well again, if any man in my presence breathes a word against nurses, especially surgical nurses, I shall have very great pleasure in knocking him down. Also, if we are in a house, in kicking him out of the door, or throwing him out of the window. Provided always that he is smaller than I am.

Moreover if any blatant fool talks to me about the British Workman—who would be a very good fellow if he were saved from his blatant friends—I can now retort with the British Doctor and the British Nurse. They have no Trades' Unions, strikes or picketings,

they never assault blacklegs, they never starve themselves while strike officials grow fat, they know nothing of "Ca' Canny"—or whatever the idiotic, meaningless words are—and above all they have no Eight Hours' Day. They do not complain of twelve, fourteen, or even sixteen hours' work, with head as well as hand. Yet no one proposes Acts of Parliament to make them comfortable, or suggests providing luxuries for them at the expense of the rate-payers.

However I must get on to my second operation. I have been in bed for over a fortnight; it cannot be much longer delayed. I have always known it must be performed. My head becomes hotter and more uncomfortable every day. I begin to think of brain fever. My two nurses, gentle and sweet women, try to cheer me. They assure me there is no hurry. The Lady-Superintendent of this nursing home says the same. She is as clever as she is kind.

Finally, I appeal to the Eminent Surgeon in whose hands I am. He is very good-natured, though he is the autocrat of this house, where his word is law. In England we have no such title as that of the German EMPEROR'S surgeon, His Excellency Actual Privy Councillor Professor Doctor SCHMIDT. I can only give the dignity of capitals, and write "the Eminent Surgeon." Well, I appeal to him. He says it is for me to choose; the operation might be delayed; there would be no danger.



MIXED BATHING.

Fussy Landlady (to new Lodger). "WELL, SIR, IF YOU'LL ONLY TELL ME WHEN YOU WANT A BATH, I'LL SEE YOU HAVE IT"

I ask if he will perform it. He says he cannot. This is a great shock to me, for in his hands I should have felt safe. I thought an Eminent Surgeon could do anything. I consult him as to anaesthetics. He assures me that ether is unnecessary. I meekly suggest a local application of cocaine. He says I could have it if I liked. I ask if I should have a doctor friend of mine in the room. He says it would not be a bad idea to have someone to hold my hand. Then he leaves me alone, face to face with the problem, Who shall perform the operation?

My nurse, always bright and alert, solves it for me. What a number of problems she has solved for me, from the very first, when getting a spoonful of jelly into my mouth presented incredible difficulties! She says there is a specialist, for whom she can send, very near this house. I know the sort of men those particular specialists are, and I hate them always. So I have only to screw up my courage and bear it.

All this happened two or three days ago, and now the dread moment has come. I lie still in bed, while my teeth chatter quietly together. My nurse opens the door and looks in, with her usual bright smile.

"Are you ready?" she asks cheerfully.

"Yes," I murmur in a faint voice.

"Very well," she says, "the hair-dresser has come. He can cut your hair at once."

STUDIES OF BLIGHTED LIVES.

III.—A LOST FAITH.

[*The Westminster Gazette*, ridiculing the confidence of Mr. CHAMBER-
TAIN'S supporters in the ultimate triumph of their far-off purpose, said:
"It is sufficient for practical politicians to consider the next Election."]

As when within the Theban shrine,
Dim-lit and redolent of spices,
The devotee depressed his spine
Under the mobile orbs of Isis;
Till, on a sudden, as his heart
Into an ecstasy was sinking,
He saw, through some defect of art,
A priest inside who did the winking;
Then rose in wrath, and homeward came,
A disillusionised Egyptian,
And from a cult, so lost to shame,
Withdrew his annual subscription; —
So have I known a man or two,
Who worshipped once with warmth and *brio*,
Then noticed, on a nearer view,
The mortal *machina in Deo*,
A hollow god of stone or clay,
Worked like a common showman's puppet—
And so forsook the heavenly way,
And talked no more of climbing up it.
Such was the case with ERNEST DOPES.
His faith—not any doubt could dim it—
Was fixed on England's soaring hopes,
To which he traced no sort of limit.
For him the present's fleeting gain
Was not the end-, nor yet the be-, all;
He passed it by with proud disdain,
And scanned the Ultimate Ideal.
Ignoring partisan intrigues,
As serving self and not the nation,
The Liberal and the Free Food Leagues
Alone enjoyed his approbation.
And, since the doctrines there diffused
Seemed most profound, sublime, eternal,
Nightly, for scripture, he perused
The page of Mr. SPENDER'S journal
For here his own Ideal shone
Serene above the rack of rumour,
Not flighty, no, nor blown upon
By gusts of literary humour.
Judge then of what our ERNEST thought
On reading (roughly) this reflection:
"Practical statesmen never ought
To look beyond the next Election."
Picture the lofty soul that spurned
Those selfish, sordid, aims that suit your
Low politicians, just concerned
About the mere immediate future:—
Picture his state, how far removed
From feelings he was used to foster
Before his favourite god was proved
A hollow earthenware imposter;
Picture—but why disturb the wraith
Of creeds that death has now encrusted?
Enough to note a shattered faith,
A heart irrevocably busted.

O. S.

THE SUN-CHILD.

A VISIT TO FAIRYLAND.

"AND the Fairies kept him company for the first few miles of his journey. The Fairy Queen herself could not come, of course, for she had had to remain to look after her palace, and the Prime Minister also had to stay behind to see that the Queen did no wrong. All the rest, however, came with their trumpets blowing and their drums beating, and there never was seen so splendid a cavalcade in all Fairyland. It was a great honour for LITTLEBOY, and when at last he got home he wrote a very beautiful letter to the Fairy Queen thanking her for all the kind things she and her people had done for him. And on the following day he married DOLLAMINA, and lived happily ever afterwards."

The old lady ceased speaking, and she raised her hand to stroke the curly little head beside her.

"That's all," she added. "You know, FREDDIE, all stories must end. And I think it's just about bed-time."

The small boy to whom the curly head belonged did not reply immediately. Perhaps—who knows?—he didn't really want to go to bed, or it may be he had some other good reason. At any rate he leant his head on his hand and gazed at his grandmother. At last he spoke:—

"What's a cavalcade, Gran'ma?" he asked.

"A cavalcade? Why, FREDDIE, I told you yesterday. A cavalcade means beautiful riders on beautiful horses, all splendidly clothed and armed and caparisoned."

"But how can Fairies have cavalcaades? Can they ride?"

"Of course they can. And their horses are the tiniest and noblest in the whole world. Every Fairy learns to ride before the wings begin to sprout, and sometimes, if the wings are very strong, they can lift themselves and their horses into the air."

The little boy did not seem to be quite satisfied. "Well," he said in a determined voice, "I know I've never seen any Fairies. Why can't I? I've tried very hard, Gran'ma."

The old lady drew him to her and embraced him.

"Never mind, FREDDIE," she said; "go on trying: you'll be sure to see them some fine day or some fine night. And now," she continued, as a knock sounded at the door, "here's SARAH to take you to your beddy-bye. Good-night, my little darling, and God bless you."

FREDDIE kissed his grandmother a dutiful and loving good-night, and went off with SARAH; but he was not quite content. If Fairyland was so beautiful, and if people went there who didn't seem to be much better than other people, how came it that he, FREDDIE, even when he had been most obedient, and had spilt no bread and milk on the table-cloth, and had remembered everybody in his little prayer, could never get even a glimpse of this golden country? Thus reflecting, he allowed SARAH to help him to undress, and then he climbed into his cot and after a few wriggles and attempts at romping he subsided on his pillow and fell fast asleep.

But I must tell you that the Sun-child had spent the evening with FREDDIE, though FREDDIE was not aware of his presence. And the Sun-child, who loved all kind and cheerful and simple little boys, even when they were younger and smaller than he himself was, had taken FREDDIE to his heart, and (not for the first time) he wished in vain that he might become visible and have some real boy-fun with this delightful playfellow. But FREDDIE was in bed and asleep, so the Sun-child, standing by him, thought out a plan—and this is what happened:—

It seemed to FREDDIE that he suddenly awoke and looked round him. At first he could not think where he was. His cot had vanished, and he was lying on the moss-grown stump of an oak tree. The nursery was gone with all that it contained. In its place there was a grassy dell surrounded by tall trees, and here and there over the surface of the dell



Harold Partridge.

THE CHINESE PAUL PRY.

CHINESE LABOURER. "I HOPE I DON'T INTRUDE?"
BRITISH COLONIST. "YES, YOU DO. GET OUT!"



Dealer (to Whip). "THAT'S THE 'ORSE THE MASTER CALLS BROWN STOUT, AIN'T IT? I'D CALL 'IM 'ARF-AND-'ARF."

large mushrooms grew—not the mushrooms you meet in ordinary life, but gorgeous mushrooms, shining with all the colours of the rainbow. And away on the edge of the circle of trees there was a palace, not a very large palace, to be sure, but a real palace, none the less, all made out of crystal and gold. And as he looked and wondered and waited, there came a swell of music that sounded partly like the chiming clock that he knew so well, and partly like the voice of his dear mother whom he had never forgotten and would never forget. And with the last note of the music the grass became alive with the most beautiful little forms of men and women and boys and girls, so tiny that FREDDIE could have held any one of them on the palm of his hand, and all with the most gauzy and wonderful wings. Sometimes they danced on the grass, and sometimes they flitted over it like dragon-flies, and they all laughed as if they were very happy and could think of nothing but joy. And all of a sudden the whole glittering company danced or flitted up to the oak-stump on which he was lying and began to sing to him, moving round him and above him as he lay there. And when they finished their singing their ranks opened, and a Fairy sweeter and more beautiful than all the rest, and wearing on her head a diamond crown, moved from the crystal palace towards him, followed by a train of attendants. And FREDDIE clapped his hands and shouted for joy.

Next morning he came to his grandmother's bedside.

"Gran'ma," he said sturdily, "you were right. I did see Fairyland last night."

"Wasn't it beautiful, FREDDIE?"

"Very, very beautiful—but—I think I'll stay at home now."

DISTINGUISHED PATIENTS.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN is slowly recovering after the shock he sustained on learning of Lord HALSBURY's determination to support his cause. The latest bulletin announces that the improvement in the Rt. Hon. Gentleman continues, but that his views remain about the same.

We believe, however, that the doctors are not without a certain amount of uneasiness, MR. CHAMBERLAIN not having eaten a single word for some days.

MR. ANDREW LANG is seriously indisposed. He very rarely knows anyone, and is often incoherent in his language.

DR. ROBERTSON NICOLL remains in a very critical condition. He complains of plurality and congestion of the organs.

We regret to learn that MR. HARRY QUILTER is still suffering from Art trouble.

It was hoped by MR. BRODRICK's friends that his recent change would have done him good, but his friends have yet to hear of any signs of improvement.

MR. BALFOUR continues in great pain. It appears his tongue is an obstacle to the free passage of food. From another source, however, we learn that when MR. CHAMBERLAIN—who, since his own convalescence, has been unwearying in his attentions upon the poor sufferer—is with him, MR. BALFOUR can be tempted to swallow anything. From other than those loving hands he will take nothing.

DR. RUTHERFOORD HARRIS has, we hear, been bled with very satisfactory results.

CREST FOR THE NEW BAR GOLFING SOCIETY.—"Wigs on the Green."

CHARIVARIA.

A NEW Crematorium has been opened at Golder's Green, and the post brings us a pressing invitation to patronise the establishment. Its proximity to town certainly offers a great inducement to busy men.

An Imperial edict has been issued appointing Prince CHING YUAN-SHI-KAI and a Manchu official to re-organise the Chinese Army, and to bring it more up to date. A huge order has, it is reported, already been placed with a German firm for bows and arrows painted in modern art colours.

So many people are sceptical as to the efficacy of the recipe for eternal life which a gentleman says he possesses, that it is satisfactory to hear that there is actually existing a child of seven who took the mixture at his birth and has lived ever since.

Mr. TROUTBECK, the Coroner, has stated that "as a nation we must plead guilty to considerable ignorance in the feeding of infants." This dictum places a powerful weapon in the hands of children whose parents refuse them a third helping of pudding.

The first number of a new paper, *The Bystander*, has appeared. It contains a portrait of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, thus supplying a long-felt want.

Shopkeepers are so constantly the victims of petty thefts that chemists have a distinct grievance against the firm which is advertising a certain proprietary medicine as being "Very agreeable to take"

Suggested new version of a well-known rhyme:

Dirty days hath September,
April, June, and November,
And all the rest are dirty too.

It is no easy matter to hit upon a happy name for a book, and it was only after appalling difficulties that Mr. DOUGLAS FRESHFIELD invented for his latest work the dainty, but effective, title—*Round Kangchenjunga*.

One of the features of the Paris motor show is an absolutely noiseless car. Persons in the neighbourhood of one of these will not know that there was a car within a mile until they wake up in the hospital.

The entire city of Galveston, Texas, is to be raised. It is said to be the first time in the history of the world that such a feat has been planned. This,

however, is not a fact. It will be remembered that Mr. DOWIE recently attempted an even bigger task—that of el'vating New York.

We see advertised "The *Daily Mirror* Treasure Hunt." We presume this refers to the arrangements made by that journal for supplying their readers with reliable servants.

The Emperor of the SAHARA is said to be extremely annoyed that the Queen of ROUMANIA should have consented to write an article for a halfpenny paper, disclosing the "Inner Thoughts of a Ruling Queen." He thinks that such a proceeding is liable to lower Royalty in the eyes of the Public.

A "Children's Edition" of *Alice in Wonderland* has just been published. A *Children's A.B.C.*, with all the difficult letters left out, will no doubt appear in due course.

MESSRS. METHUEN have just published a *Life of Nero*, and MESSRS. BLACKIE, not to be outdone, are bringing out a new edition of *Fireside Saints*.

MR. PUNCH'S SYMPOSIA.

VII.—SHOULD MEN WEAR COLOURED EVENING-DRESS?

SCENE—Coffee Room at "The Rainbow."

PRESENT:

Mr. Leonard Courtney.
Mr. Bernard Shaw.
Sir Oliver Lodge.
Sir J. Crichton-Browne.
Mr. Jay.
Mr. Joseph Chamberlain.
Sir Robert Pullar.
Dr. Furnivall.
Mr. Vince.

Mr. Leonard Courtney. In consenting to act as a chairman during this discussion, in the regrettable absence of Prof. HEWINS (who is attending a College Gaudy) I think it only right to say at the outset that I enter the lists, so to speak, as a partisan, having for many years done what I could to relieve the sombre monotony of male attire. In my opinion every man should have a prismatic wardrobe for evening use. Colour is essential. I do not insist so much upon a variegated dinner-table, but think of the gaiety of a ball-room where the men wore hues even as the women!

Sir Robert Pullar. I quite agree. Mere black and white have governed us too long. Let us have a change. The resources of Perth are at civilisation's disposal.

Sir Oliver Lodge. My researches into

the spectrum predispose me to agree with the last speaker and urge the adoption of coloured vestments. An ultra-violet dinner-jacket with radium buttons would be, I am convinced, a very taking article.

Mr. Jay. I cannot agree. There is a pagan, an exotic flavour about Sir OLIVER's suggestion that ill accords with the simplicity and gravity of the national temperament.

Dr. Furnivall. A man's cloth clothes matter nothing; where he should be particular is in the necktie. Mere white and black betoken a vacant mind and slavish fidelity to convention. I would have men's "neckwear" (to use a phrase of CHAUCER's) bright as JOSEPH's coat.

Mr. Chamberlain. Excuse me. I don't know to which of my coats you are referring. Personally, if I have a preference—

Mr. Vince. Hear! hear!

Mr. Chamberlain. —it is for the conventional evening garb. Clothes should be neither bright nor COBDEN. Colour should come from the button-hole.

Mr. Vince. Hear, hear! Bravo!

Mr. Courtney. A flowered waistcoat?

Mr. Chamberlain. No.

Mr. Vince. Hear, hear!

Mr. Courtney. Just a sprig here and there?

Mr. Chamberlain. No.

Mr. Vince. Hear, hear!

Mr. Courtney. You are very cruel.

Mr. Bernard Shaw. A pair of simple brown knickerbockers spun from some strong vegetable material seems to me best for all purposes of life. Why differentiate between morning and evening wear? NIETZCHE didn't.

Sir James Crichton-Browne. Why drag in the name of so morbid—

Mr. Courtney. But what beside knickerbockers? A bright waistcoat—

Mr. Bernard Shaw. The rest to taste. I insist only upon the knickerbockers. The knickerbocker is the symbol of the supermind.

Sir J. C.-B. But would you make no rule? Socks, for example, do not go well with knickerbockers. Would you wear them?

Mr. Shaw. I would wear anything.

Mr. Courtney (aside). He wears me horribly.

Sir J. C.-B. Personally I would have my colours elsewhere. Does not the poet write—

But I was thinking of a plan
To dye my whiskers green,
And then to use so large a fan
That they could not be seen?

Sir Robert Pullar. There would be no difficulty. I would undertake, Sir JAMES, to give you every satisfaction.

Sir J. C.-B. But is there not a dye-soap which one might use oneself in the privacy of the bath-room?

Sir Robert P. I am afraid I cannot enter into that.

Dr. Furnivall. The early Britons wore woad—a simple and easily applied coat of blue stain, very becoming, I believe, on fine days.

Sir Oliver Lodge. And leading, on wet days, to the origin of the phrase "in the blues."

Dr. Furnivall. At what stage in British history the necktie came in I have not ascertained, but I feel sure that there was no necktie with woad.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. Those were the days in which England had no Colonies. No Colonies—no clothes.

Mr. Vince. Hear, hear! Very well put. Most apt.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. Had ancient Britain possessed Colonies, instead of constituting one herself, she would have dispensed with that singularly unpleasant fashion of blue paint, and had both neckties and buttonholes.

Mr. Vince. Hear, hear! Magnificent!

Mr. Courtney. Happily, however, Britain was not a sufficiently important Colony to be in a position to dictate a policy to the Roman Colonial Secretary.

Mr. Vince. Shame!

Sir Oliver Lodge (archly). You mean that when covered with blue paint she was not strong enough to cut the painter.

Mr. Courtney. Coloured evening dress is the subject before the gathering. Should we or should we not adopt coloured clothes when we dine and dance and address our constituents?

Dr. Furnivall. In *Sartor Resartus*—

Sir J. C.-B. I would recommend no one to give credence to so untrustworthy an authority as the unhappy writer of that book. Colour is undoubtedly a benefit. I attribute the healthfulness of golf entirely to the fact that red coats are worn. And why are cricketers strong and happy? Because they wear blazers. Why do Cardinals attain longevity? Because their hats are red.

Sir Oliver Lodge. Let us take an analogy from our feathered friends. What is the most beautiful bird?

Mr. Jay. O, Sir OLIVER. Spare my blushes.

Mr. Bernard Shaw. The whole discussion is futile. Let everyone wear one suit of clothes until it is finished with; and then take it off in JAEGER'S Tailoring Department, leave it on the floor, and put on another. As for distinctions between evening wear and morning wear—

Mr. Jay. Excuse me. I think there cannot be too many distinctions between evening wear and mourning wear.

Mr. Courtney. I can't help feeling that whatever we decide about trousers



BREAKING IT GENTLY.

His Cousins. "WE SENT OFF THE WIRE TO STOP YOUR MODEL COMING. BUT YOU HAD PUT ONE WORD TOO MANY—SO WE STRUCK IT OUT."

Real Artist. "OH, INDEED. WHAT WORD DID YOU STRIKE OUT?"

His Cousins. "YOU HAD WRITTEN 'HE WASN'T TO COME, AS YOU HAD ONLY JUST DISCOVERED YOU COULDN'T PAINT TO-DAY.' SO WE CROSSED OUT 'TO-DAY.'"

and coats, a little iridescent latitude should be permitted to the waistcoats.

Dr. Furnivall. And the necktie.

Mr. Chamberlain. I am opposed to all colour.

Mr. Vince. Hear! Hear!

Mr. Jay. I also am opposed to colours. As the Roman poet SOCRATES, I believe, puts it, *nimum ne crede colori*. And I propose that we now adjourn this meeting. *Sine Dye*.

Sir Robert Pullar (sadly). O, Mr. JAY. Is that friendly? [*Exeunt.*]

TO BARRACK. — This is a sporting term applied to the behaviour of an Australian crowd when it boos at a visiting team for not making more than 50 runs an hour. But in the case of the home side, even when the rate of scoring is as low as 30 runs an hour, it appears that to boo is taboo.

MIDNIGHT MEETING AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S.

(By Mr. Punch's Special Reporter.)

LONG before St. Marylebone's clock struck twelve the restaurant attached to Mme. TUSSAUD'S well-known establishment was packed to repletion by an assembly which included most of its leading members, and would indeed have been completely representative had not considerations of policy debarred any effigy of the present Royal Family from taking part in the proceedings.

The figure of the Rev. John Wesley moved that the Chair should be taken by one of their oldest and most respected fellow-residents, his excellent friend—if he might be allowed so to term him—*M. Voltaire*. This motion having been carried unanimously, the Chairman said most of them knew why they were there that evening. A rumour had reached them that the Director of the Society of which they were such distinguished ornaments (*Hear, hear! from a figure understood to be that of the late Mr. Charles Peace*) intended to celebrate their approaching Centenary by giving a banquet in that building. (*The figure of Daniel O'Connell: The devil an invitation they'll send the likes of us!—and interruption.*) He thought they might rely on receiving invitations shortly—he had seen one of the cards. Besides, was it probable that the persons on whom this great Institution depended for its success and popularity (*Great applause, led by the figures of Tom Thumb and Mr. Alfred Austin*) would be treated with neglect on such an occasion? No doubt living celebrities would be asked to meet them—but it was obvious that they themselves would be the guests of the evening—that is, supposing they went at all. They might think it more consistent with their dignity to decline. The Committee had called them together to decide this important question. He himself would express no opinion—he was merely there to ascertain the general sentiment.

The figure of *The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain* said that much would depend, in his opinion, on the kind of people they would be asked to meet. Some of those present, like himself, had originals who were still figuring in the outside world, and he could conceive cases in which a meeting might be embarrassing, and even painful, to both parties. For instance, he still retained, rightly or wrongly, the fiscal theories with which he had been modelled only a short time ago, and he could not help apprehending some unpleasantness if he went to this banquet, and happened to be put next to the ex-Secretary of State for the Colonies.

The figure of *King Henry the Eighth* said he didn't care where they put him so long as he was not next to any of his wives. There were six of them on the dais with him in Room No. 2. (*Cries of "Oh!"*) It was a fact—he knew, because he had counted them—he believed some of them must be some other fellow's. His original couldn't have married so many as all that. However that might be, it was no reason why he himself should go out to dinner with the whole lot; he hoped he might be allowed to get away from them, just for once.

The figure of *William Penn* said he had happened to notice that the invitation card bore the words "Evening Dress" in the right-hand corner. If that meant that he would be expected to abandon his distinctive costume, his principles would prevent him from attending.

The figure of *Marat (who appeared in his bath)* said he was a *sans-culotte*, and proud of the title. Others might dress if they chose—he should go as he was!

The figure of *Mrs. Manning* said she had a handsome black satin gown which she had only worn once; she thought she might go in that.

The figure of *King Edward the Second* said he couldn't possibly dine out in a collar from which several priceless

gems had been removed. He accused nobody; but he saw an attendant in uniform dozing in his chair, and a constable on duty in a helmet, and, considering that it was notorious that there were some extremely doubtful characters down in the basement, he *must* say he did think those officials might be a little more on the alert. (*The officials explained that they had no authority to take people up—they were only there for the purpose of taking them in.*) Well, anyway, he wasn't going to this banquet unless he had a collar that was fit to appear in.

The figure of *Queen Mary the First* said if the last speaker had been treated as *she* had been he *might* have complained. Not only was she referred to in the Catalogue by an epithet which she would rather not repeat—but for years—why, she could not imagine—she had been compelled to nurse a stuffed monkey. (*Shame!*) She had no prejudice against monkeys in their proper place, but she could not think that place was the lap of a Tudor. Besides, as they could all see for themselves, this particular monkey was shockingly out of repair. It was not a monkey with which any self-respecting Sovereign could decently present herself at a State Banquet. If she went at all, she should be compelled to leave it in the cloak-room.

The figure of *Napoleon Buonaparte* said an invitation would put him in a position of considerable delicacy. There was another effigy of him in those halls—in a camp bed and full uniform. Which of them would an invitation be intended for? True, his counterpart was supposed to be dead, but he might not take that view—he might consider he was quite as alive as any of them. He really thought it would be better to avoid any unseemly dispute by arranging for both to stay quietly at home.

The figure of the *Count de Lorge* said that was what *he* meant to do. He had not dined out for very many years, and if he did, he would have to have his hair cut. Besides, he was perfectly happy in his Bastille cell, with his jug of water and his loaf with two mechanical mice on it. They scuttled about in a wonderfully natural way—he hadn't an idea how it was done.

The figure of the late *Lord Tennyson* said he would certainly be unable to go—he was too much engaged in literary work. He couldn't say exactly what that work was, but, as he gathered from the Catalogue that he represented the greatest English Poet of the nineteenth century, he concluded it was most probably verse of some kind. He hadn't begun yet—but they had given him a very comfortable little study to write in, with the *Medical Directory* and other works of reference at his elbow. There were two distinguished literary characters, *Mr. G. A. Sala* and *Mr. G. R. Sims*, in the chambers next his, and they appeared to be busily engaged. He hoped their example would inspire him, presently. In fact, he was not quite sure he had not an idea for a Centenary Ode already. If they would excuse him, he thought he would go back and jot it down while it was fresh.

At this stage a disturbance was occasioned by certain characters from the Hall of Tableaux, who declined to pledge themselves to attend the banquet, except on the Chairman's assurance that none of the figures from the Coiner's Den and the Six Stages of Wrong in the Chamber of Horrors would be included in the company. This led to some heated recrimination, and personalities were freely exchanged, until the meeting broke up in disorder, without having definitely decided as a body whether to accept or decline the Director's hospitality.

ENCOURAGED by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S red herring, the Postmaster-General is arranging to draw a C.O.D.* across the Ministerial track.

HONOUR TO WHOM HONOUR.

["JANE CAKEBREAD' and 'TOTTIE FAY' were both inebriates of the worst type, . . . yet these two persons did more towards securing for us the Act of 1898 than any others."—*Report of the Inspector under the Inebriates Act*]

WHEN through the annals of the past,
Posterity, you stray,
When your judicial eye is cast
On England of to-day,
Mid all our greatest, whose the name
Ye most shall hasten to acclaim,
Writ large upon the scroll of Fame?—
JANE CAKEBREAD, TOTTIE FAY.

Others have done their humble best
The fiend of drink to slay:
Sir WILFRID's keen crusading zest
Has had its little say;
C.-B. and honest JOHN have tried
To cure the ill which none denied,
But what are such as these beside
JANE CAKEBREAD, TOTTIE FAY?

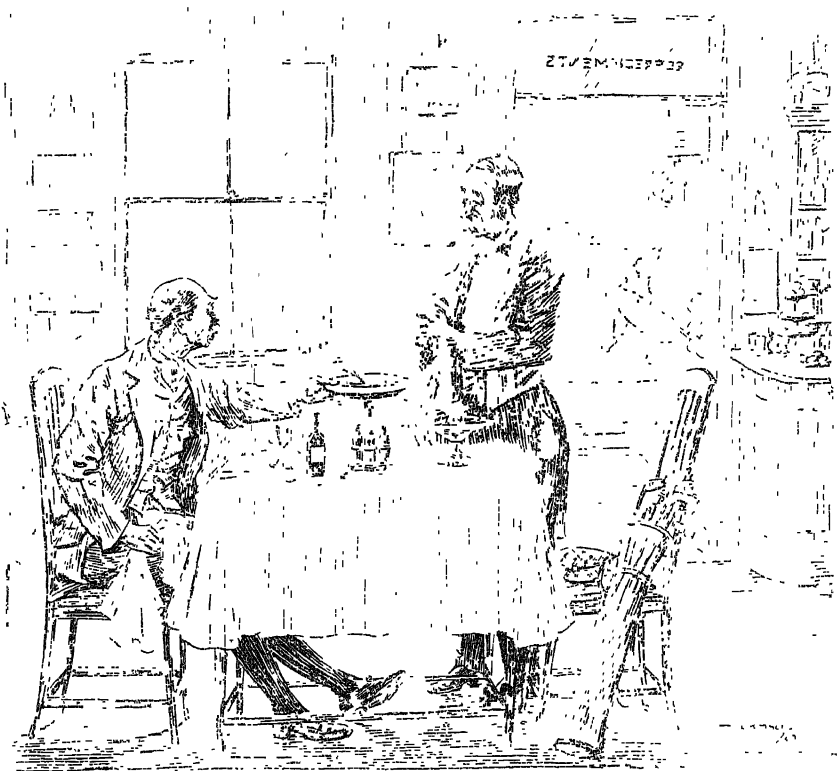
Great martyrs of a noble cause,
Heroic parts ye play
Who to reform your country's laws
Dared fling your lives away!
The cell, the van, the judgment hall,
The terrors of the prison wall,
Disease and death—ye dared them all,
JANE CAKEBREAD, TOTTIE FAY.

Then let no other claimants boast
That they have fought the fray
Which ye alone have won—at most
Mere arm-chair warriors they:
Immortal twain! With tooth and claw
And bloody scalp and broken jaw,
Undaunted ye have braved the law,
JANE CAKEBREAD, TOTTIE FAY!

DISASTROUS RESULTS OF THE
"ENTENTE CORDIALE."

(An Extract from Vol. 9 of "The History of Our Own Times.")

THE Anglo-French friendship which began in 1903 speedily grew to vast proportions. The London County Council formally presented Waterloo Station to the French people, and it was re-erected in the Champs Elysées. As a return for this courtesy four hundred members of the Paris Municipal Council visited London and presented the Lord Mayor with the keys of Calais. A special post-office for the benefit of English M.P.'s was set up in the Chamber of Deputies, and the few members of Parliament who remained at Westminster invariably spoke in French for the benefit of their foreign brethren in the gallery. The *Daily Mail*, in a spirited series of French leaders, strove to re-introduce the duel as a national institution, and Colonel Sir HOWARD



A DIFFICULT CONUNDRUM.

"Hi, WAITER, WHAT DO YOU CALL THIS?"

"BEAN SOUP, SIR"

"YES, IT'S BEEN SOUP, BUT WHAT THE DOOCIE IS IT NOW?"

VINCENT challenged an opponent who alluded to him as a 'small loafer.' Even the greater politicians did not escape this infectious fraternity, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN in the course of controversy described Lord ROSEBERY as a 'little Francier.' Curiously enough 'petit Anglais' was the phrase used at this time by M. HENRI ROCHEFORT in attacking M. REINCU.

Every evening large crowds sang the Marseillaise outside St. Martin's-le-Grand, and in response to demands for a speech M. WALKLEY addressed the multitude. As a further token of esteem for the English nation M. WALKLEY contributed several articles in English on the English Theatre to the *Times*. M. SANTOS DUMONT unfortunately impaled himself on the cross of St. Paul's, and a gloom was cast over Paris when Mr. SPENCER broke nine ribs in attempting to circumnavigate the Eiffel Tower.

In response to the English Government's offer to allow Mr. BRODRICK to reorganise the French Army, the French Cabinet placed M. PELLETAN's services at the disposal of the British Admiralty. Doctor CLIFFORD, during a little tour in France, assisted the French authorities in breaking open the door of a suppressed monastery; and M. COMBES, when attending a Passive Resisters' Sale at Egham, distinguished himself by his dexterous

methods of throwing ochre over the auctioneer. Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON visited Père-la-Chaise, and was banqueted by the Parisian croquemorts in recognition of his remarkable letters on French sepulchres in the *Figaro*. PIERRE LOTI and GUY BOOTHBY collaborated on a novel which was published simultaneously as a French feuilleton by the *Daily Express* and as an English serial by *La Libre Parole*. More remarkable still was the enthusiasm of the English lower classes. "'Arf of Burgundy, Miss," was a frequent order in London bars. At the Boulevard restaurants in Paris nothing was heard but, "*Garçon, un verre de la bière de Burton.*"

Gradually, however, a gloom crept over both nations. Neither people read its own newspapers, nor drank its own drinks, nor found it fashionable to speak its own language. In addition the expenses of international hospitality were enormous, and the finances of both nations became involved. There were evidences of the growth of a strained feeling between the nations, and in order to settle the matter amicably the *entente cordiale* was referred to arbitration. The arbitrators unanimously decided that in order to save expense it was advisable that war should be declared instantly, and hence began the stupendous Anglo-French conflict of 1905.



A BLANK DAY.

"WELL, DEAR, DID YOU GET ANYTHING?"

"NOT A THING! I ONLY FIRED ONCE, AND THAT WAS MORE OUT OF SPITE THAN ANYTHING ELSE!"

L'ALLEGRO TO DATE.

["The Dancers" held their first meeting last week as "a fellowship united to fight the high and powerful devil Solemnity," to quote the words of their prospectus. Miss FLORENCE FARR is the Secretary, and Mr. ARNOLD DOLMETSCH will teach old folk dances "that we don't understand."]

HENCE, solemn Melancholy,

Suburban-bred, of London fog-dom
born,

In Stygian slum forlorn,
'Mongst horrid dumps, and blues, and
frights unholy!

Find out some prison cell,

Where brooding boredom to the jail-
bird clings,

And night the night-mare brings:
There under Dartmoor's shades or Port-
land rocks,

Or, safe behind its locks,
In Wormwood Scrubs without a respite
dwell.

But come, thou Mistress FLORENCE
FARR,

So buxom, blithe, and debonair,
Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Care-dispelling jollity,
Quit of "cranks" and wanton wiles,
Show some real wreathed smiles

(Not as on a "Hebe's" cheek
That behind a bar you seek),
Sport that Income-Tax derides,
And Laughter splitting both his sides.
Come, and through the club-room go
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
Thy fifty mates, and also Me;
And, if I pay five shillings due,
Join me to thy retinue.

It were a lark to start a revel
Against the high and powerful devil
Solemnity, and (see Rule One)
Meet once a month for song and fun,
To dance, chant, talk, and dedicate
The members to light-hearted state—
No doubt the programme's rather
mixed,

Nor is the meeting-place yet fixed,
There's no Committee hard and fast,
Nor Minutes of the lively past;
The Governor "will only reign
As long as he can well retain
Pre-eminence"; there's one thing
more:—

The old forgotten dancing-lore,
The steps we cannot understand.
DOLMETSCH agrees to take in hand.
These on the well-trod stage anon,
When next our learned sock is on,

We'll show, while ARNOLD, Fancy's child,
Tootles his native wood-wind wild.

These delights if thou canst give,
Miss FARR, within thy Club I'll live.

SOCIETY GOSSIP.

BY THE LITTLE BIRD.

MOTORING is still in fashion with the upper ten. I saw several smart turn-outs in the Park this morning. Lady TIBBLES and Miss "VI" TIBBLES drove past in their colza cab on the way to the Cocoa Tree Club. The eccentric Lord LATHBURY piloted his benzine bus in the direction of Exeter Hall. Mr. HENRY CHAPLIN looked well on his motor bicycle with Lord HALSBURY in a trailer. Everyone was conscious of the presence of Baron TANDSTICKOR, the Swedish luminary, in his sulphur barouche, and Mrs. MAXSE MUMM, with her three pretty daughters, shot hither and thither in her turpentine trolley.

The eccentric fashion of dining at home is, I regret to say, steadily spreading. Among those whom I am obliged to pillory are Lord MARCUS TAPLEY, General NEWCOME, Sir ROBERT CRATCHIT, Monsignor O'FLYNN, and Mrs. BOFFIN.



Leslie Scott
1903

HISTORY REVERSES ITSELF ;

OR, PAPA JOSEPH TAKING MASTER ARTHUR A PROTECTION WALK.

PAPA JOSEPH. "COME ALONG, MASTER ARTHUR. DO STEP OUT!"

MASTER ARTHUR. "THAT'S ALL VERY WELL, BUT YOU KNOW I CANNOT GO AS FAST AS YOU DO."



BEAUTY AT A DISCOUNT. ARRIVAL OF SOME LIKELY CANDIDATES.

"WANTED, a really Plain, but Experienced and Efficient GOVERNESS for three girls, eldest sixteen; Music, French, and German required; brilliancy of . . . of manners, and symmetry of form objected to, as the father is much at home, and there are grown-up sons —Address, MATER, Mercury Office, Clevedon"

ESSENCE OF CONGRESS.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TONY, M.P.

Washington, Tuesday.—Roll of Members called; Clerk at Table reads it in alphabetical order of States, Alabama leading off. This the only occasion when Members of Congress are called upon by surname. Rule finds parallel at Westminster in exception of SPEAKER selecting Member to continue debate. Otherwise Members scrupulously alluded to by name of their constituency. With us in Congress there is no deviation from the rule in this particular case. When SPEAKER calls on Member he addresses him as the Gentleman from VIRGINIA, or the Gentleman from MISSIS-

SIPPI. Thus it comes to pass that for the nonce I find my name echoing through the Congressional Hall as "The Gentleman from BARKS, ENGLAND."

It may be that the novelty of the style strikes one. Confess I think it better than our "hon. Member for OLDHAM," or "the noble lord the Member for GREENWICH." There is something sublimely mystical, indefinite, impersonal, about "the Gentleman from VIRGINIA," recalling old Colonial days when the planter-aristocracy drove the family chariot with six horses in hand; or "the Gentleman from MARYLAND"—Maryland, my Maryland—with a history going back to restoration of the Stuarts and the days of the third Lord BALTIMORE.

Spell broken when, in response to call from Chair, there uprises a shock-headed gentleman with sharp twang and sharper manner hesitating dislike of remarks just made by "the Gentleman from GEORGIA."

Midway in calling of roll received violent shock. Almost dozing under monotonous cadence of the catalogue when Clerk deliberately, unmistakably called upon

Mr. CALDWELL!

The Gentleman from SARK, sitting next to me, suddenly grew pale.

"Great Heavens! Is it possible," he murmured, "that CALDWELL, spending the recess here, has got himself elected to Congress, and will presently take

charge of its business, including Private Bill legislation?"

Relieved when gentleman sitting by desk immediately in front responded "Here!" Evidently there are two CALDWELLS, one for each hemisphere.

Swearing-in of Members for new Congress much more expeditious business than ours. No array of tables lumbering floor of House; no grabbing at copies of Bible in effort to gain early turn. BRADLAUGH, had he been Member of Congress, would have missed his life's opportunity of waltzing up and down the floor, sharing a *pas de deux* with Sergeant-at-Arms. First of all, we in Congress have no Sergeant-at-Arms. *Item*, the Bible is not used when we take the oath on taking our seats.

First Member sworn was the SPEAKER. UNCLE JOE stood erect by Chair with right hand uplifted, whilst Father of the House, standing well out on green-carpeted space before Chair, with aid of aggressive eyeglass recited the oath. After this UNCLE JOE, being now fully inducted in office of SPEAKER, took up the running. States were called in groups, and Members hurrying down by the score filled up the small amphitheatre fronting the Chair. Whilst SPEAKER read terms of oath, each Member stood with right hand uplifted. At the concluding word hands were dropped; sworn-in Members scampered off; representatives of another group of States were summoned, and so on *da capo*. The business, which even in the absence of Mr. BRADLAUGH occupies Commons for a full sitting, was completed in a quarter of an hour.

Another advantage we Congressmen have over a certain legislative body hide-bound in musty traditions is the rocking-chair. A stranger looking down on House would not suspect the plain-looking innocent chairs, each set before its particular desk, of the capabilities they conceal. Not only are they on rockers, but are set on pivots.

"No man," said JOHN BRIGHT in memorable speech delivered in pre-Unionist days, "can turn his back on himself."

We have not overcome that physical difficulty in Congress. But we can, and frequently do, turn our back on the SPEAKER in the Chair, on the orator on his legs, and on the Gentleman from MICHIGAN immediately in front of us. Pretty to see gentlemen struggling with mighty though slowly revolving in his chair. Others in brown study gently rock themselves, whilst the voice of the Gentleman from OHIO, on his legs in a remote part of the vast Chamber, echoes through it with quite unwonted softness.

Even the reckless imagination of the

Gentleman from SARK cannot realise the picture of UNCLE JOE translated to Westminster, seated in the SPEAKER's chair, with full-bottomed wig and flowing gown, occasionally revealing knee-breeches, silk stockings and shoes, on which gleam silver buckles. UNCLE JOE in a canopied chair that would neither rock nor turn on a pivot!

"I guess," said the Gentleman from SARK, "the first thing that happened would be that under UNCLE JOE's trained efforts to move the thing the canopy would come tumbling down."

Undisturbed by prospect of so painful a situation, UNCLE JOE sat in his chair on the marble dais, gently rocking himself, varying the movement by half turning his chair what time the Gentleman from MINNESOTA wrangled with the Gentleman from PENNSYLVANIA on the constitution of a Committee. Outside, the beautiful city of Washington was bathed in a gracious sunlight such as is never seen on sea or land in a British November.

Business done.—PRESIDENT's Message read.

LOST MASTERPIECES.

(*Mr. Punch's Own Collection*)

No collection of "Lost Masterpieces" can be considered really representative which does not include any specimens of the work of BURNS. *Mr. Punch's* collection is fortunately very rich in these. Here is one which has been greatly admired:—

Oh whaur be a' the clouts an' gear,
Clouts an' gear, clouts an' gear,
Oh whaur be a' the clouts an' gear
That JAMIE used to hae?

Ye winna see them ony mair,
Ony mair, ony mair,
Ye winna see them ony mair,
For JAMIE lad hath poppit them!

It is true that some people have suspected this to be a forgery and not a genuine work of the Ayrshire poet. And indeed there is no particular reason why BURNS rather than another should have written it. The merest Southron, one would think, could turn out this kind of thing in unlimited quantities if there were a demand for it, and indeed writing Scots ballads may be described as the shortest cut to Parnassus yet discovered. But though captious critics may pretend that this is not a genuine work of BURNS, *Mr. Punch*—with the zeal of the true collector—is prepared to defend its authenticity with his blood. He is equally convinced of the genuineness of the following beautiful poem which is in the same *genre*:—

Oh WILLIE's ganged to Edinbro',
Oh WILLIE's ganged to Edinbro',

Wi' thretty ither braw laddies
Oor WILLIE's ganged to Edinbro'.

An' will he na gang hame agen?
An' will he na gang hame agen?

Eh! mony a waefu' year shall rin
Till oor mon WILLIE's hame agen!

When oor mon WILLIE's hame agen,
When oor mon WILLIE's hame agen,
We'll drink a peck o' maut thegither,
When oor mon WILLIE's hame agen.

But though *Mr. Punch* is prepared to stake his life on the genuineness of these particular examples, he readily admits the unhappy probability of forgery where work of this sort is concerned. For (alas!) it is so desperately easy to do. The amount of labour involved is exiguous. The English lyrist has to bother himself with rhymes and ideas and all manner of tedious paraphernalia. But in happy Scotland all labour of this kind is reduced to a minimum. No rhymes [whatever are required. A single line with judicious repetitions or variations will do the work of three, and the merest ghost of an idea suffices to provide a whole poem.

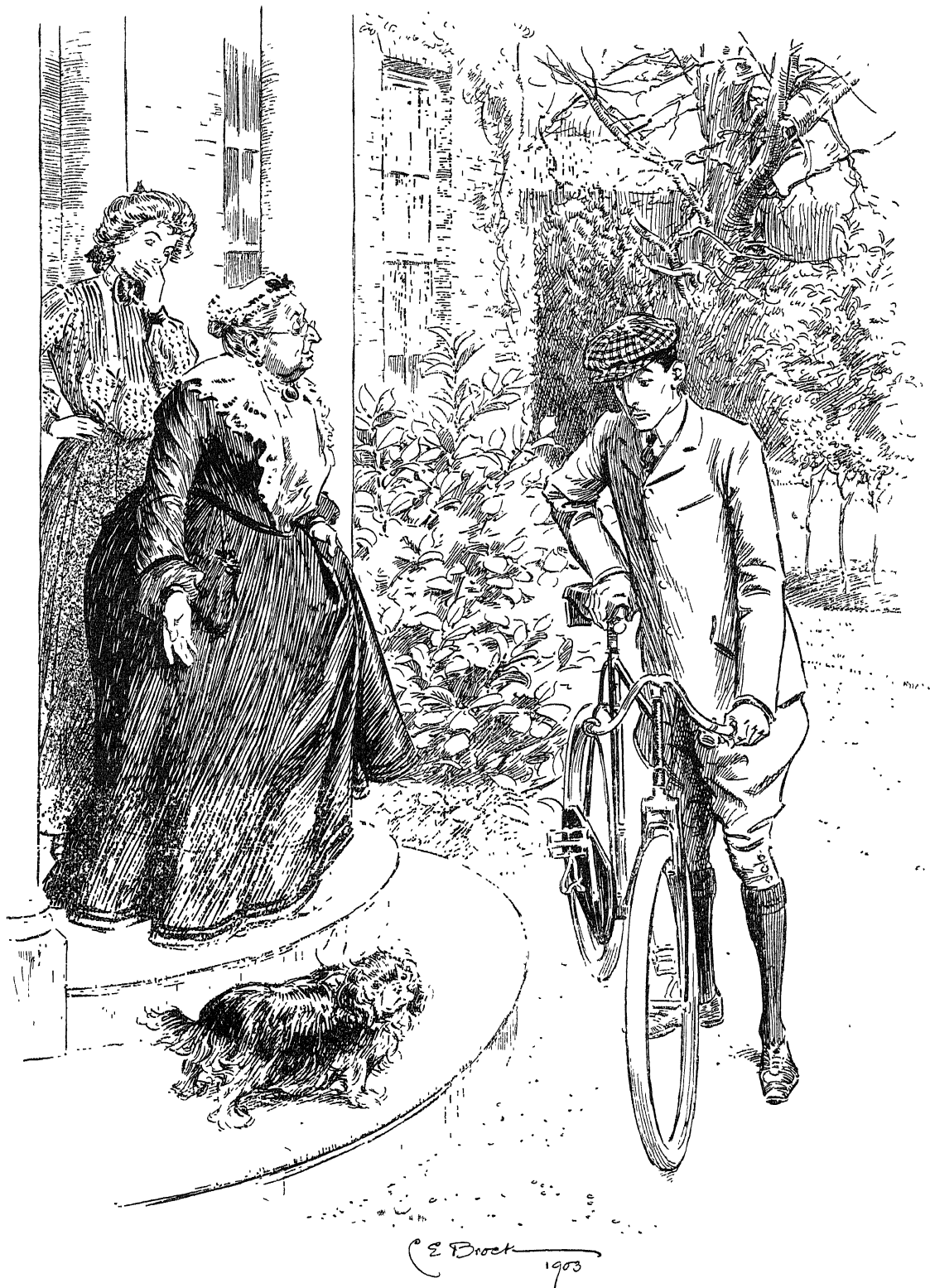
But the absence of rhymes, in Scotland at least, is a negligible matter. For in a country where all vowels apparently sound alike, and where consonants seem to have no sound at all, the shackles of rhyme can scarcely be said to exist. Indeed, a land where "from" and "snow" and "away" all rhyme together must be admitted to be the very paradise of poets. The following exquisite lyric, also attributed by the best judges to BURNS, illustrates this peculiarity in its most poignant degree:

When Winter airs are cauld an' raw,
Wi' mickle rain an' muckle snaw,
At hame, before I gang awa',
I fill my flaskie.
There's naught sae gude when winds
do blaw
As Hielan' whisky.

The sodger wi' his murtherin' steel,
The canny folk that buy an' sell,
The pawky clerk wha drives a quill
Upon his desky,
They're a' sae peacefu' when they're full
O' Hielan' whisky!

As doon the road I gang agley,
An' aften canna find my way,
A sympathetic hiccough frae
My friend McCloskie
Will guide me safe, athort the brae,
To hame an' whisky.

MOTTO FOR THE TWENTIETH CENTURY
ENGINEER. — "Quick transit, gloria
mundi."



SORRY HE SPOKE.

Son of the House (somewhat of a scorcher—to wealthy old Aunt, who is on a visit). "I SHALL BE GOING THROUGH THE VILLAGE, CAN I DO ANYTHING FOR YOU, AUNTIE?"

Aunt Jane. "THANK YOU, DEAR. TAKE FIDO WITH YOU. HE NEEDS A LITTLE RUN!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Baron gives a hearty welcome to Miss FLORENCE UPTON's *Golliwogs* (LONGMANS, GREEN & Co.), who, with a troupe of jointed acrobatic dolls and highly trained wooden animals, give their entertainment all round the country. They must be a success.

From Messrs. W. & R. CHAMBERS, reports the Assistant Reader, there is to hand a varied and delightful assortment of books for boys and girls. For the very small fry, *Did you Ever?* by LEWIS BAUMER, is an ideal book. Mr. BAUMER's delicate and graceful work is well known to readers of *Punch*. In *Did you Ever?* he successfully attempts the grotesque in colours.

Next there are three books by L. T. MEADE, *The Manor School*, *A Gay Charmer* (these two are for quite young girls), and *Peter the Pilgrim*, a perfectly charming story, suitable both for boys and for girls. Like all Mrs. MEADE's books these three are admirable in their fresh and wholesome breeziness.

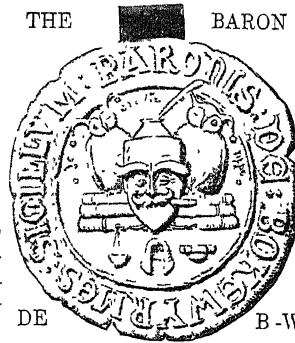
MAY BALDWIN (will she pardon my ignorance as to the Miss or Mrs.?) has written two girls' books, *Sibyl* and *Sunset Rock*. *Sibyl* deals largely with Cambridge, and a Cambridge man may be permitted to congratulate the writer on her pleasant and accurate descriptions of life in that ancient town. *Sunset Rock* appeals to younger readers, and both books can be heartily recommended to the Christmas buyer.

"If," says Mr. MARION CRAWFORD, alluding, in the epilogue, to his well-written and ingeniously-plotted novel, *The Heart of Rome* (MACMILLAN & Co.), "it has interested or pleased those who have read it"—by the way, the Baron does not clearly perceive how it could well have had either effect on those who haven't read it—"the writer is glad." Then without further preface let the Baron hasten to gladden the heart of the writer by assuring him that of all the good works for which this author is to be highly commended, this is to be ranked with his very best. He need not apologise for the "lost water" which he seems to remember in GEORGES SAND's fantastic *Consuelo* many years ago: it must suffice Mr. CRAWFORD to know that, as a romancer, he has not lost ground. He need trouble himself neither about the water nor the (GEORGES) sand, indeed the apologetic epilogue in this respect was needless, as he might have been perfectly content to "let well alone." He might, also, being on the defensive, have recalled the great situation in Mrs. EDWARDES' *Morals of May Fair*, where the hero, living apart from his wife, rescues the maiden heroine from being drowned in the rising tide, when they both fall in love with one another. He might remember many an analogous situation in novel, farce or drama, and yet have a perfectly clear conscience as to the originality of his own well-conceived and very cleverly worked-out story. For the point is that he places his manly and sturdily upright engineer, *Signor Malipieri*, the noblest Roman of them all, together with the sweet and gentle *Sabina*, *Princess Conti*, in such an apparently hopeless difficulty, that to foresee how they will get out of it must baffle the very 'cutest of well-seasoned novel readers. On this subject the Baron is mum, and, being so, he strongly recommends everyone to ascertain for themselves the solution of the apparently insoluble. There were indeed "three courses" open to the novelist, as there were once upon a time to a great statesman, and of these the Baron has no hesitation in affirming that Mr. MARION CRAWFORD has chosen the best.

Sanctuary, by EDITH WHARTON (MACMILLAN & Co.), belongs to the analytical department of novel writing. The simple

story,—as presenting certain well-considered studies of character variously influenced by unexpected circumstances over which the individuals might have exercised some control—offers a problem to the casuist when asked what ought to have been the conduct of this or that individual in such and such imaginable case. Being well written, and the points as carefully considered as they would be in a barrister's brief, the book will please, though it will not satisfy, the ordinary reader, but it will deeply interest the philosophic student of poor human nature.

Whatever may be the reader's politics, unless they are those of a merely professional politician, and whatever may be his nationality, if only he regards with reverence a lofty ideal and is gifted with a sense of humour, he will thoroughly enjoy and be intensely interested in *The Life of Daniel O'Connell*, by MICHAEL MACDONAGH (CASSELL & Co., LTD.). The book is as full of fun, true Irish humour, excellent stories, and genuine wit, as are the very best of LEVER's novels; while for romantic adventure this story of a wonderful career rivals any novel of WALTER SCOTT's, or, in modern times, any exciting sensational imaginings of LOUIS STEVENSON or ALEXANDRE DUMAS. DAN O'CONNELL's genuine enthusiasm carries the reader away with the Irish leader of men, and he will find himself moved by various impulses, resulting in "cheers, tears and laughter" (all by himself, maybe, in his own quiet study), and anon by mute admiration for the sweet and touching side of O'CONNELL's character as exemplified in his letters to his daughter and in his religious constancy. The story about the trial, with the sharp attorney and his undefeated witness to prove an *alibi* (p. 199), is one of the most amusing, as it is one of the most characteristic of those times, among many good stories with which the book abounds. Of course "the Liberator," in the heyday of his triumphs, was a butt for Mr. *Punch's* cartoonists and writers, and it is therefore to Mr. *Punch's* honour that, when O'CONNELL was imprisoned by the Government, THACKERAY's sympathetic, manly and generous letter appeared in the pages of Mr. *Punch* whose order to his men was thenceforward "Cease firing." THACKERAY's letter, addressed to "SILVY O'PELLICO," is quoted in full by Mr. MACDONAGH. This was indeed justice to Ireland. Great was O'CONNELL's pure patriotism, refusing office or emolument, and standing by the most distressful country to the end, when, with his latest breath, after he had bequeathed his heart to Rome and his body to Ireland, "everlasting peace," writes his biographer, "came to the great agitator." Mr. MACDONAGH's book is an admirably-written life of an exceptionally great Irishman.



A PUZZLER.

SCENE—*Brown study in the house of the present peer. Lord DUNDREARY, son of the celebrated eccentric nobleman. Friend calls and finds his Lordship immersed in letters and accounts, and with a bank-book in his hand.*

Visitor. Hullo, DUNDREARY, busy, eh?

His Lordship (dropping his eye-glass, and regarding his friend with a scared look). My dear fellow, it's too pwovoking! I asked my banker to place five hundwed pounds to my ccredit for my Chwistmas bills, and now I see he's put it to my "debit!" This finance is a sort of thing, as my guv'nor used to say, that no fellah can understand.

[Becomes absorbed again in the accounts.]

THE HOLE CONCERN.

SCENE—Any golf-club where an alteration of the course is in prospect.
 TIME—Any time, from dawn to dusk. CHARACTERS—Any number of Members, plus (on this occasion) an Inoffensive Stranger.

First Member (catching sight of Inoffensive Stranger). Look here, NOBBS, you're an impartial judge, we'll have your opinion. What I say is this. If you take the present 4th hole and make it the 13th, putting the tee back ten yards behind the 12th, and carry the lower green fifteen yards to the right, and play the 2nd, 5th, and 16th holes in reverse order, keeping clear of the ditch outside the 4th green, you'll bring—

Second Member. Oh, that's rubbish. Anybody with a grain of sense would see that you'd utterly ruin the course that way. My plan is to take the first three, the 11th, and the 14th—you understand, NOBBS?—(slowly and emphatically) the first three, the 11th, and the 14th.

Inoffensive Stranger. Yes?

Second M. (quickly). And leave 'em as they are. Leave 'em just exactly as are. Then you do away with the next, make the 3rd into the 7th, and—

I. S. (horribly confused). But—

Third M. Yes, I know—you're thinking of the crossing from the 14th. And you're perfectly right. Simply fatal, that would be; too dangerous altogether. What we really want is a new 2nd hole, and my plan would make a splendid one—really sporting, and giving these gentlemen who fancy their play a bit to do.

Second M. Don't know about that. Tried that patent 2nd hole of yours this morning out of curiosity. Holed it with my third, and might have done it in two, with any luck.

Third M. (whistles expressively). Oh, come! Splendid player you are, and all that—handicap's fifteen, isn't it?—but there aren't many of us who would stand here and say calmly that we'd done a hole of 420 yards in three! Really, you know—

Second M. 420 yards? 130, you mean.

Third M. (defiantly). 420, if an inch.

Second N. But look here, you told me yourself only yesterday—

Third M. (slightly taken aback). Oh, ah, yes. I understand now. I did think, at one time, of making the 2nd a short hole. But this is a quite different idea. Miles better, in fact. It flashed across me quite suddenly at dinner-time last night. Sort of inspiration—kind of thing you can't account for—but there it is, you see.

Fourth M. Well, what you fellows can argue about like this beats me altogether. There's only one possible way



EXTRACT FROM BOBBIE'S LETTER TO HIS UNCLE.

"DEAR UNCLE . . ." The volumes of *Guide to Knowledge* you sent me I am already finding very useful in raising my position and helping me to attain things that previously were out of my reach."

of improving the course, and I showed you the plan of it last week. It won't be adopted—not likely. So good, and simple, and inexpensive that the Committee won't look at it. Couldn't expect anything else. Anyhow—(with an air of unappreciated heroism)—I've done my best for the Club!

[Sighs heavily, and picks up a newspaper.]

Fifth M. (brutally). Oh, we know all about that blessed plan of yours. Now I'm open to conviction. Mind you, I don't condemn anybody else's scheme. All that I say is, that if a man doesn't see that my plan is the best, he's a dunder-headed jackass, and that's all about it. What do you think, Mr. NOBBS?

I. S. (rather nervously). Well, really—I hardly know—perhaps—

First M. (compassionately). Ah, it's those whins below the 17th that are bothering you. But if you exchange the 8th and the 10th—

Second M. (abruptly). Rot!

[The battle continues. The Inoffensive Stranger stealthily withdraws. (Curtain.)]

A QUEER CALLING.

["It is rumoured that astute publishers have in their pay a large number of the most attractive diners-out. Your neighbour at table leads the conversation to the latest novel: you are interested in the description of the book of the hour, you are a little ashamed of not having read it, and going home you sit down and write out an order for the bookseller."—*Daily Paper*.]

OFT have I met friend PETER PUFF,
 And when the man orated
 I scarcely could admire enough
 The way he scintillated;
 He bubbled like a sparkling wine;
 His conversation was a mine
 Of wisdom and of wit: in fine,
 He simply coruscated.

He talked of letters, classic lore,
 Art, poetry, romances;
 He set the table in a roar
 With wild extravagances;
 We hung upon his magic lips
 Content to suffer dark eclipse
 Could we but hear his merry quips
 And sweet, poetic fancies.

He knew about the latest book,
 And told us who had penned it;
 He was Sir ORACLE: we took
 Just what he recommended.
 He would remark: "Oh, do you know
 The *What's-its-name* by So-and-So?
 A charming story—full of 'go'—
 The book is really splendid."

The *What's-its-name* I always bought,
 And very soon was poring
 Upon the pages which I thought
 Would well repay exploring;
 But ere a chapter I had read
 The eyes were closing in my head,
 And far away my thoughts had fled,
 For I was soundly snoring.

Again, again it happened thus,
 And sore perplexed my noddle;
 A book that PETER praised to us
 Was bound to be a model.
 The very purest taste he had,
 And yet, unless my brain was mad,
 The *What's-its-name* was worse than
 bad—

It was the rankest twaddle.

One day it happened that my gaze
 Upon the book-shelves lighted
 Where Mr. PETER's protégés

My study prospect blighted.
 I started with a sudden "O!"—
 On every book in every row
 The self-same name, DASH, BLANK & Co.
 Was clearly to be sighted.

"Ah, this," I murmured, "makes an end
 Of all my wild surmises,
 And not another do it I'll spend
 On PETER's precious prizes.
 Of him and all his works enough!"
 And now, however hard he puff,
 I never, never buy the stuff
 Which PETER advertises.



ADVICE AT CHRISTMAS-TIME—WHEN GIVING A DANCE DON'T MAKE YOUR SMOKING-ROOM TOO COMFORTABLE

CONCERTED ACTION.

"THE Army and Navy for ever, Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue," as the old song's chorus goes, and this union of forces was exemplified in a capital concert on December 7, organised by Miss BERTHA BIRD, a singing bird, of course, and orchestrated by the Band of the Scots Guards, conducted by Mr. FRED W. WOOD, with, to add to their numbers, Miss JAY on the violin, Mr. CARL STEINER on the flute, assisting to raise the wind for the laudable object of the Concert, namely, the Seamen's Hospital Society, and Miss KATHLEEN PURCELL playing charmingly on "the harp that once in Tara's Halls," and, on this occasion, in Queen's Hall.

Mr. CHARLES BENNETT's voice came out uncommonly strong, and he has a future before him; Miss ROSINA BEYNON, contralto, sang effectively. BERTHA BIRD was in great feather. We trust the results will reward her and benefit the charity. Of course BEN DAVIES (the very man for a "Ben," as "benefit" is professionally abbreviated) delighted everybody, as he always does, for, as DIBDEN sang, "Now BEN he was a nice young man," and so he is, and long may he remain so. With him was ANDREW BLACK, who with "rare BEN" divided the honours.

At the National Gallery.

A party of Compositors and Printers from the country, up for a day's outing in London, visit the National Gallery, and pause in front of TURNER'S "Ulysses."

Foreman (to his companion, both lost in admiration). It's marvellous! All done by hand, too!

Second Compositor and Printer (enthusiastically). Why, it's every bit as good as colour-printing!

FOR AN OLD CHRISTMAS FRIEND.

APPLYING in a complimentary sense the old proverb, we may safely say that "More people know TOM SMITH than TOM SMITH knows," or than he is ever likely to know personally. His works at Christmas-time go everywhere, and this season he comes out particularly strong in artistic table decorations, for it seems that the artistic ornaments are outvying the sweeties that had begun to cloy. His pansies with maidenhair fern are charming to look at, but what do little Master TOMMY and diminutive TOOTSIE care for mere outside show? Better for the daring boys are the mystic crackers, and for the dainty maidens the various surprise boxes and packets with decorative costumes, jewelled toys, scents and sweetmeats. For the tiny ones there are brilliant stockings expressly knitted by good NICHOLAS's own confectioner, with such delicious stuffing within! But that's enough—we'll leave the stuffing to the children, and the medical profession may possibly be benefited by friendly TOM SMITH.

THE "CURSE" OF OATMEAL.

[The condemnation of porridge as an article of diet by a West-End physician, whose remarks were quoted in the *Times*, has raised a storm of protest among Scotsmen.]



TERRIBLE DISTRESS OF A POPULAR SCOTCH CHARACTER ON HEARING THAT THE NATIONAL FOOD, PORRIDGE, HAS BEEN CONDEMNED BY A WEST-END PHYSICIAN AS AN ARTICLE OF DIET.

A Common Complaint.

Smiling Doctor. My dear friend, you seem very much better, considering the weather—

Cantankerous Patient (irritably interrupting). Oh, hang "considering the weather!" The weather doesn't consider me!

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT. — No: there is, as we said the other day, an anthem "It is a good thing," BRIDGE; but there is none extant entitled "I said in my haste," BLOW.

THE SUN-CHILD.

THE CHILD GOES HOME.

You are not to suppose that what I have set down here from time to time exhausts the whole story of the Sun-child's adventures, and of the scenes in which he played a part while he dwelt below. I did not myself hear all, and of that which I did hear I have only told a fragment, which in the meantime must suffice. Many other things he helped in, things of great kindness and of good report, but these I reserve. And now it had come about that the stay of the Sun-child with us had come to an end, and that he had returned to his beloved home. How that happened must always be something of a mystery. It is said that he stood one day in a busy street, and the church-bells were ringing, and there were troops of people moving to and fro, and their cheeks were fresh and red, and their breath was making clouds wherever they went, for it was a winter's day and the air was keen. And as they met one another they spoke up and "I wish you a merry Christmas," said one, and the other would reply, "The same to you, neighbour. 'Tis seasonable weather," and so they passed on very happily, with cheerfulness beaming from their eyes. And the Sun-child was looking on, as was his custom, when lo, of a sudden, the street and the jolly passengers, and the churches with their ringing bells, were gone, just as if a giant's hand had placed a napkin over all and had whisked them away. And the Sun-child, who hardly knew what to make of this sudden disappearance, felt himself lifted ever so gently into the air, and, looking up to see whither he was being taken, he beheld far away in the distance the lucid walls and the crystal staircase of his old home in Sun-land. And almost before he had time to think how joyful a sight this was, even when so far removed, he saw the walls grow larger and larger, and then he realised that it was not they who were growing but he himself who was approaching, and at last he was quietly dropped in the Sun-garden, which I think I mentioned some time ago. An old gardener was in the garden, and as the Sun-child came towards him he gave a start of surprise and said (I translate the Sun-language, which is largely composed of gleams and sparkles):---

"Why, bless my soul, little master, if it isn't you come back again, and a fine boy you've grown too. Where have you been biding all this long time?"

"I have been travelling, JOHN," said the Sun-child with

some dignity. "We must all enlarge our minds in these days, you know." These were phrases he had picked up below.

"Well, well, little master," replied the old man, "I won't say much about that. This garden's good enough for me, though they tell me I'm in my tenth age."

I must tell you that in Sun-land you can grow old, but when you have grown very old you suddenly turn back and become young again, and you can go on doing it a good many times, I believe. So, of course, anyone who is in his tenth age must be almost as old as METHUSELAH once was with us.

"Your Mamma and the dogs will be main glad to see you, little master," continued JOHN. "They've wearied terrible after you."

As he said this there came swiftly from the shining house into the garden a beautiful lady with her fair hair coiled about her head, and she stretched out her arms to the Sun-child, and he turned and flew into his mother's arms.

"Why, Mummie," he said, "you're crying. Aren't you glad to see me?"

But his mother only said he was her own, and hugged him closer to her breast.

Then the Sun-child whistled, and oh, what a scampering there was and what a barking and yelping for joy as the dogs, his darling dogs, rushed out to greet him. *Sol* and *Lux*, the great St. Bernards, bounded at him first, and all but bore him to the earth with their honest, clumsy affection; and behind them came *Flash* and *Ray*, the brown spaniels with short, quivering, stumpy tails and great flapping ears. They too were very instant in their attentions and very exclusive, for they growled at one another and at their

St. Bernard friends. But the big dogs took no notice of them and continued their majestic gambols.

And when he came to the foot of the crystal steps he saw his friends, the old coachman with tight little white curls all over his head, and the butler, who looked severe but wasn't really severe, and the ancient housekeeper and the housemaids who giggled a great deal. And he mounted on the opal banister and up he slid, just as he used to slide. It was a great day for him and for everybody else.

That was how the Sun-child returned and was welcomed to his home. At least, that is the tale I heard.

"OLDENBURG Society is suffering from a mania for a game. 'My aunt, your aunt.' It is a modified form of baccarat" (*Daily Express*). In London we still play the well-known three-ball game, "My uncle, your uncle."



"WE'LL KEEP OUR CHRISTMAS MERRY STILL."

HERE'S FATHER CHRISTMAS COMING!

BETWEEN A SLEEP AND A SLEEP.

[To judge from the results of the by-elections in Dulwich and Lewisham, the Liberal Unionists must have ignored the Duke of Devonshire's encyclical in which he enjoined on them the duty of voting against the Ministerial candidates.]

Dose me with chloral; drug my brain;
Let music's breathing, faint and fluty,
Sigh me to soft repose again,
The kind that makes for health and beauty.
I have been long, too long, awake;
This breach of immemorial custom
Has shocked my nerves, and I must take
Some drastic means to readjust 'em.

What woke me? Almost I forget.
I think that, in the act of talking
To persons in the Cabinet,
Still fast asleep I started walking;
Much as the dove of ancient date
Fared from the Ark (composed of gopher).
I left the wooden Ship of State,
A large somnambulistic loafer.

Outside, the wind was cold and smart,
And where St. James's Park commences
I woke, with quite a little start,
To what are loosely called my senses.
Half-dazed and buzzy in the head
My mental grasp was only meagre,
When lo! an inner voice that said,
"Your Grace is now a Free Food Leaguer!"

It seems that on the waking mind,
Like gold in course of being minted,
The first impression left behind
Remains imperishably printed;
And so with me (for I have sought
And found no easier explication)
The need of buying Food for naught
Became a fixed hallucination.

Ah! had I pictured there and then,
When out of Downing Street I bolted,
That I should have to mix with men
From whom my very soul revolted;
To bear a common Free Food brand
(Though otherwise we rudely differed)
And go careering hand in hand
With bruiser BURNS and brother CLIFFORD!

Small marvel if they made excuse,
The friends I bade around me rally,
And frankly asked me what the deuce
I did in such a godless galley!
Or that my rescript, falling flat
As wine that's ruined by an ullage,
Inspired so pale a passion at
The polls of Lewisham and Dulwich.

Come, then, let slumber seal my eyes;
Let the guitar or something choral
Rock me to rest with lullabies
And supplement my dram of chloral.
Beneath the charm that now is broke
I might regain the proud position
Of one who could, if he but woke,
Redeem the State from sheer perdition. O. S.

VIVE LA POLITESSE.—"W. H." writes to the *Daily Mail*:
"Your correspondent, 'SNORER,' should keep his mouth
shut."

THE NEW UNITED "SERVICE" CLUB.

(A Duologue of the Immortals.)

SCENE—*The interior of a snug hostelry in the Elysian Fields of Fiction—wherever they may be.* Mr. SAMUEL WELLER is discovered seated, with a pint of some ethereal beverage, opposite Mr. CHARLES JAMES HARRINGTON FITZROY YELLOWPLUSH, who is glancing through a copy of the "Times," without which journal no Elysium is conceivable.

Mr. Yellowplush. Well, I'm blest! The Times is changed with a vengeance!

Mr. Weller. You mean, now they've left off earnestly implorin' the public to purchase ere it is too late that ere Sicklypejiar o' theirs in thirty-five wollums, 'arf moroccer and 'arf price, as a neat and appropriit Christmas-box for a friend? But if you *was* thinkin' o' givin' me anything, I don't know as a cask o' stout and a barrel o' hoysters wouldn't run a Sicklypejiar uncommon close as a season'ble orderin'.

Mr. Yell. I was not eludin' to the En-sicklopoodia. Sir, nor 'ave I give it my patronidge, the himformatium cumprised in hany work of that kind bein' nesrily of a helementry charicter. As the poick truly hobserver:

"A little learnin' is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep, or taste not, the haperient spung!"

All I meant to say was that the World 'as hundergone igstrodinary halterations since *we* was movin' in it.

Mr. W. H. The identical remark as was made by the Teary-dactile to the Hickthesore'oss ven they voke up and found themselves ticketed as "Auntidelugian specimens" in the British Museum. But what's the partickler ewent as has drove you into repeatin' that ere perfound and orig'nal observation?

Mr. Yell. It was himspired, Mr. WELLER, by the recent establishmint, as described in these collims, of a Noo Club for Mensurvints in Hupper Buckley St., Potman Square, which, from all accounts, seems to be a puffick Parrowdice.

Mr. Weller. Ah, same as that of the Bath footmen, vere they held the swarry and trimmins in the greengrocer's back parler, and that pleasant feller in the cocked 'at--TUCKLE, his name vas--danced the 'ornpipe on the table among the hoyster-shells, ultimitley retiring to rest with his 'ead on a kerbstone.

Mr. Yell. Pawdin me, Mr. WELLER, nothink could be more dissim'lar. Your igspereences, Sir, have been hevidently confined to the provinces and subbubs. Sich low and vulgar perceedings would suttingly not have been countenanced in the Footmen's Club over which I persided when I kep the "Wheel o' Fortune" public in Mayfair. They would be hutterly "view Jew," as our lively neighbours say, at the present date.

Mr. Weller. Would they, though? Well, 'spose you give me some perticklers of this werry gen-teel establishment, in case I thought o' joinin' as a country member.

Mr. Yell. The Home Club, as I read 'ere, consists of several 'ouses, and is on a scale of truly porlatial luxury, comprisin' reading, writing, dining, and recreation rooms, also cubbicles and dormitries.

Mr. Weller. "Every convenience for parties makin' temporary use o' the premises," as the French Jack Ketch said ven he put clean straw in the basket in front o' the gelatine. Do they 'appen to 'ave sich a article as a pump in the back yard, now? Werry refreshin' thing a pump for any gen'lm'n arter rayther overdo'in' the reckeryation overnight to put his 'ead under next mornin' vile another gen'lm'n vorks the 'andle.

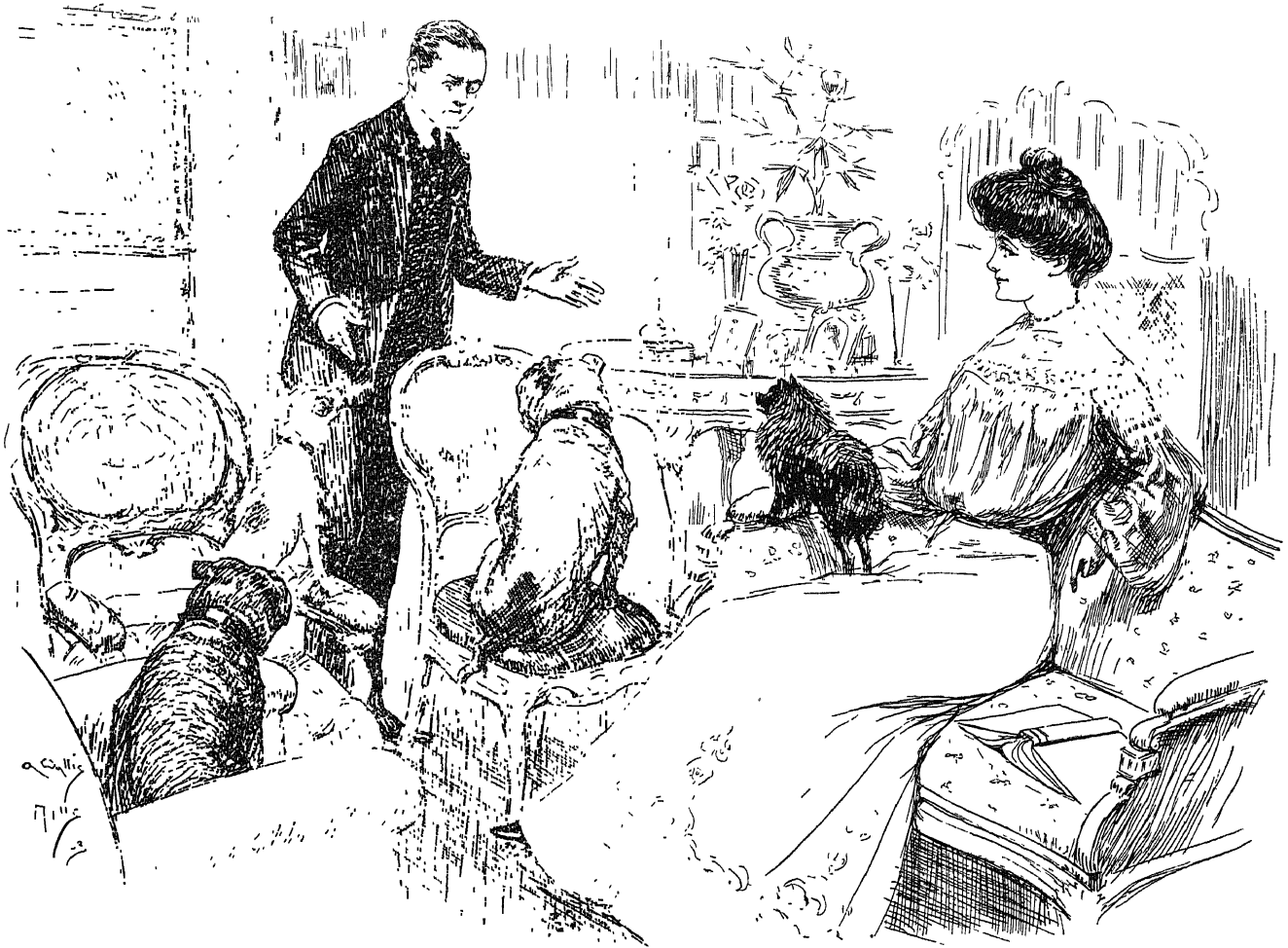
Mr. Yell. I amadgin, Sir, that the members of this Club do not require sech restoaratives, the ricreation purvided bein' of a rashnal description, includin' peroddikil lectures.

Mr. Weller. What—even for the married vuns? I never had no weakniss for lectures myself. Still, I dessay I could



HIS REAL "PREFERENCE."

JOHN BULL (*glancing over his morning paper*). "H'M- BY-ELECTIONS—WAR CRISIS, JAPAN AND RUSSIA—TIBET EXPEDITION—MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S LATEST—WELL, I SUPPOSE THEY MUST FILL THE PAPERS WITH *SOMETHING*, WHEN THERE'S NO CRICKET NEWS!"



LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOGS.

Lady Diana (to nervous youth, who hates dogs). "Do SIT DOWN."

sit through a peroddicle lecture pervided I was allowed to hexercise my powers o' suction.

Mr. Yell. Scacely on stimilants, you wouldn't, Mr. WELLER, not in sech a Club as this. I see here that no intavscating liquors of hany description is permitted to be sold or hinterdoosed on the premises.

Mr. Well. (*with great disgust*). What? No brandy-and-water-luke? No cold s'rub? No invariable of any kind? Well, consid'r'in' the vay I've been brought up, it'll take me some time to thoroughly henter into the spirit o' the thing, in saying vich I merely qvoted the reflection of the spotted circus 'oss arter being blacked all over and requested to draw a hearse along of three other quadrupeds in deep mournin'.

Mr. Yell. Candigly I must confess that heven I should feel a trifle unformiliar in sech a hatmosphere as this Club, which it seems is conducted by benevolent fash'nables on the strictest principles—no gamblin allowed, and any blasphemious langwidge punished by immegit expulsion.

Mr. Well. I shouldn't vonder if that vasn't the rule in *all* the service clubs nowadays. Depend upon it, if any old naval or milingtary gent was caught indulging in anything stronger than milk and water, or using any expression at all werging on profanity, he'd be kicked out vith a general out-bust o' wirtuous indignation. Vich same is a vonderful proof of the infloocene o' civilisation, as the hoptimistic mission'ry remarked ven he saw his churchvarden take a couple o'

dinner pills afore proceeding to fall-to on his great grand-father.

Mr. Yell. It may be so, Mr. WELLER. But I have just diskivered another succumstance in connection with this Club which is repugnant to all *my* ideers of proprietoood. You'll 'ardly credit it, Sir, but, accordin' to a parrowgraft in this harticle, the members of the Club meet on a footole of habsloot equality! It acshally says, 'Pantry boys and butlers are ekal 'ere'!

Mr. Well. I don't know as I'm against that ere. "Arter all, it's a place vere the most exclusive of us can come out of his shell vithout losin' his dignity," as the affable penny-winkle reminded the Whitstable oyster, ven they met on the barrow and the native seemed awerse to conversation. Though I an't sure as I shouldn't ha' kicked young Dropsy if he'd tried any eqvality on vith me. But what I should like to know about this 'ere amiable and convivial society is—if they're all on 'em ekal, who does the vaiting? Do the butlers 'and muffings to the buttonses, or is it all done by tame greengrocers, or what?

Mr. Yell. I don't know, Mr. WELLER, I would reether *not* know. Sech a total habolition of distinctions which are natural to yumanity can only tumminate in Hanarchy and ruing! Let me arsk you, where would be the advantage of bein' in survice to a title if your 'ed is not to be surrounded by some 'alo of rank? It's absudd nonsense to hignore the himmense abness that yawns betwixt the mansuvvint of a

commoner and the vallet of a Dook. And, in my apinium, revoloooshn'ry ideers of this sort, if hincouraged, will hundermine the fundatrum of Sosiety, and all its most cherished hinstitooshuns will be hupset by a univussle chayoss.

Mr. Well. I dessay you're right, old feller. Still, let's hope there may be a postillion in the Club as'll be able to keep that there shay-oss from doin' anything werry desprit.

F. A.

PLAYS AND POLITICS.

A PROTEST has appeared in the *Westminster Gazette* against the introduction of political allusions—especially when these take the form of Fiscal propaganda in the CHAMBERLAIN interest—into contemporary drama. The waving of streamers bearing the legend "Vote for JOE," at the first performance of *The Earl and the Girl*, was noted as especially reprehensible. While "D. STREAMER (Colonel)" has lifted up his voice in the same paper against the "Fiscal Song" which Mr. HERBERT CAMPBELL is to sing in the forthcoming Drury Lane Pantomime. Nor is the intrusion of politics into the theatre at the present time confined to the lighter forms of entertainment. For Mr. WILSON BARRETT, in a speech from the stage, has signified his approval of Protective Tariffs, while Miss OLGA NETHERSOLE's programmes, when she appeared in *Magda* at Notting Hill Gate, were rendered deeply interesting by the announcement of her admiration for Mr. CHAMBERLAIN.

It is unlikely that the protest of the *Westminster* will prove powerful enough to banish references to the Fiscal Question from the theatre for the present. For the English stage has never been free from this kind of thing. Indeed, if Sir ROBERT WALPOLE had not resented a political allusion in a drama of his day, we might never have had a Censor of Plays. And what a misfortune *that* would have been! So instead of bemoaning the intrusion of fiscal politics upon our stage let us be content with insisting that the subject shall be introduced in a thoroughly artistic manner. Then the symmetry of the play, instead of being spoiled, may be positively enhanced. Thus when Mr. TREE revives his gorgeous presentation of *Richard II.* at His Majesty's, as he is bound to do ere long in deference to the entreaties of his admirers, what a much more interesting play it will be if the political allusions are touched up a little! For instance, when *John of Gaunt* makes his great speech about

"This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
This earth of Majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress, built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,"

and so on, he is always sure of the applause which Jingoism in the theatre provokes. But what a much saner and worthier kind of applause would be evoked if the blatantly patriotic claptrap of his present speech were replaced by the wholesome sentiment of the following:—

"This royal throne of kings (a monarchy
Limited strictly, let me add at once),
This earth of Majesty, where never Mars
In future will be countenanced at all,
Thanks to the efforts of the *Daily News*;
This other Eden, demme! Paradise!
This fortress built by COBDEN for himself
Against the wiles of Agriculturists
Determined to keep up the price of corn;
This happy breed of men whose butter comes
From Denmark, while their eggs are laid in France,
And all their bread grows in America;
This precious stone set in the silver sea—

A fact explaining its predominance
In ship-building and similar pursuits— Etc., etc.

If this lucid and admirably reasoned exposition of sound economic principles were substituted for the pernicious and inflammatory ranting which poor *John of Gaunt* has to speak at present, the tone of the play would unquestionably be greatly raised, and its drawing capacity increased.

Again, all SHAKESPEARE lovers will remember *Oberon's* great speech in *A Midsummer's Night's Dream*, beginning:—

My gentle Puck, come hither—

which is believed by commentators to have been inserted as a compliment to Queen ELIZABETH and the Earl of LEICESTER. A political allusion of this hoary antiquity is naturally excessively tedious in the theatre. "No compliments to Queen ELIZABETH!" we cry instinctively. And it would certainly be cut at rehearsals were it not for the superstitious reverence for the text of SHAKESPEARE invariably shown by the actor-manager of to-day. But, though the critics would rightly protest if the speech were omitted altogether, they would have no fair grounds for objection if it were revised and the political allusions brought up to date. For this purpose *Oberon* would have to be made up to resemble the PRIME MINISTER, and the speech would run more or less as follows:—

My genial JOE, come hither! Thou remember'st
How some six months ago thou didst resign,
And how I kept the information back
Till RITCHIE and the rest resigned too?
Some people thought that thou hadst dished thyself
On that occasion. Ay, and dished me too!
They aren't so confident about it now.
HARRIS is in for Dulwich—though the DUKE
And GOSCHEN and the rest would none of him—
While COATES has won hands down at Lewisham . . .

This could be continued indefinitely, and might include a complete summary of the party history since the General Election, with a peroration giving a flattering picture of its future prospects, which could not fail to lengthen the run of the play.

But the shackles of blank verse might prove rather inconvenient at times for political allusions. Such names as DADABHAI NAOROJI, for example, would present considerable metrical difficulties. Moreover, such essentially homely questions as that of the big and little loaf would be far more suitably treated in prose.

For this purpose such characters as the grave-diggers in *Hamlet* would be invaluable. And when next *Hamlet* is revived at the Lyceum we shall confidently look to see the churchyard scene "written up" in this sense. The shareholders are still believed to be tortured with indecision as to whether the Lyceum (when rebuilt) is to be a theatre or a music hall, but this method of treating the play will be equally appropriate in either event. The scene will then open more or less as follows:—

Enter two Clowns with spades, &c.

First Clown. Prithee, good man delver, are you for a tax on corn or are you against?

Second Clown. Marry, I am against *all* taxes.

First Clown. Give me leave. Thou art against all taxes thou dost pay. But if thou payest not——?

Second Clown. How if I pay not?

First Clown. If he that grows the corn pay and not thou that eat'st, man——?

Second Clown. I like thy wit well. But if he that grows the corn pay tax, he that buys of him that grows shall pay more for his flour, and I that buy of the buyer shall pay more for my loaf. Argal, I am against all taxes.

First Clown. Nay, but thou shalt not pay more, i'faith.

Second Clown. Then will my loaf be smaller.

First Clown. I tell thee, goodman, thy loaf will be the same size.

This might go on till the audience signify their weariness in unmistakable fashion, when *Hamlet* and *Horatio* could make their entrance and the play proceed.

It cannot be denied that this kind of treatment would heighten the interest of *Hamlet*, and purists may console themselves with the reflection that SHAKESPEARE, who had no qualms about anachronism or introducing topical allusions into his plays, would probably himself have "written up" the scene in this way had he survived to the present day.

CHARIVARIA.

Owing to the new Act prohibiting children under eleven years from appearing in dramatic representations, stage babies will be larger than usual this year.

Fashions change. At one time Pantomime-land was the home of the Fairies. At the Hippodrome, this Christmas, fifteen elephants will take a simultaneous plunge into the water.

"Is fox-hunting dangerous?" asks one of our daily papers. A fox informs us that it has its risks.

Dark mahogany is now said to be the fashionable colour for ladies' hair, but fumed oak will, no doubt, soon have its day.

We have sometimes heard ladies alluded to as cats, but what are we to think of the *Daily Mail*, which rudely declares that the National Mouse and Rat Club has over two dozen lady members?

The Bishop of SALISBURY, in a letter to the *Times*, has expressed his disapproval of memorials to living persons being erected in churches. We understand that there is some chance of an arrangement being come to by means of an increase in the number of gargoyles.

Thirty-six pounds have been paid at SOTHEY'S for a copy of the first edition of THACKERAY'S *Pendennis*, which had a riddle on the fly-leaf. It will be interesting to see how much the original manuscript of MILTON'S *Paradise Lost* will fetch. This is also announced for sale, but without a conundrum.

"Should women be hanged?" asks a contemporary. We think not, unless they have committed a murder.



REHEARSAL FOR PRIVATE THEATRICALS ON BOXING-DAY.

Master Brown (leading tragedian, who has been studying a fearful blood-curdling old melodrama, entering suddenly). "HERE ARE THE LETTERS. TWO MILLION POUNDS IS THE PRICE OF MY SILENCE!"

The current number of the *Boudoir*, we see from an advertisement, publishes papers on "Men who fascinate Women," and "Royal Dogs." We should have thought these two articles overlapped.

A Belgian Glass Trust is to be formed to protect the interests of that trade, which is said to be in danger. We are not surprised that this should be found necessary. The people who said such pretty things about us during the Boer war, and are now reminded of the Congo, are realising the delicate position of those who reside in glass houses.

A Russian newspaper, the *Novy Krai*, considers that "Great Britain is making a terrible mistake in seeking to circumvent Russia in the Tibet question at the moment when there appears to be a possibility of an Anglo-Russian rapprochement." But it must be remembered that, but for our move forward in Tibet, we should never have

known that there had been a chance of a rapprochement.

ANOTHER CHRISTMAS BOX.

HERE it is, just to hand from the Fleur-de-Lys Works at Norwich, filled with "CALEY'S" Art Cosaques, and funny fans. In the Carnation Fan Box there are crackers full of caps, that go on and most probably go off, with satisfaction to everybody, CALEY included. Also luggage with "surprise packets," and various other artful whimsi-caley-ties which *Mr. Punch* leaves you all to discover for yourselves. Altogether a wealth of Christmas oddities, quite a Caleyfornian mine of them!

MUSCULAR CHRISTIANITY.—According to the *Record* (which here seems to be broken), "The candidates at the Advent ordination in the diocese of Carlisle are expected to be exceptionally large."

THE GLORIOUS NINETEENTH AND AFTER.

ENGLAND'S EMANCIPATION.

GENERAL REJOICING.

WORDS cannot express the delight with which the 19th of December was hailed all over the country—the day to which for so many weeks the readers of the papers had been eagerly looking forward.

Our Special Correspondents, posted in various parts of the United Kingdom, are unanimous in sending in reports of unprecedented jubilations. The nation to a man has been *en fête*. It is as though a grave national peril had been averted.

By special Act of Parliament the 19th was set apart for a Bank Holiday and day of thanksgiving.

London being, so to speak, most poignantly at the mercy of the late enterprise, was naturally more relieved than the Provinces, and never have such scenes of happiness been witnessed. There has been nothing like it, say the oldest inhabitants, since the rejoicings for Waterloo.

At Greenwich Observatory a meeting was held under the presidency of the Astronomer Royal to discuss the propriety of substituting P.C. (Post Cyclo) for A.D., and beginning a new chronological era with December 20. The motion was withdrawn at the instance of Mr. HENRY, Chief Commissioner of Police, who pointed out that the initials P.C. thus employed would be very distressing to sensitive constables.

During the morning of the 19th a special train left Euston containing the Advertisement Staff, at last free to take a holiday. Most of them were carried to the station on stretchers, such being their state of collapse from the rigours of the past few months. It is understood that they were bound for anywhere but Bellagio.

The thanksgiving banquet which was held at DE KEYSER'S Hotel was an unqualified success. Never was witnessed such a scene of enthusiasm as when the hands of the clock pointed to midnight, and the company realised that a new and untroubled year had dawned. With tears in their eyes strong men expressed their readiness once again to read the daily papers; others who had been waiting for years to acquire mixed information in an old-fashioned English way prepared to visit their booksellers and pay more than twice the usual cost.

LORD ROSEBERRY, who took the Chair, in his very happy speech felicitated England on her escape, which, however, he dared not hope would be permanent, and told the story of a friend of his own who had remained voluntarily in bed for several weeks, during the more critical advertising period, in order to be certain of avoiding the papers.

The singing of "*John Bull's Store*" at the Alhambra was suspended for one night in favour of a new song, "*John Bull's Library*," which was declaimed with the utmost unction by the famous droll, ALF BUCKRAM. By the kind permission of the authorities we are enabled to quote the opening stanza, which was encored fifty-seven times:—

"I love a game of spoof

When I want to earn some oof,

And I'll hunt for the dollars that are hid;

"(Spoken). But to go on telling an honest British working-man week in week out that if he won't buy the British Museum in half calf at half price he ain't worth his salt—well, all I can say is that

"It's rough on the missus and the kid!"

On the same evening a meeting of newspaper managers and editors was held at the Press Club to consider the best way of filling up the space thus suddenly thrown on their hands. The question was, whether to reduce the size of the papers or to print letters from Mr. L. G. CHIOZZA-MONEY, Prof.

I. O. HEWINS, and Sir HENRY HOWORTH. The second proposal was unhappily adopted.

The scene in the streets resembled the night of the Relief of Mafeking. Piccadilly was a blaze of light; the Clubs shone like day; and men and women, at last released from the terrible and wearing temptation to buy a set, capered with frantic joy. A weight palpably had been lifted from our little island. People who had bought sets refrained from saying so. Universal brotherhood prevailed. Mr. LABOUCHÈRE took Lord SUFFIELD'S arm and went for a romp abroad; Lord HUGH CECIL, with schoolboyish glee, played leapfrog with Dr. CLIFFORD; Sir GILBERT PARKER so far forgot himself as to appear in a cricket cap; Sir FRANCIS JEUNE frolicked as if 'twere May; Dr. RUTHERFOORD HARRIS embraced Mr. JOHN BURNS.

Mr. ANDREW LANG ran hither and thither under the impression that it was a Jacobite conspiracy. He ultimately took refuge from the jam in CROSSE AND BLACKWELL'S, where he spied pickles. Mr. PLOWDEN cracked jokes with impunity. Mr. ARNOLD FORSTER induced LITTLE TICH to enlist. Sir ROBERT GIFFEN'S aquascutum was badly torn on the railings of the Green Park. Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN trotted about, writing poems with both hands.

A commotion was created in Paternoster Row by Mr. C. ARTHUR PEARSON'S parrot breaking loose and screaming, "After to-day your books will cost you more."

All the bells of London (save one) were ringing merrily.

A few regrettable incidents occurred. A three-quarter Levantine who had just arrived at Charing Cross from Smyrna was mobbed in the Strand and had to take refuge in Printing House Square, while a well-known West-end bookseller committed suicide by tying the Index volume round his neck and leaping into the Serpentine—his last day of freedom having dawned.

FROM THE PROVINCES.

How the Great Release was Celebrated.

BRIGHTON.

Mr. C. B. FRY photographed.

CARLISLE.

Supplement roasted whole.

DUNDEE.

Whaling fleet illuminated.

EDINBURGH.

Great football match between the Half Calves and the Morocco Bounders.

LAXEY.

Great wheel began to move freely.

NEWCASTLE.

Belleville boiler burst by Sir WILLIAM ALLAN.

PARIS.

Encyclopædists burnt in effigy in the Students' quarter.

THE ZOO.

The Elephant himself again.

MISS CORELLI has recovered one farthing damages from a Mr. WINTER. "Now is the Winter of our discontent," as they say at Stratford-on-Avon.



Distinguished Foreigner (to good Samaritan who has caught his horse). "MERCI BIEN, MONSIEUR! YOU SAVE ME MUCH TROUBLE. BEFORE, I LOSE MY HORSE—I LOSE HIM ALTOGETHER, AND I MUST PUT HIM IN THE NEWSPAPER!"

A GRAVE SCANDAL.

[An undertaker, during his recent examination in bankruptcy, ascribed his failure to "general depression" of the trade.]

THERE be who dwell profoundly on the Fiscal
Question, and urge that in their private view,
If food is taxed, a time when trade is brisk 'll
Slowly but unmistakably ensue.¹
There be who wait upon their only JOSEPH
To set their feet in paths of prosperous ease,
And I have waited too, but Heaven knows if
He will augment the undertaker's fees.

'Time was when all respectable practitioners
Planted their modest quota of "remains"
Week after week, and no absurd Commissioners
Came and investigated local drains;
When every corpse that happened to occur meant
Boots for the blithesome undertaker's brood;
When Britons loved a "sumptuous interment"
More than they loved their appetite for food.

Man in those days was seldom known to reach his
Allotted span of three-score years and ten;
The well-intentioned but misguided leech's
Efforts were one too many for him then.
But now a more than Æsculapian cunning
Preserves him, though decrepit, still alive;
His legatees discover him "still running"
(They, too, object) at ninety-four or five!

'Tis even so, our trade's a mere formality;
Its days of opulence are long gone by,
Ruined by folks' ridiculous vitality;
We argue with them, but they will not die.

And, when at length they really are translated
To other spheres, they still elude our aid
By getting inexpensively cremated,
And placed in urns that silversmiths have made.

And therefore I, o'erwhelmed by trade's depression,
By hope deserted and devoid of pelf,
I, who once buried others by profession,
Now seek repose by burying myself.
One monument, a gorgeous one of red stone,
This tragic message to the world shall give,
Inscribed in largish letters on my headstone—
"He died because his fellow-men would live!"

A FREE ADMISSION AT CHRISTMAS TIME.

"OUR error, Sir." Our Cartoonist senior, in his last week's *History Reverses Itself* (December 16), attributed the original picture (in 1845) of "Papa Cobden taking Master Robert a Free Trade walk" to JOHN LEECH. This note, being by an expert, was passed unquestioned. Now in 1845 both LEECH and DOYLE were doing the cartoons for *Mr. Punch*, and therefore representing the same political personages, each in his own peculiar style. The original full-sized cartoon above-mentioned is distinctly signed with the well-known "Dickie bird" perched on a circle which frames the initial "D." This signature, however, when reduced to the small size of the reproduction that appears in the corner of last week's principal cartoon, is in such very reduced circumstances as to be almost unrecognisable by friends most familiar with it; and hence, probably, the mistake arose from our senior Cartoonist having drawn his picture from this minimised reproduction.



LATEST CHRISTMAS NOVELTY.

"PLEASE, MOTHER SAYS, CAN YOU LET HER 'AVE A 'ARF OUNCE OF THIS 'ERE RADIUM SHE 'AVE READ SO MUCH ABOUT IN THE PAPER?"

THE BACHELOR'S PROTEST.

LADIES, and all who gaze on me askance,
As one that scorns to deck his barren life
With that cold monument of dead romance—
A wife,

Peace, for you wrong me; now will I disclose
A tale, whose dolorous import gives a claim
To tender pity; not, as you suppose,
To blame.

I have not feared to toe the beetling edge
Of Hymen's indeterminate abyss
Merely from love of self or narrow prej-
udice.

I am not proof to Cupid's wanton dart;
No armour plates of triple brass confine
This morbidly impressionable heart
Of mine;

Far from it. In the generous days of yore
I must have wooed, and make no empty boast,
As much as any, and a good deal more
Than most.

My past is peopled by a perfect throng
Of maidens—loved with all a young man's glow—
And lost—and more or less forgotten, long
Ago,

With whom it was my dearest wish to live
For better, or—to quote the Rubric's terse
And darkly cynical alternative—

For worse;

And I have urged my periodic suit
Not once, nor twice, since I attained my prime,
Only to get the Order of the Boot
Each time.

For somehow all with one consent began
To make excuse; some did not wish to wed;
Some loved me not; some loved Another Man
Instead;

Some betrayed sorrow, some a pained surprise;
Two, in a tone no man of spirit brooks,
Had the audacity to criticise
My looks.

And I grew wearied of the harsh rebuff;
Time came, when in my bitterness I spoke,
"I woo no more; it has gone far enough,
This joke!"

So, ladies, I am cabined by a vow;
But soon the Old Year dies, and with the New
Comes jocund Leap Year—it is *your* turn now
To woo! DUM-DUM.

A "JOINT-ADMINISTRATOR."—The Butcher.



KING CHRISTMAS AND HIS ALMONER.

A HARVARD CLUB.

EXTRACT FROM THE TRAVEL DIARY OF
TOBY, M.P.

Cambridge, Mass., Monday night.—During rapid flight over the Continent, as far south as Washington, where overcoats were a burden; as far north as Ottawa, where the sleigh bells tinkled in the sunlit air; as far east as Boston, where hotel tea has the historical association inevitable from over-watering—as SARK says, tea is better made in a pot than in a harbour—Mr. Punch's humble emissary has met with generous welcome of a kind usually reserved for the ambassadors of other kings. Peculiarly pleasant thing that the last symposium, on the eve of parting, should have taken place in the home of the Alpha Delta Phi Club at Harvard. Its special charm was its unconventionality. Like *Topsy*, it was not born: "it grewed." There was a gathering after dinner elsewhere; a smoke; cheerful chat; a sing-song; then, as if by magic, THOMAS, Club factotum, whose face has grown grave amid years of bubbling fun, spread a bounteous board.

Alpha Delta Phi has no parallel in the collegiate world. Harvard abounds in Clubs of varied dedications and strange names. One, the Pierian Sodality, is the oldest musical society in the States. Just seventy-two years ago its membership was reduced to an individual. Did he straightway sell the Club's property and divide the proceeds among himself? No, Sir. He was not a member of an ancient and wealthy London Inn of Court. He elected himself to all the offices of the Club, scrupulously attended his own rehearsals, accompanied himself through all his songs, and so carried what is to-day a prosperous Club through a critical year.

Origin of the Alpha Delta Phi Club, like the birth of JEAMES, is "wrop in mysty." Founded in 1779, it was originally a Secret Society. To this day, I believe, some dark ceremony broods over initiation. Thereafter, members successfully evade trace of the tragic. A franker, lighter-hearted lot of young fellows I never met. The flower of the University, picked from its many classes, they are conscious of having lofty, far-ranging traditions to maintain. The Club has given an Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, a President to the United States. Literature it has enriched by the recruiting of EMERSON, OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, and RUSSELL LOWELL. Among the bright young fellows who to-night, to the national tune "*Mr. Dooley*," sang in boisterous chorus "*Mr. Lucy*," I do not doubt there are some who, stepping beyond the bounds of the University, will in time



PESSIMISM IN THE MIDDLE AGES;

OR, FACE TO FACE WITH RUIN.

Don José. "HOW'S TRADE WITH YOU? WE'RE DONE FOR!"

Burgher Jossef. "HIMMEL, ID IZ VORSSE UND VORSSE!"

("Suppose I had been a Spaniard or Dutchman of the Middle Ages."—Mr. Chamberlain at Leeds)

fill the places of Mr. ROOSEVELT and Mr. CHOATE, or will sound afresh the silver trumpet of OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES and JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Meanwhile, there was between Mr. Punch's young men and storied Harvard a personal tie earlier than this impromptu supper. Did not one of them, our RUDIE LEHMANN to wit, coach the Harvard crew for its annual aquatic tussle with Yale?

A CURE FOR AN OLD COMPLAINT.

ONCE again, all gaunt and pale,
Time, this waning of December,
Adds a Christmas to the tale
Of the many I remember;
Vexed with *Anno Domini*—
As its vengeful microbe burrows—
I can feel it dim the eye,
Streak the beard, and plough fresh
furrows.

Missiles by Time's malice flung

Our devoted brows have battered;
Those we loved when all was young

Now are dead, or false, or scattered;
Brooding over fancied wrongs—

Smarting as old friends grow colder—
'Tis the burden of our songs:

"Ah, the world is growing older!"

Thus as gloomy reverie

Falls upon me uninvited,

Come the shouts of childish glee

As the Christmas-tree is lighted;

PHYLLIS, your delighted cry

Sounds above the joyous dinning—

Is the world grown older?—Why,

No, dear child, 'tis just beginning!

THE *Daily Chronicle*, in an anticipatory note upon Mr. PHILIP YORKE's Christmas fantasy "*The Moon Curse*," spoke of one of the characters as the hero's "financée." An excellent portmanteau-word for a betrothed heiress.

TO OUR FRIEND THE ENEMY.

O THOU whose brown and ample bulk delights
The jaded appetites of boys and kings,
And makes dyspeptic uncles dream at nights
Of imps and things:

We little heed, who hail with loud applause
The liquid fire that round about thee glides,
The havoc thou wilt subsequently cause
In our insides.

For lo! thou art Plumpudding! and the rest,
The Christmas-tree, the cracker and the wait
Mere gauds with which our loving hands invest
Thine awesome state.

Turkey and goose, for mere convention's sake,
We trifle with or pass severely by,
And ladies, if they're superstitious, take
A hot mince pie.

But thou art food for gods! The appointed hour
Calls us as to a sacrificial feast,
Where thy peculiar votaries devour
Three helps at least.

Lone men in Clubs, misanthropists at heart,
And sun-baked wanderers beyond the sea,
Calling the waiter quietly apart,
Enquire for thee.

None is so wholly destitute but some
Kind Providence preserves him in its care,
Giving him duff whereout the casual plum
Peeps unaware.

Draymen remove their boots and with profound
Contentment sit at home and watch thee boil;
Their lives no longer seem a changeless round
Of swipes and toil.

And even ROBERT, whom at night I hear
Flouting the pavement with his far-flung feet,
For Cookie and a slice of Christmas cheer
Deserts his beat.

Men say thy form some high romance conceals;
We little know, nor do we raise a fuss:
Briefly, it isn't history, but meals,
Appeals to us.

And so we cherish thee, the emblem blest
Of Yuletide fun and seasonable mirth:
Though all too apt to lie upon the chest
And swell the girth.

Ah yes, thou cuttest short men's high careers;
Anon we die who now partake with glee.
Te morituri edimus—but here's
Long life to thee!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Venture (JOHN BAILLIE) is the modest name of a rather needlessly large new annual, somewhat reminiscent of the *Yellow Book* (long defunct and desiderated). Between the initial numbers of these two magazines Dr. GARNETT forms the literary, and Mr. LAURENCE HOUSMAN the artistic, link. The cover of *The Venture* shows, on a pale mud-coloured ground, the rudely-drawn outline of what looks like a decadent Centaur, but with a pedestal, instead of a horse's body, for the second half of him. He is drawing a bow at a venture, not at *The Venture* itself, for its printed title stands only an inch or so off, and he has easily missed it in the

picture. The thing at the foot of the pedestal is, in all probability, not a gigantic gingham, but either a shadow or an elusive symbol. The interior is full of readable matter in every variety of style, light, heavy, and medium weight, and almost every article has its own charm and distinction. Mr. E. F. BENSON offers a really delightful study of a cat; and the contributions of the joint editors, Messrs. LAURENCE HOUSMAN and W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM, abound in wit and humanity. Mr. MASEFIELD's sonnets show a mastery of SHAKESPEARE's methods; but Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS is not at his happiest in a short poem, "Earth's Martyrs." Perhaps, in these days of Passive Resisters, martyrdom has lost its old appeal.

The woodcuts are not nearly so satisfactory as the letterpress. The recurrence of the figures of Pan and Psyche suggests a certain lack of invention; and, whether the fault lies with themselves or with the process, the artists do not always seem to be justified of their work. An exception may be made in favour of Miss GLAZIER (though the motive of her "Death of Pan" is not original), and of Miss MONSELL, who has drawn on broader lines than most of the others. In conclusion, my Nautical Retainer heartily welcomes a magazine that promises, under excellent auspices, at least to set a high standard in the field of Belles Lettres. *Bona ventura to The Venture!*

The Daughters of a Genius, by Mrs. DE HORNE VAIZEY, (W. & R. CHAMBERS) is the account of the struggle of four girls to get on in the world. It is full of the right feeling, and is bright and interesting. Boys who like adventures will rejoice in *Anthony Everton*, by J. S. FLETCHER, and in *Brains and Bravery*, a collection of stories by G. A. HENTY, GUY BOOTHBY, and others.

Reminiscences of a Royal Academician, by JOHN CALLCOTT HORSLEY, R.A. (JOHN MURRAY), is not only an interesting but also—for reference as to artistic matters—a very useful work. HORSLEY commenced artistically: that, from his earliest days, was his bent. Both his father, WILLIAM HORSLEY, and his mother, a daughter of Dr. CALLCOTT, were musical, the former "being known as one of the most famous of English musicians," a distinction testified to by the expressed opinion of FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTOLDY. There are few well recognised names in the world of art within the last century that are not at least mentioned, with some characteristic note about each one, in these recollections. Mr. HORSLEY was specially attracted by the Flemish school, as the cleverly-graduated perspective of his "interiors," in not a few of the best specimens of his work, demonstrates. The book contains many highly amusing anecdotes; the one concerning his visit to Madame la Baronne DE BOURG is among the best. Early in his career he was a frequent theatre-goer, the god of his idolatry on the stage being T. P. COOKE, the original of William in JERROLD's drama of *Black Eyed Susan*. He knew the KEMBLEs personally, and alludes to such queens of the ballet as TAGLIONI, DUCVERNAY, CERITO and FANNY ELSLER, whose performance, in those past days, was, to many, a greater attraction than the opera. He has a good story of the nervous JOHN PARRY at the annual dinner of the Royal Academy Club, and gives impartial summaries of the character, life, and work of some of our greatest Academicians. HORSLEY was devoted to his art, of blameless life, numbering among a considerable acquaintance many true friends and no enemies.





MY STEAM MOTOR-CAR.

(1) MONDAY.—I buy a beautiful steam motor-car. Am photographed. (2) TUESDAY.—I take it out. Pull the wrong lever, and back into a shop window. A bad start. (3) WEDNESDAY MORNING.—A few things I ran over. (4) WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.—Took too sharp a turn. Narrowly escaped knocking down Policeman at the corner. Ran over both his feet. (5) THURSDAY MORNING.—Got stuck in a ditch four miles from home. (6) THURSDAY EVENING.—Arrive home. Back the car into the shed. Miss the door and knock the shed down. (7) FRIDAY.—Ran over my neighbour's dog. (8) SATURDAY.—Silly car breaks down three miles from home. Hire a horse to tow it back. (9) SUNDAY.—Filling up. Petrol tank caught fire. Wretched thing burnt. Thank goodness !

FEMINA DUX CAUSÆ.

(Or what we have been saved from.)

THE opening of the Law Courts yesterday, after the Christmas Vacation of 1923, was marked by the commencement of the hearing, before Mrs. Justice GRUNDY, of the breach of promise action brought by Mrs. YELLOWLEAF, a widow, against Mr. JOHN SMITH. Mrs. NAGGER, K.C., Mrs. LONGBOW, K.C., and Miss XANTHIPPE SMART represented the plaintiff, whilst the defendant, though evidently suffering from extreme nervousness, conducted his own case.

Mrs. NAGGER, K.C., in opening the plaintiff's case, said that though Mrs. YELLOWLEAF was an unprotected female she was as much entitled as the gentlemen of the jury to say "*Civis Romanum sum*," and appeal to the laws of her country, which in some respects were applied with more equality than formerly, or she (the learned counsel) would not be there addressing that Court. The defendant, who was little better than a snake in sheep's clothing, had been present at a small dance which the plaintiff had given at her own house. The plaintiff was wearing, on that occasion, a champagne-coloured velvet gown, with a deep flounce of fine net all round, an overskirt of green embroidered gauze cut away on one side to show a panel of old Flemish point, and a bodice with shoulder straps studded with cabochons of emeralds.

Mrs. Justice Grundy (*interposing*). Not quite so fast, please. I must take this down.

Miss Xanthippe Smart. I have a number of photographs here, if your Ladyship would like to see them.

Mrs. Longbow, K.C. I propose to put in the paper patterns later on, my Lady.

Mrs. Justice Grundy. Quite right; but would it not be more satisfactory for us to see the plaintiff in the costume? There are several lady journalists present.

Mrs. Nagger, K.C. If your Ladyship pleases.

The Court then adjourned for three hours to enable the plaintiff to dress.

Upon the learned Judge resuming her seat, Mrs. NAGGER, K.C., continuing, informed the jury that they would hear from the plaintiff's own lips what the defendant had said to her on the stairs after supper on the evening in question.

The defendant, rising, said in a trembling voice that he supposed it

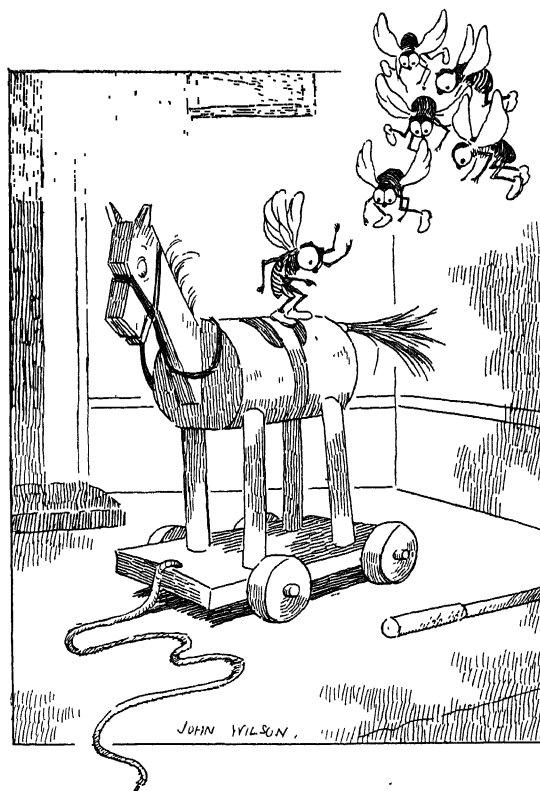
was still the law that the lady's story would need to be corroborated.

The whole of the plaintiff's counsel, rising *en masse*, contended in chorus that the law was a libel upon their sex.

Order having been restored, Mrs. NAGGER, K.C., said that as a concession to the defendant as a mere man she would call two of Mrs. YELLOWLEAF's children, who were perfect little dears, and appeared to have been listening on the top landing.

The defendant was understood to say that they ought to have been in bed.

Mrs. Justice GRUNDY said that if ex-



"HI, YOU FELLOWS, COME AND HAVE A GAME. HERE'S A HORSE THAT CAN'T FLICK HIS TAIL."

pressions like that were going to be used she would have to clear the Court.

The defendant having apologised, her Ladyship expressed a desire to see the children, and they were accordingly carried in. After a good game of hide-and-seek on the Bench, they soon appeared quite at their ease, and submitted to be nursed by the plaintiff's junior counsel.

The Court then adjourned for afternoon tea.

It is not expected that the case will be finished during these sittings.

TO A CERTAIN AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE.—
Good wishes for a Happy New Year.

MRS. CRUMPET'S CONFIDENCES.

III.

DEAR MR. PUNCH, In the intervals of labours culinary and giving a helping hand, which without, goodness knows what would happen, the new kitchen-maid having no more sense than an owl, being brought up to play the piano which in her station... that sentence has gone wrong in the oven, *Mr. Punch*. Consequent, I begin again. In my time off, as I was saying, I purpose to compile a little volume on the Management of Mistresses. Scores

of silly young ganders have I seen, leaving good situations, or being compulsory sacked, from suchlike ignorance. "A cook's life is a dog's life," say they. To which I answer, with what the French call impressment, "Not if you choose your mistress careful, and stand no nonsense." Tact and firmness are the requisitioned qualities; and for tact, firmness, and light pastry MARTHA CRUMPET is without concurrence (another French idiotism).

For example. New-fangledness and giving up of good old customs is that which I never have abided and never will abide. A day or two back my mistress—a young, pretty little thing, *Mr. Punch*, with no real harm in her, but needing guidance—comes to talk to me concerning the Christmas dinner. Pretty much what I expected, it was. French dishes, and snippety kickshaws, and never a mouthful of seasonable fare in the lot.

"Ho!" says I when she had finished, "and is that all, M'm?"

"Yes," she says; "but you'll remember about that *suprême de—*"

"Supreme of fiddlesticks!" I cried. "Supreme of rubbish, supreme of silly young folk that think they know better than their by-gones! You've ordered what you think you'd like, and now I'll tell you what you'll have. Soup and fish, please yourself," I says, she gasping with surprise. "But roast beef, and turkey, and plum pudding, and mince pies—those are signque-nons. Thereabouts I'm adamant."

Mistress goes red, and runs away. Master sends for me, and accuses me of swearing, my last word, seemingly, being often pronounced not as I does, accenting the second.

"Ha, well," he says, when I explain

my determine, "have it your own way, Mrs. CRUMPET—have it your own way. Only don't bother your mistress. Plum-pudding and mince-pies, by Jove! Quite a novelty; haven't tasted them for years."

That's what comes of tact and firmness. But, oh the silliness of those who want to obsolesce the good old Christmas ways! You're not that direction inclined, Mr. Punch, bless your honest face! "An exploded myth"! "Senseless customs"! Well, let 'em talk, the sour prattlers. Let 'em mope by themselves, and welcome; *we* don't want them. Spite of them, the old ways will go on this Christmas and long after *their* time—the plum-pudding and the parties, and the holly and mistletoe, and the meeting of friends, the forgiving of enemies, the kindness to the poor—they will go on, mind you! And blessings on them each and all, says I, and blessings on the Christmas which brings them! Yours obediently,

MARTHA CRUMPET.

BEAGLING.

THE LAST RUN.

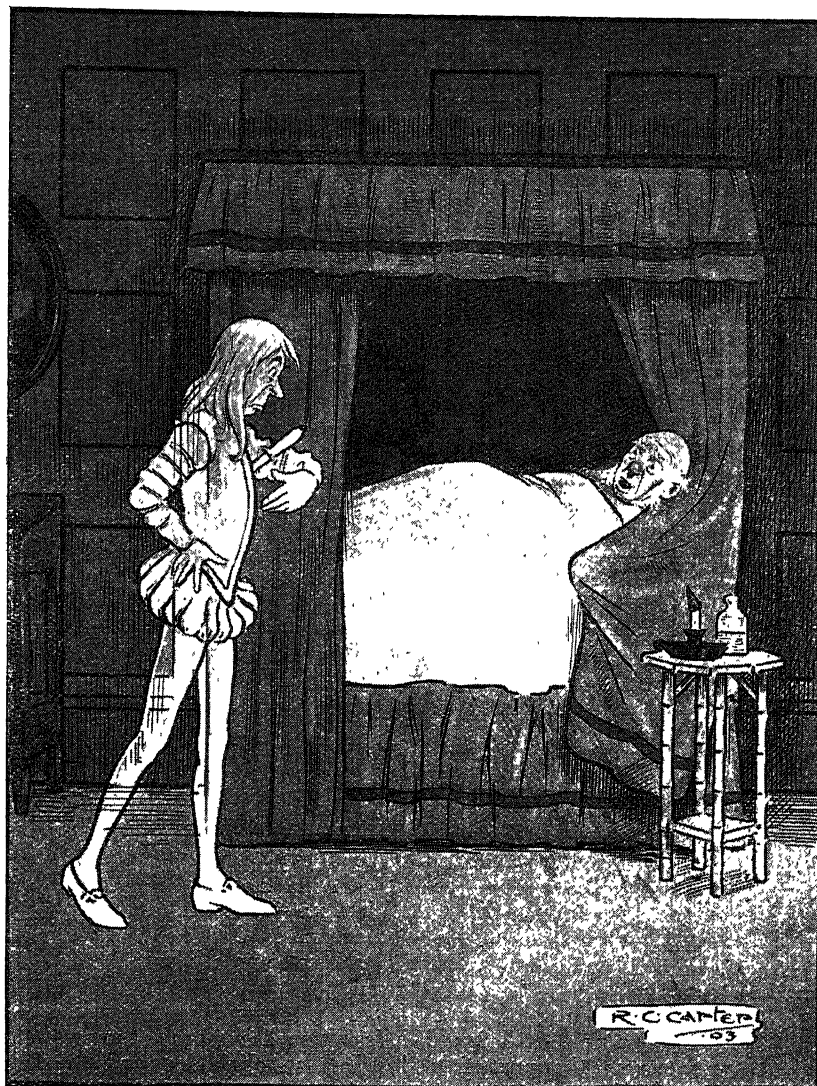
I CAUGHT the train the next time I went beagling, so did the blue-eyed whip; in fact, we travelled down together, and the only drawback to the whole situation was the fog. It turned from black and yellow to white as we left town for country, and combined with the frost had the same effect on our hair as we walked from the station to the meet. What with the mist, and my eyelashes all getting frozen and tangled together, it is hardly to be wondered at if, when we arrived, I mixed up strangers and friends and found myself in confidential conversation with the Field Master, with whom I had no previous acquaintance. It was KITTY who reminded me of this fact, and when I assured her that my mistake was entirely due to the weather, she said it was not too misty for her to see very clearly how the land lay.

"And, DOLLY dear," she continued, "I am quite capable of looking after my own property, thank you."

"Of course, dear," I replied. "And it certainly wants cultivating; but I would not build too much upon it—it looks a little small to support you."

KITTY glared; she stands 5 feet 10½ and has red hair and other natural advantages; the Field Master stands 5 feet 2, and would be insignificant if it weren't for his white breeches. She glared, and I *think* she said, "Cat!" but at that moment the Field Master came up, and she asked what sort of field it was.

"Oh, rotten as usual," I replied, and



CHRISTMAS EVE.

Guest (who has been put in the Haunted Room, to Ghostly Visitant). "Oh, GO AWAY! WHAT'S A STILETTO IN THE CHEST COMPARED WITH THREE GLASSES OF BROWN'S CHAMPAGNE?"

then, as they all looked annoyed, I hastened to add that, considering the neighbourhood, it was as good a field as we could expect—rather green and soft-looking. Even that did not mend matters, and I was quite relieved when the trumpet-man began to play, and we all started off at a good round pace. I had been practising round the croquet lawn, and I was in better form than even the trumpet-man, who, I noticed, never played quite fair, for as soon as we caught him up he'd make us all wait until he had got on about twenty yards ahead, then blow his trumpet and race off with a huge start. His street-cry imitations were quite good, particularly, "Fresh mackerel!" and "Coal! Coal! Coal!" but he'd better have let us have those at tea and kept his breath to run with. He had one misfortune, though, for which I was

sorry. Once I found them all standing about and looking as if they had lost something. I heard a man say, "Cheque," and another, "Hard lines to lose it just now." "Was it crossed?" I ventured to ask. "Yes—worse luck," he replied. I had always been told that if they are crossed you need not worry, but the poor trumpet-man looked so gloomy in spite of his efforts to yodel that I wandered here and there, hoping to find it for him. Judge my surprise and disgust when, turning on me, he cried in a loud, exasperated voice—

"Will you stand still there!"

"Never mind," said the blue-eyed whip, who was quite close, "he's had such a lot of cheques to-day, poor chap, no wonder he's annoyed."

"Why, doesn't he like them, then?" I asked; but before he could answer the trumpet-man broke into the con-

versation with a wild cry, and having sneaked his accustomed start, raced off like the wind, with the dogs yelping piteously. Of course we all tried to catch him up as usual, and presently I found myself abreast of KITTY, jumping and stumbling through a boggy field of roots. A gap in a thick prickly hedge invited us. KITTY avoided it, but I rushed through the gap, and felt myself immediately held by invisible hands.

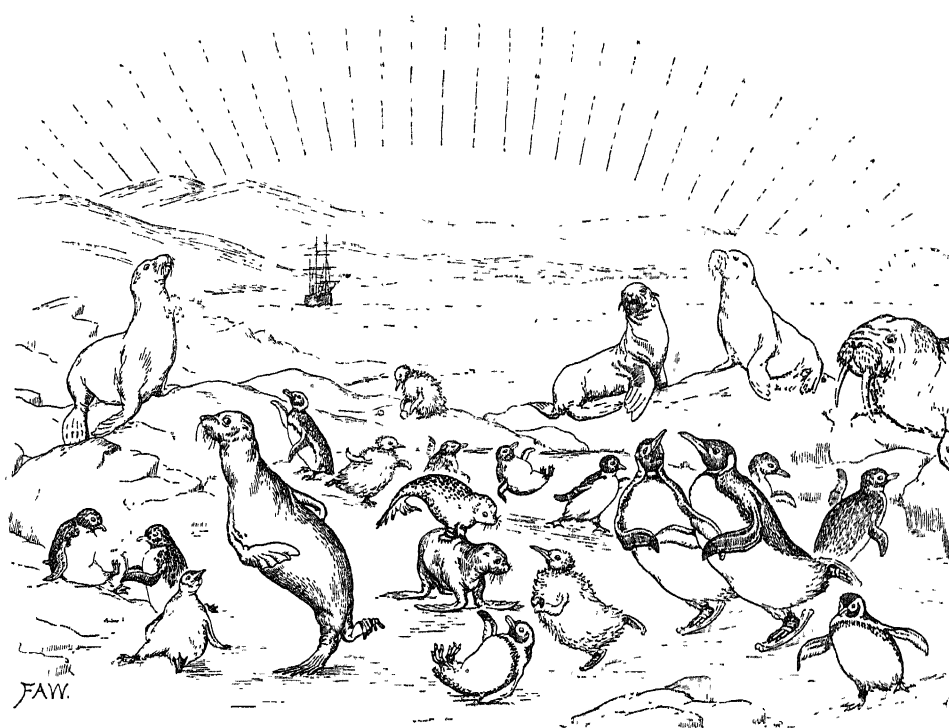
"KITTY, dear!" I called, as she emerged into the next field, "something's got me!"

"Yes," she said, "barbed wire—keep you quiet for a bit!"

"Aren't you going to help me?" I exclaimed.

"Oh yes, dear," she replied, "if we come back this way." And she disappeared in the mist.

"Cat!" I said—not once but many times, while I unhooked myself in some places and hooked myself back again in others. Then there came a terrible shock. I thought it was an earthquake—but looking up I saw it was a portly gentleman who kept flinging himself chest downwards on the top of the hedge, which firmly and politely returned him to the field he came from. Whether he was an escaped maniac or only a beagler I don't know, but at the fifth performance he began to make loud and emphatic remarks of such a horrifying nature that I found myself half-way across the next field before I knew it, leaving three strands of barbed wire decently arrayed in Harris tweed, and it was only a deep and rapid stream that stayed my flight. The mist was full of familiar sounds, and down the green hillside came all the dogs screaming with excitement. They hustled through the water in a smother of foam and lashing tails; the trumpet-man and the whips took the stream in their stride, two men ran and cleared it, the next slipped on the bank as he sprang, fell in on all fours, and crept out a changed creature. Then I saw KITTY and the Field Master, with white resolute faces, take hands and spring together. It was a brave and pathetic sight, but ineffective as a jump. KITTY landed knee deep—the Field Master was lost in the splash, and a silly reckless boy coming close behind dropped just between them and put the finishing touch to a romantic picture. I went round by the bridge—I preferred it—and as I crossed a hare leaped out of the mist, and then came the dear little dogs, their mouths wide open to



CHRISTMAS MORNING NEAR THE SOUTH POLE.

[“The good ship *Discovery* has been icebound near the South Pole so long that the natives are already learning to imitate the sailors in their sports and games.”]

let out the tumult of their joy. A sudden frenzy seized me, and I ran with them—ran! my feet never touched the ground! I passed through a hedge as if it were not; a branch caught my Tammy and I left it hanging there. As I ran on I was dimly conscious of my hair falling heavily about my shoulders, but I only looked back and laughed at the trumpet-man in triumph—I had got the start this time. Suddenly the hare began to wobble—it twitched its long ears and looked over its shoulder, and then the dear little thing sat down. In a moment the dogs were upon it—and I turned with a scream of horror.

“Come on!” I cried to the blue-eyed whip. “They’ll kill it!”

He laughed—but I snatched the whip from his hand and lashed the dogs right and left. It was no good. I threw down the whip and turned away. When I looked again everybody was laughing and looking at me. The trumpet-man was busily engaged, but he too looked up at me and smiled sweetly.

“Fishmonger!” I cried in withering scorn; and I turned and left the place, and would have shaken the dust from off my feet if it had been possible.

I heard steps behind me. It was the blue-eyed whip; he held my Tammy in his hand.

“Come back,” he said, “come back!—for my sake.”

Our eyes met—he meant more than

he said, and we knew it. For one moment the whole thing hung by a hare—then I turned away.

“No,” I said; “I’ll never go beagling again.” And I never did.

HAIR-RAISERS.

The proprietors of patent hair-restorers are making the most of a recent discussion which appeared in the *Daily Mail* on baldness. These gentlemen will, no doubt, be interested in a further correspondence upon similar lines.

Dr. ELGAR writes: “Every one of my airs was produced out of my own head.”

Mr. BALFOUR writes: “I should like to recommend Detacho. I know nothing like it for anyone who, like myself, is in danger of losing his hair.”

Mr. WILLIAM SYKES writes: “I am sorry to say that my hair is still very thin. However, as soon as I can get about, I look forward to forcing a few more locks.”

Mr. C. A. PEARSON writes: “Why waste money on specifics for new hair? If you want to be happy, send your cash to the Fresh Air Fund.”

We hear a good deal just now concerning “The future of ‘Barts,’” and on New Year’s Day we shall probably hear something about the Barts of the future.

THE NEW CHALDÆANS;
OR, THE ULTRA-VIOLET ART.
(My Experiences with the Magic Ground-Glass.)

FIREd by the descriptions in a morning paper this month of the Black Art as practised under the magistrates' noses in the West End of London at the present day, I determined to do a little investigation on my own account. I must premise that I am acquainted with a Professor of Psycho-physiognomy, whose At Homes are frequently attended by a Christian Scientist, whose thought-reading dressmaker is on confidential terms with the crystal-gazing lady's-maid of the clairvoyante in question, or (as she prefers to be called) the Spectroscopic Mage. Through these devious channels I obtained the necessary introduction and password, together with the clues to her laboratory and sanctum, which I regret to say I am forbidden to reveal under pain of instant polarisation. I therefore took the first bus, and, by the production of three-pence, hypnotised the conductor into giving me a ticket for the requisite distance. I then electro-magnetised the driver into stopping his vehicle at the corner of a fashionable street, the headquarters of the present-day mystics, which connects Piccadilly with Oxford Street, and straightway followed up the clues . . .

On arriving at my destination I passed through a series of thirteen ante-chambers, the first of which was illuminated with a blue light, and the subsequent rooms with a gradually increasing violet tinge, and all of them thronged with the Smart Set in various stages of hysteria and collapse. As, however, I was armed with a metabolic tessera which I picked up the other day at Eleusis, I was ushered by a succession of attendant demiurges into the Presence without more ado. The arcanum was suffused with the invisible hyperactinic rays of the spectrum, so that I was unable to see the Mage, and was only aware of being in her proximity by the impact of ions at my finger-ends. When the cerebral disturbance caused by these cathode cross-currents had temporarily subsided, I ventured to breathe again, and found I was still alive. I was further assured of this by hearing a voice, in which I fancied I recognised a faint Cockney accent. I felt more than ever on the very edge of the Borderland between East and West when It commanded me to transfer all the precious metal and paper in my pockets into an alembic dimly illumined with radium. This done, I stated my purpose, and forthwith fell into a semi-cataleptic state on being bidden to thrust my head under the folds of some sable velvety material and gaze, in the darkness, at



NUNC AUT NUNQUAM.

Voice from bottom of ditch. "HOLD HARD A MINUTE! MY MONEY HAS SLIPPED OUT OF MY POCKETS, AND IT'S ALL DOWN HERE SOMEWHERE!"

the Magic Rectangle of ground crystal. It appeared to be part of a piece of mechanism which was supported on a tripod and connected somehow with a pair of prisms set at an angle . . .

After a period of tense silence the prophetess recommenced. "You have just come into the spectroscope in an inverted position," she chaunted in a weird monotone. "I see by the helium lines that in two days' time you will be wishing everyone a Happy New Year. I see you put on your hat and greatcoat and leave the house. I see you meet a lady in Hyde Park by the Achilles statue. She passes you by, for she does not know you. I see you enter your Club and sit down—I think on a seat with padded cushions, yes, I see you order a drink—it is whisky and soda."

I was so intensely interested that my throat became quite dry by auto-suggestion. "By the D. lines," continued the

Pythia, "I see you are playing at Bridge, yes, there are three other players, and your opponents have won a Grand Slam. You feel in your pockets, and they are empty . . . What is this? You rush out in the street into the arms of a policeman—you are arrested for the use of bad language in a public place. Ah—"

She broke off abruptly.

"I can see nothing more of you," she said. "It is useless to tax the crystal further. You may regain your normal attitude."

I groped for the door, and my heart beat so violently that it bumped me up against the mystagogue in waiting, and I knew no more until I found myself out in the street.

I thereupon registered a resolve not to go near the Club on New Year's Day, and am just off into the country, where I hope the neo-Chaldæan lady is too busy with her clients to follow me.

STUDIES OF BLIGHTED LIVES.

IV.—THE NEW RENAISSANCE.

I KNEW him in his yearning youth,
Before the change that brought the heart's ache,
A plunger down the wells of Truth,
And sworn to follow Art for Art's sake.
O frost that nips the nascent rose!
O bloom that prematurely blithers!
How could we then forecast the close
Of ANDREA DEL RESARTO SMITHERS?

A front like PHIDIAS (ancient Greek),
A mouth the very mate of TITIAN'S,
A CHANTREY'S chin, a WATTEAU'S cheek,
A WHISTLER'S eye for exhibitions;
Dowered with a halo fitting tight
As clings the mould about a jelly—
He was to be the black-and-white
Equivalent of BOTTICELLI!

The Editor of *Brush and Plume*,
A man of sound commercial fibre,
Thought ANDREA'S art might be a boom
And catch the better-class subscriber;
But often, owing to the stress
Of more immediate local matters,
That graphic print would go to press
Without his prancing nymphs and satyrs.

Then came the sudden Kodak phase,
When Art was shelved for Actualities,
The Living-Types-of-Beauty craze,
Stage Frights and semi-nude banalities;
Back flew the latest masterpiece
Enclosed with editorial strictures:
"These contributions now must cease;
No further use for fancy pictures."

The blow, although no blood was spilt,
Could hardly fail to wring the withers
Of one so delicately built
As ANDREA DEL RESARTO SMITHERS;
He bowed before the crushing fates,
Then rose again by nice gradations,
And now he does the fashion plates
Published in *Woman's Transformations*.

'Tis true he owns a sumptuous flat
Who once conversed with gods in garrets;
I grant he's growing sleek and fat
On turtle soup and vintage clarets;
But none the less, when I recall
The former hopes on which he fasted,
I recognise the moral fall,
The great career untimely blasted.

O. S.

NAVAL CONVEYANCING.—From the *Liverpool Sporting Express* we gather that "active preparations are stated to have been set on foot by the British Admiralty in view of the crisis in the Far East." In the same column is to be found the statement (suspiciously ominous when read in connection with the above), that "six brass cannon which adorned the parade of the Rotunda at Woolwich have mysteriously disappeared."

THE following appreciation reaches us from India, and refers to a brand of Trichinopoly cigars:

"A genuine stuff will fall back on its excellence for public sympathy, and every one could unhesitatingly depend upon it that a thing would have but a short-lived possession which does not materially keep itself in toe with the assurances given out concerning it."

PICKY BACK.

(Being the Fourth Passage from the re-inconanation of Picklock Holes.)

It was a foggy evening in the early part of December, and HOLES and I were, as usual, sitting together in my modest but comfortable first-floor apartments (£2 a week, lights not included) in Baker Street. The lamp, an Argand, was burning brightly on the centre of the table, and its diffused light, moderated by an unpretending green shade, shone on the cold ascetic features of the most phenomenal thought-expert of this or any other age. His lean hands were extended on the arms of his chair, and a slight drumming noise made by his long lean fingers showed that his mind was busy. I was sitting at the other side of the room, devoting myself, according to my custom, partly to a profound admiration of his many qualities of head and heart, and partly to not being noticed by the impassive object of my enthusiasm.

At last HOLES looked up. His hands still remained comparatively idle, but his face was working convulsively, as faces are apt to do under the overpowering influence of some sudden detective emotion. Then he spoke:—

"I don't agree with you, friend POTSON," he said sharply. "The man, of course, is stout and has a hare-lip, but he is otherwise not unsuited to the amenities of polite society."

I was about to gasp with astonishment, not having the very vaguest idea of what he was referring to, but a stern expression on HOLES'S face warned me to be careful. Accordingly I fell back on a formula suitable for all such occasions, and merely remarked in an awe-struck voice, "HOLES, you become more and more marvellous every day! How on earth did you manage"—I was about to add (somewhat incautiously, I admit)—"to find out with such extraordinary precision exactly what I was not thinking about?" But HOLES interrupted me.

"The simplest thing in the world, my dear POTSON, when you once come to know the steps of the process. You want to know how I found out you were thinking that our friend CHICKWEED was an outsider? Nay, nay, do not interrupt me. I know what you are going to say, so you need not say it. This is how I discovered it. You have an inkmark on the first finger of your right hand. As you looked at it your lips moved. Hence we get ink-lip. The letter before i is h, and n and k are by DONDERKOPF'S well-known law closely related to a and r. Thus, instead of 'ink' we get 'har' and, since EDGAR ALLAN POE has shown in the story of the 'Gold Bug' that e is the letter of most frequent occurrence in the language, we just pop e on at the end of the word, and thus we get 'hare-lip.' CHICKWEED is the only man of our acquaintance who possesses that painful labial peculiarity, and therefore I knew that you must be thinking of him. Do you follow me?"

It was now permissible to gasp, and I did so.

"HOLES, HOLES," I murmured in a deeply appreciative voice, "will you never cease to astound me?" HOLES waved the compliment aside, and I was just about to question him further on his remarkable gift of thought-reading when an agitated step sounded in the passage, the sitting-room door was unceremoniously flung open, and a dishevelled young man with his hat pressed down to his chin and a face bearing the evident marks both of dissipation and of suffering flung himself violently into the middle of the room.

"Mr. HOLES," he shouted in an agonised voice, "save me, save me. I am the miserable, the persecuted, the down-trodden—but tush, why should I tell my name to a man who knows everything by intuition? Suffice it to say that, as you have already guessed, I am indeed he, and that the plot of which I am the victim is thickening every moment. Save me, oh save me!"

With these words he collapsed in a heap on the floor, and no efforts of mine availed to resuscitate him. In desperation I was about to apply my 10-horse-power galvaniser, when HOLES stopped me.

"No bungling, friend POTSON," he hissed. "I know this man. It is"—and with a dramatic gesture he uncovered his (HOLES'S) head and sang a few bars of what was evidently a national anthem—"It is the unhappy monarch of Paflagonia!"

I knelt and kissed the fallen King's hand. "What shall we do with him?" I asked.

HOLES'S face grew stern. "Throw him out of the third-floor window," he said. "It is what he himself would have wished, for it is the only method of saving him from his relentless foes."

I did as HOLES commanded me. At the subsequent coroner's inquest, which HOLES very generously attended, the young man's name was given as SMITH, and under this name and a plain head-stone he was buried. The creature who now sits upon the throne of Paflagonia is, of course, an impostor, but, for reasons of state, which I have never, I admit, been able to fathom, HOLES has consistently refused to denounce him. When I urge him to this course he simply smiles and says, "POTSON, you must leave these matters to me. In my own good time I shall do what the necessity of the case may force upon me, but for the present I shall not disturb the peace of Paflagonia." And with that I am forced to be content.

SOME CHRISTMAS APPEALS.

The following advertisement appeared last week in the personal column of a morning newspaper:—

AUSTRALIAN Lady, young, dreads a boarding-house Christmas, and will consider INVITATION to DINE with family on Christmas Day.

We have pleasure in reproducing some other "agonies":—

HOUSEHOLDER, Middle-aged, desirous of escaping Christmas bills and boxes, will accept a FREE TOURIST TICKET Round the World.

BACHELOR UNCLE, elderly, with forty-five Nephews and Nieces (including ten God-children), will gladly transfer his LIABILITIES to an OBLIGING MILLIONAIRE.

CURMUDGEON, old, anxious to avoid Christmas altogether, will Entertain—an OFFER of HOSPITALITY from the Sultan of TURKEY or the Grand Lama of TIBET.

GENTLEMAN, of the Usual Age and Unbounded Philanthropy, but with Limited Means to gratify the same, will



CHAS. PEARCE D.T.

ABSENT-MINDED.

The "Young Man." "GOOD MORNING, MISS SMITH. I AM SO SORRY. I CAN'T THINK WHERE I PUT THE ROSE I PROMISED TO BRING YOU!"

[He had put it in his hat, so as to be on a soft spot.]

receive FINANCIAL ASSISTANCE from any DESERVING CAPITALIST, and will Celebrate the Occasion in his Company at some Leading London RESTAURANT.

CHARWOMAN, of No Particular Age, but of Guaranteed Appetite, will Take Care of the LARDER and CELLAR of any WELL-TO-DO FAMILY leaving Town.

BROKER'S MAN, old-established and reliable, who has no FIRESIDE of his Own, will be pleased to BOARD with a SPLENDID BANKRUPT on the Usual Terms.

LADY, not yet 70, but with no Other ATTRACTIONS and ACCOMPLISHMENTS, will consent to act as WET BLANKET at any Social Gathering where the Young People are likely to be Too HILARIOUS.

LITTLE MARY, still quite Young and Hearty, offers her SERVICES Gratis at Comfortable Home where a GOOD TABLE is kept.

POLICEMAN, Sociable, who dreads the dullness of a Christmas Evening Beat, is available for WELCOME by GREGARIOUS COOK.

DYSPEPTIC, broken-down, who has not eaten a SQUARE MEAL for years, will readily assist as a DEAD-HEAD at the Christmas Dinner of High-class BOARDING ESTABLISHMENT in return for Three Days' Lodging and Use of COSY CORNER.

MR. PUNCH, ever young, who can keep CHRISTMAS anywhere, will preside over every Yule-tide party in the Kingdom.

THE ADVANTAGES OF PROTECTION.

I WELL remember when it was that some conception of the vast importance of this subject first dawned upon me. I was, at the time, quite a small boy, but with very large ideas as regards providing myself with the necessaries of life, as I interpreted the phrase. "Wholesale Confiscation" expresses admirably the salient features of my *modus operandi* at this period, a policy which involved constant friction with various hostile powers, owing to the restrictive measures which they thought fit to adopt for the safeguarding of their interests in the larder and in the store cupboard.

Let it be stated plainly here that I was then distinctly averse to Protection in any shape or form.

My first important change of policy occurred in connection with the imports of tobacco.

The largest power in our community (who practically controlled the import of this commodity at that time) finding that, in spite of his protective restrictions, he was losing a large proportion of his own profitable enjoyment of this staple article—and suspecting the cause—invited me to a discussion of the points at issue. The discussion resolved itself into a remarkably Free Tirade upon my behaviour in the matter, and ended with a peremptory command "to go to my room," and there to await his peroration.

It was a serious situation, and demanded a rapid review of all my preconceived ideas; I could not fail to recognise the extreme gravity of the occasion and the pressing nature of the danger to my unprotected condition.

What was to be done? Mind you, this was the first time in my recollection that the Phys'cal Question had any particular interest for me personally.

Retaliation was not to be thought of for a moment; *Negotiation* was not likely to be attended with even the slightest degree of success; *Sequestration* appealed to me strongly as a possible solution of the difficulty (I was always of a retiring disposition), but, when half-way under the bed, common-sense warned me that this course held out no prospect of final evasion of the threatened evil, and might even result in an alarming aggravation of it;—*Emigration* occurred to me, but the sound of firm, decided footsteps ascending the stairway convinced me that further debate on the point must prove futile—my retreat was cut off; one other alternative suggested itself, and I acted upon it. Even after this long interval I must confess to a feeling of pardonable pride at the quickness of my decision, and at the admirable

promptitude and dexterity with which I gave it a practical—and fairly natural—shape. In short—I adopted principles of protection, with the happy result (speaking from my point of view) that I escaped any inconvenience that must otherwise have resulted from the incidence of what he was pleased to call his "duty" (laid on with a slipper).

I do not claim that this incident is on "all fours" (the expression recalls the helplessness of my position) with the larger question which is at present giving the average individual something upon which he may animadvert with confidence born of supreme ignorance, bolstered up by nice, long, fat words of dubious meaning.

There were, in my mind, no fears of attacks on corn, the bastinado never



Gentle Stranger (to nervous gentleman returning from a Christmas-tide party) "APPY NEW YEAR T' YE, GUV'NOR. YOU WOULDN'T LIKE TO MAKE ME A PRESENT OF THE GOLD WATCH AND CHAIN AS YOU'VE GOT ABOUT YOU, LIKEWISE A FEW GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS FOR GOOD CONDUCT?"

having been favoured as a punitive expedient in our community; but, as a straw will indicate the direction of the wind, so may this practical example of the benefits derivable from properly adjusted protective principles, as applied solely to the more vulnerable parts of the system, be of some use and help to those who find it difficult to determine unaided what to believe of the mass of conflicting statistics and statements with which they find themselves confronted at the present juncture.

THE announcement, in a Tunbridge Wells shop window, of "Accordion Pleated Nuns" finds a terrible parallel in the *Hants and Sussex News*, where a firm of bootmakers advertises that it has "engaged the services of Practical Hand-sewn Men."

THE REFORMED SET.

[A writer in the *Ladies' Field* has replied to RITA's indictment of the Smart Set with the statement that their pleasures are in reality simple and strenuous. Their favourite game is said to be Shinty, which is described as "a wild and tumultuous version of hockey, in which there are absolutely no rules."]

It was Lord ADALBERT PERCEVAL CHOLMONDLEY-CHOLMONDLEY's first season in London after an absence of five years. In the winter of 1903 he had been compelled by financial troubles to emigrate to Clapham. For five years he had trekked about the Great Common, teaching the natives of that unexplored region Bridge and similar games of skill, and now, having by these means amassed a handsome fortune, he had returned to the ancestral residence in Belgravia, prepared to fill once more his long-vacated place in the Smart Set.

The Red Book informed him that his old friends, the BRABAZON-SMITHS, still lived at their old address. Thither on the afternoon after his arrival he repaired.

As he approached the drawing-room a curious intermittent thudding sound reached his ears, and the voice of the footman announcing his name was drowned in a burst of applause. Something interesting seemed to have been going on in the middle of the room. It was evidently over, for people were strolling about, talking to one another. Lord ADALBERT saw his host coming towards him, and went to meet him.

Mr. BRABAZON-SMITH greeted him effusively.

"What has been going on?" he replied in answer to a question. "Oh, you ought to have come earlier. It's over now. We've just been fighting off the semi-finals of the Smart Set Middle Weights competition."

"The what?"

"I keep forgetting that you have been abroad for so long. We go in a great deal for Boxing now in Society. I fancy we were taking to athletics when you left. We used to play Shinty then, if I recollect rightly. The game is still very popular. Poor old MOUNT-ARARAT—you remember him?—was killed at it the other day. We all told him that he was too old, but he would play, and he got a fractured skull and never recovered. But come round with me, and I'll show you a few of our celebrities. You see that wiry-looking man? That is the Duke of DATCHET. He has just beaten the Stockbrokers' champion over the Brighton course. He is talking to the man they call SANDOW THE SECOND. He can lift a billiard table in his teeth. Strictly between ourselves he owes his great social success entirely to the feat, for he has few other merits.

Just beyond him is Sir JOHN GREGORY, who defeated HACKENSCHMIDT at the Tivoli the other night. The Terrible Bart they call him. Those two men are the best half-backs in the Park Lane Prowlers' F.C. They are playing for England next Saturday against Wales. The Prowlers have had a very good season this year. They beat Oxford, Cambridge, Blackheath, and Newport, and drew with Richmond after a great game. That tall man by the fireplace is our full-back. He dropped two goals against Blackheath from outside the half-way line. Both against the wind, too. Oh, yes, we are a capital team. You must join us. Then we run a cricket team, too, the Belgravia Butterflies. We were very successful last season, and the Marquis of ANGLESEY, who headed our averages, is going out with WARNER's next team to Australia. There was a little difficulty at first, but they said he might wear his jewels, so it's all right, and he's going. DOWNSHIRE has been invited, too. He's our best bowler. So clever, you know."

"And you still play Bridge, of course?" queried Lord ADALBERT.

"Bridge? Bridge? Don't know it. Is it a game? You must teach it us."

In one of the larger oases on the Great Common you will see a simple red-brick hut. On its door-post are the words "Wistaria Villa." Enter, and you will be shown into the presence of Lord ADALBERT PERCEVAL CHOLMONDLEY-CHOLMONDLEY. He has returned to the wilds.

MR. PUNCH'S TARIFF COMMISSION.

WHEREAS it has been represented to *Mr. Punch* that divers of his readers and liege subjects are troubled and perturbed in their minds as to whether it were better to have "A Large Loaf and No Wages" or "Large Wages and No Loaf," therefore *Mr. Punch*, in the exercise of his supreme authority, has decreed that the following persons, individuals, and nonentities shall constitute his Royal Tariff Commission:—

- Mr. A. J. BALFOUR—a rising young Member of Parliament who has fairly earned a position of responsibility.
- Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING—the famous engineering expert.
- Mr. ALFRED DAVIES, M.P.—the greatest authority on the Welsh cigar trade.
- Mr. HARRIS—the Sausage King. An authority on the food of the lower classes.
- Mr. J. M. BARRIE—THE authority on the food of the upper ten.
- Sir H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN }—administrative ex-
- Mr. BRODRICK } parts of the best
- Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL—as 'A Man of Kent,' will adequately represent



GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

"UNCLE FITZ-MIDAS HAD QUARRELLED WITH US—WE WERE ESTRANGED. WE VENTURED TO INVITE HIM AT CHRISTMAS-TIME—HE ACCEPTED. WITH DELIGHT WE OFFERED HIM THE OLIVE BRANCH. . . . WE HAVEN'T SEEN HIM SINCE, AND THERE IS AN END OF OUR GREAT EXPECTATIONS."

[Extract from despairing letter of Georgina to dear friend.

- the hop trade and brewing interests.
- Mr. MAX PEMBERTON—a noted spinner of long yarns.
- Dr. CLIFFORD—a unique expert in racks, thumbscrews, and faggots.
- Mr. A. HARMSWORTH—England's largest mirror manufacturer.
- Mr. H. W. MASSINGHAM—the famous importer and manufacturer of atrocities.
- Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL—representing Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL.
- Mr. JESSE COLLINGS—representing the important bottle-washing industry.
- Mr. JUSTICE GRANTHAM—the chosen representative of the publican interest.
- Lord LANSLOWNE—the "revolver" and "railway" expert.
- Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN—a gentleman whose varying views on economic questions are calculated to intro-

duce an element of judicial balance into the discussions of the Commission.

Secretary to the Commission, Dr. RUTHERFOORD HARRIS, who will prefix to the Commission's Report (already in type, through the benevolent forethought of *Mr. Punch*) such date or dates as may seem to the joint wisdom of the Commissioners best calculated to impress the public.

Given at our Palace in Bouverie Street this thirtieth day of December, 1903.

PUNCH.

Wise and Otherwise.

THE wise man, by the old familiar rule, is wise, because he knows himself a fool. The foolish man (all history will show it), is he who *is* a fool, but doesn't know it.

LEAP-YEAR PROSPECTS.

DAWN, at whose breaking the hearts of the gloomy
 Quicken like trees at the presage of Spring,
 Tell me of Her that is coming to woo me,
 Coming to wed me, her bridegroom, her king;
 Year, whose propitious arrival may restitute
 Courage in celibates worn at the knee,
 Friend of philogamists baffled and destitute,
 What of the bride you are bringing to me?

Is she a maiden commanding and queenly—
 Deep-eyed and beautiful—pleasant and plain?
 Is she—great WELLER!—a widow, serenely
 Settled on trying her fortunes again?
 Or is she fairly dainty and winsome—
 Sweet one-and-twenty, or still in her teens?
 Speak of her looks and her "ways" and put in some
 Sound information concerning her "means."

How will she woo me? With ogling and deep sighs,
 Floods of hyperbole, butter and gush?
 Should I be placidly blind to her sheeps' eyes?
 How in the world can I compass a blush?
 Say, if the lady insists upon kneeling,
 Calls me "beloved," it may be, or "sweet,"
 What sort of lunatic I shall be feeling?
 What shall I do with my hands and my feet?

When, in response to her fervid persuasion,
 I have emitted a faltering "Yes,"
 Who should proceed to improve the occasion,
 Which should impart the initial caress?
 If she takes liberties, ought I to scold her?
 Is it "laid down," or a matter of taste,
 Which head reclines on the other one's shoulder,
 Whose arm encircles the other one's waist?

Truly, O Leap Year, your sporting tradition,
 When it's applied to a definite fact,
 Rather inverts one's accustomed position,
 Rather demands the employment of tact!
 Still, it displays a refreshingly bright side;
 Novel, as well; for however things go,
 I'm not afraid of them—I'm on the right side—
 I needn't fear that monotonous "No!"

DUM-DUM.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Baron, when he gives a criticism or an opinion, speaks like a book, and in this capacity he feels handsomely bound to record in public his honest admiration for *The Great Masters*, a set of reproductions in photogravure (published in London by W. HEINEMANN) from the finest works of the most famous painters down to the year 1800, with an introduction and descriptive text by Sir MARTIN CONWAY. The five parts of this most striking and interesting collection are sold at five shillings apiece, each containing four perfect reproductions of the originals. Just one-and-three-pence apiece according to the cockerest Cocker! And certainly worth three times the money, whether to keep in portfolio or to place on the walls appropriately framed. As a fitting Christmas gift to adorn an artistic feast, the Baron cannot imagine a present better adapted to a "table of contents" than these beautiful plates so perfectly and satisfactorily filled. In every plate there is some exceptional delicacy, dressed to perfection, and served up in deep rich brown photo-gravy, so appetising in appearance that the demand for a further supply at the same reasonable table d'hôte price (five shillings and three pence a-head) is an assured certainty.

War Sketches in Colour (A. & C. BLACK), by Captain S. E. ST. LEGER, who possesses a ready pencil, and more than one observant eye. This illustrated book is exceptionally interesting as depicting various incidents in the Boer War. The artist and scribe—two single gentlemen rolled into one—was, like the sailor who sang about the battle of the Nile, "there all the while," and so these sketches were made on the spot, and having been, subsequently, artistically coloured and reproduced, are bright in effect, and evidently true to life. The book, written in a chatty style, has many interesting anecdotes. It is somewhat of the nature of an illustrated diary, and, as the author assures us, not to be taken by any means as a history of the Boer War; nor on the other hand as mere romance.

If any one (writes the Baron's Oxonian acolyte) has omitted to pay all his Christmas devoirs, no more delightful gift is available than *Oxford: Painted by John Fulleylove, R.I., Described by Edward Thomas* (Messrs. A. & C. BLACK). This book is calculated to bring all true sons of Oxford to a still deeper sense of the charms of their *Alma Mater*. If any fault-finding be possible, it may be urged that Mr. FULLEYLOVE has a little Italianised the skies and landscape of Oxfordshire, and that Mr. THOMAS, in his graceful and ingenious commentary—wherein by the way he unearths a first-rate Spoonerism from the pages of ANTHONY À WOOD—is now and again betrayed into a slight preciousness of style.

The reappearance, in the "Modern Classics" series, after so many years, of *The Cloister and the Hearth*, by CHARLES READE, offered to the public by JOHN LONG at the ridiculously small price of two shillings, is interesting as a literary landmark on the progressive road of English romance. "A small portion of this tale," CHARLES READE himself informs us in the preface, "first appeared in *Once a Week*, July—September, 1859, under the title of *A Good Fight*." Then he went to work at it for over a year, and developed the story so considerably that, as he tells us in the same preface, "four-fifths of it are a new composition." Was this development an improvement? "I doubt it, said the carpenter," and ditto says the Baron to that expression of hesitancy. CHARLES READE was a literary *Autolytus*—a scraper-together of unconsidered trifles, which he carefully numbered, lettered and indexed in one of his commonplace collection books. READE used some of this material up in concocting what he honestly considered as historical romance after the method of WALTER SCOTT, with a dash of VICTOR HUGO. Frequently in matters of detail, where he flattered himself on being strictly accurate, he was just the contrary, and generally his quickly-acquired knowledge was only a superficial gloss. READE's "defects," Mr. HANNAFORD BENNETT truly says, "arose from what has been called 'the dangerous influence of the stage.'" In the excessive praise bestowed on this particular novel by Sir WALTER BESANT and Mr. SWINBURNE the Baron deferentially owns himself unable to join. He boldly tried to read this novel right through; but, starting gaily, and undaunted by the use of big capital letters which READE employed whenever he wanted specially to attract the attention of his readers to a sensational incident, the Baron was compelled to own himself fairly beaten before he had got anything like half through the volume, and only pulled himself together in time to master the last few chapters, which are well and touchingly written. The illustrations, executed in a kind of Albert Düreresque imitation manner, are quaint and on the whole effective.



AIRS AND GRACES.

[Women seem to be taking seriously to wind-instruments. The female orchestras at Earl's Court are still fresh in the mind, and now a women's brass band is giving performances nightly in at least one place of entertainment in London.—*The Globe*.]

You bandsmen who for years have known

What your conductor's every wave meant,

And you who blissfully have blown

Your unskilled tune beside the pavement,

Too long you've been content to play,

Secure in figurative clover;

Go cast your instruments away!

Your day is practically over.

No more will maidens deign to touch

The grand piano's chequered keyboard,

And other implements of such

As wish, by turns, to bore and be bored;

Trombone and ophicleide shall thrill

As once guitar and violin did;

And women prove that they are still

Undoubtedly the longest winded.

Old customs now give place to new;

Women will put the bugler's sash on;

Hungarian bands will not be blue

If blue is not the latest fashion;

At *chic* At Homes, the men grown shy

Will leave the airy paths they trod free,

While orchestras of women eye

The bâton of a Madame GODFREY.

It's comforting to call to mind

That, quelled by our pneumatic Graces,

Bands of the brazen German kind

Must raise the wind in other places;

At first the parting needs must smart,

But this should cheer us when we've borne it:—

The song which never reached a heart

Might reach it from a lady's cornet.

SOCIETY GOSSIP.

FEW more delightful house-parties have I seen (writes the Little Bird) than that organised this Christmas at the Alexandra Palace by the ever-popular Sir THOMAS LIPTON. Many of the best-known Englishmen accepted his invitation, and seemed thoroughly to enjoy Sir THOMAS's princely hospitality. Practical jokes are now much played by the best people, and of these there was no lack. Holly leaves were put in Mr. TOM SMITH's pyjamas, and a magnificent apple-pie bed was thoughtfully prepared for Mr. PEARS.

Mr. CATESBY, whose drolleries were



TROUBLES OF A WOULD-BE SPORTSMAN.

No. I.—BADGER DIGGING.

Enthusiast. "NOW THEN, IF HE SHOULD BOLT OUT THAT SIDE, ALL YOU'VE GOT TO DO IS JUST TO FREEZE ON TO HIS TAIL TILL I CAN GET ROUND. AND MIND HE DOESN'T GET HOLD OF YOU!"

greatly relished, made a perfect booby-trap with a roll of cork lino surmounted by a garden roller. It was intended for Dr. WILLIAMS, but fell on and nearly terminated Mr. BEECHAM's Career. An excellent magnesium flashlight group of the guests was taken by Mr. DINNEFORD, and Messrs. ENO and LAMPLOUGH were prominent amongst the revellers. In the hocker-ball doubles Messrs. LAMBERT AND BUTLER showed splendid form against Messrs. DERRY AND TOMS, and after an exciting tussle the first prize in the Bridge tournament was carried off by Mr. PONTING.

THE BACON CONTROVERSY.—The omission of this article from Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's scheme of Food Taxes shows how wrong it is to call him a Whole Hogger.

THE LATEST OUTRAGE IN MOROCCO.

["In obtaining leather for the full morocco, three-quarter levant and half-morocco bindings . . . over 500,000 goats have been requisitioned."—*Mr. Hugh Chisholm in the "Times," December 18, 1903.*]

THEY dwelt among the untrodden ways
Surrounding far Tangier,
A race with whom in former times
None wished to interfere.

Secluded from the world they lived,
Unheeding, as they lay,
How many sets with leather backs
Were ordered day by day:

Till on the herd the binders fell
With awful impetus.
They slew them for the *Times*, and O
The difference to us!

HOMEWARD BOUND.

(EXTRACTS FROM THE TRAVEL DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

Boston, Tuesday morning. R.M.S. Ivernia.—Here, after long drive through teeming streets, is the boldly labelled Cunard Pier. The MEMBER FOR SARK always under impression that the Cunard Pier was its Chairman, Lord INVERCLYDE. Finds it's an ordinary wharf, its walls washed by the deep sea on which the *Ivernia* rides, like hound in leash, eager for the start.

The trumpet announces luncheon as we slowly make our way through the carefully-marked channel that makes a pathway for ocean steamers right up to the Pier. When, an hour later, we come on deck, we are well out at sea, the low coast on which Boston is built a cloud on the western horizon.

Wednesday night.—Of all the marvellous resources of civilisation on the *Ivernia* not least is the Marconi telegraph station. In a small cabin over the Captain's bridge, near the foremast, sits a young man watching and listening. On a day during our outward voyage a hundred miles to the southward the *Campania* was making her way eastward. The Cunard liners moving with the regularity of railway trains, it is possible to locate their position at a given moment. Half-an-hour before midnight the sister ships should be abeam each other. It was a pitch-dark starless night. Over the taffrail nothing to be seen but the spray of the cloven waves flashing in the electric light from deck and state cabins. Yet, afar off, unseen, approaching each other on parallel lines, at the aggregate rate of nearly fifty miles an hour, the mighty steamers drew nearer and nearer. Ships that pass in the night.

We had something to say to the *Campania*, and she had a message for us. Ours was already off, making its way through the viewless night in search of the vessel which at its nearest approach was separated by fifty miles. As in the little cabin we looked and waited the answer came. A crackling light on the glass cylinder: the operator reads out the mystic message, which, after all, is prosaic enough.

It happened on that night that Mr. Punch, after his hospitable habit that has lived through nearly sixty years, entertained his young men round "the old Mahogany Tree." I ought to have been there, but, not being a bird—you see the difficulty? Here at hand was the wizard of wireless telegraphy. Through his agency I sent fraternal greeting, a process of communication from mid-Atlantic to Bouverie Street that would make my old Master, so to speak, sit up.

"TOBY, dear Boy," I hear Mr. Punch

say, "when you and I were first acquaint, there were no larks of this kind. I believe it all comes of your going into Parliament."

Thursday.—At breakfast this morning Captain mentioned interesting fact in natural history. At certain seasons, when codfish throng the comparatively shallow waters that whelm the Banks of Newfoundland, there is scarcity of food. Below a certain depth—and there are always 30 fathoms over the Banks—food abounds, the creatures that supply it living in fancied security. A resolute cod may dive even to the bottom. But at that depth, so light does its body become by contrast with the density of the water, that the explorer shoots up before he has time to make a meal.

This condition is mastered by a smart device. The codfish, in whose eyes (especially when boiled) there is no speculation, dives straight to the pebbly bottom of the sea, selects a nice portable stone, disposes of it in his gullet, and is master of all he surveys. The pebble, acting as ballast, or as the leaden soles to the diver's boots, keeps the fish down in the lower depths, enabling him to breakfast, dine, and sup at leisure.

I don't know whether my old and esteemed friend Sir HENRY THOMPSON has in his note-book any illustrations of, or comments upon, "Stone in Cod." The fact here mentioned is incontestable, familiar to all fishermen on the Banks. Our captain is not the kind of man to go inventing things of this kind.

Monday, Mid-Atlantic.—Some 900 people "in peril on the sea" thank their stars that it finds them on the good ship *Ivernia*. She does not rank among the fastest of the Cunard fleet. She breaks no record, content with doing her modest 350 knots a day. But the run is accomplished with a comfort unknown to those who, bound for New York, go down to the sea in ships that make the passage within a week.

Barring thirty-six hours of fog, we had up to yesterday a fair passage. Can't drag in the familiar mill-pond as descriptive of state of the Atlantic. Passing ships, as we noted, with the equanimity with which men contemplate other people's difficulties, found the sea a bit rough. For the splendidly built *Ivernia* it was so smooth that up to yesterday I had, unguarded, on the table in my state-room a jar of roses, parting gift from Boston.

At sunset the wind rose rapidly, growing into a hurricane, whose force our captain, thirty years at sea, had never known exceeded. For eight hours the vessel doggedly held her way. Between one and two in the morning a huge sea, rising high as the funnel-top, swooped down on the deck. The noise deafening. The big ship shuddered

through every plank. To passengers wide awake in their berths it seemed the end of things. The *Ivernia*, after some staggering, pulled herself together and got again into stride. But the fight was unequal; the great Atlantic in angriest mood wrestling with a solitary ship. Hove-to, and lay for sixteen hours with head to the storm. When the run was made up at noon to-day it was found that in twenty-four hours we had covered eighty-three miles, a pace at which a man easily accomplishes his morning walk.

Pretty tough experience. But a happy day and night compared with what might have been on any other steamer. The *Ivernia* takes a day more than smarter vessels of the fleet to do the voyage. It is a day well spent, especially when the wintry winds do blow.

Thursday.—Liverpool at last.

Business done.—Our voyage to the States and back. Journeys end in London's greeting.

EX LUCE LUCELLUM.

THE Berlin correspondent of the *Morning Post*, who seems to be something of a humorist, recently telegraphed a brief summary of the passionate protest published by the *Allgemeine Richard Wagner Verein* against the projected performance of *Parsifal* in New York. The protest asserts that, while it has no desire to criticise the verdict of an American Judge on the legal aspect of the question, it feels impelled to give public expression to its indignation that no means can be found to prevent the sacrilege that is about to be committed in the interests of pelf as opposed to art. "RICHARD WAGNER bequeathed to art a sacred legacy which he desired to be cultivated in the hallowed building erected by him. This sublime legacy is about to be profaned in the land of dollars for the benefit of audiences to whom the essential character of Wagnerian art has never been, nor probably ever will be, revealed."

At which Mr. Punch is compelled to observe "Hoity-toity!" All this talk about "pelf" and "art" is great nonsense. No one can pretend that the performances of *Parsifal* at Bayreuth are not financially extremely profitable, and "pelf" is "pelf" whether acquired in the land of dollars or the land of marks and pfennigs. RICHARD WAGNER never bequeathed *Parsifal* as "a sacred legacy to Art." He bequeathed it, quite rightly, to Frau WAGNER, and one is glad to think she has found it a very valuable property. Nor is there any reason to believe that "the essential character of Wagnerian art"—whatever that may mean—is less likely to be

revealed to Americans in America than to Americans at Beyreuth. Again Mr. PUNCH exclaims "Hoity-Toity!"

THE SLUM CHILD.

["The problem of the little London boy, which day by day confronts puzzled magistrates, is really the problem of the London parent. For example, two little boys of twelve and nine years of age respectively have already a long career of burglary behind them. Another diminutive youth, because his mother refused to allow him to go to a theatre, threatened to slit his weasand with a clasp-knife. Our fathers would have adopted a short way with these 'incorrigibles.'—*Daily Chronicle*.]

'ENERY 'ARWOOD, *ætat*. five,
Was the boldest baddest babe alive.
It was young 'ENERY's daily rule
To cut his class at the Infant School.
What fun, he thought, for a man like me
To waste my time on the A B C,
When I might be walking out my gal,
Or smoking a fag with a kindred pal?
So he loafed about with a *blasé* air,
Or picked a pocket here and there,
Or helped himself to the lollipops,
Or pilfered the tills in the neighbours'
shops—
For though he was young in point of
time,
Young 'ENERY 'ARWOOD was old in crime.

In vain did 'ENERY 'ARWOOD *père*
Lavish on 'ENERY *fil*s his care.
"My son," he sometimes would begin,
"You know very well that the wages of
sin—"
But as soon as the parent's purpose
dawned
On 'ENERY *fil*s, the youngster yawned—
Yawned such a yawn that the father
blushed,
And slunk from the filial presence,
crushed.

Policemen, burly and big and strong,
Shuddered when 'ENERY came along,
For underneath his baby frock
One caught a hint of a pistol stock,
And round the neighbourhood rumour
ran

That 'ENERY never had missed his man.
Houses were burgled and Scotland Yard
Bade every constable be on his guard.
But never a man dared place a gyve
On 'ENERY 'ARWOOD, *ætat*. five.

What would have been the end—what
woes
Wrought by that infant, goodness knows,
Had not Fortune intervened
To save our diminutive, desperate fiend.

It happened thus. On a wintry night,
When the sky was black and the ground
was white,
A pal of 'ENERY's chanced to call
To take him round to a music hall.
"You ain't a-goin'," his mother said,
"No, that you ain't, wiv that cold in
your 'ead."



A RARA AVIS.

Little Girl (finishing her description of the Battle of Cressy). "AND EVER SINCE THEN THE PRINCE OF WALES HAS BEEN BORN WITH FEATHERS!"

"O, ain't I, Ma?"—and I'm sorry to say
He made a long nose in a vulgar way.
Others perhaps would have dared no
more,
But motherly love is brave to the core:
She caught him up in her arms; he
cried
And kicked and screamed in his wounded
pride.
"I'll slit my weasand—I ain't afraid"—
And he pulled out a knife with a great
big blade.
She snatched it away: "Little brat!"
she said,
And gave him a spanking and put him
to bed.
Next morning 'ENERY, very sore—
A feeling he never had felt before—

Arose and washed, though the water
was cold,
And went to school as he was told.
Now he is *dux* and a model boy,
His teacher's pride and his parents'
joy—
He has forgotten his young rascality
And won the medal for punctuality.

Annus Pluvialis.

THE year now totters to his long repose,
And shakes his dripping garments as
he goes.
Farewell, old King! Though sovereign
glories wane,
We could not, if we would, forget *your*
rain.



THE FESTIVE SEASON.

"SURE I WISH I HAD THE BOTTLE O' WHISKY THAT 'UD FIT THEM CORKSCREWS!"

CHARIVARIA.

We like to see publishers seize their opportunities. Manchuria is rapidly becoming Russianised. Messrs. GEORGE BELL AND SONS have produced a book entitled, *How to Identify Old China*.

And, on the subject of the weather, a new edition of FIGUIER's *The World Before the Deluge* is in preparation.

And a history of Prize-Fighting is to be written. We would propose, as a name, *The Scrap Book*.

The writer of a novel signed with a *nom de guerre*, on being accused of the authorship, cleverly replied, "The pseudonym in question does not conceal my identity."

"Which are the most beautiful scenes in the United Kingdom?" is the title of a competition in a new periodical. Since the Irish nights in the House of Commons have ceased it is really difficult to say.

That Englishmen sell their wives every Saturday at Smithfield is a fact

well known on the Continent. That an immense traffic in children also takes place has only just been divulged. A French gentleman who, during a visit to London, saw in the Sale season a notice outside a place of amusement, "Children half price," devotes a chapter to the subject in a book of his adventures abroad.

Statistics show that most centenarians die orphans.

It is said that in a very young and new park on the outskirts of London notices are exhibited:—"Visitors are requested not to pluck the trees."

We hear that the Twopenny Tube is to have a rival, whose lifts will play tunes as they go up and down.

Sir THOMAS LIPTON has been presented with a service of plate in recognition of his plucky fight for the America Cup. The service was an exceedingly handsome one. Sir THOMAS announced that he would have another try for the Cup.

Many of the panels in the Royal Exchange have been decorated with great historical paintings, and it has been proposed that those which remain shall be devoted to recording the humbler virtues of the citizens. The following subjects have been suggested: "An Alderman at a Banquet declaring he has had Enough," "A Bus Driver Apologising for Colliding with a Four-wheeled Cab," "A City Policeman thanking a Small Boy for Reminding him to get his Hair Cut."

The KAISER has declared that the Germans won Waterloo. We had hoped that his voice had completely recovered, but it seems to be playing him tricks again.

The two Macedonian leaders with different views are now in London. The case of Macedonia is receiving particular sympathy from the Liberals in this country, who also appreciate the difficulty of a dual leadership.

The Admiralty has issued some new orders with a view to promoting effective marksmanship in the Navy. The War Office, in view of the recent use of ball cartridge at Camberley, thinks it risky to do anything to increase straight shooting in the Army.

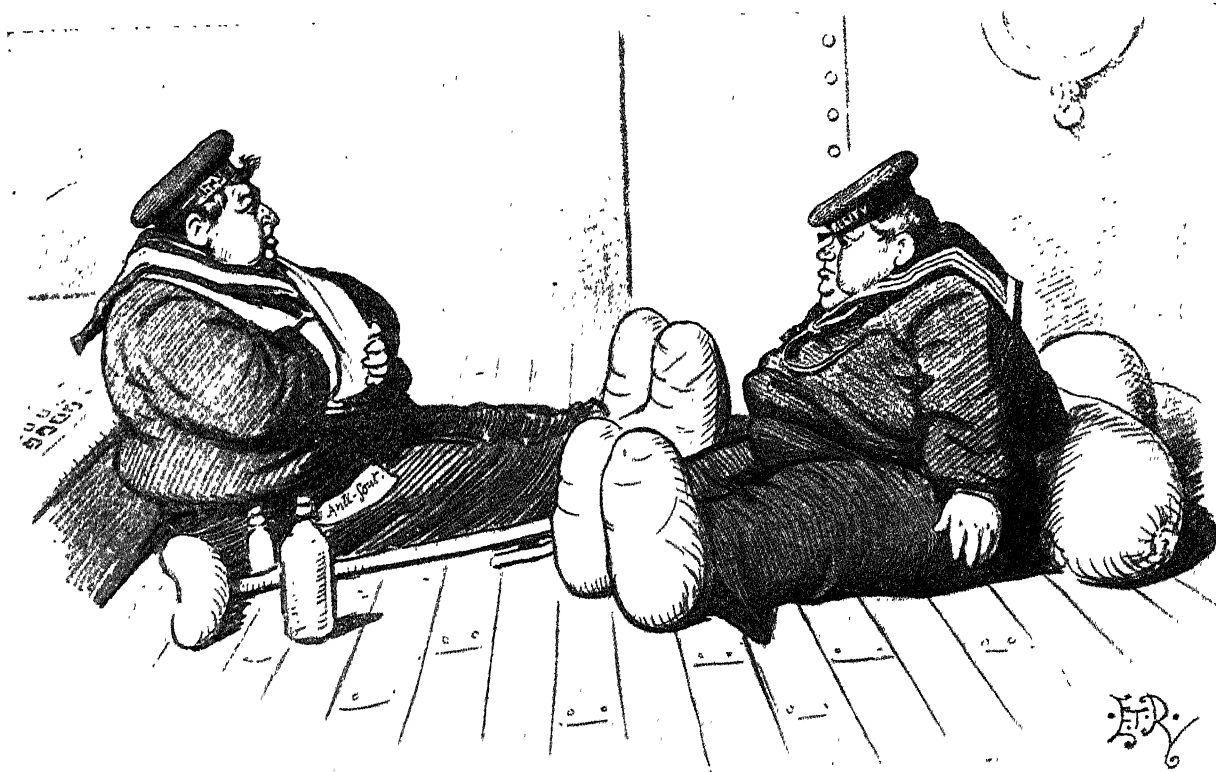
We are now one step nearer the Perfect Sabbath. The Westminster City Council has resolved that even the mud in the side roads shall rest on Sundays.



SPEED THE PARTING GUEST.

OLD 1903. "WELL, I'M AFRAID I MUST REALLY SAY GOOD-BYE NOW."

MR. PUNCH. "OH, DON'T APOLOGISE." (*Aside*) "JOLLY GLAD TO SEE THE LAST OF YOU!"



H.M.S. "OBESITY"; OR, WHAT OUR SAILORS ARE COMING TO.

First A.B. "OH LOR, BILL, MY BIG TOE!—F-F-F—IT'S SOMETHING HORFUL THIS MORNING." (*Distant whistle.*) "OH YUS, THAT'S RIGHT! PIPE AWAY! I SEE HUS A 'CLEARIN' DECKS FOR HACTION, DON'T YOU, BILL?"

Second A.B. "NO FEAR! PHEW-F-F-F 'ERE, OH I SAY, MATE, PASS US THE BICARBONICK O' POTASS, FOR 'EVIN'S SAKE!"

[The sailor is allowed 60 ounces of moist food per day, and this is of the wrong kind for a fighting man. This he eats at five different meals. He has about three times as much bread as he should have, and about half as much meat. It is a splendid diet to induce obesity, gout, and laziness.]—*Dr. Yorke Davies in the "Daily Telegraph."*

A METICULOUS AGE.

[See any Journal, not necessarily Medical.]

BEWARE, my friends, you little know the daily risks you run,
The dangers, all unseen by you, are frightful!
Be careful how you walk abroad or you will be undone,
Of perils, too, your home, I fear, is quite full!

Your mentors and tormentors are let loose on ev'ry side,
The papers all are crammed with words of warning;
With scare and phantom those who read ought to be terrified
From the moment that they get up in the morning!

At dawn of day microbophobes implore us not to use
The soap which holds a virulent bacillus;
At breakfast-time on no account our letters to peruse—
Bacteria, too, are lurking there to kill us!

At mid-day we must ask ourselves "Now, do we Overeat?"
(The *Telegraph* has started this suggestion),
And, Should we sport the tight top-hat when walking in the
street,
And wear our hair away, is next the question.

Then "kissing is at any hour a dangerous game to play"
(Well, so it is in *one* way, and contagious!)
And after lunch we mustn't think too much, the croakers
say,
Or "brain-fag" will attack the most courageous.

Ice-creams and oysters, water-cress, the fog, and spotted
veils,

Each have their turn at bringing on a panic;
The neuropathic bogey next your cigarettes assails,
For these distil some poison inorganic.

Thus all day long bugbears arise for timid folks to flee,
And give them fits, no doubt just out of kindness!
While ev'n at night the terrorists refuse to let us be—
The latest cry's that "bed-books" lead to blindness!

QUITE AN ERROR.

SIR.—Having heard the opinion frequently expressed that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S notions on Protection were catching on everywhere in the Provinces, I accepted several engagements for house parties at Christmas time, and am still going the round, recording my experiences. In every instance so far, the mansion was full to overflowing, and, invariably, our entertainer was most hospitable. Excellent breakfasts, first-rate luncheons, tip-top dinners, and splendid suppers after dances. Any number of guests present, distinguished and otherwise. Likewise crowds of servants, keepers and tenants from farms round about. And, Sir, I tell you plainly that they were all, that is whenever I saw them at these magnificent meals provided by our thoroughly liberal hosts, everybody present, to a man, was a Free Fooder! Fact.

There's Proof Positive,

Yours,

A NON-PARTING GUEST.

MR. PUNCH'S SPECTRAL ANALYSES.

X.—THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL.

The Haunted Mill.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I feel sure that at Christmas you will not refuse to insert in your jocund journal a little story of a purely sentimental nature. I feel that at such a season it would be out of place for me to jest. I enclose the MS. Look me up here if you are doing nothing else. The Headless Man will be delighted to see you.

Yours respectfully
THE ANALYST.

'Twas Christmas night.

Down in the village, at the "Bee and Beer Bottle" all was revelry. Gaffer GILES was singing, for the fifth time in half-an-hour, "*The Fly on the Turmut.*" Farmer BATES and Farmer SCROGGINS, forgetful of ancient disagreements, were sitting on the floor with their arms round each other's necks, as lovingly as if they had been Lord ROSEBURY and Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN. Everybody was flushed and happy. But up at the Castle old Sir GUY SCRYMGEOUR-DE-VERE-SCRYMGEOUR sat silent in his vast dining-hall, alone, but for the pictures of his ancestors that looked down on him from their oak frames. There was little Christmas cheer at the Castle. A dry biscuit and a bottle of Vichy water represented the limits of Sir GUY's taste for orgies. This was not economy. He did not believe that his food would cost him more. He suffered from gout.

There was a tap at the door.

"Come in," said Sir GUY, raising his gloomy eyes.

The door did not open, but through it shimmered a white figure. It stood beside the table, shuffling its feet, and looking shame-faced.

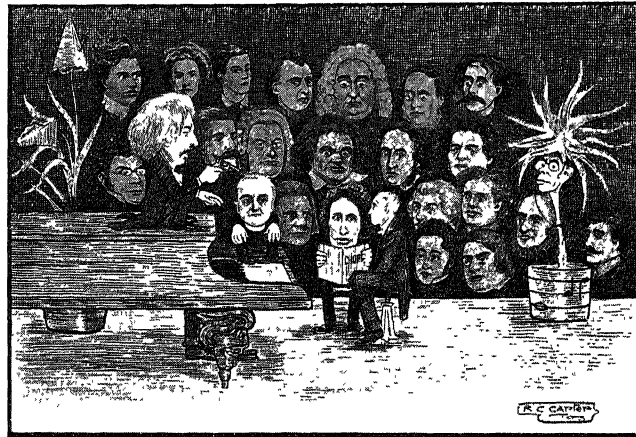
The Baronet started from his chair.

"You!" he cried.

"Me!" said the ghost. "What is bad grammar if it covers a warm heart?"

"To what am I indebted for the honour of this visit?" Sir GUY's chilly manner was a byword in Little Pigbury. Once, when he had employed it in an argument with a poacher, the poacher had caught pneumonia. The ghost shivered, and wrapped his winding-sheet more closely round him.

"I thought," he stammered, "that is to say—perhaps—Christmas



THE AMATEUR PIANIST'S NIGHTMARE.

The Figure on the Piano. "YOU MUST PLAY CHOPIN'S BALLADE IN A FLAT MAJOR,—AND MIND, THE FIRST WRONG NOTE—DEATH!"

Back Row—Kubelik, Marie Hall, Frank Merick, Brahms, Handel, Sterndale Bennett, Sarasate.

Second Row—Schubert, Paderewski (on piano), Rosenthal, Bach, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Rubinstein, Grossmith (flower-pot).

Third Row—Pachmann, Liszt, Emile Sauer, Mozart, Backhaus, Sir George Grove, Herbert Parsons. *Fourth Row*—Chopin, Schumann.

comes but once a year—goodwill to man—glad to see me."

"My memory," said Sir GUY, with cold courtesy, "is not, I regret to say, what it was, but I think that if I had invited you to visit Castle Scrymgeour, I should remember the circumstance."

The ghost shuffled uneasily.

"Sir GUY," he said hastily, "can we not let bygones be bygones? May I not come back?"

"You left the castle—"

"A year ago to-day."

"As you justly observe, a year ago to-day. You left of your own free will, and against mine. I may add that you seriously dislocated my Christmas arrangements. I had invited a house-full of people to meet you. You were

not there to be met. You left to better yourself. I trust you succeeded."

"Alas, no. For the past twelve months I have endured agonies. For some time I haunted a hopeless vulgarian of the name of SKINNER. He disgusted me, and I left him. After that my career was one long failure. Three times, Sir GUY—pity me—have I been laid."

"Eggs," said the baronet, "are laid every day. They make no complaint."

"But to an egg the process is painless. To a ghost it is anguish. Conceive, Sir GUY, what your sensations would be, were you to tread on a tack and fall backwards downstairs into a tank of ice-cold water. That is the sensation a ghost experiences when laid."

In spite of himself, a look of pity flashed across his hearer's face. The ghost

marked it.

"You would not turn me from your door?" he pleaded.

"If," said Sir GUY, "you prefer, from force of habit, to make your exit through the wall, you are at liberty to do so. Good evening."

"But, Sir GUY—"

At this moment the door opened, and an angel form danced in.

It was Sir GUY's little granddaughter. She saw her old friend the ghost, and uttered a shriek of delight.

"Mewwy Chwistmas, doast," she cried; "doast tum back again."

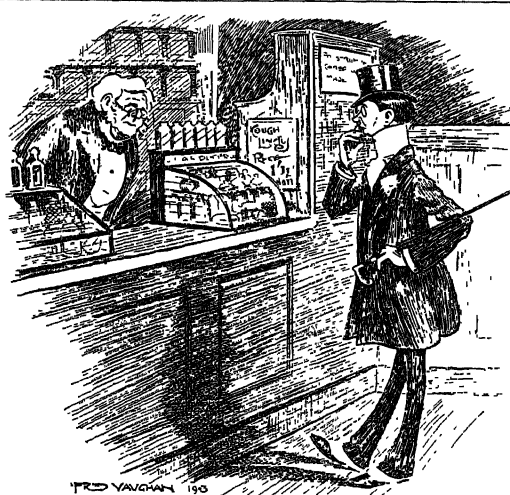
Though, even at that early age accustomed to mind her p's and q's, MARJORIE SCRYMGEOUR-DE-VERE-SCRYMGEOUR had not yet obtained a mastery over her r's and g's.

The ghost placed a shadowy hand on MARJORIE's head, and made a last appeal.

"Sir GUY," he said, in a trembling voice, "it is Christmas night. Down in the village men are treating those who have wronged them to ale, and even whisky. The poacher is digging the game-keeper in the ribs and calling him by his Christian name. The village policeman pats the head which, two days ago, he would have clumped. Will you alone refuse forgiveness to one who pleads for it? And really, don't you know, trifling apart, I am dashed sorry."

There was a silence.

Then Sir GUY rose, and stretched out his hand. There were tears in his eyes.



"I SAY, CAN YOU GIVE ME SOMETHING FOR MY HEAD?"
"No. I WOULDN'T TAKE IT AS A GIFT."



"IS the Sun at home?" said Mr. PUNCH, presenting his card. The scene was the illimitable empyrean. Mr. PUNCH had just alighted from his 40-Pegasus-power Charivar-à-banc, after a rapid transit, and was addressing a smart solar satellite in the brightest of buttons.

"His Radiance is always at home to you, Mr. PUNCH. Please follow me."

The Sage carefully adjusted his smoked-glass pince-nez, anointed his face with liquid air to guard against sunburn, and was rapidly ushered through the intervening photosphere into the coruscating Presence. The august luminary, in spite of his advanced years and rotund figure, seemed to be in excellent preservation. His burnished locks were surmounted by a titanium solar topee, and he wore a double-breasted iridium waistcoat, manganese pantaloons, and carried an aluminium parasol. A sunflower graced his button-hole, and his boots shone with an unearthly sheen.

"Good morning, Mr. PUNCH. And to what do I owe the happiness of this visit?"

"We were all anxious about you," said the Sage, "and I determined to put an end to our suspense by coming in person to see if you really still existed. You see, it's a very long time since we saw you. Not a glimpse of you all the Summer."

"No fault of mine," remarked the Great Luminary. "I was shining just the same as usual. If you did not see me, it must have been because of interposing clouds. You can hardly blame me for them."

"I am at a loss where to place the blame," said the Sage. "Can you suggest anything?"

"Have I not heard rumours of a Fiscal controversy?" replied Apollo. "The exhalations of such a conflict might be very dense and overwhelming."

"But that did not begin till the Summer was done."

"True. Yet have you not a War Office that gives off an enveloping vapour?"

"And you really think," asked Mr. PUNCH, "that the War Commission and the Fiscal Question have been responsible for the inclement season?"

"I will not say that altogether. It is possible that human nature has had something to do with it. Even Planets have their feelings, you know. Supposing that I had been offended——"

"Offended! I trust not. Surely no one——?"

"I don't know. Is it so very pleasant to be told that one's complexion is far from immaculate? Oh yes;

it's no use denying it. It's not as if I hadn't tried things for it. All kinds of things. I sponge my face every evening in the Milky Way; and I'm getting better. But to hear so much about my spots is very discouraging."

"There shall be no more of it. I pledge my word—if you will pardon the fiscal tag."

"But that's not all. Didn't I hear Saturn say that the Indian Famine is being attributed to me? And what is all this indecent Curie-osity about my Little Mary? Suggestions that I'm nothing but radium? It's enough to make a body leave England alone and take to Solar Whist. If I really thought my inside was what your chemists so unfeelingly suggest, I should give you even less attention than before, because I should spend all my time in the Sunny Gynnasium."

Mr. PUNCH interposed with protestations of apology.

"However," added the Sun, "if I have neglected to visit your country, I have had to pay for it."

"As how, your Radiance?"

"By total ignorance, beyond a fact here and there which I have overheard concerning English progress. I know nothing of what has been going on. It is, I assure you, a great loss."

"But that," said the Sage, feeling in his coat-tail pockets, "can be easily and delightfully remedied."

"If I only knew how," said the Sun, "I would do anything."

"Would you shine next summer?" the Sage replied, with meaning.

"Assuredly," said the Sun.

"Honour bright?"

"Honour bright—as bright as I alone can make it."

"Then," said Mr. PUNCH, "the thing is done. Allow me to present you with the completest and most fascinating record of recent English history."

"Great Heavens!" exclaimed the Arch-Orb in agitated tones, "don't say that you mean the——" here he became speechless with emotion, and gasped out some broken sentences, of which Mr. PUNCH could only catch "thirty-five volumes," "instalment system," "six hundred thousand entries," "full morocco," "fifty-seven pounds."

"Calm yourself, my old friend," replied Mr. PUNCH, with a reassuring smile, "the compendium of omniscience I bring you is of another nature," and, so saying, he laid in the Sun's receptive hands his

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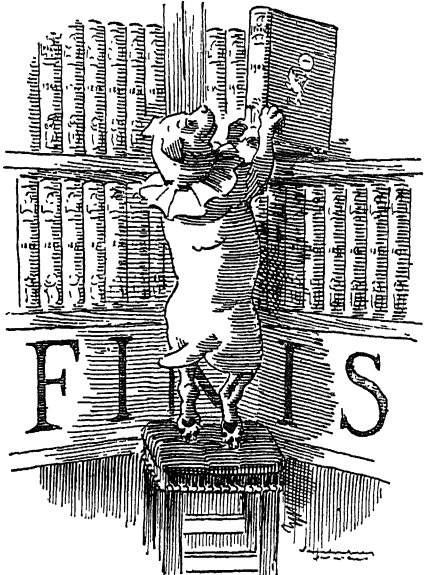
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A black and white illustration of a dog, possibly a bulldog or terrier, standing on its hind legs on a small, ornate pedestal. The dog is facing forward, looking slightly to the right. Behind the dog is a large, stylized word 'FINIS' in a serif font. The background consists of a series of vertical lines, suggesting a bookshelf or a wall of books.

